MAGAZINE FARMER.

I used to like the old place a used to nke the onl place Byth now it ain't an use: It's laid out inartistic, And it's tacky as the deuce; You see I've been a-reading. Till envy makes me green, Of artistic agriculture In a farming massing In a farming magazine.

It tells you how your pig pen Should be on aesthetic lines: And your Loocy Fourteen henhouse Should be draped in ivy vines; I'm goin' to sell the old place-Its architecture's bum! And I'll buy one of them dream joints In that magazine, by gund!

I'll raise no crops plebeinn. But I'll put in plants and shrubs;
I'll do no harvest sweatin'— Leave that for old time dubs!
I may not last a season 'Fore I meet the sheriff man,
But I'm goin' to be a farmer On the magazinist plan!

Her First Fishing Trip.

A CASE OF TRUE SPORT BEING UNAPPRECIATED.

When my husband proposed a fishing trip for vacation, it suited me well. Not that I had ever gone fishing, but just that morning I had seen in a magazine a picture of a woman anglerwith long rubber boots, hair beautifully arranged, shirtwaist spotlessly whiteas she was jerking a wriggling trout from a rippling brook, whose banks were lined with great rocks that looked as though they were put there for picnic parties.

"Exactly what we want," said I. In the first place, we decided to omit the long boots. He said they would be too heavy. The proper way, he explained, was to get wet, just wade in, and let the sun dry one out afterwards. Besides, one was liable to slip and break one's neck in rubber boots. In short, boots were only seen in pictures; nobody really used them.

He also said: "Don't wear a white shirtwaist. Nobody ever does that, because the trout can see you."

The halo which surrounded that picture was fast disappearing.

What we did in the way of preparation, in addition to learning the name of a small Ulster County hotel, close to a trout stream, was to invade a sporting goods shop. I watched my husband admiringly as he bought rods and lines and flies.

"Oh, give me a few of the bright ones. "The Professor' is a good one," said my preceptor to the clerk. "They don't take the quiet ones now." "Who's they?" I asked timidly.

"The trout, of course," and he added in a patronizing tone: "You see, you must know the habits of the fish in order to get proper flies; you must know what kind to use in each month. This early in the summer we would | size." waste our time if we used any but those of brilliant hues."

him awhile before starting out to fish for myself.

I was the first to get a bite and it was a vicious one, but it was not a trout bite. Insects of every description were crawling over me. The punkies were simply devouring me. They are very tiny black flies, that bite and bite until they draw blood. A lizard ran up the tree back of me and on the water nearby I could see a long black snake swimming lazily. As I rose, in my haste to get away, I forgot my responsibilities and held my rod upward, and it caught in a branch overhead. I pulled at it, first quietly, then viciously. My arms ached and my head ached. Finally the line came down, but the hooks again caught in my skirt. After much twisting and turning I got them out, leaving broken threads and small holes to be darned when I got home.

Meanwhile, Mr. Fisherman, who had warned a hundred paces or so upstream shouted to me to "come on." To start in his direction I had to follow an unbeaten trail through the undergrowth. In coing this I lost all my hairpins. My hair was pulled out on the twigs almost by the handfulls. Inwardly I was raging. But eventually I reached my husband. My hair was almost gone. My temper was entirely gone.

"Did you see that?" he cried as I came in sight.

What he alluded to was a diminutive fish that he had dangled for a second on his hook. At least he said it had been there. I didn't see it.

"Never had such luck," he explained. 1 got plenty of strikes, but somehow I can't land them. Must have the wrong sort of flies. This stream is pretty well fished out, anyway. Now, in Pigeon River-'

I pretended not to hear, for the Pigeon River stories had lost their attraction.

"I want to go home," I announced rather viciously.

"Aren't you having a good time?" asked my husband in a most surprised tone. I tried to force a cheerfulness I did not feel.

"Oh, yes, I am having the time of my life," I truthfully replied. "Any fish?" "Three beauties, all speckled trout,"

he replied. "Let me see," I said, as I waded out

to where he was. In his fishing basket Charlie really

had three fish, but none of them was over six inches long.

I caught a lot more," he explained. "but I threw 'em back. You know it is against the law to keep fish under six

inches." "How can you tell when they are six inches?" I asked.

He pulled up his sleeve and displayed with pride a pin scratch, on his wrist.

"I measured six inches on my arm this morning with your tape line, so I would be sure to keep no fish under "Those aren't all speckles," I said, as I again peered into the basket. I saw, his face fall, but I was bent on displaying my knowledge.



Bad Fire in Lumber Yards. J. H. Pearson's lumber yard at Spartanburg was partially destroyed by fire Saturday night. About \$3,-200 worth of lumber and the store house were destroyed. In an adjoining frame building, used as a store room by the Manikin Construction Company, of Richmond, engaged in building the local government building, was a lot of material, valued at \$900, which was badly damaged.

Warrants Issued For Club Members. Warrants have been issued against several members of the Spartan Field Gun Club, composed of prominent socicty young men of Spartanburg, charging them withh maintaining a public nuisance, operating a shooting range on the public highway and shooting at clay targets, to the annoyance and constant fear of a large number of citizens who travel the highway. The case will be heard at the next term of the court.

* *

Inter Collegiate Tennis Meet. On November 21 and 22 there will be held in Greenville the first South Carolina inter-collegiate tennis meet. Nearly every college in the state will send representatives to the tournament. There will be two loving cups presented by the city of Greenville and merchants have offered numerous prizes.

The games will be played out on the fair grounds, and the visitors will be entertained by the people of the city.

. . .

Costly Blaze in Barnwell. The business portion of the town of Barnwell was practically wiped out one night the past week by fire, which originated in the grocery store of A. K. Burkhalter. This was a small frame structure and burned rapidly.

The dry goods store of Miss Carrie A. Cave, next door, caught and was soon destroyed. The drug store of R. A. Deason and C. N. Burkhalter were also burned and the law offices cf State Senator Bates, Charles Carroll Simms and B. T. Rice and other property were destroyed and damagcd. The total loss will reach \$50,000.

. .

Heyward Heads New Company. The Columbia Trust Company has decided that after January 1, 1907, it will engage in the savings bank busi-

and have made good, except ten, who have been put back on the steamship FORTY-SEVEN DEAD and will be sent to Bremen when the

steamer returns. The dissatisfied ones seemed to be cf an indolcnt class, who were out for an adventure. They have been trying to get the state and local nuthorities to send them to New York, which will not, nowever, be done. Desirable positions have been offered to the immigrants, even by the Belgian consul at Charleston, who aiso interested himself in the matter, but they show no inclination to accept places at any wages, and they will therefore, be carried back to Germany.

. .

Duel Over Family Differences. On the streets of Heath Springs, in Lancaster county, Dr. E. S. McDow, of Lancaster, was shot by his brotheris said to be the result of a family difference which has lasted for some years.

McDow was a brother of the Dr. McDow, who killed Francis W. Dawson, editor of the Charleston News and Courier, several years ago.

Bridges used a double-barreled shotgun. McDow did not shoot. One load of No. 4 shot took effect in McDow's left arm just below the shoulder blade, another load entered the right forearm, and the third entered the legs above the knees, causing serious tion. wounds.

. .

Warning Proved Fatal. Frightened by a sudden yell "Stop," as she was crocsing the Southern railroad near the station at Duncan, Miss S. B. Hand, sister of Professor Hand, of the University of South Carolina, stood trembling on the main line and was dashed to death by the fast passenger train, No. 37.

Miss Hand was 22 years of age and one of the most attractive young ladies of the community. She was teaching and was at the time of the accident returning home from school. She seemed to be in a study and was crossing the tracks in front of the approaching train when the man who cried out noticed her. The sudden cry frightened her and she stopped and seemed airaid to move lest she Nde of the track lifeless, though the body was not mangled.

> . . Omission May Void Election.

While Thirty-Eight are Hurt as Result of Collision.

VICTIMS ARE CREMATED

Frightful Disaster Occurred on Baltimore and Ohio Railway and Was Caused by Blunder of some

Employe.

More than one-half the passengers on an immigrant train on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad were killed and injured in a collision Monday bein-law, John A. Bridges. The shooting tween the passenger train and a freight near Woodville, Ind.

> One hundred and sixty-five passengers were on the train, and of these forty-seven were either killed outright or were burned to death in the fire which broke out in the wreckage immediately after the collision. The names of all the dead will probably never be known, as forty-five of the dead bodies were consumed in the flames or were so badly burned that identification will be out of the ques-

Thirty-eight people were injured and several of these will die. Eighty others escaped unhurt, but lost nearly all their baggage and clothing.

The disaster was caused by a blunder of some employe of the railroad company, but just where the blame iles has not as yet been determined. The passenger train which was loaded with Russian Jews, Servians and Poles, all of them recent arrivals in this country, and bound for Chicago

or places in the northwest, was the second section of a through train from Baltimore.

The engineer of the freight train, No. 96, on instructions received at McCool, Ind., waited at a siding at Babcock, Ind., to allow the immigrant train to pass. One report is that the engineer of the freight 'train had not been informed that the passenger train was running in two secmeet a horrible death that she might tions; the other is that the first secavert by standing. She was struck tion of the passenger train carried by the engine pilot, knocked to the i no lights or signals of any kind indicating that a second section was close behind.

As soon as the first section of the immigrant train had passed the switch at Babcock, the freight train The election in Richland county is in charge of Engineer Burke and Conin confusion and will likely be de- ductor Moste started eastward. A clared illegal if any contest is made. light snow was falling, which in-The tickets which were supplied were creased the darkness in the early ot of the dimensions required by morning, and as the freight w law and the name of Probate Judge ing a sharp curve just west of Woodville the second section of the immigrant train.came in sight a short distance away, tearing toward Chicago at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The two trains came together with unslackened speed, and in the crash six passenger coaches and several freight cars were knocked into kind. ling wood, and together with the loco-

IMMIGRATION CONGRESS

Opens at Nashville and Labor Supply and Negroes of South Are Two Subjects Discussed.

The second annual session of the Southern Immigration and Quarantine Conference was called to order at the capitol in Nashville, Tenn., Monday morning.

The conference was organized a year ago at Chattanooga and its efforts resulted indirectly in the enactment of better quarantine regulations.

tions by the federal government. Committees on the various subjects to be discussed by the convention were appointed by the chairman.

Aside from the appointment of committees, the day was given to speech. making by men, representative of every section of the south and its varied business interests. While the conierence, which was presided over by its president, John I. Cox, governor of Tennessee, was called primarily for consideration of matters pertaining to immigration and quarantine, the action of the federal government in taking charge of the quarantines two years ago, eliminated almost entirely that subject from discussion, and the delegates devoted the time to'a concideration of methods necessary to se curing a proper share of the immigrants arriving in this country from foreign shores. The discussion had not proceeded far when the race question came to the fore, and it occupied the attention of the delegates off and on throughout the two s sions of the day. The sentiment of the delegates on the negro question was manifest early in the day in the barst of applause which greeted Governor Cox's statement in his addres of welcome, that the south must deal with the negro; that the negro must be protected and his rights preserved, but that political rights must be taken away from the low and vicious of the race. This sentiment was further en dorsed when Governor Heyward of South Carolina, who made the princi pai speech of the day, was given ovation at the conclusion of his adtress, which declared that immigr tion would yet solve the negro pr lem.

Governor Con advocated the lishment of a bureau of immigra by each southern state, with sufficie appropriations to send agents to the north European countries, to English Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, Fr Germany, Wales and Sweden to Induc the laborer to locate in the south. T crying need of the south, Gover Cox said, is more and better in especially for the farm and the ton mill. The governor thought would be 3 good move to send to the northwest states in an e to turn the tide of immigration D Canada and British Columbia to 1 south. But conditions in the south, governor said, must first be, do favorable for the new class, they question at this time, he said, star a menace to prace and a hindrance southern development. The problem must be solved by the south, but the aid and sympathy of the north is a most essential. M. V. Richards, land and immigre tion commissioner of the Soul railway, was the first speaker at the afternoon session. He showed that in tide of the immigration which has flowed for years to the west and north west had turned southward, and will a proper appreciation of the Di of white immigrants the south would casily assimilate the new arrivals. J. C. Hemphill of Charleston, spre sented by Mayor Rhett, spoke briefly He, as did Governor Heyward at the morning session, teld of South Caro lina's efforts for immigration. Mr. Hemphill said among other things that the south must expect to treat these immigrants as white people should be treated. They must not be treated as negroes. The negroes are being treat ed well enough, he said, but these h immigrants and those to come must be given better care, Mr. Hemphill favored the strict enforcement of the vagrancy laws as one means of solving the negro problem, or the removal altogether of the colored men from the south. F. H. Hyatte of Columbia, S. C. vice president of the National Good Roads Association, spoke briefly in avor of better roads as an incentive tc immigration. Col. F. Y. Anderson of Birmingham took issue with Mr. Hemphill's idea of removing the negro from the sonth Colonel Anderson favored the paying of higher wages to white immigrants and placing them above the negro as they should be. George H. Smith of New Orleans re viewed the work of Louisiana in secur ing immigrants and caring for theor, after which Victor S. Clark of the department of commerce and labor Washington, read statistics, showing the desirability of the Italian over the negro as a plantation laborer and his thrift as a farmer and settler.

. afterwards learned that somebody had told him this. But I was all unsuspicious at the time.

"Charlie's a great fisherman," I said to spend all the \$25 we had allotted for | proudly. tackle.

We took a train for .Weehawken early in the morning, and arrived at our destination late in the afternoon. An hour or so later Charlie unpacked his outfit. To the hotel proprietor, a sociable fellow, he exhibited the rods and flies.

"But" remarked our host, "but-" He hesitated, shaking his head. "But." he continued, "you've got the wrong kind of flies. The trout in these parts take only the little black crickets or the brown hackles at this season."

After a weary wait for a fresh supply from the city, we were ready, but rain made us idle for a day, which Charlie spent talking with our host, who told a story of a trout he caught in the Nepigon River that had taken him one hour to land. My husband promptly responded with an account of a fishing trip he had taken up Pigeon River, and narrated how he had landed fifty trout with in an hour. Each eyes the other pityingly, and for the life of me I could not tell which deserved the medal.

At last the weather cleared and we arose at daybreak. We couldn't wait, but adjusted the reels to the rods as we sat on the hotel porch. The morning was beautiful. The grass was gray with the heavy dew and the little clover leaves were just awakening from their night's sleep. I taxed my husband's patience rather severely, for would make a careful search for a four leaf to bring me good luck.

"Do let that clover alone and come on and fish," said Charlie, and I went.

I was never so sleepy in my life. As I stumbled along with my rod I fell over a dead snake. I did not know it was dead and screamed.

"If you make a noise like that, you will frighten all ...e fish away," I was told. But in stumbling I had let go the leader I had been holding in my hand with the rod. In looking for it I found all three flies had caught in my skirt. After struggling in vain to extricate them, I gave up.

"Cut 'em out," came the order. "And ruin the skirt? Not much."

I insisted. "This is the skirt to my winter suit."

"The idea of wearing a thing like that fishing. You should have worn-" And then I got a lecture on the inadequateness of my costume. I finally wriggled the hooks out, and we went on until we reached a cool shady pool. Charlie decided to cast his fly. He her small countenance shrewdly, waded out into the stream and the moved closer to the petitioner, and click of his reel could be heard where said, ingratiatingly, "I'll let you have I was sitting. I had decided to watch the next"-Harper's Weekly

"One is a German brown, and another is a California rainbow, and that to myself with pride as he proceeded littlest fellow is a brook," I announced

> "We can't go home to the hotel after staying away all this time and let the people find that we caught only three fish, so let's cook 'em. for I am hungry anyway." Charlie said, having a nest way of turning a subject. We piled together a few rocks as a foundation; then we collected some leaves and twigs and made a fire. We endeavored to cook the trout by holding them over the flame with a wooden stick, but the stick seemed determined to get on fire, and, of course, down would go the trout into the flames. Finally the fish much besmirched with smoke and cinders were pronounced done. We proceeded to eat them, and, strange to say, they were really good, and certainly took the edge off our hunger.

> "Let's go home," said I, rising, and we trudged along wearily, those miserable hooks catching in my skirts almost at every step.

"Let's go home-back to New York, I mean," I repeated.

Charlie looked at me reproachfully. "Very well." he said, "if you are determined upon it. But we have two more days of vacation, and I am sure I could get a lot of fish."

I packed my trunk that night ere I slept, and the next morning we drove to town (five miles) in the sort of storm that is unknown anywhere except among the mountains. I was going home-getting farther and farther away from the land of snakes and inevery time I came to a clover patch I sects, I was bussfully happy. At last we arrived at Weehawken and there. a ferryboat awaited us. To me it seemed like a steam yacht. I exclaimed: "Isn't that ferryboat the most beautiful sight you ever saw? It looks as

if it is straight from fairyland-and what a nice salty smell!" "This is just the sort of weathe:

trout bite best," said my husband, dreamingly .- F. M. G. in the New York Evening Post.

A Substitute.

Little Helen, aged four, was in a frightful predicament. The nurse, carrying the cherished two-weeks-old baby up and down before the house, had paused to show the new infant to the bishop, who had asked to look at it. And then the tall, grave bishop, of whom Helen stood greatly in awe, had unexpectedly asked the little girl to give him the baby.

How in the world to refuse a request made by such an awe-inspiring person as the bishop the child did not know. But presently she wrinkled

less.

The board has made a most fortunate selection in being able to secure Gov. D. C. Heyward for the presidency of the company. The change is to take effect on the 1st of January. The executive committee has instructed the builders to go ahead with the erection of the new bank building next to the State office and to perfect whatever plans may be necessary for the trust company to go into the savings business actively after the 1st of January.

. .

Charged With Murder of Woman. Walter R. Woody, the marine of the Charleston navy yard, who was last seen in company with Lillian Reeves, found dead in her home on Ashley avenue, Charleston, several days ago, has been arrested and charged with her murder. Woody was picked up by a police officer, with a wound in his stomach, near the woman's house, before her death was discovered and it has since developed that the two had had supper together and been drinking together on the night previous to the woman's body being found. It appears that the woman shot Woody and he either shot her in self-defense or by accident in the schuffle which is supposed to have ensued. This conclusion was deduced from the testimony at the coroner's inquest.

. .

Veteran Newspaper Man Dead. Mr. Fred J. Loudette, one of the most efficient newspaper workers in Columbia in recent years, has passed eway.

Mr. Loudette was a native of Nova Scotia and was educated at a military school at air mrcal. He was a printer by trade and had seen a great deal of the world in his travels 30.000 votes behind the next lowest as a journeyman printer. He came to Columbia in 1871 and engaged in newspaper work. He was a competent news gatherer and news editor. He was one of the first employes of the State and held responsible positions, his last being that of foreman.

He went to Atlanta to become local manager of the American Newspaper Association and returned to Columbia to take the telegraph editor's desk on a morning paper. For several years he has been unable to do any work. and has been cared for in a faithful manner by his son, at whose home he died.

* *

Only Ten Were Dissatisfied. The trouble with the few discontented immigrants has now been settled and all of the 475 immigrants. brought by the Wittekind to Charleston, have been placed in positions Cobb was not on the ticket at all.

The probate judge is an elective officer, but the authorities who, prepared the Democratic tickets overlooked the office, thinking the office was appointive, and the name of the nominees was omitted. Strange to say, Provate Judge Wade Hampton Cobb, who was the Democratic nominee and the only candidate, cast his ballot and did not notice that his name was not on it.

As far as known, no vote for probate judge was cast, but if the Republicans had voted orly one ballot for some one else he would have been elected. The only danger in the illegality of the election is that it may give grounds for the Republicans to contest the election of Congressman Lever, who was opposed by a negro of Orangeburg named Dantzler. This negro contested the scat two years ago and was put into the race sorery for the purpose of making a con-

NEGRO JUDGE WAS ELECTED.

test.

Got in While Scramble Was On and Howl is Now Raised.

Chicago is just awakening to a realization of what it means to have a negro judge, and the howl of protest gained in volume when it was announced that Frederick D. Barneti, the judge in question, would not be cases involving persons of his own Tace.

"This is not a 'jimcrow' court," declared Chief Justice Olson, of the new municipal court. "I shall assign Judge Barnett where I think he will do the most good."

Barnett was elected to a two-year term as municipal judge as. a. Republican. lespite the fact that he rancandidate on that ticket. It is said that Thomas Lantrey (Democrat), who lacked only 495 votes of defeating Barnett, will demand a recount. Earnetic was scratched by the Republicans but managed to squeeze in on the Republican landslide because the others failed to bunch their ballots for any one of the Democratic candidates.

CHARGES AGAINST M'CAREN.

Prominent New York Campaign Manager Accused of "Knifing" Hearst. The democratic state committee met in New York Friday and by a vote of 30 to 13 adopted a resolution providing for an investigation of the conduct of the Kings county democratic organization, headed by State Senator Patrick McCaren, during the

recent campaign. It is alleged that McCaren "knifed" the head of the ticket and urged his followers to do the same.

embankment. Fire broke out almost limmediately in the wreckage, and, although a number of the injured were saved by the desperate efforts of the train crew and surviving passengers, the greater part of those who were pinned down in the debris were burned to death. The flames spread through the wreckage so rapidly that it was impossible to save a number of people who were but slightly hurt, but were held fast by timbers that weighted them down. These were burned in plain sight of the throng which stood around the scene of the disaster utterly unable to lend pesistance in any way. The fire continued until all the shattered cars were entirely consumed,

notives, went rolling down a 10-foot

and of the forty-seven persons whose death followed the collision, 45 were burned to ashes.

Silver Too Costly For Government. The treasury department Monday received offers for the sale of silver to the government at 72 cents per assigned exclusively to the trial of fine ounce. These offers, were rejected, and Secretary Shaw stated subsequently that no more silver would be bought at present high prices.

BOILER TAKES A FLYER.

Engine on California Rcad Lets Loose and Three Are Killed.

Three men were killed by the explosion of an engine on the southbound Sunset Limited train on the Southern Pacific road at Sargeant's Station Sunday night.

When the boiler exploded the cab was hurled into the station, which was being passed at the time, destroying the structure, and the huge boiler, weighing 100 tcns, shot icrward through the air, striking the track ahead more than 300 feet from. the spot where the explosion occurred.

ONLY SHIP'S CAT SURVIVED.

Every Member of Bark's Crew Found Watery Grave.

A special from 'Richbucto, N. B., states that the wrecked bark Adeona was boarded Saturday for the first time since she went ashore off that part last week, and not a single seaman was found or the vessel. Only the ship's eat survived.

GRIM REAPER CLAIMS SHAFTER.

Valliant Soldier Passes Away in Callfornia After Brief Illness.

Major Gene:al William Rufus Stat ter, United States army, retired, died Monday attencon of pneumonia at the ranch of Captain W. H. Mckittrick, his son-in-law, 20 miles south of Bakersfield, Cal., after an illness of seven days, despite the best medcal attention available in the state.

and the second second