

Personal Mention.

—Mr. W. D. Ingram, of Columbia, spent Sunday in the city.

—Mr. T. D. Beard, of the Colston section, was in the city Monday.

—Capt. J. K. Risher attended the reunion of Confederate veterans in Columbia last week.

—Mr. J. A. Spann, Mrs. M. L. Counts, and Miss Bernice Counts have gone on a visit to Texas.

—Mrs. C. E. Garvin, of Lancaster, arrived Tuesday night to join her husband, who is now with The Herald.

—Rev. J. C. Thomas, pastor of the Mill chapel, attended the Orangeburg district conference at Rowesville last week.

—Rev. Peter Stokes, W. D. Rhoad and A. W. Knight attended the Orangeburg district conference at Rowesville last week.

—Rev. A. J. Foster left Tuesday to attend the Southern Baptist Convention at Richmond, Va. He will visit the Jamestown Exposition at Norfolk while away.

Caused by Whiskey.

W. L. Fleming, the white photographer who shot marshal Holloway and a Mr. Cooper in Springfield last winter, was tried in Orangeburg last week. He plead guilty and asked for the mercy of the court, saying he was drunk at the time and had no recollection of the affair. Judge Hydrick told him being drunk was no excuse, and sentenced him to seven years in the penitentiary.

Fleming was drunk and was worrying some horses in a lot when Holloway and Cooper went to arrest him and a man named Corbett who was with him. Holloway arrested Fleming and turned him over to Cooper, then turned to arrest Corbett. As soon as Holloway turned his back Fleming pulled his pistol and shot Cooper twice, both balls taking effect in the thigh. Fleming then shot Holloway in the thigh and he fell, but pulled his pistol as he lay on the ground and shot Fleming in the thigh. All three men were shot in the thigh, which is strange coincidence, and all are maimed for life. It is feared that Cooper will yet lose his leg. Holloway is still on crutches, and Fleming walks with a limp. Fleming's health is badly broken by his wound and confinement, and although 38 years old, he appears to be an old man. His drunk was certainly an expensive one to him.

What's the Use.

It is little use for the local editor to waste his lungs and sprain his spine in trying to boom a town when the citizens all stand around with their hands in their pockets and wait for something to turn up. If the capitalists or business men do not put their shoulders to the wheel and do a little boosting it is useless for the editor to try to boom things. He can write "boom" articles until he gets baldheaded, but if the citizens themselves do not take hold and push, the town will forever stick in the mud. Of what use is it for the local paper to suggest improvements and new enterprises if the suggestions are never acted upon?

One man cannot boom a town. It requires the concerted action of the citizens. When one man attempts to shoulder a town and carry it there are always a lot of cranky kickers who are always ready to jump on top of the load. Unity of action is what counts.—Fort Mill Times.

Real Test of Love.

The eloping couple were in quest of a magistrate.

"Will you always protect me?" asked the girl.

"Always," he replied fervently.

"And if we are caught," she added, looking fearfully about her, "will you keep mamma from spanking me?"

Then he realized that the real test of love was still to come.

Old Soldier's Tragic Death.

CHERAW, May 9.—When the north-bound train stopped at the crossing near the oil mill on Wednesday night, Mr. Jesse Pittman, a veteran 60 years of age, who was returning from the reunion in Columbia, met a tragic death. Mr. Pittman, thinking it was the Cheraw station, started to leave the train and as the cars moved off he stepped or fell off on his head, crushing in his skull and killing him instantly. He lived near Ruby in this county.

The jury's verdict was that he came to his death by stepping or falling off the train.

The shortest street in Rockingham is Long; the biggest man in Gaffney is Little; the oldest man in Jacksonville is Young, and the slowest man in Chesterfield is Quick. But Bennettsville has them all beat. The blackest woman in this town is Lily White.—Pee Dee Advocate.

What Our Reporter Saw in New York.

A recent visit to one of the largest paint factories in the world, disclosed machinery that was producing 10,000 gallons of paint, and doing it better and in less time than 100 gallons could be made by hand mixing. This was the celebrated L. & M. paint. The L. & M. zinc hardens L. & M. white lead and makes L. & M. paint wear like iron for 10 or 15 years. 4 gallons L. & M. mixed with 3 gallons linseed oil makes 7 gallons of paint at a cost of less than \$1.20 per gallon. If any defect exists in L. & M. paint, will repaint house for nothing.

Donations of L. & M. made to churches. Sold by H. F. Hoover, Bamberg, S. C.

CRUCIFIED GIRL MAD.

Crying That She Is a Martyr, She Goes to Insane Asylum.

Crying loudly that she was to die a martyr by crucifixion for the sins of the world, Miss Jean Mitchell, nineteen years old, who on Nov. 3 last was found in her home in Pittsburg with nails driven through her hands, was taken hopelessly insane to the Claremont asylum.

Miss Mitchell grew in the hallucination that every person she met was plotting to crucify her. She was a cause of much excitement wherever she went. Frequently in the streets she would raise her hands and call attention to the scars of the nails in her palms as proof of her mission.

Physicians who have observed the young woman say that her mental condition grew steadily worse from the day she was discovered nailed to the wooden sink. It was in the kitchen of the Mitchell family apartment, 2704 Forbes street. Tenants were attracted by a woman's shrieks, and a man entering through a window was horrified to see long wire nails partly driven into the top of the wooden sink and the ends protruding above the backs of the woman's hands.



A short time ago Miss Mitchell went to live with her sister, Mrs. Edward Worley, in 2341 Center avenue. Then she began to cry frequently in the night that she was a second Christ and that she was to be crucified not once, but many times. Three days ago a watch was set on her, three detectives from police headquarters being detailed for the work.

Miss Mitchell has only the one delusion. She left her home, followed by two of the sleuths, and, boarding a street car, began to charge passengers with a plot to nail her to a cross. The detectives escorted her back to the house, and there she spoke as follows:

"I got on the car, and a man on the platform immediately said, 'Crucify her!' It was the same with all the others in the car. It has been the same for many days. Every place I have gone the same man has appeared before me and said, 'Crucify her!' I cannot escape him, but I am not alarmed, because I feel I came into the world to die on the cross."

Mystery still surrounds the nailing of the young woman to the sink. At that time Miss Mitchell said she had been knocked down by a blunt instrument in the hands of a man, who then drove the nails through her hands. But no evidence tending either to establish or disprove her statement has ever been uncovered, and for this reason the police attach more interest to the present plight of the girl.

SAVES HER MOTHER.

Child Flags a Train on a Bridge With a Red Muffler.

Mrs. William Johnson, while walking across a Pennsylvania railroad bridge near the Mount Holly (N. J.) station, fell between the ties of the bridge and, besides breaking her leg, narrowly escaped death from an approaching passenger train.

Mrs. Johnson was accompanied by her young daughter, Sadie. Not being able to lift her mother, who was supporting herself with her arms extended, the child sped across the bridge and, snatching from her neck a red silken muffler, stood in front of the oncoming train and frantically waved it. The engineer brought the train to a sudden stop at the approach to the bridge.

Passengers and crew rushed from the train and dragged Mrs. Johnson from her dangerous position. She was taken to the station and thence to her home in a carriage.

Bulldog "Talks" Over Phone.

Sport, an intelligent bull pup owned by Dr. Charles F. Chandler, a Columbia university instructor, who has a summer home in New Hartford, held a conversation with his master over the telephone between New Hartford and New York city, a distance of 100 miles. John Fox Smith, at whose home in New Hartford Sport is kept in the winter, and Dr. Chandler first conversed over the wire, after which the doctor asked how Sport was. Sport was placed so he could hear his master's voice and went into antics of joy, barking and whining. Mrs. Chandler also spoke to the dog, and he received her voice and rent the room with his barks.

How He Put Her Under an Obligation.

[Original.]

Didn't I never tell y' how I got Sairy? No? Well, I tuk a heap o' pride in it at first, but after awhile some-how it didn't seem that I was as cute as I thought I was, and as the years have gone by sometimes I think I tuk a lot o' onnessary trouble.

Sairy was popular with everybody. The women liked her better 'n the men, and that's sayin' a good deal for a gal. She had a way o' humorin' people, never runnin' up agin' their prejudices and all that sort o' thing. She never looked sour. On the contrary, her face wore a perpetual smile. They said she was cute.

There was young men that was fine lookin' who was ambitious to git Sairy, but somehow she didn't seem to fancy none o' 'em, and so I argyed that if they wasn't fine enough for her what was the use of a redheaded, freckled feller like me puttin' in a claim. We was all about alike so far as worldly goods was concerned, none of us havin' anything to speak of. In fact, we was all at an age when we was lookin' out for good looks. That bein' the case, I hadn't no show at all, for I was the homeliest young man in the town.

But I got Sairy, all the same, and I'm agoin' to tell you how I did it. I wasn't nobody's fool, you see, if I was homely. The way I did it was by puttin' her under an obligation. One day I said to her, "Miss Baker"—her name was Baker before I married her—"Miss Baker, why don't y' git married?"

"Mr. Tucker," she said, "there hain't no one for me to marry."

"What's the matter with these fellers that's goin' with you?" I asked.

"Oh, none o' these young men ud marry me," she said. "We've growed up together. People that grow up together don't do much marryin'. They're too used to each other. The men all go off and marry girls from somewhere else. None of 'em here ud look at me."

Now, I knowed better than that. There was two on 'em dyin' for her. But I wasn't no sich fool as to tell her. If I did, where'd I come in? So I didn't say nothin' but that I thought she'd ought to git married; that she'd be happier married, and it would be better for her to have some one to lean on when her father passed out. Then she said maybe I could find her a husband. This staggered me a little, considerin' I wanted her myself, but I said I'd try. Then she told me she'd like me to attend to the matter at onct, seel'n she was gittin' on, and if I succeeded she'd consider me the dearest friend she ever had in her life.

I saw the advantage o' puttin' her under an obligation. But what good would it do me to put her under that kind of an obligation? It would be like tryin' to lift myself up in a basket. Nevertheless I did it, and I've always considered it a case of real onselfishness. I found a widower about forty-five years old who wanted some one to take care of his seven motherless children. I told him about Sairy—how she'd like to get married and what a good stepmother she'd make. After awhile I succeeded in awakenin' an interest in his breast, and it ended in my taking him to see Sairy. She was as polite to him as a basket o' chips, seemin' to take to him from the start. She cast a grateful glance at me, and I knowed she appreciated what I'd done for her.

I couldn't quite feel that I was actin' honest by her, for, as I was sayin', I knowed at least two fellers far better matches than the widower that wanted her, and I'd orter gone to one on 'em and told him o' the chance. But somehow I couldn't. I've never been able to tell just why I put up the widower instead. I leave it to them fellers in colleges who study psychology and that sort o' thing.

Well, the widower called regular once a month on Sairy. He was watchin' her to see if she'd make a good wife for himself and a good mother to his children. Them widowers, havin' had a lot o' experience, know just what's required. From observation and what people said he soon learned that Sairy was one of a thousand and just the one he wanted.

One evening I went to see Sairy to find out how she was gittin' along with the widower. She told me she had a letter from him that day proposin' marriage. He said owin' to his family it must be a sort o' business affair. Sairy was the gratefullest girl you ever saw in your life. She tuk hold o' my bony hand with freckles spottin' the back—hers was small and white and soft—and looked up into my eyes with such an expression as I never seen there before, and she said, said she:

"This is the beautifullest thing you've done for me I ever heard of. You've put me under an everlastin' obligation. Here was I with no one to marry me, and you come along and jist lifted me out o' the slough o' despond. I'm so grateful that I want to do somethin' real nice to show you how grateful I am. Now, I want you to tell me somethin' you want me to do most of anything. Speak right out and don't be afraid, no matter how onreasonable it seems."

"There's nothin' you can do for me," I said kind o' melancholy-like.

"Nothin' I can do for you? Isn't there somethin' you want me to do for you?"

"Yes, there's somethin' I'd like you to do for me a heap, but that's out o' the question."

"Tell me what it is," she said, still holdin' on to my hand and givin' it a soft squeeze.

"Well, I'd rather have you marry me than the widower."

She jist sprung into my arms. After all, I'm rather proud o' the way I managed it.

F. A. MITCHEL.

The Elixir of Life.

[Original.]

At the Dilworth-Fairchild wedding I met my old college chum Disbrow. We hadn't met since we left college, twenty-five years before, and would not have known each other had we not been introduced. Disbrow was known to me by reputation, for he had become eminent in physics. I also followed science and have achieved some reputation in bacteriology. When the bride and groom entered the drawing room for the ceremony, Disbrow and I followed.

"What a perfect picture of youthful beauty!" I whispered to Disbrow, referring to the bride.

"How old would you take her to be?" he asked.

"Twenty-two or twenty-three."

A singular expression passed over his face.

"Do you think her older than that?"

"Suppose I should tell you she is over forty."

"I would doubt your sanity."

At this point the marriage service commenced, and our remarks ceased. When it was over and we had offered our congratulations, Disbrow and I went to the supper room to partake of the delicacies displayed there. Helping ourselves, we found a cozy corner and sat down to chat and eat.

"Estwick," said Disbrow to me, "I'm going to celebrate our meeting after so many years by letting you into a secret. We are brother scientists; therefore I don't consider what I am about to tell you a breach of confidence, or, rather, I consider the professional confidence superior to the individual obligation. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, the girl we have just seen married is forty-two years old."

I gave a gasp of astonishment.

"But I must go back to the beginning. You know when I left college something was expected of me."

"You were considered a prodigy," I interrupted.

"It wasn't the prodigy; it was luck, just as it was with Roentgen, only my luck came long before his. I made a similar discovery years ago. I have applied it as no one else has applied it. Now, you know that from the moment we begin to live we are attacked by microbes. Cancel the microbe, and you cancel old age. From experiments on insects I found that by exposing the larvae to a ray since called radium I arrested decay. But at the same time I arrested growth. From insects I experimented on frogs, kittens, dogs and other animals. I have a pet collie fifteen years old as lively as a puppy."

"Disbrow, has your learning made you mad?"

"No; I am as sane as you. But I knew that if I offered any such ideas to the world I'd be put in limbo, and as I dread lunatic asylums and value my freedom I have kept my mouth shut."

"For heaven's sake, go on."

"This is no place to give you anything more than a preface to what I have proposed to tell you about the bride. I did make my discoveries known to one man, old Vollmar, our professor of chemistry at college. That was just as I had made up my mind to try to arrest decay in human beings. Not long after that Vollmar came to me and told me that two multimillionaires desired to join their vast fortunes by the marriage of a son of the one to a daughter of the other, but the boy was but two years of age, while the girl was twenty-four. If they waited till the boy became of age, the girl would be too old to produce an heir. At least such an event would not be likely. Besides, the difference of age would be a great obstacle to their marriage. The old man asked me if I would make an effort to arrest decay on the part of the girl."

"Come, come, Disbrow, what nonsense is this?"

"Your incredulity demonstrates the necessity of keeping my secret. If you tell it sooner or later they'll have me behind closed doors. You haven't the scientific head old Vollmar had. He tumbled to the idea at once."

"Go on with your yarn."

"I'm not going to try amid this clatter of dishes and voices to tell you my process. I will only say that the stumbling block in my way was the fact that the electrons discharged from radium are obstructed in their passage through air. I was therefore obliged to put the subject in a receiver and exhaust the air."

"Which means death."

"Ah! There's where the wonderful power of radium comes in. It is sufficient to keep life in the subject for an indefinite period."

"But where did you get your apparatus? Sufficient radium for the purpose would cost a fortune."

"The girl's father opened his bank account to me."

"Well?"

"My subject was a bit frightened and her father—the only one except herself in the secret—was beside himself with fear. But the desire to pile up gold even for posterity was too strong for him, and he did not interfere with the experiment. Within twenty-four hours I had rendered his daughter impervious to the destructive influence of germs, and she has remained young from that day to this. My subject was the bride we have just seen married."

Our conversation was interrupted by the announcement that the bride and groom were about to leave, and, entering the marble vestibule, Disbrow and I went up with the rest to bid them adieu. When the bride took leave of Disbrow, she gave him a look indicating the possession of a common secret.

DOUGLAS SMYTHE.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

119 acre farm, five miles from Bamberg, near Odom's bridge. Good bargain.

One acre lot, 7 room dwelling, good orchard and outbuildings, near church and school, East Denmark. Price on call. 60 acres land one mile from Bamberg, heavily timbered. Price \$2,000.00.

One acre vacant lot in the heart of Bamberg. Price \$500.

3 one acre lots on New Bridge street near Southern depot. Price \$550 each.

105 acre farm, one mile South of Bamberg. Good dwelling and outbuildings, heavily timbered. Price \$2,500.

One dwelling and lot on South side of Railroad Avenue. Lot runs from Railroad Avenue to Broad Street. \$900.00.

400 acre farm 5 miles of Bamberg. 12 horse farm open, high state of cultivation, 12 tenant houses in excellent condition. Price on application.

Vacant corner lot on Main Street, near graded school. Beautiful building site. Price \$1,000.00.

200 acres of land near Rev. Romeo Govan—well timbered and a bargain. \$1,500.00.

350 acres clay land, 5 miles South of Bamberg, on Odom's bridge road. See me for prices.

180 acres of land, Odom's place road, well improved, will rent for \$250. Price \$2,700.00.

600 acres clay land, 7 miles from Bamberg, well improved. Terms reasonable. Price \$3,000.00.

One 8 acre lot, with 4 room dwelling in Bamberg, well built, easy terms. Price \$800.00.

25 shares Bamberg Cotton Mills Stock. 20 shares Bamberg Oil Mill Stock.

Fourteen acres with cabin 1 mile West Bamberg—9 acres cleared. Price \$420.00.

300 acre farm two miles North of Bamberg. Good residence and fine farm. Price \$6,000.00.

600 acre farm 5 miles South of Bamberg. A gilt edge farm. Price on application.

34 acre farm two miles South Bamberg. Buildings worth \$300. Price \$600.

200 acre farm 4 miles from Bamberg. Price \$3,000.

Two story dwelling on New Bridge street, lot 80 feet front and 255 feet deep, good water and stables. Price \$1,500.

One two story brick building in the heart of business centre. Pays 10 per cent. on investment.

100 acre farm near Howell's mill. Rents for \$125.00. Price \$1,000.

1000 acre farm near the town of Bamberg. Make no inquiries unless you are able to buy something of rare value.

Timbered lands for sale on Edisto river at rock bottom prices.

An excellent dwelling, good location, at West Denmark. Write for particulars.

One acre lot with 6 room cottage on Railroad Avenue. Delightful location. Price \$1,600.

12 acre lot with cottage, situate on Midway street near Carlisle Fitting School. This is an excellent bargain. Price \$2,250.

117 acre farm one mile from Bamberg. Well improved with barb wire fencing all around. The timber is worth the price. Price \$4,000.

300 acre farm in Buford Bridge township, well improved with new dwelling, etc. Price \$4,000.00.

400 acre farm, five miles from Bamberg. Rare bargain. \$6,000.00.

A new residence with six rooms and bath and two tenant houses, with lot of one acre, on Railroad Avenue. This is something to be desired.

An unimproved lot on Church street, 60x200, near colored graded school. Price \$150.

One lot with cottage, situated on east prong of Main street. Rents \$4.00 monthly. Price \$400.

An unoccupied lot adjoining residence occupied by H. M. Graham.

An unoccupied lot, 42 1/2 feet, on Bamberg or Main street, adjoining lot of W. P. Riley. Suitable for business house or warehouse.

That business lot corner Bamberg and Elm streets adjoining G. Frank Bamberg's stable lot. The most valuable business property in Bamberg.

Three unimproved lots on street in rear of colored graded school, at remarkably low figures.

110 acre farm five miles south of Bamberg. Good place. Price and terms easy.

136-acre farm six miles from Bamberg. The timber worth price of place.

An excellent farm between Bamberg and Denmark. Don't write or see me unless you have the money.

A good cottage with large lot on Carlisle street. Price \$1,300.

Various building lots in all sections of the town and other farm property for sale. If you wish to buy anything, or if you have any property for sale, let me sell it for you.

Vacant lots for sale in desirable portion of this growing town. Come and see me if you are really interested. I am very busy but can talk to you on business.

TO RENT.

Six offices in heart of business district. Two 2-story residences, near F. M. Simmons.

One 1-story house near F. M. Simmons.

One 4-room residence on Orangeburg street, with three acres of land.

H. M. GRAHAM, Real Estate Agt., Bamberg, South Carolina.

Winthrop College Scholarship and Entrance Examination.

The examination for the award of vacant scholarships in Winthrop College and for the admission of new students will be held at the County Court House on Friday, July 5, at 9 a. m. Applicants must be not less than fifteen years of age. When scholarships are vacated after July 5 they will be awarded to those making the highest average at this examination, provided they meet the conditions governing the award. Applicants for scholarships should write to President Johnson before the examination for scholarship examination blanks. Scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition. The next session will open September 18, 1907. For further information and catalogue, address President D. B. Johnson, Rock Hill, S. C.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

All persons are forbidden to enter upon my land for the purpose of hunting, fishing, trapping, or cutting timber of any kind. Those who trespass on my place will be prosecuted.

ANNIE E. FOLK.

Real Estate For Sale.

The residence in which I now live. Lot contains 3 1/2 acres, seven-room house, two large barns, artesian well, and waterworks throughout dwelling. All necessary outbuildings. All in fine repair and situated on lower Main street in Bamberg. Price \$3,200 cash.

J. A. SPANN,

For Sale on Railroad Avenue.

One large, lot 6 room dwelling, good tenant house, barn and stables, large garden, fruit trees, good water, convenient to house and lot, all under fence and in good repair. This choice piece of property will be put at a low figure to an early applicant.

J. T. O'NEAL,

Real Estate Agent, Bamberg, S. C.

Dr. O. D. Faust DENTIST

BAMBERG, S. C.
OFFICE IN FOLK BUILDING

Real Estate For Sale.

One 4-room dwelling, 1/2 acre lot, for \$700.

Two 5-room houses, 1/2 acre lot. Price \$750 each.

Three 8-room houses, 1/2 acre lot. Price \$1,200 each.

These dwellings are all practically new, nicely finished, with artesian water in each house. Conveniently located in the town of Bamberg. Terms: one-fourth cash; balance in one, two, and three years, interest at 8 per cent.

J. A. SPANN.

TITLES EXAMINED LOANS NEGOTIATED

J. ALDRICH WYMAN

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Civil and Office upstairs, over
Criminal Practice Bamberg Banking Co.

HOLLISTER'S

Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.

A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. Its Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

WOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

D. J. DELK

Has in stock a nice line of

Open and Top Buggies and Harness

for sale cheap. He is agent for Bickford & Hoffman's Celebrated Grain Drill, the Woodruff Hay Press, and Deering Harvesting Machinery.

Also Conducts a First-class

REPAIR SHOP

and builds anything on wheels to order. Now is the time to have your buggy repaired and painted to look and last as good as new.

Horseshoeing a Specialty

—RUNS A—

Grist Mill on Saturdays

I have also added a

FIRST-CLASS RICE MILL

and will grind on Wednesdays and