

The Press and Banner.

Published every Wednesday at two dollars a year in advance.

Wednesday, March 13, 1912

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Office of the Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., March 8, 1912.—Sealed proposals will be received in this office until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 19th day of April, 1912, and then opened, for the construction (including plumbing, gas piping, heating apparatus, electric conduits and wiring, and interior lighting fixtures) for the United States post office at Abbeville, S. C., in accordance with drawings and specifications, copies of which may be obtained from the custodian of site at Abbeville, S. C., or at this office at the discretion of the Supervising Architect.

The building is two stories in height; of approximately 3,850 square feet ground area; bricked faced with stone trim; tin roof, and nonfireproof construction with the exception of the first floor.

James Knox Taylor, Supervising Architect.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Peoples Savings Bank will be held in the office of the bank Tuesday, April 2nd, 12 o'clock.

R. E. Cox, Cashier.

Off to California.

Mr. Herbert Bowen, youngest son of Mr. T. J. Bowen, left last week for Bakersfield, California. He will make his home with Mr. W. W. Frazier, who was formerly a resident of this county. Mr. Frazier has prospered in his new home, and he is holding out a helping hand to other Carolina boys.

Mr. Herbert Bowen comes of a good family. He is young, intelligent and active, and will doubtless rise rapidly in the land of the setting sun.

Fill the Holes.

While the weather has been such that no regular work could be done on our streets, special effort should be made to fill holes that have been cut in the road here and there. Some of them have been out very deep. A little timely work would save much more work later.

Civic Club Meeting.

Culture meeting of the Civic Club will be held Thursday afternoon at four o'clock in the Club rooms over Wilson & Henry's store. Mrs. F. J. Marshall will read a paper on "Old Days in Abbeville." A full attendance is desired.

Mrs. M. T. Coleman, Pres.

Mrs. F. B. Gary, Sec.

For Sale.

Keenan staple cotton seed, best staple cotton seed on the market. Produces as much per acre as any short cotton and brings 5 to 7 cents per bushel more. Price \$1.25 per bushel. Also Columbia and Rutland staple cotton seed at \$1.00 per bushel. G. L. Connor, Cokesbury, S. C.

Mar. 6. tf

Save money by having your shoes repaired when they need it.

Brown & Percival.

The Moving Pictures Begin for 1912.

The first film for this year was shown Saturday night.

The next is "A Victim of the Mormons." It will be shown on Friday and Saturday evenings.

This film is one that has created much interest, both on account of the subject and on account of the excellence of the picture.

The Mormons have always been an interesting people and anything that concerns their religion and mode of life is widely read.

The story to be shown Friday is in three acts or three reels. It is the story of a girl who falls into the clutches of the Mormons.

Death of Mr. Joe Sheard.

Mr. D. Joseph Sheard, of Iva, died last week in his 77 year. He went with the first company to the war, fought in every battle fought in Virginia, belonged to Jenkins Brigade and came here after the four years without a scratch.

He is survived by four sons and two daughters; Mr. Mack Sheard, superintendent of Pelzer Mill, Mr. Calvin Sheard, of Augusta, Mr. Jesse Sheard, Mayor of Anderson, and Mr. Joseph Sheard, farmer. The daughters are Mrs. Lulu Reid, of Iva, and Mrs. Elva Wilson, wife of Dr. J. D. Wilson, of Lowndesville.

Mr. Sheard was one of Anderson's best citizens. He leaves to his children a priceless heritage in a life well spent. He ran with patience the race that was set before him, even looking to the Almighty as the author and finisher of his faith.

WELL PLEASED.

Prof. Huguette and Greenville Have Formed a Mutual Admiration Society.

We hear that the musical element of Greenville are well pleased with the ability and musical accomplishment of Prof. Huguette. And we also hear that Prof. Huguette is delighted with Greenville. Abbeville kept the best member of his family, who is now permanently identified with the town. She is the pretty wife of a mighty good man who holds the throttle of a Seaboard engine.

When not giving music lessons Prof. Huguette is kept busy drawing salaries. His son Arthur is on rising grounds, and he will be detained drawing salaries. That other, the best of sons, Eugene Huguette has gone to Albany under the necessity of drawing increased salary.

Mrs. Huguette misses the help and companionship of our womanly daughter, who is one of the noblest of her sex.

Mr. Huguette has asked Mr. W. D. Wilkinson to write full particulars of story of a \$13,000 fiddle, that was reported to be at large.

Dr. T. W. Sloan has imposed additional member, without any increase of salary.

Real Trouble About Reform.

"I specks," said Uncle Eben, "dat reform would be a heap easier if dar wasn't so many different people kicken' bout so many different things."

Somewhat Mixed.

"Something wrong with this item." "How now?" "Says the bridegroom took his place beneath the floral bell and 2,000 volts were immediately shot through his quivering frame."—Washington Herald.

ILLNESS OF FRANCIS HENRY

Good Citizen and Gallant Soldier on Bed of Affliction.

Mr. Francis Henry, one of Abbeville's best and most respected citizens, has been ill for sometime.

Mr. Henry was born in Abbeville county in October, 1843. At the beginning of the war he enlisted in Co. A, 2nd S. C. Regiment and was severely wounded in the shoulder in a skirmish at Bottom's Bridge near Petersburg, Va. The shell that struck Mr. Henry, after tearing away part of his shoulder, glanced and knocked down his father, Peter Henry, who was standing near.

Mr. Henry married Mrs. Sarah Calvert in 1872. Their living children are: Mrs. Annie Leslie, wife of Mr. W. E. Leslie; Mrs. Florence Neuffer, wife of Dr. G. A. Neuffer;

Mr. David H. Henry, professor of chemistry at Clemson College;

Mr. Albert Henry, merchant of the Phillips & Henry Company;

Mr. A. McIlwain Henry, manager of the Buckeye Oil Mill of Jackson, Miss.; Mrs. Sara Hill, wife of Dr. James Hill, of Abbeville, and Miss Lucy Henry, teacher at Wigginsboro, S. C.

Besides these living Mr. and Mrs. Henry have lost two children by death.

To his children Mr. Henry has given liberal educational advantages, and to him they are a crown of priceless value. It would be hard to find young men and young women of more sterling worth or of more pleasing attributes than are to be found in this family.

Mr. Henry has been a farmer all of his life; at this vocation he succeeded. He moved to Abbeville in 1883 from the country, occupying the Martin place, one mile from the square, to get the educational advantages he wished for his children.

Personally he is a man, honest and upright in all his dealings, especially in business matters. His word is his bond and people know it. He is a type of citizen of which we have too few. A man of moral strength and integrity, he has the respect of every man of his acquaintance. Humble without.

All of his children who are away have been home to see him. Miss Lucy Henry, of Wigginsboro, is here now, the other children having returned to their several vocations.

EUREKA ITEMS.

Various Notes of the Best Hotel on Earth.

Various of Mrs. W. T. McFall's friends have been with her at the Eureka Hotel, among the number were:

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Huntley, of Roanoke, Va. Mr. Huntley is at the head of a large furniture business in Roanoke. Mrs. Huntley was Miss Orena Hughes of this city. Mrs. Huntley's face bears evidence of happiness in enjoying the love and affection of one of the best of husbands.

Mrs. Joe Hughes, who was Miss Carrie Huguette, is as pretty as she was before she became the wife of one of the best and most worthy engineers on the Seaboard road. Her accomplishments, her beauty, and her lovely character will make her to Mr. Hughes, a joy forever.

Mr. W. H. McFall has resumed charge of the hotel, and is giving his entire time to it.

Mr. H. A. Oden, of Greensboro, N. C., is now the polite and accommodating clerk and bookkeeper.

The Eureka has been worked on—renovated—and its increased accommodation for guests is appreciated by customers at this hotel.

They say that the dinners on Sunday are now, more than ever, a special attraction. We had not noticed this change. We have thought for years that the dinners every day in the week, and Sunday, too, were as good and as bountiful as the markets and human skill and the arts of the best cooks on earth could make them.

Traveling salesmen say most pleasant things of the Eureka. They spend Sunday at this hotel, and say most pleasant things of the Eureka, which is one of the best kept hotels to be found in this quarter of the globe. There never was a better hotel than that which is kept by Mrs. McFall. The meals look inviting on the nicest dishes. The cook room is screened off so that the flies are kept completely out. If we ever hear of a better hotel which is better kept than the Eureka we will telegraph you at our expense. A better hotel does not exist.

POSTMASTER DEAD

Mr. Frederic Minshall Passes to the Great Beyond.

Mr. Frederic Minshall, Postmaster at Abbeville, died at his home in this city on last Thursday, March 7, 1912, and was buried in Melrose cemetery the following day. By birth he was a West Virginian. He came to Abbeville to bid on the construction of the city waterworks and sewerage system, in which undertaking he was eminently successful and was afterwards installed the p.m.

He was a civil engineer who knew his business. In addition to the sewerage plant he erected the Court House and the City Hall, which will building will stand as monument to his efficiency. He also built the Abbeville Shops for the Seaboard railway. This building is one solid block of concrete. He built for himself the splendid residence now occupied by Mr. Mart Coleman, which is one of the prettiest homes in town.

He early won the heart of Miss Rachel Hemphill, who with three children, survive him.

Physically, Mr. Minshall was a wreck due to a stubborn attack of fever through which he passed years ago, but mentally he was every inch a man, a man of strong mind, quick of wit, keen of perception.

Last year he was appointed Postmaster for Abbeville by President Taft, which office he filled acceptably until the day of his death.

The sympathy of the community is very much with the widow and children in their bereavement.

Baltimore's Experience.

The more you hear about what them boomers is going to do the more you don't hear about what they have went to work and did.—Baltimore Evening Sun.

The South Pole is Really There.

Captain Raoul Amundson, a partly Norwegian and Interpid sailor has posted the flag of the country on it.

Many will ask the question, "What has been gained by the discovery? What advantage will accrue? From a financial and economical standpoint; one would say nothing, from a standpoint of knowledge and science much. There is now no ultima thule, nothing more to be discovered on old mother earth. Further discoveries must be made either within the earth or in the heavens. It looks as if we were out to reach the end of things.

One strange and unaccountable find in connection with South Pole discoveries is the locating of coal beds near the Pole. Science avers that in the formation of coal a tropical climate is necessary, this being the case the South Pole at one time at least in the history of the world was as hot as Brazil. If such were the case and if the earth has always held the same relation to the sun, at that time how hot was Brazil?

A while ago glaciers a mile deep stretched from Massachusetts to British Columbia. The glacial moraines may be seen there today. Rock and stone scooped and scoured from a former resting place have been deposited hundreds of miles from their former home. Lakes were made by these masses of ice, scouring over the land, to wit, New York state and the New England states. These glaciers made it possible for the rivers of Massachusetts and Connecticut to turn so many wheels by scouring across the courses and forming many waterfalls.

Under the very moraines of these glaciers of long ago men are today digging coal. Thus the same spots has at one time, at least, in the past has been as hot as the tropics and at another as cold as the South Pole. Here is room for further discovery.

As to how this came about there are several theories. One, an interesting one too, is that of "The Central Sun" the Spectroscope has shown us that in addition to our movement around the sun we are moving with the entire solar system at a terrific speed toward the Dog Star, a sun thousands of times larger than ours. As it requires 365 days for the earth to revolve around the sun, so it requires 175,000 years for the solar system to make the annual trip around the Central Sun. As we approach that sun old earth warms up, thence at the pole melts, everything becomes tropic, vegetation flourishes, coal measures formed, and a summer time of thousands of years broods over the earth.

In the winter of this 175,000-year when the earth is farthest away from the Central sun, the world is cold, so cold that the poles reach down to Northern Kentucky. We are now in the spring of that great year. The winter is over.

Another theory is that the heat of the earth depends on the amount of carbon dioxide in the air—that is gas given off from anything that burns or rots. More coal is being burned now than ever before in the world's history so far as we know and some scientists say that if the consumption keeps up at the present rate in 200 years the air will become so impregnated with this gas that the climate of the earth will be materially affected. The earth will become blanketed, so to speak and warmed to such an extent that the tropics will encroach on the temperate zones and the temperate on the frigid zones. And in the dim and distant future miners in overalls and shirt sleeves may dig coal from its bed under the ice of the South Pole.

WITH THE INTELLIGENCER.

Anderson Intelligencer.

Mr. W. H. Beard, well known newspaper man, has accepted the position as circulation manager of the Intelligencer. He is a live wire and is certain to up much new business for the paper. The subscription list of the Intelligencer has grown to such proportions that the management has found it necessary to put on a man to look out for its interests, and in the selection of Mr. Beard, feels that it has secured one of the best men available.

Mr. is the gentleman who, through the newspaper, challenged Tom Felder to a fight. He is some scrapper and has tied himself up with a newspaper where he will probably get the chance of putting into execution some of his gifted talents with firearms. Not only is Mr. Beard gifted in the use of artillery, but he slings ink in a style all his own, and will all along contribute articles to the paper that will cause the politicians of the state to sit up and take notice.

Miss Britt has resigned the Fonville school. Rumor says she is preparing to teach one of her own.

Miss Estelle Mills Strickie will finish out the un-expired term.

Appreciative Tourist.

A lady distinguished as a society leader in New York recently made an extensive motor tour through France, and on her return to America she was asked how she enjoyed the trip. After recounting other pleasures she said, "But my most delightful experience was hearing the French 'pheasants' sing the 'Mayonnaise'!"

Blame Electric Lamp.

The Glasgow board of trade court is investigating the loss of a local steamship which stranded in a mysterious manner. The only theory offered to account for the mishap is that an electric lamp in the pocket of the lookout man deflected the compass. The man admitted that he had been leaning against the binnacle just before the vessel stranded.

Plan Children's Saving Banks.

The Hampshire (England) county education committee has under consideration a scheme for teaching thrift among children by establishing in the lower and infant schools a savings bank on the lines of the post office. All sums deposited will remain untouched to the end of school life, to be used for helping the children when starting work.

Unnecessary Repetition.

Little Jean Elizabeth was being baptized. When the minister put the water on her forehead she said, loud enough for all the congregation to hear: "My muzzer washed my face."—The Delineator.

Depths of Misery.

Downcast Alaskan Prospector—I just ain't got the heart to dig, 'cause with every ounce o' gold I takes out o' the earth, I decrease the purchasin' power of the dollar!—Puck.

77 ACRES—\$1,000

Near Clinton, N. C.

Clinton shipped 5,000 bales cotton last year, also tons of tobacco; 30 acres of this farm is cleared productive fields, balance timber; to close immediately, price only \$1,000, part cash; for picture of the seven room house and details of other big bargains in good farms in North Carolina and Virginia, see page 20, "Strout's Big Farm Catalogue No. 35"; copy free. We pay buyer's R. R. fares. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 24, 517 Lithia Street, Greensboro, N. C.

Was Too

Original

"Good evening," said the young man in fervent tones, as the young woman on whom he was calling entered the room. "I just thought that I'd drop in and ask you to marry me."

"I will not!" declared the young woman after she had caught her breath. "Why, Arthur Lewis! The idea! What do you mean by—"

"I thought so," said the young man, resignedly, sitting down and staring at the polish on his shoes. "There isn't a girl on earth who is mentally advanced enough to appreciate common sense or admire novelty. They all want the same thing in the same way at the same time! I suppose if I led you into a dim corner and held your hand and gazed into your eyes with an expression of deep emotion and adoring worship, and had said, 'Madeline, my heart's darling! Listen! I love you!' you would have fallen on my neck—"

"I don't understand you!" interrupted the young woman, breathing rapidly. "I don't understand you at all! I don't see why you should assume that I'm in the least anxious to marry you."

"I don't," explained the young man. "I wouldn't be so rude and conceited. I merely assumed that you would marry me if I asked you—and I've asked you, and you say you won't."

"I must admit," went on the young man, "that I am both surprised and pained. I feel that you have been leading me on all this time just to amuse yourself, and I must say that I didn't think you were that kind."

"I don't think you are very nice," declared the young woman, "to come here and call me names and act as though I were to blame about something! I'm not in the habit of believing that every man who calls on me wants to marry me, and—"

"Now, Madeline!" interrupted the young man decisively, "that sounds very pretty and ladylike and no doubt you think it is so, but it isn't. In the bottom of your heart you know that when a man calls three times on a girl she begins sizing him up as a possible husband, and if she thinks he won't do, she gets rid of him. She has a headache when he calls, or she has another engagement when he asks her out, or she forgets appointments with him. You've not done a solitary one of these tricks! You've let me come and acted glad to see me—and you've ducked engagements with others to go places with me, and you've cooked indigestible things in the chafing dish at weird hours and urged them upon me, and otherwise given me to understand that you didn't exactly hate me. Naturally, from all this I deducted—"

"I don't understand you at all!" flared the young woman. "I think you are acting perfectly horrid, and you ought to apologize!"

"Oh, of course," said the young man. "I know if I had wanted to be dishonest with myself and you I could have wrung tears out of my eyes and murmured things about not being worthy and not daring to reach so far above me and called you an angel—but really, you know, it's six of one and half a dozen of the other, and we'd make a good married couple. However, you must admit, Madeline, that you get an edge on your temper occasionally—just as you have now, for instance. Still, I can handle that. You could do far worse than marry me. Do you love any one else?"

"No!" said the young woman. "But that doesn't mean that I care two straws about such a conceited individual as yourself!"

"You should," she persisted. "You can't deny that you've been fond of me up to this moment. What's wrong all of a sudden?"

"You are!" she told him. "Totally!" "Strange," murmured the young man. "Say, I bet what you're mad about is the way I did it—Isn't it?"

"I never heard of such a proposal," she informed him. "You might have been offering to sell me a book or ask for a contribution to something! Any girl would say no!"

"Well," said the young man with a sigh, getting up, "it's too bad, and I'm awfully disappointed. I won't bother you any longer—"

"There's no need to hurry," said the young woman.

"What's the use of staying?" he asked, bitterly. "I've got a broken heart and you don't love me, and—"

"I never said that," murmured the young woman. She looked away.

"It's just as I said," the young man told her two hours later when affairs were permanently settled. "Girls insist on all the artistic finish on these little affairs. I was too abrupt!"

Many Uses for New Invention.

The microphone, in a modified form, is being used successfully by a French inventor to find springs of water, and they have been located as far as fifty feet underground. It is expected that the instrument will be of much value to miners, prospectors and others in similar occupations, as well as in locating victims of mine accidents. A tube is thrust into the ground a few feet and the improved microphone attached to the upper end, when noise made by flowing or falling water is plainly heard.

Painter Had No Choice.

"May I ask," inquires the interviewer, "why you paint nudes but nudes?" "Certainly," replies the painter. "The styles change so rapidly in clothing that a picture would be out of date almost before the paint is dry."—Chicago Post.

Always.

Also in the matter of a kiss, two heads are better than one.—Smart Set Magazine.

THE DARGAN-KING CO.

HARDWARE—CROCKERY

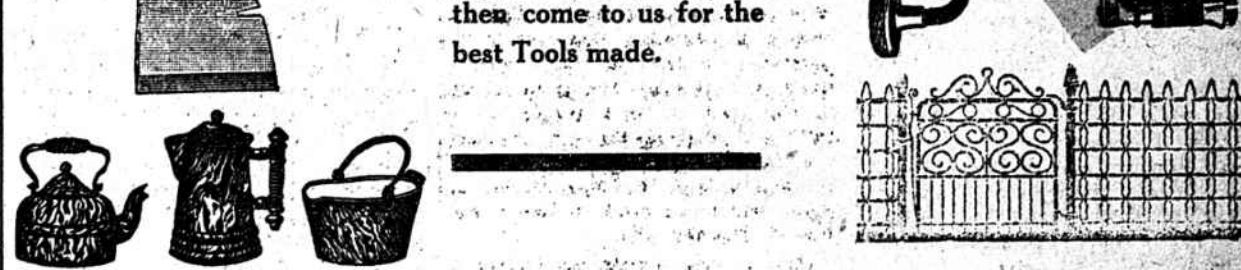


Boys, its time to think about Base Ball. We have the goods at right prices.

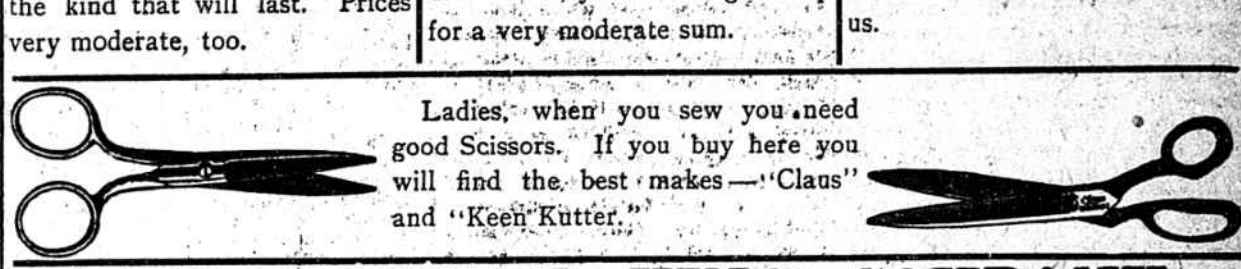


"KEEN KUTTER" TOOLS

Are dependable Tools. See the "Keen Kutter" ad in the Saturday Evening Post, the 16th, and then come to us for the best Tools made.



Let us supply that Fence you need. We have all kinds of Fence. Come in and figure with us.



THE DARGAN-KING COMPANY

HARDWARE—CROCKERY

She Couldn't Say.

A little boy out in Stockton, according to the Rooks County Record, said to his mother the other day: "Ma, am I a descendant from a monkey?" "I don't know," replied the mother. "I never knew any of your father's folks." The father, who was listening, went out in the coal shed and kicked the cat through the roof.—Kansas City Star.

Peculiarities of Taste.

The South Sea Islanders gaze with disgust upon an American eating rare roast beef, but he will eat a fish raw, especially if he is a Hawaiian, with great relish. He also finds a dozen or more relatives of the oyster on the reef at low tide and thinks them highly appetizing. There is the devil fish, for instance. The squid is regarded as being a delicacy.

School of Love in Germany.

In order to counteract the falling off of marriage rate a "school of love" has been started at Strasburg, Germany. The school will also give advice on obscure questions, such as how to encourage budding attentions, how to discourage them, how to converse with serious men without any serious knowledge, and how to be gay and frivolous while suffering from headache, bankruptcy, and other ills.

Giving Him the Limit.

The reply of Henry Clay Dean, the famous Missouri lawyer of the early days, to a man accused of wife-beating, is historic. The man asked the lawyer to defend him and admitted to him his guilt. "No," said Dean, "I will not defend you. You ought to be shot out of a redhot cannon, through a barbed wire fence into hell!"

What to Do With Babies.

If the custom of checking babies at the department stores and leaving them there continues to grow, it may be necessary for those establishments to hold auction sales of unclaimed babies, as the express companies do of parcels left on their hands.—New York Tribune.

At Last.

The London Gazette, after an existence of nearly two and a half centuries, has adopted the plan of printing a table of contents. This should dispose of the libel that we Britishers are slow to adopt new ideas.—London Punch.

O Joy!

Mose Persimmons—Wal, I jest borrowed money enough to git de marriage license! Now I hain't got nuffin' to worry about till my dog license comes due!—Puck.

Try Scissors Next Time.

"She meant to chop off the chicken's head with a hatchet," says a Mis-souri editor, "but only succeeded in cutting off her forefinger. The next time she has designs against the life of a chicken we recommend the use of a pair of scissors."—Atlanta Constitution.

An Inference.

There died in Chicago the other day a man of whom it is said that he knew the intimate history of every important family in the city. Some members of some of the important families must be mighty glad that he died.—Savannah News.

Downfall of Venice.

It was December 28, 1805, that Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," was robbed of the crown that she had proudly worn for more than 1,200 years. By the terms of the treaty of Presburg, as dictated by that creator and destroyer of kings and kingdoms, Napoleon the Great, the ancient republic was annexed to Italy, and the glory of the city of the Doges was no more.

Forte.

It was the most exciting moment of one of those midnight rehearsals. Try as he would, Donald Brian, the actor, could not induce the orchestra to play sufficiently loud for a smashing finale. Finally in desperation he called out to the orchestra conductor: "Swell! Vicars, Swell!" Whereat the phlegmatic, unruffled English conductor stopped the band, turned smilingly to Mr. Brian and said: "Thank you, sir."

Always.

Also in the matter of a kiss, two heads are better than one.—Smart Set Magazine.