

The Barnwell People.

JNO. W. HOLMES, Editor & Prop'r

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 10, 1907.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

For thirty consecutive years this paper has expressed that heartfelt wish to and for its readers.

Today we send the same message of good will to our friends and all the world. May there be peace in all hearts, happiness in all homes and larger hopes and stronger resolutions for the future.

The world moves onward, if not always upward, and while the old South passes back into the evening twilight and the mind pictures of its homes and lives grow dim and fade and the fragrance passes from the porched roses of its abandoned gardens and the New South, booting and spurred, erects new altars amid the ashes of the past and looks to the future for what is held hidden in the secret cells.

So before the Old South is all gone let us be merry once more with the spirit of its best years, and welcome the New with hearts unafraid and purposes unwavering.

So a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, once more.

We don't know of our own knowledge that it is a fact but reputable South Carolinians, who have good eyes and open ears and straight tongues and who have heard there say that there is more real, home made, un borrowed and un mortgaged prosperity in North Carolina and Georgia than in this State.

Asked why they answer that the Tar Heels and Crackers are more self supporting people, who do not put all their trust in a cotton or a truck crop, who make the raising of home supplies their first concern and who know how much work it takes to earn a dollar and keep or spend it accordingly.

We notice that some of the best papers in these two sister States of ours are earnestly urging the farmers to make 1908 a "Hog and Hominy year."

They say and give experiences to show that corn can be made and bacon raised in the South more cheaply than in any other section of the Union, and there is always a market for good things to eat.

According to our lights next year will be a particularly good time for South Carolina farmers to give best attention to their corn fields and pig pens, patches and pastures. We can not, we are sorry to say, see the end of the present financial stringency until after the ballots are cast and counted in the next Presidential election, and then the growth of returning confidence will be slow.

Northern capitalists look to the cotton and wheat crops of last year to relieve the stringency and are in cross humor because the farmers do not avalanche the balances in their hands. Besides they think, or hope, that there is much more cotton in Dixie than there really is.

We may be wrong, but in our backwoods opinion the Southern farmer will have to depend on himself more next year than ever before. Big corn and meat and little cotton crops next year will do more to bring the plutocrats and politicians to their senses than all the panics and preaching that come along.

And the strain for labor will be less and its quality better for the Hog and Hominy programme.

Since the beginning of the 1907 panic Europe has sold to the United States about a hundred million dollars in gold, at premiums fixed by the sellers and which the buyers were compelled to accept just as the cotton farmer has been compelled by the cotton spinner and speculator.

Much of this golden importation has been, or is to be, paid for by Western wheat and Southern cotton.

So the South and the West have scooped the panic that was brought on by the reckless East, and the man behind the plow has saved the day. For the glory of it goes to Pierpont Morgan, President Roosevelt and Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou.

Nine days after taking his seat in the Senate of the United States Jeff Davis of Arkansas made his first speech. If Southern correspondents report him correctly it is to be hoped that it will be his last talk. He is said to imitate Senator Tillman about as much as a fire cracker imitates an eleven inch gun.

As he is no kin to the one President of the Confederacy in any way the Arkansas Legislature ought to change the Senator's name now and elect his successor the first chance it has.

Texas farmers are said to have completed arrangements with European buyers that will enable them to ship and store cotton over the water until prices suit them, receiving in the meantime an advance of \$20 a bale, which will pay their home debts to bankers and merchants.

If that plan works right it will result in permanent direct trade and leave the New York gamblers out of their calculations.

In the good old times it was the custom of the country newspapers to take the whole Christmas week as a holiday.

In these latter strenuous days such vacations are not allowed. Still to give our young people all possible leisure we shall this week and next serve a good deal of plate matter, which many will no doubt think better mind food than our pencilings and scissorings.

We have been too busy with job work to prepare any cable talk for the holidays.

THE SALLEY SHOOTING. (Continued from first page.) A dispatch dated 14th from Springfield to the Sunday State said:

The jury of inquest over the dead body of Policeman W. H. Davis, who was shot at Salley last night, held for the killing Morgan E. Boylston, a well known, prosperous and highly respected citizen of that town. Their verdict was found absolutely on what is termed the dead body statement.

Davis is alleged to have said that he was shot by one of the Boylston boys and one or more of the witnesses swore that Davis said it was Morgan Boylston that did the killing. There is absolutely not a scintilla of evidence against Boylston except the dying statement of Davis. It is said by the State's friends that the assassin was over half a mile away at the time that Davis was shot and they appear to be confident of his being able to prove his whereabouts at the time, before and after the shooting.

Solicitor James E. Davis represented the State, and the defendant was represented by Capt. James H. Penning of Springfield.

AN AMERICAN ARMADA. On Monday by command of President Roosevelt, the Battle Fleet, as he is pleased to call it, sailed out of Hampton Roads, Virginia, commencing the long voyage of 14,000 miles, to circle South America and reach San Francisco, California, next May.

The President has termed it a practice cruise, the supreme test of the ability of the American navy, and that there was no hostile purposes toward any foreign power.

That may be so, but the "friendly" visit of the battle ship Maine to Havana during the last years of the Spanish domination, its destruction and the consequent "war for humanity" are too recent occurrences to be forgotten.

It will be a wonderful voyage, and all good Americans wish the safe going and early returning of the splendid strength of the giant of the western continent.

An Adroit Judge.

(Original.) When the American government put an end to Spanish rule in Cuba one of the prominent governors, Miguel Sanchez, settled in Havana. He was not a bad man at heart, but he had been obliged by Captain General Weyler to do a great many cruel acts.

A number of those who had suffered under Sanchez's rule when the war closed went to live in Havana. Sanchez had been in the tobacco business before the war and at the close returned to that business. He wished only to live peacefully and earn a living for his family. But those who had felt the effect of Weyler's iron rule, administered through his subordinate, were not minded that the ex-governor should escape without punishment.

One day a man was found murdered in the streets of Havana, and a witness came forward who swore that he had seen Sanchez commit the act.

Judge Antonio Herrera presided at Sanchez's trial. In the witness the judge recognized Cubans who had been active in the revolution. Nevertheless a good case was made against the former deputy of the merciless Weyler. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and it only remained for the judge to pronounce sentence.

"Miguel Sanchez, stand up!" The prisoner arose, pale and trembling. He was supported by his daughter, a dusky Spanish girl with liquid eyes bordered by long lashes.

"Miguel Sanchez," said the judge, "do you remember me?" "I do," faltered the prisoner. "When did we last meet?" "I ordered your arrest. You were brought before me, and I sent you to prison."

"What were your words on that occasion?" "I don't remember." "I do," You said: 'The crown of Spain demands your influence to put down the revolution or your life. I give you two days in which to choose.'

The judge paused a moment. The courtroom was densely filled except for the sobs of Dona Maria Sanchez. "Do you remember some months later, after I had got away from you—that was through the connivance of one near your person—that you were besieging the town of G, where you had me, backed by a number of revolutionists, surrounded?"

"I do." "You found a nut too hard for you to crack. You cared little for any one within the town except myself. One evening a note was put into my hand by one who slipped away and was lost in a crowd before I could mark him. The note was from you. You asked me to meet you without the walls, promising me a safe conduct. You hinted that the crown was ready to make you a good price and give me an important post in case I would advise the revolution and throw my influence on the other side. I sent a man made up to represent me. What became of him?"

Sanchez stood with bowed head. Again there was silence except for his daughter's sobs. "I will tell you," continued the judge. "He was arrested and was about to be shot when he succeeded in convincing you that he was not the person he appeared to be. He was permitted to return to me as a messenger with another safe conduct and further offers."

The judge paused again. This time, besides the sobs of Dona Maria, there were mutterings among the ex-revolutionists who had secured the prisoner's conviction.

"What have you to say," continued the judge, "in explanation of your treachery?" The prisoner raised his head, looked at the judge and said: "Nothing."

Something lighted in the eye of the judge that had not been there before. He sat regarding the prisoner, who was still looking fixedly at him. Then the judge broke the silence. "You have this to say. You were simply a machine to carry out the orders of a butcher. What you said were the words of General Weyler. What you did were his acts."

The pallor of the prisoner's cheek gave place to a tinge of color. Dona Maria looked up at the judge with a new expression.

"It is I, not a tyrant, who judges you now, as I was judged. And this is my decision. The revolution is accomplished. It is not for me, a judge of the court, to dispense vengeance. This case has been trumped up against you by those who wish to be revenged upon you for acts of which you were fully the tool. They might as well strike an ax and leave the headman who wielded it untouched. Sentence is suspended indefinitely. Meanwhile, Miguel Sanchez, you are permitted to go where you will."

A Christmas Ad.

(Original.) Ned Buckler's parents, desiring to influence their son for what they deemed his good, desired that instead of following in their footsteps as farmers he should go to college and study a profession. But Ned had become involved with Alma Biddgett, a farmer's daughter, and although she urged him to act upon his father's and mother's advice he insisted on an immediate marriage, which was equivalent to remaining on the farm. This set his parents to trying to break up the match, and, failing to do so, they continued to work with a view to a separation of the young married couple till they secured the result they desired.

Five years after the separation Ned's parents were both dead. Ned now realized that a great mistake had been made. He had divorced his wife at their instigation, and they had gone to their long home leaving him in his loneliness. Alma had only consented to a divorce on condition that she keep the children, a boy and a girl. She was a plucky woman and supported herself and them. Her husband's father had secured the divorce and settled a few thousand dollars on her, which by thrift and good investments she had increased. But no sooner had the separation taken place than, taking her children, she left the location where she had been made unhappy and gave no inkling as to where she was going.

Soon after the death of his parents Ned began to search for his wife and children. He hunted six years without success. Then, hearing of the advantages of farming on the lands wrested from the great American desert in Dakota, he sold his farm, went there, bought land and began once more under new conditions. But neighbors were few and far between, and the man was lonely. During the days he was occupied, but on summer evenings the chirp of insects sounded loud and melancholy, while the winds in yewer howled about his shack and made him desolate. At last he could stand it no longer. He advertised for a wife, in his ad giving a brief summary of the conditions of his marriage and divorce.

Among the replies he received was one signed "Widow" that struck him more forcibly than any of the rest, though he had little confidence in any of them. "Widow" wrote from a point not far distant. She had come to Dakota to farm with her three children. The only difficulty she labored under was that she was a woman. A man was needed on the premises. She would either sell her farm to unite with a good practical man, or if it appeared to be more expedient the man could sell out and join her.

Buckler was rather pleased with the tone of the letter, though the hard writing indicated an uneducated person. It was some time before he made any reply, for he could not bear to give up all hope of finding his wife and children. When his crops were in and Christmas was approaching he wrote for particulars which would enable him to visit the widow. She replied that he would find her in a certain township midway between two settlements, and since her shack was the only one within five miles he would not be likely to miss it. She suggested that if he could come at Christmas the widow would have more time to make his acquaintance, since she had planned her work to have a few days at that time comparatively free.

She also asked that if he lived near a town he would bring a few things for the children for Christmas, including a list of what she wished and a post office order to cover the expenditure. Buckler wrote that he would visit her the day before Christmas, but returned the post office order.

After writing the letter he fell to thinking that he was about to go on a fool's errand. He pictured the widow old and ugly. She had admitted that she was middle aged, which with a woman he thought would mean at least fifty. Then the children would be an objection. The sight of them would continually remind him of his own little boy and girl, who must be now something like fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and he would hate these youngsters, in whom he had no interest. He wrote the widow frankly the story of his marriage and divorce, admitting that, although he was desperately lonely, he could never be happy except with his own wife and children.

"Christmas came. It was a crisp morning. Buckler was awakened by a ray of sunlight shining through a crack. The first thought that struck him was that someone was the boy and girl were dancing over their gifts. He gave a groan, turned over and after awhile sank into another slumber. He was awakened by the sound of sleighbells and voices. Then there came a rap at the door. 'Hold on till I get on some clothes.' When dressed he opened the door and there stood the widow and her three children. Buckler caught at his doorstep. The woman was his divorced wife.

The word 'merry' applied to Christmas is not strong enough to describe that holiday. The widow had suspected from the wording of the advertisement who the advertiser was, had recognized her former husband's handwriting and to conceal her identity had replied through her daughter. The father saw for the first time his third child—a son—who had been born after the separation of his parents.

The Christmas festivities ended with a wedding between the divorced couple, though it involved a long ride for a person. The wife sold her farm, thus giving her husband needed means to enlarge his own.

ELLEN WINSTON.

REMARKABLE RESCUE. That truth is stranger than fiction, has once more been demonstrated in the little town of Fedora, Tenn., the residence of C. V. Pepper. He writes: "I was in bed, entirely disabled with hemorrhages of the lungs and throat. Doctors failed to help me, and all hope had been given up when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. Then, instant relief came. The coughing soon ceased, the bleeding diminished rapidly, and in three weeks I was able to go to work."

Guaranteed for coughs and colds and \$1.00, at C. N. Burchhalter's drug store. Trial bottle free.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

Estate of M. Gary Bazley, Deceased. Pursuant to an order of the Probate Court I will sell on Thursday, second day of January A. D. 1908, commencing at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the home place of Mrs. F. H. Cater near Dunbarton, all the personal property of the said M. Gary Bazley, deceased, consisting of Corn, Fodder, Potatoes, Syrup, Lumber, plantation implements hog, three mules, one mare, one colt, wagon, buggy, saddle, harness, &c.

Terms cash, sale to continue until all property is sold. B. F. Bazley, Administrator. Dec. 10th 1907.

FINAL DISCHARGE NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday January 11th 1908 the undersigned will file with Hon. John K. Snelling, Judge of Probate for Barnwell county his final account as Administrator of Estate of I. F. Still, deceased, and apply for a final Discharge. B. B. Still, Administrator. Dec 9th 1907.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

COUNTY OF BARNWELL. In the Probate Court. By J. K. Snelling, Esq., Judge of Probate in Barnwell County. Whereas A. F. Green and F. H. Dicks made suit to me to grant them Letters of Administration on the estate of and effects of W. F. Green, deceased.

THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF BARNWELL. In the Probate Court. By J. K. Snelling, Esq., Judge of Probate in Barnwell County. Whereas George Inabnet made suit to me to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate of and effects of Della Inabnet, deceased.

MASTER'S SALE. State of South Carolina, County of Barnwell. Court of Common Pleas. Mrs. A. Harley et al, vs Mrs. D. G. Weeks et al.

FOR RENT. 9 Horse Farm within half mile of Dunbarton, on A. C. L. R. E. Apply to Mrs. F. H. Cater, Dunbarton, S. C.

FOR RENT. 7-1/2 LAND FOR SALE—A tract of 285 acres, being a part of Dr. B. F. Peoples plantation on Keltie River. There are three tenant settlements on the place. Part is well timbered, the remainder in good state of cultivation, price reasonable. For further information apply to One house and large lot, lot large enough for two or three good dwellings on R. R. Ave, leading towards Barnwell, Town of Blackville. The improvements consist of good four room dwelling, dining room and cook room, well good water, barn, stables and buggy shed. This lot is well improved and among good neighbors, and price reasonable to quick buyer. H. F. Buis, Atty at Law.

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THE FLAG FALLS AND THE RACE BEGINS AT HILL TOP STABLES, BARNWELL, S. C. A CAR LOAD OF "CREAM OF KENTUCKY"

Horses, Saddlers and Harness, and Brood Mares, Personally selected by the Veteran Capt. Dunn. JUST RECEIVED. All Blue Grass Beauties And as Good as Pretty. Pride of the Prairie Horses and Mules for all purposes always on Hand. The Best that good Judgment and Experience can select. Wagons and Buggies in great variety of the very choicest materials and built by master workmen For comfort and durability, good looks and lightness they are unmatched in the State. Harness—Honest Leather Goods, sufficient for an army, any single piece sold as readily as a full Set. Whips, Lap Robes, Umbrellas, Bridles, Saddles and all Horse Goods ever wanted. PRICES RIGHT, AS ALWAYS, CHARLIE BROWN.

THE Bank of Barnwell The Oldest and Strongest Bank in Barnwell County. Depository of The State of South Carolina, The County of Barnwell, and The Town of Barnwell. Capital, \$60,000.00 Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$45,000.00. To save money is not hard when once a bank account is started for money in a bank cannot burn a hole in the pocket. A bank account means paying bills by check—the only absolutely safe way. Checks have no room for argument as to when or how a bill was paid. Each check is recorded in the bank's books. These together with your money and the cancelled checks are kept for you in burglar and fire proof vaults. You have access to them at any time. Let us talk this over with you the next time you are in town. If impossible to call write us.

F. W. WAGENER & COMPANY COTTON DEPARTMENT, CHARLESTON, S. C. We have arranged to handle Cotton to the best advantage and solicit consignments. We give special attention to handling Staple Cotton, viz. "ALLEN SEED" FLOERODORA AND OTHERS OF THIS GRADE.

FOR RENT. 9 Horse Farm within half mile of Dunbarton, on A. C. L. R. E. Apply to Mrs. F. H. Cater, Dunbarton, S. C.

SPEAKING FACES. With unexcelled equipment, thorough understanding of essentials and execution, successful practical experience and love for and pride in art we feel justified in promising fullest satisfaction to all patrons appreciating the BEST in Photography. Our Portrait Work is of the highest excellence, true to nature and unexcelled in perfect picturing. We make Kodak Pictures, Post Cards, Enlarge Pictures and in every inch of the entire field of Photography are unopposed by any City Studio.

MONEY TO LEND. We are prepared to negotiate loans on improved farms for five years, partial payments, interest 8 per cent on loans. Don't write, come and see us. J. O. Patterson & Son.

STORE YOUR COTTON. WILKINSON COTTON WAREHOUSE IS NOW READY TO STORE COTTON. CHARGES 25 CENTS PER BALE PER MONTH, INCLUDING INSURANCE. BANK OF WILKINSON WILL MAKE LIBERAL ADVANCES ON COTTON STORED IN THIS WAREHOUSE. Q. A. KENNEDY, PRESIDENT. FONSALOR RENT. My farm known as the Vogel Place, containing about 300 acres and in a high state of cultivation, about one mile from town of Barnwell. F. J. Drew, Supt., S. C.