PERSONAL MENTION.

People Visiting in This City and at Other Points.

—Col. T. J. Counts is in Florence on a visit to relatives.

—Mrs. J. E. Berry, Jr., of Branchville, spent Sunday in the city.

—Messrs. G. W. Jenny and W. H. Ritter were in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. D. P. Smith, of the Ehrhardt section, was in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. M. O'Riley, of North, was in the city Monday attending court.

—Mr. J. D. Jenny, of Jennys, is in the city this week attending court.

—Mrs. Henry F. Bamberg has been visiting relatives in Lancaster county.

—Mr. W. Max Walker, of Ehrhardt, was in the city Monday attending court.

—Mrs. Euly Ellzey, of Clio, Ga., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Julia Miller.

—Mr. G. A. Lucas, the piano man of Aiken, spent a few days in the city this week.

—Mr. E. E. Hughes, of Ehrhardt, is in the city this week attending court as a juror.

—Mrs. M. L. Glenn, of Greenville, is in the city on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. R. L. Risher.

—Mr. J. L. Cothran, of the Ehrhardt section, is in the city this week attending court as a juror.

—Mrs. Will Bryan and children, of Allendale, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Easterling in the city.

—Messrs. J. E. Davis and J. E. Harley, of the Barnwell bar, are in the city this week, attending court.

—Miss Maud Barker, of Baltimore, trimmer for Mrs. A. McB. Speaks & Co., arrived in our city on the 10th instant.

—Mrs Koon and grand children returned to Denmark Sunday afternoon, after a pleasant visit to friends in the city.

—Mrs. Geo. W. Bell and little daughter, of Augusta, Ga., are expected to be the week-end guests of Mrs. H. W. Beard.

—Mrs. Chas. Hopkins, of Rowesville, spent a few days in the city this week on a visit to her mother, Mrs. A. D. Jennings.

—Miss Chevelet Cochran, of Charleston, is the charming guest of her relatives, Capt. and Mrs. W. S. Bamberg, at their home in the country.

—Messrs. W. D. Rhoad and Henry F. Bamberg are at home from a trip to New York. They attended the inauguration in Washington while away.

—Mr Jones A. Williams, who attended the inauguration of President Woodrow Wilson in Washington, also made a trip to New York while away.

—Mr. L. E. Maxwell, who has been linotype operator for the Herald for more than two years, left last Saturday for his home in Salisbury, N. C., he having secured a position there as operator.

She Needed Proof.

It was after ten o'clock at night and the jury had been discharged.

A stout juryman came over to the reporter's table. He had a worried look.

"Your'e an Evening Post man, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to report this case?"

"Yes."

"For tomorow's paper?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind putting in a line saying that the jury was out until 10 o'clock?"

"I'll mention it, if you wish."

"I certainly hope you will. You have no idea how much I want you to. You're a young man and probably you're not married yet, but some day you'll have a wife and then will understand."

Endorsing Sims for Marshal Job.

A telegram has just been received by Judge B. H. Moss from Senator B. R. Tillman in regard to the appointment of Editor Jas. L. Sims as United States Marshal for South Carolina. The telegram asked for the endorsement of Editor Sims for the position, and the signatures of a number of the members of the local bar have been attached to the endorsement, and also the signatures of the Court House officials.

It is expected that the name of Edditor Sims will be presented to President Wilson within the next few days. —Orangeburg Evening News.

For Compulsory Education.

Raleigh, N. C., March 11.—A compulsory school law throughout North Carolina, a companion to another providing a minimum term of six months, passed the senate today. It already had passed the house. The law takes effect in the fall of 1913.

The house today reconsidered its defeat of the bill giving women the right to sit on all school boards, both house and senate passing it.

COAST LINE TRAIN WRECKED.

Tender and Coaches Derailed, but Nobody Injured.

Sumter, March 8.—Atlantic Coast Line train, No. 54. was wrecked at 7.30 this morning when entering the city, which delayed it for a couple of hours before it could go on to Florence. The wreck occurred at the junction with the Southern Railway and the tender and baggage and express cars were derailed.

No one was injured and the passengers only suffered a slight shake-up. Another engine and baggage and express cars were attached to the train, which then continued on its way. The wrecking train arrived here this afternoon to place the derailed cars back on the track and repair other damages.

Why I Favor Prohibition.

Now about the power of prohibitory laws to prohibit—the laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder. But nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murderer to every so many thouand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not entirely prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high license system of stealing, provided that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of say six a. m. and 11.30 p. m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth, entrance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour, on any day of the week. And, on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said I did not. And I did say that I did. And I do.

I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety. Your town is under no obligation to any saloon. All that it is, in respectability and permanent prosperity, it has grown to be without the assistance of the liquor traffic.

It is deliberately claimed by some people who appear to be sane on other subjects, that properly to instruct a sober people in ways of sobriety, and to teach total abstainers the beauty and virtues of temperance, you must license the selling of liquor in the town. The man who originated that idea ought to have it stuffed and exhibited at the Panama Exposition, and he should be leaned up beside it as a part of the exhibit.

As to prohibition in Pasadena, if any liquor man thinks there is big money and a safe thing in running a "blind pig" in Pasadena, let him come here and try it. If he has any love for his liberty and pocketbook, however, he will do well to consult the fellows who have tried it, if he can find them; we can't. They are in hiding somewhere out in the desert. "Running" a "joint" in Pasadena is like running a powder mill in a smelting furnace. It's mighty exciting while it lasts but it doesn't last long enough to be profitable.

If the saloon men insist on quoting me on this topic, let them commit this to memory, that they may repeat it as they need it: I do not know one good thing about the saloon. It is an evil thing that has not one redeeming thing in all its history to commend it to good men. It breaks the laws of God and man. It desecrates the Sabath; it profanes the name of religion; it defiles public order; it tramples under foot the tenderest feelings of humanity; it is a moral pestilence that blights the very atmosphere of town and country; it is a stain upon honesty; a blur upon purity; a clog upon progress; a check upon the nobler impulses; it is an incentive to falsehood, deceit and crime.

Search through the history of this hateful thing, and read one page over which some mother can bow her grateful head and thank God for all the saloon did for her boy. There is no such record. All its history is written in tears and blood, with smears of shame and stains of crime, and dark blots of disgrace.—Robert J. Burdette.

Right Name for Complaint.

The young physician, who was working for the city and doing good among the poor, was called to examine a little Hebrew boy. The doctor tried to be as gentle and kind as possible.

Finally, in order to make the boy forget his troubles, he asked:

"Are you ticklish?"

"No," answered the boy; "Yiddish."—The Popular Magazine.

HELDAY OF TRAIN ROBBER.

Incidents of Old Times in the Young Southwest.

Train robbing was the topic of discussion. There were three men sitting about a table on a dining car that reeled off the miles across the desert country of Western Texas. One of the group, a large, clear-eyed man, was the superintendent of a well-known division of the Southern Pacific railroad. For some time he had sat silent, listening to the discussion of a recent hold-up of a Louisville and Nashville train, near New Orleans. With some of that good-natured tolerance with which a westerner feels for the "down-asterner" he allowed his section of the States to be handled pretty rough. Finally, however, he broke into the conversation:

"I see that train robbing is fast getting to be on a par with football and other popular sports back in the east." There was no denial, and he proceeded:

"Don't do things in quite the same way as the bandits that used to operate out here did. It looks as if the robbers back on the other side of the Mississippi get the rough end of the deal almost every time. See where an engineer put one of them out of business with an engine torch a few days ago. Mighty few of them ever get away with the plunder. The trouble is, the would-be bandits are a bunch of 'mollycoddles.' Their 'nerves' and their methods are soft and amateurish. Baby-carriage robbing would be more in their line. I would invite one of those eastern men who goes in to make a success of that sort of business to look up carefully the methods of the gang that it took us 25 years to break up along the Southern Pacific lines. They were men of steel, and paused at absolutely nothing. When they went after a mail car, an express car, or after the passengers they got what they went for. Rarely was one of them ever injured, and almost as rarely were they ever caught for years after a crime.

Hatchery for Robbers.

"Down here at a point between El Paso and Tucson at a town called Benson, and at another called Cochise, were favorite places for robberies to be hatched. Those were tough joints along in the late '80's and early '90's. They were excellent places from which to operate, for this reason. To the north of them, and nearby, were the White Mountains, while to the South, within a day's ride, was Mexico. A man who knows anything about the White Mountains knows that there are places up in there that a couple of men can hold out against a regiment for a month, provided food and ammunition are plentiful. One place in particular was popular with the badits after pulling off a job. The place is called Russell's Park, and is there to-day just as it has always stood—a secure retreat for evil-doers, who wish to escape capture. Like the famous 'Devil's Hole' and other places of refuge for bandits, it consists of a large valley or depression, way up in the top of the mountains. There is a plenty of grass for the horses and also lots of good water. The surface of the ground is covered with great, huge boulders that have paused on their route from the highest points along the peaks to the lowest in the valley. These boulders form excellent 'cover,' and it is not a hard matter to get lost among them. The park is several thousand acres in extent. But here is the important point—there is but a single entrance to the great park. One can gain access to Russell's park in one way only and that is through a narrow, tortuous passage, flanked on either side by high, sheer precipices. Why, after officers of the law had made several efforts to get at bandits known to be hiding in the park they gave it up for all time—the place simply cannot be taken as long as a single man remains on guard at that narrow door. How many officers were 'winged' or killed outright before learning their lesson it is hard to estimate, but lots of them.

An Instance.

"In the early days of the Southern Pacific out here, Benson and Cochise were nothing more than 'adobe' settlements, with a saloon or two amid a dozen houses. They were the rendezvous of the toughest gang of robbers that ever flagged a train. The James boys and their kind were 'kid-glove' robbers compared to the crowd that made railroading a precarious thing out here 25 years ago. There was a regular system about it, too. For instance, say two men decided to hold up a train on a certain night. Previous to that date they went to a large town and laid in a store of ammunition and food to last a couple of weeks. These they packed off to Russell's Park and cached there. Then they rode over to a point along the line, somewhere between Benson and Cochise and awaited their train. The robbery itself became almost sterotyped in form—the engineer was covered by one robber and made to uncouple the mail and express cars and haul them down the road a piece. Then the fireman and the engineer along with the mail clerk and express messenger, were lined up and kept covered by one bandit, while the other one blew open the safe and rifled the mail pouches. Resist? Why, I should say not. It was instant death to even move slowly when you had your orders from one of those cold-blooded rascals. No. When the train crew knew what was up they fell into line quick enough, and asked no questions. Sometimes after the robbery the engineer was made to uncouple his engine from the mail and express cars and carry the robbers some miles away down the road, where horses were ready for the flight. Once in their saddles the bandits made a straight line for Russell's Park, where everything was in readiness for them. Occasionally the robbers turned south and crossed the line into Mexico, where they knew they were practically safe from pursuit. They stayed under cover for awhile then came out and disposed of the stolen stuff."

An Arizona Robbery.

Some years ago a robbery occurred which presented some peculiar features. One spring night two desperadoes, one named Alvador and the other "Three Fingered Jack," boarded an Arizona and New Mexico passenger train at a point a few miles north of Fairbanks, Arizona. They proceeded to make a "rough house" for awhile. After the shooting was over the robbers left with a pile of mail and some few express packages, and cut for the mountains near Benson. It seems that a "green" express messenger was on the run, and when he undertook to defend the company's property he had an arm torn off by buckshot from a 'sawed-off' breech-loader. He afterwards died. It was known who the robbers were almost instantly. They were old hands at the game, and had been seen about Fairbanks the day of the hold-up. Both of them were known to be desperate and fearless. Sheriff Scott, of Pima county, Arizona, said that he had once ordered Alvador to put up his hands, and Alvador had calmly looked down the muzzle of the pistol and kept his hands at his side. They had been in trouble all along the Mexican border many times, and were familiar with the lay of the country, and with almost all of the people living along it.

A Dangerous Game.

Knowing what dangerous game they were pursuing the officers of the law waited for reinforcements before moving. The robbery occurred in Cochise county and it was up to the sheriff of that county to capture the bandits. The sheriff had an idea of the tactics which would be pursued, and bided his time. Railroad detectives and secret service men and express company detectives scoured the country to no avail. After a while the sheriff quietly went out one night to a nearby ranch and picked up his men, and also, a third one whom he wanted as a witness. The Cochise jail was a frail affair, so the robbers were taken to the Pima county jail, at Tucson. There they awaited trial. But something happened. Just how and why no one knows. At any rate before the case was called the prisoners, Alvador and "Jack," escaped, leaving the witness behind.

For weeks the robbers roamed the country about Tucson and Benson, laughing at the efforts of a perfect army of officers to round them up. They were wanted by the State, the government, the express company and the railroad. Consequently large rewards, amounting to thousands of dollars, were placed on their heads —"dead or alive." Sheriffs, secret service men, Wells-Fargo men, Southern Pacific railroad detectives and private "man hunters" were out for the money. The thing developed into a farce from the 'man-on-the-streets' viewpoint. While all of these officers were searching desperately for the bandits, the bandits were daily holding up passengers and ranchers in Pima and Cochise counties, demanding food and ammunition. A sewing machine man was made to dismount from his wagon and go into a town and buy pistol cartridges. The bandits finally tired of the game, and sent a note, by a go-between, to the sheriff of Pima county offering to surrender under certain conditions. A newspaper man of Tucson, known to the robbers, and a friend of the sheriff's, was named to carry on the negotiations. Meanwhile the army of reward-hunters scoured the country fruitlessly.

"Out of the Blackness."

Night had fallen with its accustomed quickness in the west, when the lone newspaper man mounted a horse, unarmed, and turned the animal' head toward the Rincon Mountains, northeast of Tucson. For miles he rode toward the mouth of a certain canyon mentioned by the robbers. Suddenly he was challenged. Out of the blackness of the desert a man with gun in hand, approached and exchanged words with him. Then a blind was placed over the reporter's eyes and he was rapidly turned around a few times until he lost sense of direction. His horse was then brought to him and, led by another horseman, the reporter began a tedious and dangerous ride, which would end in the robbers' stronghold. Miles of rough going were covered before the mysterious sentry ordered the reporter to dismount and proceed on foot. Finally the camp was reached and the blind removed from the visitor's eyes. Before him sat the two desperate characters for whom the State machinery, backed by the best from other sources, were even then searching. The two bandits and the sentry, being old acquaintances of the reporter, came forward and heartily shook hands, asked a few indifferent questions and then came down to business. The terms were easy to arrange, and were these: That the bandits would walk into the sheriff's office in Tucson within forty-eight hours, if the sheriff would consent to divide with them on the rewards. You see, these men had starving families to provide for, and to their women and children half of the rewards must go, or no surrender. The sheriff, a wise old owl with years of experience along the border, accepted the terms, and within the given time the men walked fearlessly into his office and were locked up.

Such is one of the dramatic stories that could be told of the "nerve" and methods of the train robbers of the far southwest, when that country was young.—John Kershaw, Jr., of Douglas, Ariz., in the News and Courier.

When entertaining some school children at her country house a certain spinster took them around the rooms and pointed out the beautiful things in them.

"This," she said, indicating a statue, "is Minerva."

"Was Minerva married?" asked one of the little girls.

"No, my child," said the spinster, with a smile; "Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom."—Ex.

Keep your soil fertility as you go along and then you won't have so much to replace.