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Thursday, June 14, 1906

Something ought to be doing in the warehouse matter, and we hope those who have the matter in hand will keep it alive. We believe it will be an easy matter to raise the money to erect the warehouse as soon as a suitable location can be procured.

What are you doing for your town? Are you saying a good word for it and its enterprises whenever possible or are you criticising and finding fault all the time? Don't be a knocker. If you feel that you can't say something good, do keep your mouth shut.

The Columbia Record and the Spartanburg Journal are the only two daily papers in the State who are finding fault with the work of the dispensary investigating committee. Pity the investigation is not being conducted to suit them, but then it might not be so effective if their ideas prevailed.

The dispensary revelations have begun to stir our people up, and many who once favored the system now say it must go. It is likely that such a strong sentiment will take definite shape, and that the square fight as to dispensary or anti-dispensary will be made in this county. From the way things look now, anti-dispensary men will be in the field for the legislature. Well, the question ought to be settled definitely, and it might as well be done this year.

Friends of the dispensary claim that the system would be purified and reformed by the passage of the Raysor-Manning bill by the legislature. This has been the cry ever since the law was enacted. Various legislatures have endeavored to improve conditions, but the law has been tinkered with time after time, and yet conditions have been getting steadily worse. There is only one way to improve it, and that is to kill it, and the people will do that this summer.

Cole L. Blease is a candidate for governor in the coming primary and he now holds the position of Senator from Newberry county. Will he resign so that his successor will be elected in the same primary, or is he going to hold on to the Senatorial toga with one hand while he reaches out for the governorship with the other? Such greediness is likely to be rebuked severely by the voters. No man stands any show these days who does not resign his present office before running for another.

At one time in the history of this State when a man went to another part of the country he alluded with pride to being a native of South Carolina, and strangers at once accepted him as a gentleman and an honest man. Now when you meet strangers when out of the State they at once think of graft and whiskey when you tell them where you are from. Is this sort of thing to continue? Are we to hang our heads in shame because of this wholesale bribery and corruption and yet do nothing to stamp it out? We will have it just as long as the dispensary is continued.

We notice that most of the papers in the neighboring counties last week published a long card from a man giving his reasons for not running for office. The Herald received the same card, but as no check was enclosed, it went into the waste basket. The statement was of no interest to any one except the man who wrote it and was merely an advertisement of himself. How long before newspaper men will realize that their space is what brings in an income and act accordingly? There was no more reason why this card should have been published gratis than that an advertisement for a dry goods store should be inserted free.

We are not on the program at the approaching meeting of the State Press Association, but we warn our brethren that we are going to bring up the matter of free advertising for discussion. True the Association cannot interfere with a man's conduct of his own business, yet it is to our mind proper and expedient that the members express themselves and come to some sort of understanding as to what is legitimate news and what is advertising. There should be some standard. Now one newspaper charges for a certain article, his neighbor publishes it free. This looks bad and sometimes causes misunderstandings. Let us think about this matter and go to the meeting prepared to discuss it intelligently and try to arrive at some sort of basis. As newspaper men we owe this much to our patrons, to say nothing of the standing of the profession.

A JOCLAR MONARCH.

Ivan the Terrible Had Cold Blooded Notions About Jesting.

Ivan the Terrible forgot neither his devotions nor his diversions. His palace alternately resounded with praying and carousing. For his pastime bears were brought from Novgorod. When from his window he perceived a group of citizens collected he let slip two or three of these ferocious animals, and his delight in beholding the flight of the terrified creatures, and especially on hearing the cries of the victims, was unbounded. His bursts of laughter were loud and long continued. To console those who were maimed for life he would sometimes send each of them a small piece of gold.

Another of his chief amusements was in the company of jesters, whose duty it was to divert him, especially before and after any executions, but they often paid dearly for an unseasonable joke.

Among these none was more distinguished than Prince Gvoedef, who held a high rank at court.

The czar, being one day dissatisfied with a jest, poured over the prince's head the boiling contents of a soup basin. The agonized wretch prepared to retreat from the table, but the tyrant struck him with a knife, and he fell senseless to the floor. Dr. Arnolph was instantly called.

"Save my good servant!" cried the czar. "I have jested with him a little too hard."

"So hard," replied the other, "that only God and your majesty can restore him to life. He no longer breathes."

Ivan expressed his contempt, called the deceased favorite a dog and continued his amusements.

Another day, while he sat at table, the waywode of Startiza, Boris Titof, appeared, bowed to the ground and saluted him after the customary manner.

"God save thee, my dear waywode. Thou deservest a proof of my favor."

He seized a knife and cut off an ear. Titof thanked the czar for his gracious favor and wished him a happy reign.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE.

Love is kindly and deceitless.—Yeats. Love can sun the realms of night.—Schiller.

They do not love that do not show their love.—Shakespeare.

Love's a thing that's never out of season.—Barry Cornwall.

He that shuts out love in turn shall be shut out by love.—Tennyson.

The greatest miracle of love is the cure of coquetry.—La Rochefoucauld.

Love is master of the wisest; it is only fools that defy him.—Thackeray.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.—Ninon de l'Enclos.

The magic of first love is the ignorance that it can ever end.—Beaconsfield.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence.—Byron.

It is impossible to love a second time when we have once really ceased to love.—La Rochefoucauld.

Bulow's Wonderful Memory.

Bulow had a wonderful memory, as was evidenced by his astonishing feat of memorizing Kiel's concerto, which the man who wrote it could not accompany without notes. His accuracy was almost infallible. He was once rehearsing a composition of Liszt's for orchestra in that composer's presence without notes. Liszt interrupted to say that a certain note should have been played piano. "No," replied Bulow, "it is sforzando." "Look and see," persisted the composer. The score was produced. Bulow was right. How everybody did applaud! In the excitement one of the brass wind players lost his place. "Look for a b flat in your part," said Bulow, still without his notes. "Five measures farther on I wish to begin."

The Word "Asphalt."

Of deceitful ancestry is the word "asphalt." Apparently it means "not slippery." The Greeks themselves were tempted to derive "asphaltos" from "a," not, and "sphallo," make to fall or slip. However, the word is really of unknown barbarian origin—Phoenician, some say. Asphalt was in use very early in history. It is said to have been the slime with which the infant Moses' ark of bulrushes was daubed and which the builders of the tower of Babel used instead of mortar.

Butchery in War.

In one of the Du Guesclin's victories so many English were taken captive that even the humblest soldier among the French had one or more prisoners. The victors, however, fell to quarreling, and, ill feeling becoming rife in the French army in consequence of these quarrels over the prisoners, Du Guesclin ordered all the captives to be butchered, and the brutal order was carried out.

A Cautious Lover.

A correspondent of the London Globe tells of a gilded youth who left instructions at a jeweler's shop for the inscription of an engagement ring he had just bought. He wanted it inscribed, "From Bertie to Maud." As he left he turned back and added as an after thought, "I shouldn't—ah—cut 'Maud' too deep, don't you know."

Close.

She—Do you know I've induced my husband to give up cigars? He—Is that so? Well, I've known him for seven years, and I never saw him give up one.—Illustrated Bits.

It is the privilege of posterity to set matters right between those antagonists who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age.—Addison.

THE TIDY TADPOLE.

How This Cheerful Little Cannibal Eats and Develops.

A wonderful spirit of tidiness seems to pervade the tadpole world. They always eat whatever has become useless—their own eggs, their superfluous companions. Even those who are only weakly are cleared out of the way and the victims take it all as a matter of course. I have disturbed a strong member of the community just as he had begun to dine off the tail of a weaker brother, but the sufferer has not troubled to escape—he simply waited till the fratricide returned to complete his deadly work.

For some time there is no grave change in the tadpoles. They simply grow and become so far transparent that their internal mechanism, which consists of one coil of intestines, is plainly visible. When, however, they are about three months old a careful observer can distinguish a tiny foot on either side of the base of the tail. These grow slowly, but seem unable to move independently until shortly before the border land is passed which leads to perfect froghood. The hind legs have reached their full size before the front ones appear, and, while the feet grow slowly, the hands are ready made and can be used at once. For a day or two they can be seen under the skin before they venture forth, and their possessor is very restless and excited. He rushes madly about, jostling his comrades, and no doubt being voted a bore; then a more vigorous effort breaks the skin and the tiny hand and arm appear.

There seems some rule about the order of precedence here, as there is when the whiskers go, for last year my tadpoles, almost without exception, had their right hands some hours before the left, while on previous occasions I have had an entirely left handed crew.—Chambers' Journal.

MUSIC AT SEA.

Conditions Under Which Ships' Sails Sometimes Sing.

Some curious facts have been noted with regard to the sound conducting qualities of ships' sails. When rendered concave by a gentle breeze, the widespread sails of a ship are said to be excellent conductors of sound.

A ship was once sailing along the coast of Brazil, far out of sight of land. Suddenly several of the crew, while walking along the deck, noticed that when passing and repassing a particular spot they always heard with great distinctness the sound of bells chiming sweet music, as though being rung but a short distance away.

Dumfounded by this phenomenon, they quickly communicated the discovery to their shipmates, but none of them was able to solve the enigma as to the origin of these seemingly mysterious sounds which came to them across the water.

Months afterward, upon returning to Brazil, the crew determined to satisfy their curiosity. Accordingly they mentioned the circumstance to their friends and were informed that at the time when the sounds were heard the bells in the cathedral of San Salvador, on the coast, had been ringing to celebrate a feast held in honor of one of the saints.

Their sound, wonderful to relate, favored by a gentle, steady breeze, had traveled a distance of upward of 100 miles over the smooth water and had been brought to a focus by the sails at the particular locality in which the sweet sounds were first heard.

This is but one of several instances of a similar kind, trustworthy authorities claiming that this same music is often heard under somewhat the same circumstances and especially in a moisture laden atmosphere.—London Tit-Bits.

English Regard For Teaching.

If there is one occupation which Englishmen are unanimous in condemning as degraded and degrading it is that most fascinating, most difficult, delicate and important work, the training of the mind. In what are humorously called "the higher walks" of teaching there are respectable salaries to be earned and agreeable rooms or houses for occupation. Here, purged of the dross of utility, a man may once more take rank as a gentleman, and if he becomes head of a house the supreme uselessness of his position commands universal and silent respect.—Nineteenth Century.

Gentian Root.

Gentian root, often used as a tonic, is considered in many malarial countries a remedy against intermittent fever. Especially is this the case in Corsica, in that section of the island near the town of Aleria, which is infested with malaria. The inhabitants recently protested violently against the introduction of quinine on the part of the medical authorities, declaring that they would not abandon the remedy which had been used among them for centuries, the gentian root, either powdered or simply masticated.

Quite the Contrary.

"After all, my friend," began the solemn stranger, "life is but a dream, a—"

"Not much, it ain't," snorted the hard headed man. "In nearly every dream I ever had I was gettin' more money than I knowed what to do with."—Philadelphia Press.

Frenchmen and Spanish.

French people find it difficult to speak Spanish properly. Victor Hugo boasted that he was the only Frenchman who could really speak Spanish, something of Spain being mingled in his ancestry.

But for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half the good there is about us.—Dickens.

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VICTORIA FALLS.

Called "the Most Beautiful Gem of the Earth's Scenery."

The Zambesi river, carrying a huge volume of water two miles in width, as it reaches the western borders of Rhodesia precipitates itself into a cavernous gorge and thus traverses the northern plains of the country.

This great drop in the river has produced "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery," the Victoria falls. Almost twice as broad as Niagara and two and a half times as high, an immense mass of water rolls over its edge to precipitate itself in magnificent splendor 400 sheer feet into the narrow canyon below.

Undeterred, the Rhodesian engineers, without detracting from the natural beauty of the surroundings, threw across the canyon a splendid 650 foot cantilever bridge and thus opened the way to Tanganyika, to Uganda, to Cairo.

This bridge, the greatest railway engineering triumph of Africa, deserves more than passing notice. It consists of a central span weighing approximately 1,000 tons, 500 feet in length and 30 feet wide. The steel work is of rolled steel weighing 490 pounds to the cubic foot. The end posts of the bridge are over 100 feet long. The pull on the anchorage apparatus is about 400 tons.

The contract for the construction was obtained by an English firm of bridge builders—the contract time fifty-five weeks. The work of erection was carried on from both banks, the material being taken across the river by means of an aerial electric railway. The electrical conveyor of this cable way was capable of dealing with a ten ton load at a lifting speed of twenty feet per minute and a traversing speed of 300 feet a minute.

An initial difficulty in the construction of the bridge was the securing of a firm foundation, and owing to the crumbling nature of the bank a much greater quantity of concrete was necessary than estimated.

The construction was happily unattended by accidents of a serious nature, though a few slight accidents to body work and the replacing from England of one piece of steel work were recorded. In spite of these delays the bridge was linked up at 7 a. m. on April 1, 1905, or exactly forty-eight hours earlier than had been estimated a year before.—Lieutenant Colonel Sir Percy Girouard in Scribner's.

Cured Him.

"I wish my husband would not stay out at night," said the little woman. "Cure him," said her companion. "As a woman I know cured her husband, who used to stay out every night. One night he came in very late, or, rather, very early, about 3 o'clock in the morning. He came home very quietly. In fact, he took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously and slowly upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the door of the bedroom. With a sigh, he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," he said. "I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself!"

Presence of Mind.

Mme. Rachel, the great actress, was resting alone in her dressing room one night preparatory to going on the stage when a man suddenly entered and, drawing a dagger, said he was going to kill her if she did not at once consent to marry him. The actress saw at a glance that the man was mad and meant what he said. So with the utmost coolness she replied: "Certainly I will marry you. I wish nothing better. Come with me to the priest at once. I have had him come here for the purpose." She took his arm, and they went out together—to where there was assistance, of course, and the man was immediately put under arrest.—Philadelphia Record.

Deduction by Analogy.

"Mamma, I've got a stomach ache," said Nellie Bly, six years old. "That's because you've been without lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it." That afternoon the pastor called and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a very severe headache. "That's because it is empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."—American Spectator.

Time For Weaning.

"I trust your honor will excuse me this time," said a habitual drunkard at the police court. "It is my misfortune—I am a child of genius."

"And what is your age?" questioned the magistrate.

"Forty-two years."

"Then it is time you were weaned. You'll have to do ten days away from the bottle."

Such a Temper.

His Wife—But I don't think, George, that you ought to object to mamma. Why, just think, if it hadn't been for her you would never have had me! Her Husband—Huh! Don't try to excuse her by saying that. You make me hate her worse than ever.—Modern Society.

Doing Their Best.

"Didn't I understand you to say they keep a servant girl?" "Certainly not. I said they try to. As soon as one gets they get another."—Philadelphia Press.

Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of quite stalling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal.—Carlyle.