

THE BAMBERG HERALD

ESTABLISHED IN APRIL, 1891

A. W. KNIGHT, Editor.

RATES—\$1.00 per year; 50 cents for six months. Payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50c. for each subsequent insertion. Liberal contracts made for three, six, or twelve months. Want Notices one cent a word each insertion. Local Notices 5c. per line first week, 5c. afterwards. Tributes of Respect, etc., must be paid for as regular advertising.

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 Those of a personal nature will not be published unless paid for.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, June 9, 1904

D. B. Johnson has missed his calling in life. He ought to have charge of a cheap John clothing store instead of being president of a college.

Those people out in Colorado are only reaping the sure results of unionism—lawlessness and bloodshed. These things never occur over labor differences except in places where the unions control.

It looks like no one is going to oppose Heyward for governor this year. Of course it would be no use. Few of the present State officers are to have any opposition it seems, nevertheless some of them ought to be defeated.

Those "prominent parties" in Charleston who thought it very smart to beat the government by buying smuggled cigars may have to burn some of their money before they get through with Uncle Sam. We are delighted that they were caught. But of course they did it through ignorance!

Other counties are arranging for farmers' institutes this summer and we do not see any reason why Bamberg should not have one. All that is necessary is to send a petition signed by fifteen farmers to Dr. Mell, president of Clemson College, and the institute will be held. If some one will get up the petition there will be no trouble in getting fifteen farmers to sign it.

Some of the politicians are trying to gold brick Joe Folk, of St. Louis, by inducing him to accept the nomination for vice president on the Democratic ticket. But we hardly think they'll succeed. Folk has a cinch on the governorship of Missouri, and he's hardly foolish enough to turn loose a certainty like that for the empty honor of being the vice presidential nominee.

The Editor's Burden.

Here is a heart-to-heart talk which a country editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, recently gave to his delinquent subscribers: "Good morning. Have you paid your subscription for last year? Perhaps you owe for last year, or several years. Now, you understand, we need money; we have millions—to get, but it is really an imposition to let the good people go on carrying our money when we are strong and healthy; and so abundantly able to bear the burden ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to leave it at the office or send it by post, freight train, express or any other way, just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy, and it would be a matter of life-long regret if anybody should get bow-legged carrying it about for us."

From Mother to Teacher.

A man who sells text books, and who is not without a sense of humor, was in Louisville, last night. This man—John L. Young of Roanoke, Va.—has collected for the entertainment of his customers a long list of "letters from mothers to teachers."

The letters abound in humor and odd sayings. A few of them follow:

"Dear Miss Baker: Please excuse Rachel for being away those two days. Her grandmother died, to please her mother."

"Miss—: Frank could not come those three weeks because he had amnesia and information of the vowels."

"Teacher: John says you want to see me. I have a beer saloon and nine children. Business is good in morning and afternoon. How can I come?"

"Miss—: Please let Willie come home at 2 o'clock. I take him for out a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave."

—Louisville Herald.

Rubber Hose.

"Twelve pairs of silk stockings for a week's yachting! What in the world does she want of so many?"

"Oh, very likely she expects to have her sea-legs on."—Town Topics.

THE CHRISTIAN churches at Constantinople, Turkey, and Yokohama, Japan, have long used the Longman & Martinez paints for painting their churches. Liberal contributions of L. & M. Paint will be given for such purpose wherever a church is located. F. M. Scofield, Harris Springs, S. C., writes, "I painted our old homestead with L. & M. twenty-six years ago. Not painted since; looks better than houses painted in the last four years." W. B. Barr, Charleston, W. Va., writes, "Painted Frankenburg Block with L. & M. shows better than any buildings here have ever done; stands out as though varnished, and actual cost of paint was less than \$1.20 per gallon. Wears and covers like gold." These celebrated paints are sold by Bamberg Pharmacy, Bamberg; J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co., Orangeburg.

Death In A Trap

What Happened When the Water Broke Into Hudson River Tunnel.

Coolness of a Foreman In the Face of Danger—Sacrifice of a Hero—Twenty Men Engulfed.

The first branch of the great system of tunnels which are to connect New York city with the New Jersey shore under the waters of the Hudson river is at last completed. It has taken thirty years to build and has cost millions of money and many lives.

Several accidents delayed the work, and for many years nothing was done. The first serious break happened at the New York end. Just outside of the

** It looks like no one is going to oppose Heyward for governor this year. Of course it would be no use. Few of the present State officers are to have any opposition it seems, nevertheless some of them ought to be defeated.

Those "prominent parties" in Charleston who thought it very smart to beat the government by buying smuggled cigars may have to burn some of their money before they get through with Uncle Sam. We are delighted that they were caught. But of course they did it through ignorance!

Other counties are arranging for farmers' institutes this summer and we do not see any reason why Bamberg should not have one. All that is necessary is to send a petition signed by fifteen farmers to Dr. Mell, president of Clemson College, and the institute will be held. If some one will get up the petition there will be no trouble in getting fifteen farmers to sign it.

Some of the politicians are trying to gold brick Joe Folk, of St. Louis, by inducing him to accept the nomination for vice president on the Democratic ticket. But we hardly think they'll succeed. Folk has a cinch on the governorship of Missouri, and he's hardly foolish enough to turn loose a certainty like that for the empty honor of being the vice presidential nominee.

The Editor's Burden.

Here is a heart-to-heart talk which a country editor, who evidently has troubles of his own, recently gave to his delinquent subscribers: "Good morning. Have you paid your subscription for last year? Perhaps you owe for last year, or several years. Now, you understand, we need money; we have millions—to get, but it is really an imposition to let the good people go on carrying our money when we are strong and healthy; and so abundantly able to bear the burden ourselves. For this reason we ask anybody who has any of our money in his possession to leave it at the office or send it by post, freight train, express or any other way, just so it gets here. Silver and gold are heavy, and it would be a matter of life-long regret if anybody should get bow-legged carrying it about for us."

From Mother to Teacher.

A man who sells text books, and who is not without a sense of humor, was in Louisville, last night. This man—John L. Young of Roanoke, Va.—has collected for the entertainment of his customers a long list of "letters from mothers to teachers."

The letters abound in humor and odd sayings. A few of them follow:

"Dear Miss Baker: Please excuse Rachel for being away those two days. Her grandmother died, to please her mother."

"Teacher: John says you want to see me. I have a beer saloon and nine children. Business is good in morning and afternoon. How can I come?"

"Miss—: Please let Willie come home at 2 o'clock. I take him for out a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave."

—Louisville Herald.

Rubber Hose.

"Twelve pairs of silk stockings for a week's yachting! What in the world does she want of so many?"

"Oh, very likely she expects to have her sea-legs on."—Town Topics.

THE CHRISTIAN churches at Constantinople, Turkey, and Yokohama, Japan, have long used the Longman & Martinez paints for painting their churches. Liberal contributions of L. & M. Paint will be given for such purpose wherever a church is located. F. M. Scofield, Harris Springs, S. C., writes, "I painted our old homestead with L. & M. twenty-six years ago. Not painted since; looks better than houses painted in the last four years." W. B. Barr, Charleston, W. Va., writes, "Painted Frankenburg Block with L. & M. shows better than any buildings here have ever done; stands out as though varnished, and actual cost of paint was less than \$1.20 per gallon. Wears and covers like gold." These celebrated paints are sold by Bamberg Pharmacy, Bamberg; J. G. Wannamaker Mfg. Co., Orangeburg.

in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland.

At 4:30 in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At that time the danger point must have remained unguarded for an interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying:

"Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay there was now a rapidly widening gap. Under it stood Woodland. The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him. Ooze and slime were blinding him. He felt the water rising about his feet.

One step would have taken him safely into the air lock. Of all the men he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it. Standing there by the entrance, he shouted:

"Quick, boys! Get into the lock!"

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along he pushed, pulled and shoved him through the blinding ooze and water into the air lock.

Seven men had passed him. As he was helping the eighth the iron roof plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead and pinned fast.

The heavy iron plates made it impossible to open the door, and the man's body made it impossible to close it by a few inches.

Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air lock. Escape had been cut off for Woodland and twenty men.

The men in the air lock, although partially on the road to safety, were now in danger of drowning also, for the compressed air which had entered the lock from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward swinging door at the other end.

"Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!" shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in mud and water.

The men in the air lock stripped themselves at his command and thrust their clothing into the crack. The water still rushed in and filled the lock to their waists. They tried again to force open the door at the other end, but it would not yield. Then they looked about them in despair.

Standing outside the lock door which they had sealed with their garments was Woodland, his whole mind riveted on the men whom he had thus aided to escape. In the panel of this door and the other one, which they were trying to break open, were thick glass plates or what were known as bullseyes, through which they could see, and through that at his end Woodland was peering when it became apparent to him that the men were not going to be able to open the farther door. His voice was heard above the tumult shouting:

"Break open the outside bullseye!"

The men in the air lock were not cowards. It had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew if they knocked out the bullseye and the air escaped through it the chances of their opening the door would

A terrific struggle for life began. Dropping their tools, these men stumbled through the pouring water and dropping earth to the air lock, the door of which they flung open, and man after man flung himself in as he came rushing from the shadow and horror without.

"Shut the door!" came the frantic yell from those who were safely inside.

"Burke's outside," answered one who was still sane enough to think of another.

"Curse Burke! Shut the door!" was the merciless reply, born of a terror that knew no sympathy.

The instant an effort was made by some of the men to close the door, but as they sprang toward it they faced a gleaming revolver in the steady hand of the Irish foreman outside. In the midst of the creaking and groaning timbers he had stopped a moment to see the men in, and then another moment to give a hand to Anderson, who in clambering through the timbers had missed his footing and fallen waist deep into the slush below.

Even now, as the men were trying to close the door upon him, he was reaching one hand to Anderson as he leveled the revolver with the other.

"I'll shoot the first man that tries to close the door before Anderson is in!" he called hoarsely, and, holding them at bay, he pulled the engineer up and fairly threw him into the lock. Leaping after, he turned and helped shut the door to himself, and as he did so the sound of a great crushing of timber and grinding of brick came from without and made plain to the little band within that where a few minutes before had been beams and brick and a prospective passageway for men were now darkness and water and the might of the river as it had been since the beginning. All the men escaped on this occasion.

In 1880 came the great tragedy of the whole undertaking. On the west shore the work had been pushed forward some 700 feet. Only one point of danger existed apparently, and that was where the iron roof and the wall of the shaft came together at the inside or tunnel end of the air lock.

A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered, but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

On the evening in question twenty-eight men went down into this shaft as usual, entered the air lock, remained there the customary length of time and then went into the tunnel. They were

OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

Mr. Stephen Joice, of Waco, Texas, has made an affidavit that he is 148 years of age. He is still in possession of all his faculties. He says that DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY has been his only medicine and has kept him

VIGOROUS AT 148 YEARS OF AGE.

This is the most marvelous case on record, and has puzzled a great many leading physicians who have visited Mr. Joice in behalf of science. The doctors admit that there is no doubt but DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKEY possesses some peculiar medicinal properties that kill all disease germs and prevent decay of the tissues and prolong life far beyond the Biblical allowance of three score and ten.

Waco, Texas, February 1, 1904.—Stephen Joice, who appeared personally before W. L. Tucker, Tax Collector of McLennan County, after being sworn, said he was 148 years of age. He is a well-known citizen, residing at 623 Mann st., East Waco.

The representative of the News drove to "Uncle Steve's" residence, where

"I was born," he said to the reporter, "on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, near the Maryland line, and was well acquainted with the vassals of Baron Thomas Fairfax when he ruled that region. When the first Colonial Congress met at Philadelphia, I was there on a visit to my parents, being a stout young man, accustomed to active life on both sea and land. While I have always been a temperance man, nevertheless, I find with advancing years that a stimulant such as Paul recommended to Timothy to be good for my stomach and to prevent the infirmities of old age, and I always use Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, which I find serves as a superb tonic and general renovator. For diet I prefer pork, but can eat a little beef and digest it when I take a little Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey after each meal."

Here the old man went to his cupboard and brought out a bottle of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey and a teacup. "Some people," he continued, "put herbs in their stimulants. I take mine in half a glass of milk or water. I take no other medicine."

He then fixed up his midday dose, and, replacing the bottle in the old cupboard, said, "I was born under the reign of George II, but he died before I can remember, and the first King I heard much talk about was George III. I worked for some of the Revolutionary soldiers, and I used to hear them talk lots about George III and his tyranny. My young mistress sang 'The Star Spangled Banner' when it was first set to music, and I was near enough to hear the cannoneading of Fort McHenry. It was about the time when the city of Washington was burned that people began to call me old man Steve."

To combat the forces of disease and preserve vigorous old age, you must feed and nourish the vital spark with Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey, the true elixir of life.

There are nearly 4,000 men and women in America who have passed the century mark, and nearly every one of them owes, not only his or her long life, but health, happiness and buoyancy of spirits to this great medicine.

No other remedy can show such an army of living witnesses to its health-giving, life prolonging properties.

CAUTION.—When you ask for Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey be sure you get the genuine. Unscrupulous dealers, mindful of the execrable substitutes, which are put on the market for profit only, are sure to get it. It is the only absolutely pure Malt Whiskey which contains Malt, and having this quality, Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey is sold in sealed bottles only; never in bulk. Look for the trade-mark, the "Old Chemist," on the label, and be certain the seal over the cork is unbroken. Beware of refilled bottles.

All druggists and grocers, or direct, \$1.00 a bottle. Medical booklet free.

Duffy Malt Whiskey Co., Rochester, N. Y.

For Sale in South Carolina at all Dispensaries

W. P. RILEY,

FIRE,
LIFE,
ACCIDENT

INSURANCE.

BAMBERG, S. C.

FOR SALE.
One brick store 25x75 feet; and lot containing 48x198 feet, being near railroad track. Is a most splendid lot for a ware house. At sacrifice price.

Also, one dwelling, five rooms, deep well, fruit trees; lot 210x210 feet, all under fence. Price very low and easy terms.

J. T. O'NEAL,
Real Estate Agent.

INSURANCE

....I WRITE....

FIRE INSURANCE
LIFE INSURANCE,
SURETY BONDS

In good, strong Companies.

HENRY J. PRABHAM, Jr.,

Office at Bank. Phone Connection.

D. J. DELK