

**WOMAN KILLED AT MANNING.**

**Found in Door of House with Head Crushed.**

Manning, April 2.—A negro woman named Annie Rodgers, about thirty years old, was killed last night in a tenant house, near Probate Judge Windham's residence. She was found about 8 o'clock this morning lying in the partly opened door, with her head crushed, as if with an axe. Apparently she had been called to the door during the night and struck down by some unknown party. No disturbance was heard by near neighbors, but Judge Windham noticed that his bird dog was acting in a very excited manner about 10 to 12 o'clock. The woman is said to have come from Sumter, and had lived out in the country until last Tuesday, when she moved into the house in town, in which she was killed.

It was at first thought that some one who had known her elsewhere had followed her here and committed the deed, but later it was reported that her mother had given her thirty dollars with which to go back to Sumter and, as no money has been found about the house, it is possible that the killing was done for the purpose of robbery. The woman leaves a little girl four or five years old, whose tracks were plainly shown in her mother's blood on the floor.

Coroner Baggett instituted an inquest, but sufficient evidence has not yet been had to warrant finding a verdict. A young negro named Ben Miller was arrested on suspicion, he having been seen about the premises yesterday evening, but when questioned about it he denied having been there.

**Another Lily White Effort?**

Columbia, April 2.—What may amount to very little or may portend some future hold by the Republican party in this State, in slight measure, is the significance of the gathering here to-day of postmasters, South Carolina appointees and friends of Ex-Internal Revenue Commissioner John G. Capers. In his room at a local hotel to-night, in conference with some of his followers, Capt. Capers did not care to discuss the situation, but the main points in the movement are available for publication. Postmaster Harris, of Charleston, was not among those present at the conference, but there were about twelve postmasters from other towns of the State.

There is an understanding that L. C. W. Blalock, of Goldville, will be in the lists for collector of revenue in this State. It is also announced in the local afternoon paper that Dr. B. P. Clayton, of Charleston, is being considered, and also that there is a possibility of Major Jenkins losing out. Mr. Jenkins will probably have something to say later on.

Inaugurating a campaign to make a "Lily White" party is admittedly the purpose to-night of the gathering. It is hoped to accomplish this by applying Section 9 of the State party law in seating delegates in the State Convention next fall. This section requires delegates to be registered voters or to make a satisfactory showing that they were improperly refused registration. The meeting adjourned after signing a letter to National Committeeman Capers as follows:

"Dear Sir: In obedience to a request from you we have assembled together to confer with you in regard to the advancement of Republican principles in South Carolina and the building up a strong, active and willing Republican party in this State. We feel that such a condition can be developed and consummated under the laws of the party which we adopted at our past State Conventions. It is contended by many, and we are informed has been stated by the president, that you and Major L. W. C. Blalock are the leaders of a party composed almost entirely of the colored race. Our presence here to-day is a strong and emphatic denial of this untruth. There are thousands of the best white men of this State who, like us, are willing to follow your leadership in all earnest efforts to better the conditions of our party, and to this end we pledge ourselves, and will do anything to perform all that we can, to accomplish this purpose."

**Jealous Rage Costs a Life.**

Hampton, Ark., April 4.—Enraged at the sight of his wife dancing with Bee Hollingsworth, J. W. Perrell, a cattle buyer from Cooper, Tex., leveled a revolver at Hollingsworth last night and pulled the trigger, but the cartridge failed to explode.

As Hollingsworth saw the irate husband pull a gun, he reached for his own pistol.

Before Perrell could shoot again, Hollingsworth opened fire upon his assailant and shot him twice, one bullet taking effect in the left breast.

Perrell was taken to a hotel, where his wife is caring for him, but the attending physicians say there is no hope for his recovery.

**GRUBBS AND JOHNSON GUILTY.**

**Barnwell Negroes Must Serve Life Term for Murder of Perry Ussery.**

The case of Quitman Johnson and Ferdinand Grubbs was finished last week at Barnwell, when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty with recommendation to mercy. The evidence, as given in the case this time, differed very little from that of the first trial. Only one of the defendants, Grubb, was put on the stand. While contradicting his former testimony in a few immaterial points, he held mainly to his story as told before. He declared that Johnson and Kennedy were responsible for the killing of Ussery and that he had nothing to do with it. According to his statement, he is simply a victim of circumstances. He claims that Kennedy hired Johnson to do the killing and recited a conversation he heard Kennedy have with Johnson, in which he stated that Kennedy told Johnson he had killed the wrong man, a good friend of his, and that he must go back and get Holland. The sentence of Kennedy to life imprisonment is said to have had weight in saving the lives of the negroes.

The two prisoners have been carried to Columbia and commenced their sentences, thus closing one of the most important criminal cases tried in this section in years.

**Orangeburg Wants Road.**

With the proposition of connecting Ehrhardt and Bamberg by railroad, comes some talk of continuing the road from Bamberg and tap the A. C. L. and thus by this means connect Orangeburg with that section of the State. As it is now, the railroad connects Ehrhardt, Walterboro and on to Green Pond, but considerable inconvenience is experienced in getting to these places on account of the fact that there is no connection from Ehrhardt this way. The proposition which is being agitated in Bamberg is to connect that place with Ehrhardt, which will mean the building of a road about 16 miles long.

Since this announcement of the proposed road, there has been some talk in this city of making an effort to have the road continued through Bamberg to a point on the A. C. L. which would bring the road to Cope, and on over the main line of the A. C. L. to this city, and thus make Orangeburg the terminal for this branch. To bring the road on to the A. C. L. from Bamberg would mean the building of only a distance of four or five miles, and would mean much to this city, to make this connection provided the other road is built. The A. C. L. would take over the operation, and this would open up this section of the State in a great measure and, offer greater advantages to reach those points which are now accessible only in a round about way.—Orangeburg Evening News.

**Cotton—Our Greatest Crop.**

There is no crop grown in the United States that offers better profits for good farming than cotton, and there is no crop grown that keeps men poorer, when grown in the old single-crop way than cotton.

These old methods have enriched the fertilizer manufacturers and have made wastes of thousands of acres in the cotton belt. They have kept thousands of men in bondage to the merchant and the fertilizer seller, year after year taking up the old hopeless task of going in debt to start the cotton crop, and coming out at the end of the season often worse off than at the beginning.

The all-cotton man will tell you soberly that there is no money in anything but cotton, while the fact is, that in most cases he has not found a great deal in cotton. Yet here and there are farmers who have found out what there is in cotton when they farm instead of merely plant cotton. Talking once with a large cotton farmer in South Carolina who generally made more than a bale per acre, he said that he had made cotton at a cost of four and a half cents per pound, and that the cured bacon that I saw him selling by the wagon load cost him the same price per pound. Cotton was then six cents a pound, and he still had a little margin, but the bacon and hams averaged him fourteen cents a pound, and the feeding of the hogs left something to help his soil.

At that time the all-cotton men were in distress, for they could not make cotton at four and a half cents a pound after being carried by a merchant and paying 100 per cent on everything they bought. The other man kept hogs and sheep and cattle, and made corn and oats and hay and fed them, too, and, of course, he had manure, and with these auxiliaries he was carried, but not by the merchant. He bought for cash all that he needed to buy, and he did not need to buy much, for he did not

need to buy fertilizers for his corn, nor a complete fertilizer for his cotton, for it followed after peas and crimson clover. His land was increasing in fertility and productiveness, while the all-cotton men were asking what fertilizer to use for corn, oats, wheat, cotton and every other crop and could not think of planting any of these helping crops without buying more fertilizer for them, they can not understand that they need not buy a complete fertilizer for every other crop, and they jump to the conclusion that cotton is the only crop that they can afford to grow.

What we need to learn is, that commercial fertilizers, properly used, are a valuable adjunct to our home-made manures in the permanent up-building of the soil in humus, but used merely, year after year, for the production of something to sell off the land, they are the ruin of the soil and the farmer alike. And the poorest farms and the poorest farmers in all the cotton belt are where the most money has been spent for commercial fertilizers with the one idea of making cotton to sell.

The all-cotton man must spend more money because he has to buy his nitrogen in a fertilizer, while the good farmer gets his nitrogen free, and for the same money gets twice as much of the phosphoric acid and potash he has to buy, and these stay by him till used by the crops, while the nitrogen does not.

The hardest thing to get the average cotton planter to understand is, that the use of a rotation of crops and the growing of legume forage will enable him to reduce his cotton acreage and still make as much, or more, cotton on one-third the land than he has been making on the whole. It is the man who takes five acres to make a bale of cotton who is keeping the Southern soil and himself poor.

But I am glad to know that there is a new spirit abroad in the South, and the day is not far distant when a farmer will be ashamed to tell you that his land is poor, for our people are fast coming to understand that if a man's land remains poor it is the fault of the man who farms it. The Demonstration Work is doing great good, and when they persuade farmers to carry the demonstration through their whole farm work we will have different times in the South.

I do not believe that we will ever see six-cent cotton again, because the advances of the boll weevil will make the culture too risky for any but those who study the conditions and take the best measures to overcome the difficulty. If the boll weevil ever reaches and thrives in the upper section of the cotton belt, it will be the end of cotton there, for we can not, like Texas and the far South, make an early crop ahead of the weevil. Hence the great importance of getting into a system of farming that will make the farmers of the upper South independent of cotton if they are driven out of its culture.

The advances of the boll weevil does not mean that we should look after new crops but that we should farm well with the old ones. The farmers, and there are a very few of them, who have made two bales to two and a half per acre, have not done it by simply piling on fertilizers, but by adopting a course of soil improvement that has increased the productiveness of their land while paying for the improvement.

You must have something besides cotton to sell. You must raise good forage and feed stock of some sort. One young farmer who adopted my advice made seventy-five bushels of oats per acre, and then cut two tons of cowpea hay from the same land before frost. It would take a good deal of even fifteen-cent cotton to pay as well, and at the same time, the growing of these crops was part of the means used for getting his cotton crop up to more than a bale per acre on land that when he begun its improvement would not make a fifth of a bale per acre.

With cowpeas and crimson clover even the Indian corn crop becomes a soil improver through the feeding of the shredded stover added to the pea hay and the cotton seed meal. It is to the barnyard that we must look for the future, and aided by the barnyard, we can make the South the greatest farming section of the country.

The old Dutchman's idea was the more manure the more forage; the more forage the more cattle, and the more cattle to make more manure. In all the world over there has never been a system of farming that permanently improved the productiveness of the land that was not founded on live stock industry of some sort, and I know of no part of the world where the dependence of the farmers for sale crops on fertilizers only has failed to reduce the productiveness of that section—Progressive Farmer.

**SHEEP QUEEN OF WYOMING.**

**Sheared 35,000 Head This Year at Her Kirby Creek Ranch.**

Of course the country could not get along without a sheep queen, and the throne of Natrona county is occupied by Mrs. C. C. Moore, who has a ranch on Kirby Creek, where she sheared 35,000 head this year, with an average of 12 pounds of wool per head, and sold it at 22½ cents a pound, which if you ever studied arithmetic, makes out a handsome income for the good lady. She is the richest woman in Wyoming, worth about one-half million dollars in sheep and lands and real estate in Casper, Cheyenne, Los Angeles and other cities. She has a winter home at Los Angeles where she lives four or five months every year, and spends her summers on the range. She formerly camped all summer long with her sheep in an ordinary camp wagon and looked after them herself. Then she built a house in Casper, but had to give it up because it was selected as the site for a new \$150,000 postoffice building, which Senator Warren has secured to his loyal supporters in this town.

But Mrs. Moore has had troubles, like the rest of us. About 20 years ago she lost every sheep in her flocks except about 250 by a cloudburst which washed them into eternity, but she gathered that little bunch together, drove them into the mountains herself and attended strictly to business until she recovered her fortune and had acquired twice as many sheep as she lost.

When Mrs. Moore first came to Wyoming, about 25 years ago she was the wife of Mr. Morrison, a sheep man, who died in 1899. A year later she married C. C. Moore, who was herding a band of her sheep on shares, and he has been a partner instead of a hired hand ever since, but she runs all the business; she wouldn't trust anyone to manage her affairs, and not only has remarkable executive ability, but is considered one of the best sheep farmers in Wyoming, and has the reputation of getting as much out of her flocks as any man in the territory. Her husband is a sort of genteel assistant; her son is "running" sheep for his mother on shares; one daughter is married to a lawyer at Casper, another to a farmer in Fremont and a third to a merchant at Sheridan, all of them enterprising and prosperous young men, who are able to take care of themselves and their families and ask no assistance from their mother-in-law.

Mrs. Moore is by no means a conspicuous woman, notwithstanding her wealth, ability and influence. She dresses modestly, keeps out from under the electric lights, never makes a splurge, never goes where she is not wanted and is a quiet, dignified, well-read, intelligent woman. She travels a good deal, has been everywhere in Europe and has been around the world.

Mrs. Moore is the only important wool-grower in this part of the country who doesn't take an active part in politics. Although women can vote and hold offices in Wyoming, she never attends campaign meetings and never goes to the polls.—W. E. Curtin, in Chicago Record-Herald.

**Run Over Negroes.**

Savannah, Ga., April 1.—While going at a very high speed on a part of the Grand Prize race course near Savannah early to-night, an automobile in which were Alfred M. Marshall and Harry Noyes, well known young society men, left the road and struck first a small negro girl, then a negro man, and later a negro woman on the sidewalk, plowed over them, struck and killed a cow, passed on and struck a second cow. This ended the car's career as it went with the second cow into a deep ditch, turned over and badly injured Noyes.

Police ambulances were hurried to the scene. Noyes and Marshall both resisted the officers but Noyes was hurt and was sent to a hospital. Marshall was arrested and is at police station to-night to remain until the result of the injuries to the three negroes is known. They are all badly hurt and it is expected will die.

The car which had just been purchased and was being tried out was wrecked.

**Declare Stock Dividends.**

Spartanburg, March 31.—It is stated on excellent authority that at a recent meeting of the directors of the Woodruff cotton mills it was decided to declare a stock dividend of 50 per cent. This means that the stock of the mill will be worth \$125. It is also understood that similar stock dividends will be declared at an early date by the Victor and Monaghan mills. Aug. W. Smith, of Spartanburg, is president of the Woodruff mill and Lewis W. Parker of Greenville is head of the Victor and Monaghan mills.

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