

The Bamberg Herald.

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A. W. KNIGHT, Editor.

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 Those of a personal nature will not be published unless paid for.

Thursday, July 5, 1900.

Some of our contemporaries seem to think that we were quoting Senator Tillman last week in an article predicting who would be the successful candidates for State offices. This is a mistake; we gave the opinion of this paper only. While Tillman did say, in his speech, that he knew about how things would turn out, he did not indicate what candidates are likely to be the winners.

ONE YEAR'S WORK.

Twelve months have passed since the present editor assumed control of THE BAMBERG HERALD. Amid many difficulties and vexations we have worked to give this country such a newspaper as would reflect credit on its people and advertise us to the world as energetic, progressive citizens. It is true that we have not made the paper what we would like to—there is still great room for improvement—but we want to say that whatever improvements have been accomplished is due to the hearty support and sympathy extended to us, by the country people especially. Our friends in the town have patronized this paper more liberally than any sheet ever printed here, but still there are some who send out of town for work in our line, which rightfully belongs to us. The publication of a first-class newspaper here helps the business of each one of them, and it is only right and just that they should give us what little job printing they have done.

The circulation is now almost double what it was when we took charge, and our subscribers have paid up well. We doubt very much if there is a weekly newspaper in the State with a better paid-up list than THE BAMBERG HERALD. For this we are very grateful, and hope to show our gratitude by giving our subscribers a better paper for their dollar than they have been receiving during the past year.

In our news and editorial columns we have endeavored to be absolutely impartial, giving the news without favor or bias, and expressing our opinions in a gentle but unmistakable manner. Maybe we have made some enemies, but that is to be expected in newspaper work. You can't please everybody, and the newspaper editor who attempts it will have his efforts result in disastrous failure. We have had no wrongs to avenge and no private spleen to gratify, and no article has appeared in our columns actuated by malice or personal motives. We expect to continue to have our own opinions, and to express them whenever we feel like it. This paper is the mouthpiece or organ of no man or set of men, and it will always fight for what it considers to be the right principle, regardless of those who may disagree with it. We shall try to represent the people of Bamberg county in everything which will be for their best interests, and in our efforts we solicit the support and patronage of all our citizens.

GOOD ROADS.

The people of Bamberg county are thoroughly aroused on the subject of good roads, and this will no doubt be one of the most prominent issues in our county campaign, and the candidate who is not a believer in and supporter of good roads will find himself in a hostile crowd.

In a conversation a few days ago, on this subject, with one of our prominent citizens and large taxpayers, he gave us his idea for a road law for this county, which is something like this: The county should hire at least fifteen (or more if necessary) convicts from the State, these to be supplemented by the county chain gang, and all to work under the county overseer and guards. Make the road tax two dollars, and no road duty—if it is not paid, proceed as with poll tax. This would make failure to pay a misdemeanor, and the delinquent liable to fine or imprisonment. He said if a gang of twenty convicts were kept on our roads for five years, we would have the best highways of any county in the State, and after that time they could be kept up with a small force.

We command this to our next representatives in the legislature, whoever they may be, with the assurance that our people want good roads, want them bad, and are willing to pay for them. If the scheme briefly outlined above does not meet their approval, that's all right. Our citizens are not wedded to any one scheme—what they desire is better highways.

This newspaper may be pardoned for rejoicing at the almost unanimous opinion of our people on this subject. We have for the past twelve months harped on the good roads question, in season and out of season, and it is a source of much gratification to us, to realize that our work along this line has done good. Nothing would pay the town of Bamberg better than good thoroughfares. The amount of trade kept away from here now on account of almost impassable roads is considerable. Our sister town, Denmark, is ahead of us in this respect. The roads leading into that place have been greatly improved by the work of Township Commissioner Chas. McGeiver, and they will be still better, for Senator Mayfield, at the last session of the legislature, had a bill passed authorizing the levy of a special road tax of two mills in the Denmark school district. This levy will raise about \$800 to be used on the roads within the bounds of that district, which in a year or two will make them first-class thoroughfares. The good example set by these people should entice all our citizens to the extent of determining that all the highways of Bamberg county shall be second to none in any county in the State.

E. F. Kenemur, Pickens, S. C., writes: Dr. M. A. Simmon's Liver Medicine has for 10 years greatly benefited me and many others. I think it a better medicine than Black Draught; it is in preference, as it is milder, yet more efficient. Sold by Dr. J. B. Black.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A Rich, Rare and Raey Article from the Pen of Rev. E. Alston Wilkes, Editor of the Circuit Rider. Not two weeks ago, on one of the fairest days in this bright June, I attended a political meeting in my country town, the first, if not the foulest, in many years. There were not a few candidates there both small and great, all hopeful and enthusiastic, the majority of whom evinced more love for grog and human glory than for grace and goodness.

The dispensary is the political sacrament and according to the decree issued that day, ill fortune awaits him who may have the manhood to oppose the "less of two evils."

The High Priest of the State is that political prodig, B. R. Tillman. He stands at the altar of Bacchus, declares the word, and smaller creatures bow in submission before the throne of power. One becomes impressed with what might be termed the ritual and drama of the whole affair. (All candidates, high and low save Hoyt arranged around a throne, on which sits the monarch of all surveyed on a big barrel of the chemically pure) Hush, Tillman speaks. "Ho, all ye candidates, one and all, are ye the best that the dispensary law is the best solution of the liquor question?"

Candidates: "We are all so persuaded." Tillman: "Will you so proclaim and teach the people?"

Candidates: "We will." Tillman: "Will you then give faithful diligence to minister, and protect the privileges of this sacrament?"

Candidates: "We will so minister and faithfully protect."

Tillman: "Will you be ready with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away from our State all erroneous and undemocratic doctrines contrary to the laws of the dispensary?"

Candidates: "All this will we steadfastly do."

Tillman: "Depart in peace."

All candidates retire from the presence save three of the chief candidates, who are now more closely questioned. They are McSweeney, Gary and Patterson.

Tillman: "Come hither, Mac, and tell us whence come you?"

Mac: "From the rank and file of the people. I built myself from the stump, and am a candidate for the office of governor."

Tillman: "If elected governor, Mac, what do you think will be the result?"

Mac: "Peace and prosperity will reign in South Carolina, Sir, even as it did in your time. As it was in the beginning, it is so now, and ever shall be for the dispensary, Sir, is the solution, and your word shall be law, and your policy I will ever pursue."

Tillman: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of my favor. Go in peace and prosper."

Tillman: "Well, Gary, my son, where art thou?"

Gary: "I've ever been the friend of the dispensary. I have enjoyed myself in its courts, guarded its rights and sung its praises, but I go before the people saying unto them, their several towns and cities, have a dispensary if you want it, have high license if you want that, but of course down in my heart I love the dispensary."

Tillman: "But your mind, O, Gary, I fear is divided; you lack a settled conviction, and are liable to become compromised. He that is not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth abroad. I cannot therefore endorse your candidacy and give you my blessing."

Gary: "If, elected, I will pursue your policy."

Tillman: "O, ho! but now is the time, now is the day of Salvation." (Exit Gary.)

Tillman: "Patterson, Patterson, come hither. Bring your lean and lank self to this altar and let me learn your sentiments." (Patterson comes forward and stands before the high priest.) "You are lacking in lard, Patterson, and seem liable to dyspepsia, and therefore you are, I fear, prone to become peculiar and erratic, but say you, You wish the crown?"

Patterson: "Yes, sirree."

Tillman: "What is your present incumbency and incumbency?"

Patterson: "I am Col. Howard Patterson, of grand old Barnwell; am a member of the legislature and first vice-president of the Baptist Association of South Carolina, sir."

Tillman: "Humph, You air!"

Tillman: "Too pious, Patterson, too pious, alas. There is one great encumbrance, vice-president of a christian association. Why, don't you know all these religious cranks are opposed to the dispensary?"

Patterson: "Yes, sir, but I propose to so diffuse the ardency of my spirit and passion in my association as to win them to fight thinking and the dispensary."

Tillman: "That won't do. Too much pure water in that association your ardor will be dampened. Well, Patterson, what is your purpose if elected governor?"

Patterson: "Well, sir, to maintain righteousness and strive to encourage the moral elevation of the people."

Tillman: "My fathers! There you go again with that association idea. O, you are right."

Patterson: "I will give the dear people my contingent fund, and I will pay no paper unless I pay for them out of my own pocket."

Tillman: "That's too smart. When I was governor I took 'em because it was an established privilege, necessary and right. Go on."

Patterson: "And I won't pay for my paper."

Tillman: "You won't, eh? Entirely too good and smart. When I was governor I got my picture and had it hung in the gallery of glory. Well, now, n—"

Patterson: "Finally, I will enforce the dispensary law even in Charleston, and will not let a blind tiger live."

Tillman: "That's too brave, Patterson. No man can do that in Charleston and live. It will never do for you to be governor; too pious, too hard and too brave. Go, quick, and decline, repeat and turn to me, and say some day I'll give you something." (Exit Patterson.)

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