

THE BAMBERG HERALD

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A. W. KNIGHT, Editor.

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COMMUNICATIONS—News letters or on subjects of general interest will be gladly welcomed. Those of a personal nature will not be published unless paid for.

Thursday, Aug. 17, 1905

When the day comes that the true history of the dispensary reign in South Carolina is written, it will be as dirty as the history of reconstruction.

What's the matter with the law and order league of Aiken county? Evidently it is not producing results, for a special term of court is to be held for two weeks in that county in September for the purpose of trying criminals.

If contesting these dispensary elections should result in a more rigid enforcement of the laws governing primary elections, they will result in some good after all. Primary rules should be carried out just as fully as general election laws.

It might be interesting to know who is paying Boyd Evans to contest dispensary elections. He made a speech for the dispensary in Union last Saturday, and said he was there in a "professional" capacity; that he had enough of politics. Well, who's paying him for his "professional" services?

The Greenville News says the council of that city should stand by its action in increasing the mayor's salary, no matter how many petitions are presented to that body by taxpayers; that it will not do to govern the city by petitions. The News evidently forgets that members of council are servants of the people, not their masters.

The taxpayers of the city of Greenville are making a strenuous kick over the raise in salary of the mayor of that city by council. The salary of this official was formerly \$900 a year, and council raised it to \$1,800. This action was taken immediately after the mayor had been re-elected for another term of two years, and nothing had been said about the increase during the campaign. No doubt Greenville's mayor is worth \$1,800 a year but the finances of that city do not warrant such a salary. Then, too, it was a decided mistake to make the raise just after the election. The matter should have been submitted to the people or at least discussed during the campaign. Had this been done, no doubt the present mayor would have had opposition in the race, and that too by good men who were willing to serve the city at \$900 a year. Council has made a serious mistake, and the best thing they can do is to rescind it.

In his speech at Edgefield Senator Tillman said he had heard a report that John Bell Towill, of Batesburg, had received a fine horse as a present from some whiskey dealer in Kentucky. Now the Batesburg Advocate states that Mr. Towill bought the horse from a dealer in Batesburg and paid \$275.00 for the animal. Everybody who knows John Bell Towill will stand for his honesty and integrity, even if he is in bad company. We do not believe that he has accepted rebates or presents or anything else which he ought not. We have discussed with him his connection with the State board on more than one occasion, and we feel sure that if every man connected with the dispensary was as straight as Towill, the system would be honestly administered and the restrictive features of the law fully carried out. John Bell Towill is not a grafter, and Senator Tillman should not have alluded to such a report without some evidence at least of its truth.

The state of affairs in Spartanburg county revealed by the investigating committee, or rather by Messrs. Lyon and Christensen, is humiliating and sickening. Not since radical days have such things come to light in South Carolina. It causes us to hang our head in shame, for each citizen of the State must indirectly bear his part of the disgrace. The matter strikes newspaper men very hard on account of the connection of the Spartanburg Journal with the rottenness. If the witnesses told the truth the editor of that paper simply sold out, and to even take Mr. Henry's explanation, the transaction shows up in a very bad light. Certainly the Journal must have a queer code of newspaper ethics, but we would have had a great deal more respect for that newspaper had it owned its fault and promised not to do so any more instead of trying to defend and explain it away by arguments too flimsy to deceive anybody. We deeply regret the affair. We personally know and like the editor of the Journal, and we would not mention it at all were it not that our profession is involved. It would not be the part of honor or bravery to keep silent.

To start the day with a wine glass of Shaw's Pure Malt gives vigor to carry on your work; to end it with the same is to help nature recuperate. For sale at the dispensary.

We have not the space for even a synopsis of the testimony taken at the dispensary investigation in Spartanburg last week, but it showed a corrupt state of affairs, high and low officials being involved. Cole Blease, who is a member of the investigating committee, was brought into the matter in a very uncomplimentary way, and yet he claims that of the other members of the committee are after him politically. The next meeting of the committee will be held in Columbia.

Senator B. R. Tillman and Mr. George B. Cromer, mayor of Newberry and former president of Newberry college, are having an interesting debate in the newspapers on the dispensary question. Mr. Cromer a few days ago addressed an open letter to Mr. Tillman through the press, and the Senator replied at length yesterday. No doubt Mr. Cromer will now come again, and the question is likely to be thoroughly ventilated. Both men are discussing it in the right way, personalities being entirely eliminated.

If our people want electric lights under municipal ownership, something should be done about the matter. Start right and make no mistakes. We believe the town can afford electric lights by owning its own plant, no matter what becomes of the dispensary. A competent engineer should be employed to make an estimate for the plant and then the matter of voting for the issue of bonds can be taken up. We are not much in favor of bonds, but this seems to be the only way we will get the lights. At any rate, let's settle the matter one way or the other. Decide to have the lights or not have them. We thought the whole business was ended, but our citizens will not let it down. They want the lights.

A Masquerader in Real Life.

A dispatch to the New York Sun from London says:

A strange story of impersonation with a tragic sequel has just been unfolded in the law courts of Rome. Count Adario Beniculli, an eccentric nobleman, charges his valet, Antinoro Paolo, with having caused the death of the Countess Beniculli.

Taking advantage of the extraordinary resemblance between himself and his valet, the count employed the valet to impersonate him at various social functions in Rome and elsewhere, while he himself devoted his time to his hobby of collecting and repairing ancient locks. Paolo, provided with money and good clothes, mixed in the best society and was everywhere received as the count.

Meeting the Countess Beniculli at a ball the valet paid her assiduous attention. The countess was pleased but greatly surprised, as her husband, for whom she mistook Paolo, had neglected her for some years, not living with her or seeing her. A few days after the supposed reconciliation the countess and Paolo drove to Rimini. They were walking toward some caves to visit which was the object of the drive when a peasant woman rushed up to them and accused Paolo of deserting her at the same time addressing opprobrious insults to the countess. The latter then discovered that she had been deceived. When she saw the would-be count kneeling in the street at the feet of his wife she asked the woman's pardon and returned to Rome alone on foot.

The same night she was found dead in her mansion, poisoned by an overdose of laudanum. On her dressing table lay a letter stating that she had believed Paolo to be her husband and the thought of what she had done had driven her to suicide, as she was unwilling to sully the spotless records of a noble ancestry. The trial of Paolo has been adjourned pending an inquiry into the circumstances of the tragedy.

When the Barber Cut His Ear.

Dr. Wallace Wood, of the University of New York, was talking about the love of beauty.

"The love of beauty," he said, "is not so firmly planted in the people's minds as it should be. Things only that are useful are considered valuable; beautiful things are too often regarded as unimportant.

"This popular idea of the useful's unspeakable superiority over the merely beautiful may be illustrated by a happening in a barber shop.

"A barber in cutting a young man's hair snipped off a piece of his ear.

"The young man leaped from the chair. He cried in anguish and horror:

"Oh, you have cut a piece of my ear off!"

"But the barber answered in a patronizing, soothing way, as one speaks to a child:

"Sho! Don't carry on so, boss. 'Tain't nuff to affect yo' hearin'."

Queered Him With Customer.

Two salesmen who knew each other well happened to call on the same man at the same time, only to discover that his office door was locked, says the New York Sun. One of them suggested that they leave their cards sticking in the crack of the door. "Not on your life," said the other, "and I'll tell you why. I had a good customer in the machinery line who had an office in one of the downtown buildings. Once when I called he was out and the office was locked, so I stuck my card in the crack as you suggested just now. Not long after a rival salesman blew in and saw my card. He wrote on the face of it, just over my name: 'I have been trying to find you for two days; now you can go to hell.' All I could say never squared it with the customer and the other fellow got the trade.

"How do I know who did it? The scoundrel had the nerve to tell me."

HE CALLED ROSELLAN

By JOANNA SINGLE

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Rosellan's father stormed in the time honored fashion, her mother soothed her a little and tried to soften the situation, but she agreed with her husband that their one fair and cherished daughter should not become the wife of John Barry. The girl herself, flushed and lovely, declared that she would marry him, that she loved him and that her life would be ruined without him.

"But, my dear daughter," said her father, "John is just out of college, and he has studied too much—run all to one sort of brains, and he's not fit to battle with the real world. And, besides, he is your cousin."

"Four times removed," remarked the girl quietly.

"But still your cousin," continued the vigorous old gentleman, who hated the thought of giving up his daughter to any man, but had decided that she must some time marry, and that the man must be Gilbert Crane. "And we all know that John has nothing in particular and that you have always had everything you want."

"I don't want anything but John. He has himself, his ability," she put in proudly. "We have cared for each other always."

"Oh, the ability to write a decent article or even a popular novel! What does scribbling amount to? He has nothing till that old great-aunt of his dies." The father looked fondly at the daughter, so like him in feature and spirit, though what he counted firmness in himself seemed rank obstinacy in her.

"Father," the girl protested, "I would listen to you if you had advanced one valid reason for separating us. He is not cousin enough to make one grain of difference, and the fact that he is not well is only another reason why I should go to California with him till he is rested and can begin work on his book." The old man drew the girl to his knee, and the mother wiped her eyes.

"Look here, child, we have a reason. We have had a talk with John and his mother, and Dr. Simpson. The plain truth is that he has symptoms of consumption. You know what that may mean!" Rosellan clutched his arm.

"It is not true! He would have told me first of all! He is only tired out. I will send for him and see, and if it were true I should take care of him."

"You don't know what you are saying. Even if we had so little sense, do you suppose John himself would expose you to even a possible danger like that? He said last night—"

"I had a right to be there! And he never let me know!"

"Wait, dear," said her mother. "We love you too well to— John knows his duty. His going to California"—Rosellan sprang up and faced them.

"I shall go, too!" she declared.

"Dearie," her mother spoke, "let you this letter. He—"

"Left me a letter! Why, where is he?"

"He went to California this morning. It was for the best—"

"Without telling me or saying goodbye? You must have made him do this! But no, you couldn't do that! It is his own fault. It means that he—doesn't care as he said he did." She stood looking at them.

"Rosellan," pleaded her mother, "he did the right thing." But the girl took John's letter from her father's hand and left the room.

"Well," old Roger Howard said to his wife, "it's hard on her at first, and John certainly did the square thing, but she's young and the separation may turn her heart toward Gilbert, as we have always planned."

And Rosellan, in her own room, was reading her lover's letter:

Rosellan, dearest, you know I love you. That is why I am leaving you this way. I think I could not bear to say goodbye; it would be cruel to us both. Privately I myself cannot think that I am anything worse than run down from mental overwork and neglect of physical exercise, but all our relatives and Dr. Simpson seem to see a danger to the very shadow of which I will not expose you.

So I am off to my Aunt Bunke. It would be brutally unfair to hold your heart to a pledge I may never be able to honorably to redeem. Therefore, dearest, I set you free. Try to be happy and forget I have promised your father not to write. It seems best, though you know it breaks my heart. You know, too, that I would let no obstacle but this come between us. I wish it was decent to ask you to wait till I find whether I may not yet be in shape to make a home for you, but it is not.

It is hard not to kiss you goodby, and I never loved you as I do now in giving you up. Yours always,

JOHN BARRY.

But all Rosellan said to herself was: "He does not love me or he could not leave me."

That one wakeful night that followed seemed to change Rosellan utterly. She forbade her parents to mention John's name and seemed suddenly to have grown from girl to woman. She accepted invitations everywhere and was welcomed as an acquisition at social functions, but beneath the blooming brilliance lay an undoubted hardness. She hated it all. Gilbert Crane she ignored so absolutely that she herself respected obliged him to withdraw his wooing. Even her father saw there was no hope for his cherished plan. But this was not the worst.

Three or four months after John's departure Rosellan began a marked flirtation with Steve Golden, a wealthy, dissipated man of forty. He was evidently infatuated with the girl, and she

let him follow her about till her father remonstrated.

"Father, you put your hand on my affairs once. I warn you not to do it again." And somehow he dared not.

Rosellan kept even her mother at a distance and was in a continual whirl of parties and dances, the gayest of the gay, and Golden, confident and dashing, was always in her wake. He had bought and was refurnishing one of the handsomest houses in town, which further alarmed her parents.

One January afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Howard returned from an afternoon function to find their daughter standing in the hall in her traveling suit.

"What is it?" they both asked in the same breath. She handed them a telegram:

Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss Rosellan Howard, Des Moines, Ia.:
Doctors have given me up. If you want to see me, come.
JOHN BARRY.

"You need not say anything," she announced, though neither of them had spoken, "and if you want to help me, mother, will you see that a few of my things are packed? I shall start this evening."

The train seemed to crawl; minutes seemed hours and hours days. Plain or mountain, stream or lake, the landscape seemed dull and dreary. The girl lived years on the trip, and as she read and reread John's farewell letter, which she had kept, her resentment and distrust died away, her girlish faith in him returned, and she saw only the real love and the self abnegating honor of the man.

As the train pulled into Los Angeles she remembered suddenly that she did not know his aunt's street address. How would she find him? Would she be too late? Dazed and weary, she emerged from the car into the brilliant California sunshine and stepped down, half blinded, into a crowd of strangers—and John Barry's arms. He was brown, vigorous and smiling. Quite unabashed, he kissed her, and they seemed suddenly to be all alone.

"What does it mean?" she gasped. He laughed.

"The doctors have given me up—discharged me—cured, of what I never had, and I wanted you—I!"

"You might have written and not— not frightened me so." She choked back the tears. "You knew I cared or I wouldn't have come."

"I know, sweetheart. We will have a wedding this afternoon. I had to telegraph for fear you would have one without me." She turned and looked at him in astonishment.

"I didn't want Golden to get you," he explained.

"Did you think he ever would?" she asked indignantly. "I simply wanted to bring father to his senses."

"Well," John answered slowly, "you succeeded. Just look at this." He handed her a crumpled telegram:

Des Moines, Ia.
John Barry, Los Angeles, Cal.
If you want to marry Rosellan, for heaven's sake do it before Steve Golden does.

They both laughed.

"You see," he said, "if I had started to go to you, you might have taken him before I reached you, so I called you across the continent, and Aunt Eunice has divided up with me. She says she would like to be worth at least half as much to me alive as she would be dead, so we can live here."

Rosellan considered.

"John," she said softly, "I haven't a white dress to my name."

New England Justice.

Ebenezer Snell, the grandfather of the poet William Cullen Bryant, is described as a good type of the New England farmer, in whose nature Puritanism, with its stern rigors of conduct and conscience, was overlaid with many of the amenities of Yankee humor. Bryant preserved several anecdotes of his grandfather, one of which, quoted by Mr. W. A. Bradley in his biography of the poet, may serve to indicate the way in which he exercised his humor, and also to show the patriarchal conception of justice that was held in a remote New England community at the end of the eighteenth century.

My grandfather, said Bryant, once found that certain pieces of lumber intended by him for the runners of a sled and called in that part of the country sled crooks had been taken without leave by a farmer who lived at no great distance. These timbers were valuable, being made from a tree the grain of which was curved so as to correspond with the curve required in the runners.

The delinquent received notice that his offense was known and that if he wished to escape a prosecution he must carry a bushel of rye to each of three poor widows living in the neighborhood and tell them why he brought it.

He was only too glad to comply with this condition.

The Japanese Jury.

In the Teiyel era (along about the middle of the thirteenth century) a Japanese statesman brought the laws in touch with the people by establishing a council of state, with twelve judges, the same as our jury. Before these twelve all litigation was brought for investigation and decision. The plaintiff and defendant had their spokesmen, who argued and defended the case, and afterward the twelve retired into a closed chamber, where the following oath was administered:

During the deliberation of a case, and the decision afterward between right and wrong, neither family connection nor sympathy with, nor antipathy against, the party shall influence. Fear not a powerful family or favor not a friend, but speak in accordance with the dictates of truth. Should there be a case decided wrong and redress refused to a man we shall be punished by all the gods and goddesses of the realm. Thus we swear, and affix our signatures.

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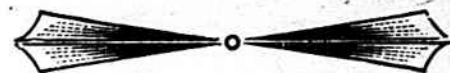
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