

The Barnwell People.

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JOHN W. HOLMES
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B. P. DAVIES, Editor and Proprietor

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THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1913.

Mothers' Day.

Sunday, May 11th, will be Mother's Day. The observance of this day is a very pretty custom that was begun several years ago by a prominent gentleman. On that day sons and daughters should wear a white rose in honor of the noblest of women—Mother. It was Mother who watched and prayed in the still hours of the night over the crib in which lay a tiny form. It was Mother who smoothed away the cares of childhood. It was mother who denied herself of things in order that her child could have the same advantages as other children. It was Mother who instilled into the child the instincts that make the gentle-man and the gentle-woman. And it was Mother, who, when the child seemed to falter from the right path, brought him or her back with her prayers and unquestioning faith. From the cradle to the grave it is always Mother.

Honor her. It is not too much to ask. Wear the white rose next Sunday. It is a little thing, but then it's the little things that count in this world. Her mother's heart will be warmed, if she be living, to know that her son or her daughter has observed the day. She will know also, and be thankful, if God has already called her into His kingdom.

God bless the Mothers.

Be Careful.

The People wishes to call the attention of the citizens of Barnwell, especially the children, to the danger in touching wires hanging from poles. It often happens that an electric light wire breaks or is burned into, and while it may apparently be harmless it carries enough current to instantly kill the unfortunate person who touches it.

So be careful, friends. If you should see a broken wire, report it at once to the city electrician, who will repair the damage at once.

A. Mack Stokes, of Orangeburg, who was convicted, in his absence, of selling liquor and a sealed sentence given, and who, upon his return to this State to receive sentence, was immediately pardoned by the governor, was arrested on Saturday on the charge of bigamy. It is alleged that he deserted his wife and married a young girl. And there you have it in a nutshell. Let a man know that he can break a minor law and get away with it and he is led into committing a graver offense.

Verily, we mortals are hard to please. A few weeks ago there were complaints about the muddiness of Main Street, and now the sprinkler can't get enough water on the street to keep down the dust—and the complaints.

Flies have been given a monetary value in Orangeburg. In that progressive little city, the "Domestic Science Club" has inaugurated a "swat-the-fly" campaign and is offering ten cents a pint for dead flies.

A colored undertaker of Greenville is charged with being a blind tiger. That's the first intimation that we have had that the dead require the use of whiskey.

INDIAN RUNNER DUCKS.

Mrs. Fred A. Wolfe, of North. Writes in Praise of This Breed.

In a letter to the Columbia State. Mrs. Fred A. Wolfe, of North, writes as follows in regard to raising ducks: I am much interested in raising Indian runner ducks. The penciled fawn or English standard, as it is also called, is said to be the greatest layer on earth of large, white eggs. The eggs are mild in flavor, and when prepared for table are as dainty as hen eggs. The ducks lay almost the year round, and their food is neither expensive nor troublesome.

The Indian runner is a great forager but will bear confinement well.

At the age of four months the drakes are ready for the table, and, when roasted, make a most delicious dish.

These ducks thrive without pond or stream, requiring just sufficient water to immerse the head above the eyes. They are subject to few ailments, such as sore head, roup and cholera, and rarely are they troubled with lice or mites, as they are mostly nonsitters. They require no housing except a low shed with dry floor. Their nature is to be very watchful, and at night will sound an alarm if a dog or thief comes about.

Their lively nature, graceful bodies, pretty markings and interesting habits, make them very attractive. The wonderful number of eggs they lay make them valuable.

I have 65 young ones taken from an incubator today and they are a lovely sight.

Much has been written about this breed of duck, it is surprising how little is practically known about them. Comparatively few are engaged in raising them.

From one or two settings of eggs procured in the spring, a good start can be had, and the ducks will begin to lay in six or eight months.

More Small White Farmers the Hope of the South.

There is great need in the South for us to give attention to the very evils that overthrew Rome and are poisoning the life of Mexico—the increase of tenantry and absentee landlordism, and the other forces that make against the increase of independent small farmers among us. And with us the problem is further complicated by the Negro problem.

We should like to see the Negro own the land they till, as we should like to see all other classes, but we want to see them buy in colonies of their own. In fact, it is very important, in our opinion, for our people to see that this policy prevails. In communities where considerable numbers of white people are living, we cannot afford to have the Negro population become relatively so much more numerous as to leave the white population too small for an adequate white society. The writer knows that in his own home neighborhood, for example, not a few white people have moved away because the Negro population has become proportionately too large and the white population too small—too small to furnish enough white neighbors for the women and children.

This is a tendency that calls for very serious consideration, and is the main reason why the writer believes every Southern State should set about bringing to us just as many thrifty Northern and Western white settlers as we can get. We need them and need them badly—need them to save the rural South to the white race and provide the thickly settled, intelligent, thrifty white communities that we must have in order to get the needed good schools and roads and libraries and telephones and social centers that the rural South yet lacks.

To make the rural South a great democracy of thrifty, home-owning small white farmers—this is our only hope of becoming a permanently great and forceful section. And the success of education, co-operation, and equal legislation in the South is largely wrapped up with this very matter of getting a greater proportion of independent small farmers, each man sitting under his own vine and fig tree.—The Progressive Farmer.

Allendale News.

Allendale, May 3.—Mrs. O. J. Frier, of Winnsboro, is visiting her mother Mrs. John G. Williams.

Mrs. Alfred A. Patterson, after visiting in Columbia and Sumter, is at home again.

Miss Eva May Owens has returned from Savannah.

Miss Flora Tobin has returned from a visit to relatives in Sumter.

Mrs. C. DeS. Clarkson was the guest of Mrs. A. Bethune Patterson in Barnwell last week.

Miss Patterson of Barnwell visited Mrs. Alfred A. Patterson this week.

Mrs. Cuttina of Hampton has returned to her home, after visiting Mrs. Chas. Farmer.

Free gold and silver fish at Deason's with every cash purchase, amounting to 25 cents and over, of the famous Raxall line of medicines and toilet articles. Have you gotten yours?—adv.

A Village Enigma

By M. QUAD

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It was three years after Mrs. Andrew Wakefield became a widow that things began to happen to disturb the peace of mind of the town of Hooper-ville. Mr. Wakefield had been a man without ambition or energy and addicted to intoxicants, and the main support of the couple had been the earnings of the wife with her needle.

Mr. Wakefield sometimes complained because he was not met on even terms by the best citizens, but the wife never complained of her lot. If she expected a merchant's wife to associate with her dressmaker on terms of equality she never gave utterance to that fact. And never, that any one could recall, did she ask to be considered a martyr or find fault with her husband. When other wives told her what they would do in such a case she sometimes smiled, but never complained. After trying for years to make her out people decided that she was an enigma.

"And what in the name of cats is that?" asked good old Deacon Peters of his wife when she applied the term.

"Why, Moses, don't you know what an enigma is?"

"They've invented so many darned things in the last few years that I'm all mixed up."

"An enigma is a thing you don't understand."

"Waal, is Mrs. Wakefield an enigma?" "Folks say so."

"Maybe she is. She strikes me as a woman who is waiting for something to happen."

Something finally happened. It wasn't anything of great importance—just the death of Mr. Wakefield.

Later the Widow Wakefield was left a great sum of money by English relatives. It was all in the papers, and her lawyer confirmed it. She became the richest woman in the state almost in a day. And of course the query with everybody was:

"What will she do with it?"

There were events in the history of the widow that Hooper-ville had not taken cognizance of. She came from an aristocratic family. At eighteen she had fallen in love and eloped with and wed a young man who made a worthless husband. Her father had not set her off, and she had been the hundreds of miles from him. She had felt the bitterness of the sear, but had not realized that this situation could not be changed for the better by open resentment. She had not realized that for a few years she had thus come to be an enigma to such as were interested enough to discuss her.

When the money came the widow was almost getting even with Hooper-ville. There was no make in it, but just a sense of satisfaction. A bridge over the river had long been unsafe, but the taxpayers had hung off about repairing it, trusting that the Lord would divert all the accidents to other bridges.

The widow hired a lawyer to take the matter up, and the bridge was condemned and replaced by a \$6,000 structure. The taxpayers howled.

She hired a surveyor to go over the lines of the streets, and it was discovered that all the store fronts encroached and that hardly a fence occupied its legal position. All encroachments were ordered removed.

The spite of the Methodist church edifice had a decided leaning toward sunrise. The widow set the law at work, and it cost the congregation \$700 to brace up its spire.

There was an old ordinance against hitching horses to stable trees. That was also suddenly enforced and \$50 in fines collected the first day.

There was another about chimneys being cleaned every year. Nearly 100 house owners were brought to court and fined \$5 on their admissions that their chimneys had not been cleaned for ten years.

There was a dead ordinance about the use of profane language in public. The Widow Wakefield revived it and had sixty men fined the first day. Among them were the mayor, all the aldermen and the judge who indicted the fines.

"Moses, what on earth is the woman at?" the good wife of Deacon Peters would ask after each new move.

"She's paying us back, I guess."

"But it don't seem as if she could do much more."

"You wait and see. What was it you called her?"

"An enigma."

"So 'twas. Waal, you'll learn that they've got claws. She'll wind up here with a grand whoop."

When the day finally came that the lawyer could suggest nothing more to upset things he was instructed to rent the gristmill, the sawmill, the tavern and two stores and five dwellings for a year. The tanner and the cooper wanted to be counted in, and they were accommodated. The rent was paid in advance, and the buildings looked up and the industries closed down.

Then the Widow Wakefield sent to the city for an auto and chauffeur and Paris gowns and hats apd, dressed in the latest style and regardless of expense, made a slow tour of the town and departed from it forever.

"Moses, what has it cost the town?" asked the good wife of Deacon Peters.

"About \$30,000, I guess."

"And because she was mad?"

"No. Because she was an enigma, or whatever critter you call it. God darn their hides!"

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE "THEM"?

June is the month of bridal. Dame Rumor is already linking together the names of your friends as candidates for matrimony. It is time, therefore, for you to be thinking of something suitable to give them. It is the purpose of this advertisement to help you reach a decision.

Nothing could be more appropriate for a young couple just starting out in life than a useful, substantial piece of furniture. Nowhere in Western Carolina is there carried a more complete stock of Furniture than at this store. And no where else can you get a better price. On our—

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you can give your friends a handsome present and pay for it in such an easy way that you will never miss the money. Our plan is to require a small cash payment and divide the balance into equal installments, running over a period of several months. In this way you are enabled to give something worth while and at no sacrifice to yourself. Our large stock is open to your inspection.



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Our prices are remarkably low, but we have a large stock on hand and desire to reduce it rather than carry it over during the Summer months. Come in, pick out the piece you want and pay for it in the easiest way imaginable.

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-B. Mazursky,-
"The Bargain Giver,"
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Stock of Furniture is
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CROSSES OF HONOR TO BE PRESENTED AT DENMARK

Graham's Chapter, U. D. C., Will Honor Confederate Veterans.

Denmark, April 28. On Memorial Day, Saturday, May 10th, at 11 o'clock, in the Presbyterian Chapel in Denmark, Graham's Chapter, U. D. C., will bestow Crosses of Honor on the following Veterans and descendants of Veterans:

C. B. Anderson, G. W. Anderson, J. V. Baxley, G. E. Birt, B. F. Boylston (son of S. R. Boylston), G. W. Boylston, P. J. Boylston, M. M. Brabham, B. F. Baxley, D. C. Burkhalter, L. F. Cave, W. B. Cave, W. B. Carroll, Ed. Carroll, Mrs. A. L. Izlar (daughter of R. G. Center), N. C. Chitty, W. G. Dink, F. F. Dunbar, Isaac A. Dykes, C. B. Elkins, Mrs. Blanch Faust, granddaughter of W. B. Flowers, Mrs. Gussie Cooper, daughter of A. A. Faust, Geo. T. Grimes (son of James S. Grimes), W. Alfred Giles, Judson Green, S. N. Greene, B. J. Hammett, G. P. Hanberry, J. D. Huggins (son of F. A. Huggins), F. N. Hair, L. F. Hair, J. Staff Halford, Miss Sallie Inabnett, (daughter of John M. Inabnett), R. R. Johnston (son of John James Johnson), Mrs. M. H. Koger, (widow of Charles A. Koger), D. P. Lancaster, W. G. Lott, (son of W. P. Lott), N. N. Martin, John R. Martin, (son of Richard Martin), J. A. Meyer, W. M. Parker, J. J. Ray, Mrs. Cecil Reed, widow of William F. Reed; Jefferson F. Ready, S. E. Ray, (son of H. C. Ray); D. B. Reed (son of S. J. Reed); J. R. Rountree; J. B. Rountree; J. H. Sanders; J. B. Shipes; Mrs. Della S. Folk, (daughter of John F. Staley); J. E. Steadman; J. H. Studemyre; Edmund B. Sanders; Mrs. Sarah Ann Tant, (widow of Jas. C. Tant); J. E. Templeton; Jas. R. Tindal, (son of Sam'l H. Tindal); Mrs. S. Liles, (daughter of W. C. Thomas); J. W. Ulmer; R. W. Walker, Nat. W. Walker, W. J. Zorn.

Mr. J. F. Carter of Bamberg will deliver an address on General Stonewall Jackson.

All Veterans and Women of the Confederacy in our community are invited to be present.

The Chapter will serve dinner to those receiving Crosses and other invited guests immediately after the bestowal.

At 5 o'clock p. m. Memorial services will be held at Denmark Cemetery, which the public is cordially invited to attend.

Miss Lillie Cooper, Pres. Graham's Chapter, U. D. C.

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Office hours: 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m. Persons living away from Barnwell will please make appointments before coming. By so doing they will be sure of immediate service and avoid disappointments.

Dr. W. H. Alderman
VETERINARY SURGEON
Will be in town every Tuesday.

James E. Davis,
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