

Personal Mention.

—Mr. W. S. Milley was in town yesterday.

—Mr. D. H. Counts, of Laurens, was in the city Monday.

—Mr. W. H. Kearse, of Denmark, was in town yesterday.

—Mr. H. J. Ritter, of the Kearse section, was in the city yesterday.

—Mr. T. L. Pearlstone, of Allendale, spent Sunday in the city.

—Mr. Henry Chitty, of the Kearse section, was in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. W. D. Bennett, of Colleton county, was in the city yesterday.

—Mr. J. C. Breland, of the Kearse section, was in the city Monday.

—Post Office Inspector A. J. Knight spent Sunday here with relatives.

—Mr. J. L. Cothran, of the Ehrhardt section, was in the city last Saturday.

—Maj. Havelock Eaves, of Columbia, spent Sunday and Monday in the city.

—John R. Bellinger, Esq., spent Tuesday in Barnwell on professional business.

—Mrs. E. J. Boland, of Springfield, is on a visit to the family of Hon. H. C. Folk.

—Mrs. Hamilton, of Charleston, is on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. C. R. Brabham, Jr.

—Mr. J. E. Chandler, principal of the Govan school, was in the city last Saturday.

—Messrs. B. B. and W. P. Bishop, of the Ehrhardt section, were in the city last Saturday.

—Mr. John H. Cope spent Sunday and Monday in Spartanburg on a visit to his wife and son, Glenn.

—Mrs. Florence Zeigler, of the Cope section, visited the family of her father, Mr. D. F. Hooton, the past week.

—Mrs. H. G. Sheridan went to Bishopville last week to attend a missionary meeting. She returned Monday morning.

—E. T. LaFitte, Esq., spent Tuesday at Olar on professional business. He was winding up the estate of the late S. L. Morris.

—Miss Lena Hiers, Mrs. Counts' new milliner, arrived in town last Wednesday, and is boarding with Mr. Sam Harrison.

—Miss Eva Peeples, of Estelle, and Miss Studie Ruth, of Varnville, visited the family of Mr. D. F. Hooton here the past week.

—Mrs. W. J. Faulkner, of Augusta, who spent the summer here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Bellinger, returned to her home last Thursday.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owens, of Charleston, spent Sunday here. They came up to attend the funeral, of Mrs. Rice, who was the mother of Mrs. Owens.

Coffins and caskets for sale by Simmons & Kinard, under Johnson's Hotel.

Sweet potatoes at Moye's.

Fruits of all kinds at Moye's.

Charleston's Gala Week.

The fireworks display during the celebration of the Charleston Greater Gala Week, November 5 to 10, which is to be done by Paine, of New York, will be the finest of its kind ever shown in the South. In fact, it will equal the great display given in New York harbor on the occasion of the first election of William McKinley as president of the United States. The harbor of Charleston offering practically the same conditions as does the upper harbor of New York, gives a pyrotechnist like Paine opportunities which he never fails to take advantage of.

There are the wonderful effects which can be obtained with water fireworks, the floating beacons, diving devils, prismatic fountains, fiery geysers, flying fish and submarine torpedoes. Each has its peculiar charm and all are fascinating.

The aerial work for such an occasion must be of the heaviest kind, not such as is sold in the stores for ordinary displays, but the kind which Paine manufactures for his big shows, such as are given at Manhattan Beach, which has been made famous for the last thirty years as the home and producing house of Paine's great spectacles.

The set pieces, which will be quite numerous for such an occasion, for set pieces are not as a rule used in aquatic displays, have been selected with great care by the executive committee and will sure give satisfaction. A number of Paine's special representatives will be on hand to handle the great show and everything on the elaborate programme will be given.

An old lady made a visit to the neighbor's up the road, where her prolonged calls had made her something like a bore. Finally she said to one of the children, "Tommy, I am going home in a little while, and I want you to go a little piece of the way with me." Tommy immediately replied, "Can't do it cause we're going to have dinner as soon as you leave."

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DENTIST
BAMBERG, S. C.
OFFICE IN FOLK BUILDING

Some Theories And a Bear Trap

By C. B. LEWIS

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Uncle Peter Scott, farmer on the outskirts of the village of Hillside, had lost his good wife, and his daughter Jennie kept house for him. He had got to be fifty years old and finicky, while she had got to be twenty and was called one of the nicest girls in Adams county.

Tom Barlow, the youngest of the village merchants, agreed with all others. He had driven out to see Jennie on half a dozen occasions on Sunday afternoons, and it was whispered around that a marriage would come of it. The father had scratched his head and said nothing, but in his own mind he had regarded it as a good match.

All was going well when an interruption suddenly occurred. Mr. Barlow dealt in hoes, rakes and shovels as well as in dry goods and groceries. Uncle Peter bought a hoe of him and started into the cornfield one morning to make the dirt fly. The hoe pleased him, the air was balmy and the corn was knee high and still growing. He was humming to himself and wondering how long before he would lose Jennie when he pulled over a sod with his hoe and caught sight of a big fat mole underneath.

The life or death of that mole had little to do with the future prosperity of Adams county, but Uncle Peter jumped in with intent to slaughter. He made three or four blows with the hoe and finally one tremendous blow. The mole was immolated, but at the same time the handle of the hoe was broken and the old man fell forward and plowed his nose into the ground. He got up mad. He was mad at the mole, the hoe and himself, and he jumped up and down and used cuss words.

One does not remain mad at himself very long. He finds some one else to blame for the whole thing. In this case Uncle Peter put the calamity on the shoulders of Mr. Barlow. He had sold him a hoe handle that was weak in the back—sold it with intent to defraud and deceive. Uncle Peter had sold short tons of hay more than once, but when any one cheated him he looked upon it as a wrong to all humanity.

He was near the roadside fence when he massacred the mole, and he had just got the dirt out of his mouth after the fall when a man he knew came driving along in his buggy.

He naturally asked what was the matter, and the old man cut loose. He called the merchant a cheat, fraud and swindler and vowed by the whiskers of his ancestors that he would never, never buy aught more of him. He wanted his words repeated, and they were.

When the father went up to the house after another hoe and the daughter asked what was the matter he had more to say about the merchant and something particular to say to her. He made more fuss about that broken hoe handle than the county commissioners had in building a bridge over Goose creek, and he ended off with:

"Now, you gal, listen to me. If that swindler ever sets foot on my land ag'in I'll c-r-u-s-h him as I would a-a-moose!"

Jennie argued and protested and tried to soothe, but the father was obdurate. He told her of the message he had sent to town, and she wrote a few lines of excuse to Mr. Barlow and sent them by a passing boy. That afternoon several persons had several theories to advance to themselves.

Uncle Peter held to his anger. His theory was that Mr. Barlow would drive out in the evening and try to get speech with Jennie and seek to excuse his disgraceful conduct in selling for 25 cents a hoe not worth a dime.

Jennie's theory was that the merchant would drive out with half a dozen hoes in his buggy and tell her father to take them all, but she feared the result. The old man was mad all through, and it always took him at least a week to get over one of his fits. Old Mrs. Davis, who lived just across the road, heard something about the broken hoe, and her theory was that there would be a row of some sort and that she would be there to hear and to see.

The merchant didn't have any particular theory. He simply made up his mind to drive out to Uncle Peter's and tell him to come in and help himself to hoes, rakes and shovels without stint.

Nothing further of moment happened during the day. It was after supper when Uncle Peter was milking the brindle cow that he got another theory. It might have worked well had not his daughter observed him half an hour later oiling up the springs of a bear trap that had hung in the barn for the last twenty years. Then she got a new theory. Her father hoped and intended that some one should walk into that trap. It must be the man who sold him the deceptive hoe that he was laying for. Old Mrs. Davis kept her eye on the Scott homestead between sundown and dark, and, though no tragedy took place, she turned to her husband and said:

"Andrew, something is goin' to happen. I feel it in my bones. I've got a theory that there's goin' to be awful doin's across the road tonight."

Father and daughter sat on the porch till the clock struck 9, and then the girl arose and entered the house to go to bed. That was his chance. He jumped down on the grass and ran for his bear trap and set it just inside the gate and ten minutes later was winding up the clock with an innocent expression

of countenance calculated to deceive the cat.

"Now, why did father linger behind?" asked Jennie of herself as she went upstairs, and, poking her head out of a front window, she saw him engaged in some nefarious business on the path—something that she investigated fifteen minutes later and dragged to one side on the lawn.

The merchant had been detained. He had also forgotten that farmers retired to their beds when the hens went to roost. It was 10 o'clock when he came driving out. Jennie heard him coming and walked down the road to meet him. Knowing her father as she did, she knew that a present of a dozen new hoes that night would not suffice to soothe his injured feelings. It would be best to notify Mr. Barlow of this fact and turn him back and say good night.

At about the hour mentioned above Uncle Peter roused up out of a doze with a new theory. It was to the effect that some lightning rod men might come along in the night and seek to arouse the house for lodgings and step into that waiting bear trap. He was about to get up when he remembered that a man of lightning had cheated him out of \$10 five years before, and he therefore decided not to budge. He had just come to this decision when old Mrs. Davis said:

"Andrew, I'm goin' to get up and go over to Scott's."

"What fur?" he dreamily asked.

"I've got a theory that Uncle Peter has hung himself in the wood shed."

"Nonsense!"

"Don't say 'nonsense' to me. I never had a theory yet that didn't turn out right. I'm goin' right over there, and if you hear me yell out you'll know what has happened."

She partly dressed and left the house. Jennie and Mr. Barlow and the horse and buggy were not so far away that she could not have made them out had she been less occupied with her theory, but as it was they escaped her notice. The wood shed to every well regulated house is in the rear. It was so in the case of the Scott home. To reach it old Mrs. Davis had to leave the straight path, and she hadn't made above ten steps when there was a scream and a long drawn yell to freeze the blood of all hearers. Uncle Peter heard it as he was beginning to dream of broken hoe handles and fat moles, and he jumped out of bed.

Old Mr. Davis heard it as he dozed and wondered about theories, and out of bed he came with his hair trying to stand on end. Jennie and Mr. Barlow heard it and started forward with exclamations of alarm, and thus it happened that the four reached old Mrs. Davis at about the same time. She had been caught in the bear trap, of course. In leaving the path she had stepped fairly into it, and as the jaws came together she felt, as she said afterward, that the last day had come and she was ready to sail away.

There was an exciting time for the next ten minutes. The poor old woman was frightened half to death, and a good deal bruised by the teeth of the trap, and while she was being carried across the road her husband was announcing his determination to have satisfaction under the law. Uncle Peter realized that his theory had failed, and Jennie and Mr. Barlow had been discovered conspiring, as it were. It wasn't until the victim had been put to bed, her hurts attended to by a doctor and her husband calmed down by a promise that the right thing should be done that Uncle Peter turned on the young folks and demanded:

"Well, what you got to say about all this?"

"Nothing, father," answered Jennie.

"Nothing, Mr. Scott," added the merchant.

"Wall, I dunno as I have, either," observed the mole killer, as he jogged into the house and left the others at the gate to talk things over.

One of the Family.

"Are you the editor that takes in the society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a timid, appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice: "My wife gave a swell party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in your paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society notes," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halfstick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs \$5 a line. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family!"

Not Soon Enough.

A man who is now one of the leading members of the Stock Exchange was rather wild in his youth, which is not an exclusive characteristic of this member of the Stock Exchange. But this man was a favorite with his mother and generally called on her to help him out of his scrapes, and she usually responded freely, even lavishly. On one occasion, however, when his demands had been especially frequent and extravagant, it was with considerable trepidation that, on discovering himself "the morning after" in a distant city and picked as clean as a new fledged sparrow, he penned the following heart moving appeal, to be sent C. O. D.:

"Send \$50 and save disgrace."

His worst fears were realized when, an hour later, he received the reply from his mother, "Too late."—New York Tribune.

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Is showing the Most Complete Line of Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings ever shown in Bamberg county and at the right prices : : :

Below We Mention A Number of Specials

- STAPLES**
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 - 10c Outings.....8c yard
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- DRESS GOODS**
- 52 inch Broadcloth at.....79c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 yard
 - 52 inch Mohair in Gray, Black, Brown, Red and Navy.....50c yard
 - 42 inch Silkene Mohair, Gray, Blue and Black.....\$1.00 yard
 - Plaid Suitings.....12c, 20c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 yard
- Ladies' Underwear**
- Gowns.....\$1.00 to \$2.00 each
 - Underskirts.....\$1.00 to \$2.00 each
 - Corsets Covers.....25c to 50c
- Silks Silks**
- Black Guaranteed 36 inch Taffeta.....75c yard
- Ladies Skirts and Suits Just in**
- Come in and See Them**
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anettes ever shown. Prices \$5.00 to \$20.00.

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Work Shoes, Dress Shoes, Heavy Shoes, Light Shoes, Boys' Shoes, Girls' Shoes, Mens' Shoes and Ladies' Shoes, and all at prices not at all in keeping with the recent advance in price of all leather goods.

Exclusive Agent for the Famous *Dorothy Dodd* **Woman's Shoes** the prices of which never vary and are the same everywhere

Our Upstairs Department

Trunks, Satchels and Dressing Cases to please everybody. These together with our magnificent display of Furniture, Mattings and Glass and Picture Frames are up-stairs. Ask to be shown through this department. You will be surprised when you compare our prices with others.

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Pittsburg Wire Fencing

Carloads of Pittsburg Perfect Fencing in standard heights and styles constantly received. The best fence on the market and the prices are right. A Car Load of fine Red Rust Proof Seed Oats.

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Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE

5 shares Building and Loan Stock.
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One two story brick building in the heart of business centre. Pays 10 per cent. on investment.

200 acre farm on road to Govan, 6 miles from Bamberg. Best farm in the County. See me quick if you wish to buy something worth twice the money.

100 acre farm near Howell's mill. Rents for \$125.00. Price \$1,000.

1000 acre farm near the town of Bamberg. Make no inquiries unless you are able to buy something of rare value.

Timbered lands for sale c Edisto river at rock bottom prices.

One lot, 2 1/2 acres, with two tenant houses, barn, five stalls, shed, and a good five-room dwelling. Cheap at \$1,800.

Twenty-four acres in Bamberg, under high state of cultivation, with growing pecan orchard. Fine residence site. Price \$1,575.

An excellent dwelling, good location, at West Denmark. Write for particulars.

One acre lot with 6 room cottage on Railroad Avenue. Delightful location. Price \$1,600.

1 1/2 acre lot with cottage, situate on Midway street near Carlisle Fitting School. This is an excellent bargain. Price \$2,250.

117 acre farm one mile from Bamberg. Well improved with barb wire fencing all around. The timber is worth the price. Price \$4,000.

300 acre farm in Buford Bridge township, well improved with new dwelling, etc. Price \$4,500.00.

400 acre farm, five miles from Bamberg. Rare bargain. \$6,000.00.

A new residence with six rooms and bath and two tenant houses, with lot of one acre, on Railroad avenue. This is something to be desired.

An unimproved lot on Church street, 60x200, near colored graded school. Price \$150.

One lot with cottage, situated on east prong of Main street. Rents \$4.00 monthly. Price \$400.

An unoccupied lot adjoining residence occupied by H. M. Graham.

An unoccupied lot, 4 1/2 feet, on Bamberg or Main street, adjoining lot of W. F. Riley. Suitable for business house or warehouse.

One acre with good residence, east prong of Bamberg street. The house is worth more than the price of the whole.

That lot with cottage known as the Graddock place, east prong of Main street. If you wish a paying investment see me before it is sold.

That business lot corner Bamberg and Elm streets adjoining G. Frank Bamberg's stable lot. The most valuable business property in Bamberg.

Three unimproved lots on street in rear of colored graded school, at remarkably low figures.

110 acre farm five miles south of Bamberg. Good place. Price and terms easy.

136-acre farm six miles from Bamberg. The timber worth price of place.

An excellent farm between Bamberg and Denmark. Don't write or see me unless you have the money.

A good cottage with large lot on Carlisle street. Price \$1,300.

Various building lots in all sections of the town and other farm property for sale. If you wish to buy anything, or if you have any property for sale, let me sell it for you.

Vacant lots for sale in desirable portion of this growing town. Come and see me if you are really interested. I am very busy but can talk to you on business.

H. M. GRAHAM,
Real Estate Agent

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Has in stock a nice line of Open and Top Buggies and Harness for sale cheap. He is agent for

Bickford & Hoffman's Celebrated Grain Drill, the Woodruff Hay Press, and Deering Harvesting Machinery.

Also Conducts a First-class

REPAIR SHOP and builds anything on wheels to order. Now is the time to have your buggy repaired and painted to look and last as good as new.

Horseshoeing a Specialty—RUNS A

Grist Mill on Saturdays

I have also added a **FIRST-CLASS RICE MILL** and will grind on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

I have also just put in a

Good Year Tire Setting Machine and can now put on rubber tires and repair Bicycle Buggies in Factory Style.

D. J. DELK.

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- W R Hiers, J C Hiers,
- S P Chisolm, J H A Carter,
- Jno R Carter, J C McKenzie,
- I W Carter, M H Smith & Sons,
- G W Clayton, W I Carter,
- Estate W H Carter, J Wms Carter,
- H M Carter, A C Carter,
- C R McMillan, C F Rentz.

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