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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 Those of a personal nature will not be published unless paid for.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, March 21, 1907

A man out West gave his wife \$3,000, as she said she wanted to buy herself a hat, and he hasn't seen her since. We take this occasion to remind Bamberg husbands that the millinery openings are near at hand, so if your wife asks you for something like this sum you will know what she wants to do with it.

No, gentle reader, the dispensary authorities will not open the great moral institution next to The Herald office for the convenience of the editor or any of the force, as some evil minded persons might think. The reason is that they wanted to get it in good company so that it might be properly conducted and be as little of a nuisance as possible.

The Baptist Press, which has been published at Union by Revs. L. M. Rice and V. I. Masters, has been sold to the Baptist Courier, and the two papers will be consolidated. It is stated that Mr. Masters will start a denominational paper in the far west, where there is an inviting field. It seems that these brethren have done the sensible thing. South Carolina is not large enough to support two good denominational papers such as the Courier and Press.

The Columbia Record laments the fact that the editorial columns of most country newspapers are weak, many of them containing no editorial matter at all. The charge is very largely true. Many weekly newspaper men do not write editorials, yet as a rule they are well informed men, holding definite opinions on subjects which occupy the public mind. We are glad to say that we know of very few if any "me toos" in South Carolina journalism. But they do not write their opinions for their newspapers, and this is largely explained by the statement that many of the country editors are also practical printers and they devote too much time to the mechanical part of their offices. But they can't help it, for the income is not sufficient oftentimes to employ the necessary help and pay living wages, and as a consequence the editor has to be the "handy man" around the office, doing everything from sweeping the floor to making up forms and doing job work. Too often he has to be chasing around for money to pay off with, meeting with disappointments all along the way, and his mind is in no condition to grind out editorial matter which is live and strong and readable. The point is that there are too many newspapers, and that is what we started out to say. Take many of the towns in this State, and there are two and some times more newspapers occupying the field, when there is only a good living for one. As a consequence there are two or more weak newspapers, struggling for existence, where only one could be published profitably and be a credit to the town and county. And we look for a thinning out before very long. With the prices of printing material daily growing higher and labor conditions becoming more and more unsettled and few boys being learned the printing business in country offices, several newspapers cannot exist. This may seem something of a calamity, but it will really be the best thing that could happen, both for the public and the newspapers.

W. T. Faucett in Trouble. It seems that W. T. Faucett, who lived in Bamberg a few years ago, is having some trouble in Union, where he now lives, because of his running a blind tiger. The Progress, a newspaper published in that city, last week published the following: "Mr. W. T. Faucett was arrested Saturday afternoon at his cafe on Wall street charged with selling and storing whiskey. He was brought up before Mayor Young Monday morning and plead guilty and the mayor sentenced him \$100 or thirty days on each charge, but on account of his good behavior, and the fact that he plead guilty, Mayor Young suspended the sentence and made it \$100 or thirty days. Mr. Faucett immediately paid the fine."

MANSLAYER ARRESTED.

Richard Huff, Colored, Landed in Laurens County Jail.

LAURENS, March 17.—Deputy Sheriff A. R. Sullivan at 2 o'clock last night lodged in the county jail Richard Huff, a young negro man of Dial township, whom the officer arrested over on Reedy river about 9 o'clock last night.

Huff is charged with shooting and killing an old negro by the name of John Langford late Friday afternoon in Dial township, 17 miles west of Laurens.

According to statements of eye witnesses, the shooting of Langford was without cause. Huff, it appears, was with a party of other negroes going along the road. Langford came along in a wagon. In jollying some of the party, including Huff, the old negro playfully cracked his whip at the pedestrians. This made Huff mad, who deliberately leveled his shotgun on Langford and shot him dead in the wagon.

On the other hand Huff claims that he did not know the gun was loaded and did not intend to kill the old negro.

Young Lady Runs Burglar.

GEORGETOWN, March 17.—A bold attempt at robbery was frustrated last night by the coolness and pluck of a young lady of this city, Miss Lottie Taylor, who resides with her aunt, Mrs. Butts, on Front street.

Shortly after dark Miss Taylor went to her room, and hearing a suspicious noise in the adjoining apartments occupied by Mrs. Butts, she went in to investigate. By the dim light from her room she saw a negro man taking things from the bureau, and almost at the same instant the burglar saw her. He appeared to have a drawn knife in his hand. Miss Taylor was fortunately armed with a hair brush and this she pointed at the man, telling him to stop or she would shoot. He obeyed, and retreated toward the window. Miss Taylor knew where Mr. Butts' pistol was located, and quickly securing this, she fired at the negro as he disappeared through the window.

Whether the shot took effect or not has not been ascertained, but considerable valuable jewelry belonging to Mrs. Butts was found on the ground outside tied up in a handkerchief, where the thief in his precipitate flight had dropped it. Miss Taylor is a skillful shot, both with rifle and pistol, and she thinks she had a good bead on the intruder and hit him.

The policemen are scouring the town for traces of the man, but up to this time nothing has been found to lead to the arrest of anyone.

Hayseed Rather Wise.

The "hayseed" and "Rube" stories of the yellow press, put forth to show what suckers farmers are, find contradiction in the following amusing incident, which shows that at least one tiller of the soil was fully equal to the occasion: An old Pennsylvania farmer, while on a visit to Philadelphia, was taken with a violent toothache, and, calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted, and that he had better take gas for the operation. The patient agreed to this and then started to count his money. The dentist remarked, "Oh, you need not pay me until I have finished." "I reckon not," replied the farmer, "but if you are going to make me unconscious I thought I'd jest like to see how I stand."

Cutting Scrape in Saluda.

SALUDA, March 18.—News has just reached here of a serious cutting affair on yesterday near Good Hope church in this county, Bill DeLoach being the party doing the grand act with the knife, and Geo. Blanton furnishing the meat to be carved. Both are young white men. Blanton was cut across the neck and other parts of his body. It was thought at first that the wounds would prove fatal, but it now appears Blanton will recover. Whiskey, it is alleged, was at the bottom of the trouble.

Young Blanton is the son of Jack Blanton who, as a constable years ago, killed a negro at Spartanburg, was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged and was pardoned by Governor (now Senator) Tillman.

At the Opera House.

Gorton's Minstrels with a brand new show will be the attraction at Folk's opera house, Monday evening, March 25. The management promises some innovation in the staging of the production and the entire company is said to be one of exceptional ability. The minstrels will offer a program containing all the best and most essential features of modern, up-to-date minstrelsy, and which are guaranteed to be a sure cure for the "blues." The company is composed of 30 clever artists, among whom are a half score of popular comedians, headed by the jolly fun makers Jake Welby, Ralph Kintner, Charles Jacobs, and Sam Lee.

Messrs. Cameron and Toledo present an operatic, equilibristic, pantomimic extravaganza entitled "The Enchanted Grotto" which introduces an act combining choice operatic and musical selections with wonderful tricks of contortion and balancing. Elegant special scenery is carried for this production which is assuredly one of the most astonishing offerings before the public.

Fast and faster the pace is set, By people of action, vim and get, So if at the finish you would be, Take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea H. F. Hoover.

Cinderella to Date.

By HELEN MAXFIELD.

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"I suppose you have read in the papers—if you have time to think about anything except yourself—that the Westfield bank is wrecked. They have arrested Mr. Hartley and Mr. Manners, but that does not help the rest of us. In a short time I presume I shall be on the county. If you had married Dan Martin, as I wanted you to do, I should not be facing this terrible situation, but you always were headstrong, and my whole life has been sacrificed to the effort to raise you as your dear dead mother would have had me. Even now Dan is willing to forgive your folly and marry you. He will have the house all done over, and his sister will go to John's to live, and there will be only Dan and you and me."

The letter covered five closely written pages, and Annabel read it through twice with firmly set lips and dry eyes. Then very deliberately she put on her coat, hat and gloves and went out for a long walk in the snowy park, where motor cars filled with fur clad figures dew past and laughing children pelted her with harmless balls of feathery whiteness. It was a glorious day, and when she came back to her dingy hall room she was smiling, and the hard lines had faded from her face. Then she wrote her answer:

My Dear Aunt Molly—I am so grieved to hear of the bank wreck. I had not read of it in the papers, because we have been enjoying the privilege of some special instruction under Professor of New York, and I have been working at the academy night and day. Perhaps the bank receivers may save something, and in the meantime you must not worry. I will have the store deeded to you, and the rent will more than keep your house going, and each week I will send you some of my earnings. I am inclosing a money order for \$25 that I happen to have in hand. Have Mr. Gregory arrange the transfer of the store property. As to Mr. Martin, please do not urge that upon me again. I still feel that I have some right to happiness, and I know it will never come to me through Dan Martin.

Not one word of reproach, no reminders of a dun colored childhood and a dreary girlhood, spent under nagging of the most trying sort; no reference to the fact that her own patrimony had gone under with her aunt's small fortune in the bank wreck; no intimation that she had sent almost her last dollar in the money order and must now drop her art studies and seek a position in the workaday world. She smiled grimly as she mailed the letter. Her aunt would accept the sacrifice and wait to Dan Martin over Annabel's lack of appreciation.

Dan Martin! How she hated every inch of his undersized person, his small beady eyes, his perpetual smile, his weak, receding chin! She mailed the letter with a strange feeling of independence achieved, for now she had paid to her own satisfaction the debt of gratitude imposed by her aunt, which had hung over her young life like a pall. She was free now to work out her own happiness.

But for the next week happiness seemed to move farther and farther away. In later years she never thought of those days without shuddering.

The holidays were over. Nobody wanted to hire clerks or buy illuminated cards or telephone records or any of the pretty things she painted. The room rent was again due. She might sell her few casts and painting outfit. She set her lips firmly and climbed the stairs to a fashionable employment agency. The manager was sitting at the telephone when Annabel entered. She hung up the receiver with an impatient frown.

"What do you want—a position as governess or companion? Nothing like that in view; a hundred applicants for every position. Oh, wait a minute! You look bright. Can you do manicuring and dress hair a bit and mend laces? If you can do it even halfway, I wish you'd try this place. I've sent the customer a dozen girls, and they always part after a terrible scene. The woman's a crank, but you look as if you had tact."

The upshot was that Annabel, with 25 cents in her purse and a notice of rent due under the door of her hall room, went to see Mrs. Cartwright Brown, and that highly strung personage said with dissatisfaction and suspicion in her voice that she would give the girl a trial.

The Cartwright Browns were newly rich. The father had made an enormous fortune through his own efforts and was proud of it. The mother was so burdened by it that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. Annabel saw it was nerves and not temper and took heart. Later she learned that there were a son and a daughter away at college who were just a little ashamed of their new riches.

Nobody, Annabel least of all, knew how it happened, but she became the virtual head of the Cartwright Brown household. Mrs. Brown vowed that she could hire a visiting manicurist and hairdresser, but no one could stand between her and domestic and social worries as Annabel could.

It was Annabel who reorganized the staff of servants and installed a competent housekeeper. It was Annabel who had the conservatories brought up to date, Annabel who made out congenial dinner lists, Annabel who conferred with Mrs. Brown's modiste and Mr. Brown's tailor, Annabel who shipped smart, suitable clothing and room furnishings to two colleges.

Annabel's position in the household was peculiar. She was neither house-

keeper nor private secretary—just "Miss Annabel." She did not receive with Mrs. Brown on Wednesday afternoons, but she did join the family occasionally at the theater or in viewing art exhibitions. And it was after one of these rare occasions that she realized the full extent of her happiness. She had been hunting congenial work, not an art career. She knew now that her small talent for drawing had offered her only an excuse for fleeing an unhappy home life, but that she never would have become a great artist, while she was a competent manager of the Cartwright Brown home. She sent her aunt's allowance regularly and gave no thought to the future—until the two young people came home from college. The daughter was a mere butterfly, who neither appreciated nor resented Annabel's position in the household. The son was a grave faced chap who seemed suddenly oppressed by the responsibility of his father's wealth. He had studied theoretical sociology in college and on practical lines among the gilded youth of his class.

By this time the Cartwright Browns were at their country place, and Annabel found that her early morning rides were subject to interruption, not unpleasant, but disturbing. Norman Brown insisted upon unloading upon her capable shoulders, as his mother and father had done before him, the burden of his personal problems. But they were no longer burdensome when he found that Annabel shared his ideals about the use of wealth, and he boldly carried his plans to his father.

"No more college? You're going into the works? Say, what will our rich friends think?"

"I am more interested in knowing what the men at our works will think. And Miss Annabel says—"

Cartwright Brown waved his hand as if to dismiss the entire subject.

"Oh, if Annabel says you are right neither heaven nor earth could move you. I declare that girl has this family hypnotized."

"Nothing of the sort, and you know it," replied his son hotly. "She has simply taught us how to make the best of our money."

"And cured your mother of nervous prostration. Gracious, when I think of those old days! Oh, try it if you like."

Letter from Miss Molly Sewell to Annabel Maitland:

... We were inexpressibly shocked. Of course I had watched for your name under some magazine illustrations or for some work you would send me, and when none came I sent Dan Martin to Denver to find out what you were doing. You, a Sewell and a Maitland, hiring out as a mere servant? You must come home at once. The Westfield bank will pay 50 cents on the dollar, and we can get along somehow, and if you show some signs of settling down I think Dan will marry you after all. He isn't like some men, holding a grudge.

Letter from Annabel to her Aunt Molly:

... The wedding took place yesterday afternoon. I wanted to have you come, but we were compelled to hasten matters. There is trouble at the Blackstone smelters, and Norman wants to be on the ground at once. He is a prince among men, dear aunt, and you will learn to love him when we come to see you, forgiving the fact that this prince found his Cinderella not behind the kitchen stove, but in his mother's boudoir. I am not ashamed of my work in the past year, for it brought me the greatest happiness that can come to a woman. We were married with the full consent of his parents, and I cannot write more. My cup of happiness brims over and blots out mere words. MOLLY.

Moral Snobbery.

One of the commonest forms of snob-bianness is not social at all, but moral. Many people are moral snobs who have not a grain of social ambition. When Napoleon said, "I am above morality," he not only gave expression to what some great people have secretly thought about themselves, but to what thousands of their small admirers have openly said of them. They do not reflect, perhaps, as they justify their heroes, that to declare any one in the world above morality is to say that morality has ceased to exist, has been found out and exploded, nothing remaining but some utilitarian rules suitable for the guidance of mediocre minds. The moral law must be supreme or nowhere. Yet this, as it seems to us, self evident proposition is by no means easy to apply. Most of us feel that for any one to lay too much stress upon the moral shortcomings of a great man is a sign of a small mind or at least of a defective education. We do not habitually speak of Nelson in respect of Lady Hamilton, of Burns in respect of his marriage, of Bacon in the matter of his proved corruption, of Coleridge in connection with his opium habit or of Charles Lamb in his cups as we should speak of Smith, Brown and Robinson in like circumstances. Must we, then, admit ourselves to be moral snobs? The prima facie evidence is very much against us.—London Spectator.

Why They Wanted to Win.

We knew of only one case in which a man has tried to select a wife by a competitive examination. Fifteen ladies entered for the matrimonial prize and sat down to a paper of questions of which the following are samples:

Name seven kinds of pie and describe how each is prepared. Do you advocate the use of chewing rings for teething children? Give in 100 words your views on suitable dress when married.

The climax came when the man who set the paper proposed to the winner. She refused him point blank, and so did the other fourteen.—London Tit-Bits.

Spoil His Fun.

A street car conductor sees a great many amusing things in the course of a day, but the unreasonable passengers keep him so mad that he cannot half enjoy them.—Somerville Journal.

A GRAND SHOWING

The success of our opening this week was far beyond our expectation. Our hats were admired by everyone. Our sales were immense. We sold hats in all communities. They tell us that no hats compare with ours in style or match our moderate prices.

Let us Sell you Your Spring Hats We Guarantee to Please You and to Save You Money

JUST ARRIVED

- Embroidered Linen Collars, the newest in Easter Neckwear. All styles and sizes. 25c
- Embroidered Silk Bows, just the thing for the New Collars, all colors, only 25c
- Turquoise Dog Collars, very stylish and entirely new, a nice neck finish 50c
- Collar Belts, the latest in leather belts. Snug and neat, all colors, only 50c
- Copper Brown Gloves, the rage for all dresses. Handsome long silk 1.75 & 2.25
- Coin Dot Batiste, the newest design in silk Batiste, very rich and handsome 25c
- Chiffon Pongee, a handsome silk cloth in all lovely colors, very rich, only 35c
- Opera Colored Hosiery, rich shades of Pink, Light Blue, Grey and Tan, dainty Lace 25c

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These are gotten up by one of the most Artistic Milliners in this or any country, and she is here to help you to get the best and latest the millinery world affords.

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I was burned out, lock, stock and barrel, as the saying is, a few weeks ago, but you can't keep a working man down. I am open and ready for business again. I have purchased the Rouis building on Railroad Avenue, next to Jones Bros' stables where I am ready to do your business.

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I have my same force of hands, including my horse shoer, and can serve my patrons with satisfaction as heretofore. Since my fire loss, I need patronage more than ever before, so now is the time for my friends to remember me.

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