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 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 Those of a personal nature will not be published unless paid for.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, Sept. 13, 1906

The election of Ansel means more than a repudiation of the State dispensary system. It is a victory for decent political methods. Mr. Ansel's campaign was the cleanest we have ever seen in this State. He and his supporters had no harsh word for any other candidate, and they did not resort to questionable methods to secure votes.

Our article in reference to the Times and Democrat was written several days ago, but we now call the attention of our good friend Sims to Tuesday's vote for Ansel and Lyon. Then, too, in the town of Bamberg we know of a number of anti-dispensary men who voted for Manning. We are rather of the opinion that Bamberg county can safely be put down as against the dispensary—the State dispensary we mean. We believe our people would favor county dispensaries.

In some counties we notice that the Democratic executive committees have ignored the law regulating the primary. An act is now of force which plainly says that the election shall be null and void in cases where candidates do not file their expense account with the clerk of court, and yet in the face of this some committees have over-ridden the law and declared candidates who had not filed this account the nominees. This is a very bad spirit and one which we regret. We cannot create respect for law and order so long as people of intelligence openly deride and violate statutes which do not suit them. The most flagrant violation of this primary law which we have noted was in Kershaw county. There the committee declared a candidate for the legislature the nominee who had not filed his expense account, although a protest was entered. The matter should be pushed further, and we hope it will be, for no man should be a law maker who is a law breaker. If we are to better conditions, all laws should be obeyed, especially by people who claim to be intelligent and law abiding.

It would have been far better for Richard I. Manning had he never entered the second primary. Certain defeat stared him in the face, and in their desperation his supporters did a lot of dirty political work. Mr. Manning has heretofore been looked on as an exceptionally clean, high-toned man, and while we do not blame him personally for all that was done, he cannot escape responsibility for some of it. He should have repudiated the workers who were guilty of questionable acts in his behalf. Then, too, Mr. Manning in the various statements to which his name was attached, was not fair to Ansel, and his insinuation as to the negro vote cannot be excused. One of the hardest political fights we were ever engaged in was in Sumter some years ago, when we personally supported Mr. Manning in his race for the State Senate against the late Altamont Moses. Our two brothers supported Mr. Moses. We do not regret our action then; we have no regrets for our course in this campaign, but we would have thought a great deal more of Mr. Manning had his campaign in the second primary been conducted differently.

The only anti-dispensary candidate for the legislature in Bamberg county got 192 votes. So Bamberg can be put down as a bumper dispensary county.—Orangeburg Times and Democrat.

We greatly fear that Brother Sims is such an ardent advocate of the dispensary system that his eyes must have been closed to the election figures in Bamberg county in the race for governor. It must be very plain to any one that the ideas of legislative candidates in any county on the dispensary, cut little figure in the recent election. In strong dispensary counties like Orangeburg, anti-dispensary men were elected to the legislature, and yet in counties which had voted out the dispensary, both dispensary and anti-dispensary candidates were elected. It was so in Bamberg county, as Brother Sims ought to know even if he did not. Manning carried Orangeburg for governor by a big majority and yet a strong anti-dispensary man was elected to the legislature. In Bamberg the anti-dispensary candidate was defeated, yet Ansel led Manning for governor. The vote stood: Ansel, 329; Manning, 315; Brunson, 263. When you add Ansel and Brunson's vote you will see that a majority of Bamberg's voters cast their ballots against the dispensary. No, no, Brother Sims. You can't put Bamberg down as a "bumper dispensary county" yet awhile. In the legislative races all over the State it was a question of personal popularity. The gubernatorial race decided how the voters stood on the dispensary question, for the candidates in this race were personally unknown to the great mass of the people.

The Herald may not have any political influence, but the only men for whom this newspaper took a stand carried the county all right.

It's all over now and we can turn our attention to other and better things. Those who were defeated can console themselves with the thought that the best men do not get elected every time.

Ed. DeCamp, of the Gaffney Ledger, is a hard fighter but he fights fair and never hits below the belt. His example in this respect is one for all newspaper men to follow. Would that all editors were as fair as DeCamp.

While the editor of The Herald is delighted at the election of Ansel and Lyon because of the principles for which they stood, we are especially pleased that they both received a majority in Bamberg county. The Herald supported both men, and notwithstanding the hard work done here recently by prominent men and political workers, they won out in Bamberg. For this victory and endorsement of our position, we heartily thank the independent voters of the county, and again assure them that we will never ask their support for unworthy men.

It was gratifying to listen to the remarks of the new principal of the Bamberg graded school at the opening exercises last Monday morning. He said it would be the aim of both principal and teachers to teach and train the children and not merely hear recitations, and in this connection he gave some valuable ideas to parents as to their co-operation in the advancement of their children. We say we are glad to see this spirit manifested by the faculty of the school, and we want them to live up to it. We assure them of our hearty co-operation in all matters which tend to develop the young life of Bamberg, and if they do their duty they will have no better friend and supporter than this newspaper. We have worked for the school earnestly for years, and any criticism which we might make would not be in a captious, fault-finding spirit, but with an endeavor to better conditions. Our unselfish efforts in the past gives us the right to speak pointedly without fear of being misunderstood, and that a large majority of our people endorse our position is indeed plain. We want to see our graded school the greatest success this year it has ever been, and to this end the services of this newspaper and its editor can always be commanded.

Carlisle Fitting School.

The fourteenth annual opening of the Carlisle Fitting School was held in the chapel of the school building Wednesday morning. The indications are that an enrollment exceeding any previous year will be had. Both dormitories are well filled and a large number of town students are in attendance. Rev. Peter Stokes opened the exercises with scripture reading and prayer.

Head-master W. S. Hogan, Jr., first assistant W. D. Roberts, and second assistant J. C. Guilds all made good talks to the audience. Mr. Stokes also made some remarks. The school starts out under auspicious circumstances, and it is believed that the most successful year in the school's history has been begun.

Death of Mrs. R. F. McMillan.

Mrs. Pauline McMillan, wife of Mr. R. F. McMillan, died at their home in the Clear Pond section Tuesday afternoon of this week, aged about thirty-five years. The burial took place in the family burying ground at the Lutheran church near Clear Pond yesterday afternoon, the services being conducted by Rev. S. P. Chisolm.

Mrs. McMillan had been in bad health for several years and her death was not unexpected. Last week she gave birth to an infant, which only lived four days. She leaves one child, a little daughter, about five years old. She was a member of Bethesda Baptist church. Mrs. McMillan was a daughter of Mrs. Adella Folk, and leaves a husband, mother, three brothers and two sisters.

The Cotton Market.

Cotton sold in Bamberg today for 9-16 cents the pound. The receipts for this week were about seven hundred bales.

Senator Johnson Dying.

AIKEN, Sept. 12.—Senator W. E. Johnson is quite ill at his home near Aiken. He was taken sick on Wednesday last and since that time he has been in a critical condition. He is thought to be suffering from congestion of the kidneys. It is thought that he cannot recover.

The Piedmont section of the State certainly fared well in the recent primaries. Ansel is from Greenville, Jones from Abbeville, Lyon from Abbeville, and Sullivan from Anderson.

High Finance.

A man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying, "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it." With a grin the boy replied, "All right, come along." And he led the man to a building half a block away. The man duly paid the promised fee, remarking, "That was half a dollar easily earned, son." "Sure!" responded the lad, "but you mustn't forget that bank directors is paid high in Noo-Yawk."

EL TERREMOTO

By HONORE WILLISIE

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For three months now Eleanor had been on the desert edge fighting for her brother's health. At first the desperation of the struggle had kept her thoughts from straying eastward; had crammed with anxiety each moment that otherwise would have been wretched with homesickness.

But now, with the leisure that came with Jack's returning health, homesickness was beginning its inroads upon her. This made doubly hard to bear the fact that Jack was developing the fractiousness of the convalescent and that an ordinary pacific disposition was becoming so irritable that it taxed even the devotion of this most devoted sister. On this particular afternoon he had expressed an inordinate desire for a certain brand of cigars.

"But, Jack dear," objected Eleanor, "the doctor says that you must not smoke." "Who says I want to smoke?" growled Jack. "I just want to look at them and sniff of them and feel them. And I want them today."

Eleanor sighed patiently. "It's five miles to town, Jacky. And though it's 4 o'clock, it's frightfully hot. Don't you want to wait until tomorrow?" "Oh, of course, if you don't want to do the favor for me," replied the invalid, walking feebly across the tent to pick up a fan.

"Why, certainly I'm going, Jacky," she cried. "The heat won't last much longer," and she disappeared toward her own tent, leaving her brother looking a bit sheepish.

So now Eleanor was riding slowly along the blistering trail toward the sleepy little adobe village which boasted a single Yankee store, at which she thought she could get the cigars. She was a beautiful girl, slender of body and lovely of face, with the refinement of good blood through many generations showing in every lineament. Her dark blue eyes, shadowed by the heavy lashes, looked tired, and her figure drooped a little as if in utter weariness.

"It's getting pretty hard," she thought. "It's spring up there, with the snow melting into little rivulets, and the pussy willows out, and the wind flowers coming. Only the thought of Jack's getting well keeps me from going mad."

She started a little as a cheery halloo greeted her, and she saw riding down the trail toward her a broad, shouldered, jolly chap in cowboy attire. He wheeled his mustang and rode beside her.

"I was taking a jaunt out to tell you that I have almost finished my work and must fly eastward again." "Oh, that is too bad!" cried Eleanor. The man's fine brown eyes beamed. "I've only known you a week," he answered, "but it's been a mighty pleasant week."

"Jack will miss you," said the girl. The man eyed her silently. "She's wearing herself out," he thought. "I wish I could take her away from here. Burwell's nearly strong enough to go it alone now. Gads! She's a beauty!"

Eleanor wiped the alkali dust from her face and told him the reason for her trip to town. "Rather hard on you," commented Hartley. Eleanor smiled, but said nothing, and they rode for some distance in silence, Hartley's gaze scarcely leaving for an instant the drooping profile beside him.

been thrown violently to the ground, as the final shock came, and now she felt out in the darkness and encountered Hartley's quiet form. Almost hysterical with fright, she called to him and chafed his hands feverishly. Then came the voice of the storekeeper: "Hello, you two in there!"

"Yes," called Eleanor weakly. "I'm all right, but Mr. Hartley seems badly hurt." "The whole dinged front of the store has fallen in," called the storekeeper, "but I got out through a hole. Can you stay still till I get help?"

"Yes," answered Eleanor, and again she fell to chafing Hartley's hands. It was a long and arduous task to remove the debris without injury to the prisoners beneath. The work was doubly long, owing to the fact that what few natives had not fled to the desert were hovering over their ruined adobes with wails of "El terremoto! El terremoto!" so that the storekeeper did most of the work himself.

Long before their rescue Hartley had recovered his senses and by combining their two handkerchiefs Eleanor had bound the wound in his head that seemed to be his only injury. It was twilight when they reached the street, a quiet, southern twilight, with just the edge of a great full moon coming up over the edge of the desert.

As soon as it was possible Eleanor with Hartley on guard set out for camp. She was greatly disturbed over her brother, though the natives assured her that the shock was not serious where there were no buildings. Hartley, looking like a picturesque bandit with his bandaged forehead, was in great spirits despite his aching head. He said little until they were well out on the trail. Then he rode close up to Eleanor's pony.

"Miss Burwell," he said, "an accident like this makes us friends of about ten years' standing, doesn't it?" "It surely does," cried Eleanor. "Then," he went on eagerly, "don't you think that two such old friends could safely care for each other—and perhaps marry each other?"

Eleanor did not seem so much astonished as the short acquaintanceship might warrant. But she blushed deeply in the moonlight. "But you don't know me and I don't know you," she said. "Well, I'm an architect," he answered, "and I live in Chicago and—" "Not the John Hartley, architect, that all the world knows?" cried Eleanor.

"I'm afraid so," he replied, a little sheepishly. Eleanor gasped. "My little name sinks into insignificance," she said. Hartley looked at her suspiciously. "You aren't E. Burwell, the illustrator?" he exclaimed. "I'm afraid so," she mocked.

Hartley stopped the ponies and drew her close in his arms. "Whatever the names," he whispered, "we belong to one another, anyhow."

A Bible Courtship.
 A young gentleman at church conceived a most sudden and violent passion for a young lady in the next pew and felt desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following text, second epistle of John, verse 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it with the following, second chapter of Ruth, verse 10: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take notice of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to verse 12 of the third epistle of John, "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview the marriage took place the following week.—Scottish American.

The Geese Won.
 An English gentleman once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The king, thinking that such a wager was already as good as won, willingly made the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time and place and distance. Being well acquainted with the habits of the birds he accordingly chose for the time the evening, just before sunset, and for the place the road outside the city walls and a mile for the distance. The time came and each appeared with his flock of birds and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset and immediately, true to their instincts, as soon as the sun had quite disappeared all the turkeys flew up into the nearest tree to roost, and no persuasion could induce them to budge an inch farther, and the geese, which had been slowly toddling on behind, quietly cackled in—the winners.

Moving the Well.
 A New England woman once had in her employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded them amusement to compensate for any trouble she might entail. One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a wood house built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well. "Shure, sor," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the wood house is builded?" As a smile crossed the face of her employer Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake of some sort. "It's a fool I am, shure," she added hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Of course whin the well was moved ivery drop of wather would run out of it!"

With The Cow's Compliments

Every housewife knows that a meal may be perfect in every particular and appointment until it comes to the butter—and then, if that's just the least bit "off color," the whole meal is a hopeless failure. Cheese, too, is no small factor in the making or marring of a meal. Not only a tasty "smack," but a lot of genuine nourishment in a piece of pure cheese. We have the finest butter and the clearest, choicest brands of cheese a careful market affords. Won't you order some and see?

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PRIMARY ELECTION RETURNS FOR BAMBERG COUNTY

SECOND PRIMARY, SEPTEMBER 11th, 1906.

COUNTY	STATE											
	LEG.	CO. COMMISSIONER	GOVERNOR	AT GEN'L	R. R. COM							
	Graham	Miley	All	Bellinger	Folk	McMillan	Ansel	Manning	Lyon	Ragsdale	Sullivan	Wharton
Bamberg...	117	120	75	197	107	83	101	135	143	93	136	101
Clear Pond	5	13	3	14	16	3	16	2	15	3	4	14
Colston.....	12	26	24	16	14	22	27	11	25	13	8	30
Denmark.....	27	85	44	83	55	46	69	47	85	30	64	50
Edisto.....	12	68	30	72	43	9	55	26	47	34	21	60
Ehrhardt....	25	83	60	28	73	59	67	43	76	34	39	70
Fishpond....	11	58	21	49	31	37	34	35	51	18	23	46
Govan.....	26	32	27	47	21	21	30	28	40	18	4	54
High Mill..	4	14	4	3	15	14	15	3	17	1	17	1
Kearse.....	18	23	20	19	30	13	12	29	19	22	8	33
Lees.....	2	19	9	17	12	1	11	10	11	11	15	16
Midway.....	14	14	10	22	18	6	7	21	14	14	11	17
Olar.....	84	41	67	65	39	77	65	60	92	33	22	103
Spr'gtown..	22	3	5	23	5	17	10	15	8	17	3	22
Total.....	379	599	399	655	479	408	519	465	642	341	365	617