

HOME SWEET HOME!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME

THAT'S THE REASON WE'RE BACK AMONG OUR OLD FRIENDS—THE BEST FRIENDS OF ALL.

We've Brought Something With Us For Each of Them Too

A COUPLE OF CARLOADS OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE, MILLINERY, SHOES, HATS—IN FACT A COMPLETE AND UP-TO-DATE STOCK.

We are Going to Show You Something too in Regard to Prices

We'll make you sit up and take notice. There are several reasons why you should trade with us and we'll explain from time to time. The first and chief reason is that we are in position to sell good goods cheap.

We have bought the stock and fixtures of the store formerly occupied by McGowan and to this have added our own immense stock brought from Texas.

We want to give everybody in Bamberg county the glad hand and extend you all an invitation to call and see what an up-to-date store looks like.

Spann & Simmons

McGowan's Old Stand

Main Street

Bamberg, South Carolina

PROHIBITION SENTIMENT.

Rev. J. L. Harley Writes of Work of Anti-Saloon League.

Editor The Bamberg Herald: The cause of prohibition is moving on gloriously in our State. The visit of Mrs. Armor, of Georgia, Dr. Baker, of Ohio, and Gov. Glenn, of North Carolina, did us much good. Mrs. Armor came at the invitation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and being a noted leader in her own State, drew large crowds, who heard her with much pleasure and profit. Dr. Baker, the National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, came to aid the State Superintendent in planning the work in this State. While here he gave us six of his best speeches, to the great delight and edification of those who heard him. From all accounts Gov. Glenn captured Columbia. We are glad that this movement has taken on a national phase at last. We are glad that the day has come when the people of the North can lay aside party prejudice and narrow-mindedness, and receive with enthusiasm a George Stewart, of Tennessee, or a Seaborn Wright, of Georgia. We are rejoicing that while narrow partisan papers try to appeal to prejudice about "imported speakers" that the people of South Carolina crowd auditoriums and receive just as enthusiastically a Glenn, a Baker, or a Mrs. Armor. The cry of "fanaticism," "hypocrisy," and "personal liberty," has become an old song and the people will not even join in the chorus.

We find a growing sentiment in every county against any legalized form of the liquor traffic. The people in the country have found that while the dispensary may seem to bring some revenue to the towns and cities, it is possibly helping to pave streets and pay off floating bonds on school buildings, at the same time, it is robbing the people in the country of the necessities of life, and is exposing their families to all the dangers which follow in the wake of drunken men. No police protection is their cry, when crowds come back into the country from the dispensary towns, drunken on dispensary liquor, especially on Saturday nights. This has become so notorious that the State has been called upon to provide rural police for the protection of the people in several counties.

The merchants, too, are finding that the millions of dollars going out of the State in cash for liquor, is hurting them in their business and if turned into channels of legitimate trade, would not only give bread to the hungry children robbed, but would add much to the merchant's cash account which he is now losing.

The literature being published by the Anti-Saloon League is being circulated throughout the twenty-one wet counties, and some of the county papers are reproducing it in their columns. The demand is great, but

we consider this part of the work very important, and we are sparing neither money nor labor in supplying it. Inquiries are coming in from every direction to know if the league will be able to stand the strain of this campaign. I do not hesitate to answer, yes. The league is being supported by those who have faith in it, and while we have no large contributions, the work goes on all right financially. Some time ago we sent a circular letter to subscribers who were in arrears, urging them to pay their dues that we might have the funds to do the work as it should be done. Of course, some papers published at once that we were "begging for funds to save the life of the league." But they could have saved the ink as well as the false impression they meant to convey; for the league is in no danger whatever of dissolution. It has been published all over the State that the contributors to the league are paying thousands of dollars to the National League up North and that the National League is using this money to suit their own purposes. Of course, this is nothing more nor less than a published falsehood, for the purpose of prejudicing the minds of the people against the league in this State. We pay our dues to the National League, which have amounted to just \$100 for the whole State of South Carolina during the past fourteen months. By paying our dues to the National League we are kept in touch with them and have the privilege of calling on them for men when needed, without cost except expenses. In this way we got Dr. J. W. Young to start the work in South Carolina, Dr. Hare to campaign and organize for us seven weeks, and Dr. Baker to help us for ten days during the month of April of this year.

But while we stand ready to do our part, we beg the brethren to push this battle for all it is worth. Let the pastors in each county get together or write each other, and plan campaigns among the churches. Send thirty-five cents to us and we will mail you prepaid the Anti-Saloon League year book, which contains nearly three hundred pages of data, covering the United States. The central committee at each court house town must look after matters in the county. Appoint local committees at each voting precinct to obtain the vote if possible. Do this at once. Work on the doubtful voter. Put information into his hands. See to it that the election is conducted legally. Use all papers favorable to our cause. Remember, we have only three months to work. The same election commissioners appointed by the governor for the last general election will act at the election in August. Find out who your three men are and ask for at least one good sensible prohibitionist to be appointed as one of the three managers at each voting precinct. Be sure to have every qualified voter registered when the books are opened for registration, the first Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of June

and the first Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of July. If the central committee at the court house towns and the local committees at the voting precincts will only be on the alert and see that this election is conducted strictly according to the law, our cause will be won in at least sixteen of the twenty-one wet counties. We are claiming eighteen and possibly all. Work is now being done on bills for the next legislature, looking to the law enforcement part of our work.

Let me close by quoting Article 11 of our constitution: "The object of this league is the suppression of the saloon. To this end we invite the alliance of all who are in harmony with this object, and the league pledges itself to avoid affiliation with any political party as such, and to maintain an attitude of neutrality upon questions of public policy not directly and immediately concerned with the traffic in strong drink."

J. L. HARLEY,
State Superintendent,
Spartanburg, S. C.

A NEW COMET.

Traveling Towards Sun Millions of Miles a Minute.

A new comet which is flying through space at the rate of many million miles a minute, may be seen by the naked eye just after sunset any evening on the Southwest horizon, according to Edward Fairfax Nauty and other noted astronomers. Because of the direction of the comet's flight and the relative position of the earth, its head is not visible, but Mr. Nauty says that its tail, which is several million miles in length, can be clearly detected. The astronomers agree that there is no danger of a collision with the earth.

Backward, turn backward! O time in your flight, feed me on gruel just for to-night; I am so weary of sole leather steak, petrified biscuit and galvanized cake, oysters that sleep in a watery bath, and butter as strong as Goliath of Gath. Weary of paying for what I can't eat, chewing up rubber and calling it meat. Backward, turn backward, how weary I am. Just give me a swipe of grandmother's jam; let me drink milk that hasn't been skimmed, let me eat butter whose whiskers are trimmed; let me once more have an old-fashioned pie; then I am ready to curl up and die.

Cyclone Passes Denmark.

Denmark, June 3.—A small cyclone passed about one mile north-west of Denmark about 6 o'clock this evening, wrecking the home and stables of Mr. Asa Baxter and a tenant house of Mr. J. W. Baxter's. Mr. Asa Baxter's eldest daughter was slightly injured. No one killed.

FOUGHT WITH CARSON.

Old Trapper Tells of Life with Plainsman.

"Walks like an Indian," a bystander remarked regarding an old weather-beaten man who carried a plainsman's cowhide grip and walked with a long, thick staff.

There was a certain air of adventure about him that induced the pad and pencil man to follow him from the Grand Central station.

"It's hard luck," the old man observed, as he stopped to fill his pipe, "missing the train to New Orleans. Now I must wait till night."

"Coming far," the reporter ventured, as an opener to talk.

"From Arizona, and going back to Dixie. You see, a Southerner, as his life's sun rays lengthen, likes to go back to his own land to stay till the last bugle call, and yet I like the free, wild West; or, rather the remembrance of it, for it is growing tame now, and the stirring life of long ago, with its perils and pleasures, is disappearing before the advance of Eastern notions.

"You see," he said, "I fought with Kit Carson on the plains. I used to read about him in the papers and I wanted to live like him, sleeping on the ground, with one eye cocked for the ever near savage and his horde."

"I ran away from my plantation home on the Potomac river to find a life like that lived by Carson and his kind. I was then 17 years of age. I went to Missouri to seek my hero at his home, but learned that he was in the far West, where I was advised not to go, so thick were the Indians and wild beasts. But the fighting fever was on me, and so I wandered on."

"After a time I had my wish. I found my hero after much search and told my story. He was then in the prime of life. He had imagined a lion in weight, a giant in height, with a roaring voice and lightning eye."

"Instead, I saw a rather small man, weighing about 150 pounds. His voice was soft and fine, like a woman's, and his manner as gentle as a child's. He laughed at my wish to conquer Indians, but to make the story shorter he finally let me go with him, and until a few years before the fall of Sumter we were always together. I would have gone back with him, but I wanted to run a cotton boat on the Mississippi. Then the war changed all. Captain Kit wrote me that he had volunteered in the United States army and for me to join him in the same company at Laos.

"For the first time we differed; but I wrote him my best wishes and hoped we'd meet again. And so we did. When the battle of Manassas was fought I was captured with some ten of my Louisiana Tiger comrades and carried to Washington. "It seemed like a dream when I saw Captain Kit walking down the

street as we were hustled off the car. Captive as I was, I cried at the top of my voice, 'Kit Carson!' A bayonet stopped a second shout, but he had heard me and came forward to the batch of prisoners, scanning each with eager eyes. Then he saw me, and you may bet that he knew me, too. We fairly fell upon each other's neck, and, wearing the United States uniform as he did, we had our talk undisturbed.

"I can remember his very words. 'Why, Grish, I can just smell the old beavers, when I see you, that we trapped on South Platte, and hear again the growling bear in the Raton mountains.'

"Why, sir," the old raconteur said, "you've set me going on Captain Kit, and I'll never know where to stop."

"So my old friend got me exchanged by personal request of Lincoln. We spent four days together and I was sent South, under a flag of truce, and I never saw him again. But those four days were worth a common lifetime, I tell you."

"He talked of his experience in the Mexican war and of his present position with Uncle Sam. Kit Carson was never prejudiced. He said that if he'd been born as far South as I and knew it as well, he, too, would have fought for that flag."

The old trapper displayed a badge made for him by Carson in Sierra bearing the initials "C. C." (Christopher Carson), and the year of the sojourn in the far West. His eyes grew moist as he told the story of the souvenir.

Carson was born in Madison county, Ky., in 1809, but went to Missouri when a child.

"The Southerners," the veteran went on to say, "feel that the United States has made mistakes; but in nothing, sir," he almost shouted, "has she shown such ingratitude as towards Kit Carson. A monument reaching to the clouds should be built to his memory."

"General Fremont would have gained nothing but for Carson's intelligence, bravery and tact. He could talk more Indian dialect than all the white men combined, and but for him the treaties between the United States and the savages would never have been made.

"As a soldier in the Mexican war he saw the best means of effecting peace between the confederated tribes and the government, and Kit Carson never made a mistake nor changed his mind.

"Fremont gets credit for what Carson did, but he never cared for that. I can see him always, when I try, sleeping on the ground, a pistol half cocked on either side, and his 'baby,' as he called his old rifle, in his arms, and at his feet old Snuff, his faithful dog, that never seemed to sleep and could scent danger greater than human sense.

"Kit married a pretty Mexican girl, a cousin of a governor of Mexico. I saw her when she went to Laos while he was an Indian agent for the United States. She wrote to me when he died, which was May 23, 1868, at Fort Lyon, Col.

"He was wounded three times, once at Buena Vista, by an Indian at Platte and in the battle of Chickamauga.

"I have always wondered why Mr. Roosevelt, who talks so much about a 'square deal,' did not give greater credit to Captain Kit in his 'Winning of the West.' Yes, it was won, and but for Carson the winning would have been postponed a half century.

Then he arose, leaned on his staff and said "Goodby. I'm 83 years old; my days are numbered; but I want to keep my memory to the last hour of life and recall all that life with Kit Carson on the plains fighting Indians, and my friends of the old South. I am going to Memphis to the Confederate reunion in June to see once more the old fighting 'Tigers' of Louisiana that helped make a hard time for the enemy of the '60s."

"And don't you forget," he said again, "that Kit Carson did more to help the United States in conquering the Indians than any man or many of them that ever lived."

A picturesque figure was the old warrior as he walked away, stalking like the trappers of long ago, or the savages that feared old Carson, whose body seemed to them charmed—arrows glancing aside as if guided by the White Spirit.

The veteran said his name was Grisholm Pickens, that Gen. Jubal Early was his kinsman, as well as Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the plumed cavalier of the Confederacy.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Orders for 80 Aeroplanes.

The Wright brothers have orders in hand for eighty of their aeroplanes, including one from the shah of Persia and another from a Chinese mandarin. They have declined offers of capital with which to extend their business.

Changed Conditions.

"You say you had great difficulty in borrowing your first \$2,000?"

"Yes," answered the man of millions.

"And now you could borrow that sum with ease."

"I don't have to borrow," was the proud response. "If I see \$2,000 that I take a fancy to I simply send my lawyers around after it."—Washington Star.

Old Darkey's Prayer.

An old negro "exhorter" down in Orangeburg county sat with the congregation in a big meeting recently. The preacher sighted him, and called upon him to lead in prayer. Here is his prayer verbatim:

"Oh, Lord, confound our souls this evening, imperfect us in thy love, and if e have done anything agreeable to thy will, blot it out. Amen."