The Bamberg Herald

Established 1891 | BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910 | One Dollar a Year

COUNTRY NEWS LETTERS

SOME INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

News Items Gathered All Around the County and Elsewhere.

Midway Musings.

Midway, June 17.—Midway graded school closed June the 10th, after a successful term of nine months. The following program was nicely carried out, showing the ability of the children and careful instruction of the teacher, Miss Vania Easterling of Bamberg.

Bamberg:

National Songs—by school.

Recitation, In One Grave—by Walter Smith.

Recitation, What Makes a Hero—by Harry Steedly.

Song, America Forever—by school.

Recitation, Little Blossom—by Marie Steedly.

Recitation, Calling—by Sadie Murphy.

Pray, Little Red Riding Hood.

Recitation, The Drummer Boy—by Ruby Steedly.

Recitation, Papa's Helper — by Henry Brickle.

Recitation, Throwing Kisses—by Bessie Smith.

Recitation, Kentucky Philosophy—Miss Daisy Murphy.

Song, Farewell.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cauthen visited the latter's mother Sunday.

Miss Drue Baxley, of Savannah, Ga., spent Sunday in town.

Sunday being the regular preaching day, Rev. Hughes was at his charge.

Prayer meeting will be held hereafter on Thursday evening at the Baptist church.

Mrs. H. W. Walker and children are visiting relatives in Cameron this week.

Little Imil Smoak, of Bamberg, spent several days with Marie Steedly this week. D. M.

Death of J. M. Tucker.

Branchville, June 18.—J. M. Tucker died suddenly in Florence at 4 o'clock this afternoon. The first news of Mr. Tucker's death was received here by a telegram from Dr. F. R. McLeod to T. M. Patrick.

Mr. Tucker has been cashier of the Bank of Branchville for the past several years and was on a business trip for the bank when he died. Mr. Tucker enjoyed the confidence of the people of Branchville as few men have.

Arrangements are being made to have the corpse sent home, after which plans for the funeral and interment will be made. Mr. Tucker is survived by his wife, Mrs. Janie C. Tucker, and one son, J. Frederick Tucker.

Concert of Denmark Band.

Denmark, June 21.—The Denmark band gave its first concert Monday evening. This band was organized by Mr. Hauser about two months ago, and is a great credit to Prof. Crouse and Mr. Hauser, as the band rendered very good music after such a short period of study. There was a large crowd in attendance and they all seemed to enjoy the performance from beginning to end. There was a voting contest for the most popular young lady in town, which was won by Miss Gladys Milhous.

The One and Only.

She had a figure like twenty elephants in one, and a voice fit to command the British army.

"Willie," she shouted, "take your feet off the parlor table this very instant!"

"Margaret," he responded in a voice charged with manly determination, "I want you to know that there is but one person whom I will allow to address me in that name."

"And who is that, sir, may I ask?" she roared, towering above him.

He cast one furtive glance at her, and made up his mind. "Why, dear," he answered, as he gently removed his feet from off the table, "you, of course."—Punch.

Rev. E. M. Lightfoot has resigned the pastorate of the North Augusta church, much to the regret of all. It is his present purpose to take a course of study during the summer, and perhaps enter the Seminary in Louisville next fall. Brother Lightfoot is one of our best men, and we shall greatly regret to see him leave us, but we hope his absence will be temporary, for we are sure that there will be pastorates in this State that will seek his services. At Orangeburg, and more recently at North Augusta, he has been greatly beloved by the people.—Baptist Courier.

JAMES M. TUCKER BURIED.

Branchville Mourns Loss of Valuable Citizen.

Branchville, June 20.—In the presence of one of the largest assemblages of people ever seen upon a similar occasion in Branchville, the remains of the late Mr. J. M. Tucker, cashier of the Bank of Branchville, president of the Branchville Hardware Company, the Fairey Brokerage Company, and the Branchville Tie and Timber Company, were laid to rest with Masonic honors here today, beneath a mound of flowers, which though profuse and costly, were but a slight token of the great esteem in which he was held, both here at home and throughout the entire State.

When the news was flashed from Florence last Saturday night that Mr. James M. Tucker had been suddenly called to the other land Branchville felt that it had lost a man and a citizen whom it could ill afford to lose, for a helpful, useful citizen indeed was Mr. Tucker. Possessing a genial disposition he led all people whom he met to respect and admire him. His charity knew no bounds and his gentle, kindly heart responded to all.

Coming to Branchville a poor boy he set himself the noble task of proving his own mettle and manhood. and by his sterling honesty and unimpeachable integrity climbed round by round to the summits of success.

He was a Mason, a Knight of Pythias and was also connected with the Woodmen of the World. A wife and one son survive him.

Beloved by his fellow citizens here in Branchville and respected by a large body of business men all over the country, Branchville's loss is also a loss to the State. His youth barely past and his splendid career just rounding out, his death is signally pathetic and deplorable. The mourning for him will be deep and sincere.

Parks Case a Mystery.

Lancaster, June 19.—The coroner of Union county, N. C., was engaged until about 12 o'clock Friday night in the case of Carter Parks, the young man murdered in that county Friday. The taking of testimony was not concluded, however, the matter being left open until additional evidence can be secured.

It is stated that young Parks was shot while sitting on a log in the woods, the load striking him in the back of the head and blowing out his brains. His wife said when he left home he had a pistol but no weapon was found on his person nor on the ground. She is of the opinion, it is said, that he was entrapped into going where he was assassinated. The motive for the crime was evidently not robbery, for his money and other valuables were found intact on his person.

An attempt was made to assassinate Parks a few months ago, he being called to his door one night and fired upon by a party in the yard, the load striking him in the leg. He said afterwards that it was his brother-in-law who shot him, and that the reason he was not killed was because he was standing on the piazza and not on the ground, as his assailant thought he was.

Farmer Dies Mysteriously.

Florence, June 20.—News has been received in the city of the death of Madison Mathews and Mrs. Henry Altman of the Cowards neighborhood. Mr. Mathews was a well-known farmer, about 75 years of age. He died suddenly, and his death was peculiar, in that he, nor his neighbors seem to be able to account for it. He seemed to have been burned about the head, but his mind was weak and he could not explain it. He had called on some neighbors Sunday afternoon about 12 o'clock, apparently in good health but for the seeming burns. He returned home, and the neighbors went to look after him at 1 o'clock and found him dead. No one was at home with him. His wife died some time ago, and his children had all scattered to their own homes.

Mrs. Altman died on the same plantation as Mr. Mathews about an hour later. She had been sick about two weeks. She was about 28 years of age.

Buying a Shirtwaist.

A young woman went into a department store in Spokane the other day to buy a shirtwaist.

"What bust, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Blessed if I know, sir," said the young woman, looking nervously around; "I didn't hear anything."

IN THE PALMETTO STATE

SOME OCCURRENCES OF VARIOUS KINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

State News Boiled Down for Quick Reading—Paragraphs About Men and Happenings.

Governor Ansel will appoint a judge for the first judicial circuit, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Chas. G. Dantzler, of Orangeburg, and the legislature at its next session will hold an election.

A fertilizer mixing plant is to be established in Sumter, the capital stock for such a concern having already been subscribed. The company will have a capital stock of $10,000, and the plant is to be in operation by this fall.

The military court of inquiry, which was the result of a personal row between Adjutant General Boyd and his assistant, Col. Brock, cost the State of South Carolina a little more than $1,000. Of course this sort of thing comes high, but the tax payers stand it.

The South Carolina Cotton Seed Crushers Association will meet at Wrightsville Beach, N. C., July 6th and 7th. A special train will be run from Columbia on the afternoon of the 5th. We return thanks for a cordial invitation to attend the meeting, and wish that we could accapt.

The State convention of the rural letter carriers association will be held in Newberry, S. C., on July 3d, 4th, and 5th. The indications are that the attendance will be large and that the meeting will be an interesting one. Among those who come from outside the State are W. R. Spillman, of Washington, superintendent of the rural mail service, and W. D. Brown, of Washington, editor of the R. F. D. News.

No Sympathy Needed.

Recently a woman of Kansas became disgusted with the behavior of her husband, who seems to have been merely the average man possessed with the weaknesses that belong to the average member of the race, and inserted the following advertisement in one of the daily papers:

"WANTED—An affinity to claim my husband if anyone wants him. He grumbles at his meals, puts his feet on the parlor chairs and his head on the parlor cushions, brings visitors to the house and meal without letting me know in advance so I can have enough cooked for them, and when I ask for Xmas money he wants to know what I am going to do with it. If any woman can see her affinity in him I wish she would come and prove property and take him away."

We do not sympathize with this Kansas woman with her complaints, as we regard her as responsible, in a large measure, for the shortcomings of the husband. In the first place, if the husband had not been somewhat forehanded there would have been no parlor chairs and nothing in the house to cook for the visitors and with about six hungry children hanging to her skirt, she would hang to that man closer than a cucklebur to a mule's tail, and if she saw anyone talking toher husband in a mysterious manner, she would sail into the raven locks of the would-be affinity like a snapping turtle on a Junebug.

That woman has had too much prosperity. The faults described are grave ones, but such that any true woman can by a little finesse correct in one week.

Sidle up to him, madam, and tickle him under the chin with a toothpick, get him by the ear and kiss him as you used to do when you sat on the lawn chair in the gloaming. Feed him two or three days and pet the brute. He will shave twice a day, keep his feet on the floor, lie with his head on the wooden block, if necessary, and you could not get him to look at an affinity if you tried.

Go into the affinity business yourself and you will make your old parlor shine like a crystal palace if there is only one chair in it and the stove stands coddled on three legs.—Exchange.

Purchases Power Plant.

Greenville, June 20.—The Southern Power Company to-day purchased the plant of the Greenville-Carolina Power Company which is located on the Saluda river about five miles from the city. The purchase price was $250,000. The plant was built five years and will be greatly enlarged by its new owners.

JUDGE DANTZLER SUCCUMBED.

Dies at His Home at Orangeburg, After Returning from Atlanta.

Orangeburg, June 20.—Charles Glover Dantzler, for eight years judge of the first judicial circuit of South Carolina, died at his home in this city this morning at 5:30 o'clock surrounded by members of his family.

Although full funeral arrangements have not yet been completed it is probable that the funeral services will be held to-morrow afternoon at 5 o'clock at St. Paul's Methodist church, this city, and the interment will be at Sunnyside cemetery with Masonic honors.

Judge Dantzler has been in failing health for the past several months and for the past several weeks had been at a sanitarium in Atlanta from which place he was brought home yesterday morning in a critical condition.

He was fifty-six years of age and is survived by his widow and two daughters, Miss Carrie Dantzler, and Mrs. George R. Bowman, both of this city, T. M. Dantzler, Fred Dantzler and brothers, Messrs. M. O. Dantzler, of this city, T. M. Dantzler, Fred Dantzler, and Sheriff O. M. Dantzler, all of Calhoun county.

Loss to the Bench.

Columbia, June 20.—Official circles were profoundly moved at the news of Judge Dantzler's death, which came through telegraph advices from Senator Lide to the Governor's office. Gov. Ansel has not returned from Kentucky, and so will be unable to attend the funeral.

Judge Dantzler's father, a wealthy planter, was educated as a lawyer. He fell leading a charge of the Twenty-second South Carolina volunteers in 1864.

Judge Dantzler was educated at Mount Zion Institute at Winnsboro, King's Mountain Military Academy, under Col. Asbury Coward, and Wofford College. He served six years in the lower house of the Legislative, and early in 1902 was elected circuit judge.

Advising young men, he said two years ago. "Have an unalterable purpose to live a pure life and a determination to add to your knowledge from every source and to cultivate the mind by every means within reach, and always be a definite object for achievement."

NEAR-BEER.

A North Carolina Judge who Knows What it Really Is.

In introducing Attorney General Thomas W. Bickett to the commencement audience at Dallas last week, Mr. A. L. Bulwinkle made reference to Mr. Bickett's now famous description of that article so much talked of in prohibition territory, near-beer. Gazette readers who have not read it will be interested in it so we reprint it below:

"What is near-beer?" he asked. "The testimony in this case shows that it is a beverage that finds ready sale as a substitute for real beer. Our bibulous constituents cry for it as children cry for castoria. It is made by the people that make beer, and drunk by the people that drink beer, tastes like beer. It is served by the same white aproned, many chinned friend who was wont to comfort us in other days. It is shoved across the old oaken counter and the mirrowed back bar, while the picture of Aphrodite springing from the foam makes the illusion complete. And some times in the gloaming the alchemy of a shadow projected from a policeman's expansive back and falling athwart the bar, works a transformation and suddenly, even as the thirsty one lifts the cup to his lips, near-beer becomes a real thing.

"And yet this court is asked to relegate this juicy beverage, this scion of centuries of vats to the insipid level of soda water. Perish the thought! It proclaims itself in North Carolina as sole heir and successor to the gaudy fluid. It boasts of its bubbles and sparkle and snap. It says to the disconsolate legions in an arid land, 'I may not be entirely wicked—but try me.' It capitalizes its kinship with Budweiser and Schlitz. It scorns soda water as Roosevelt scorns a molly-coddle, and lords it over grape juice like a mint julep over a milk shake."—Gastonia Gazette.

End of the Courtship.

"She referred me to her father."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that was her way of letting undesirable suitors down easy, and he gave me a five-cent cigar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DR. C. E. KINSEY WOUNDED.

SHOT BY A NEGRO AT WILLIAMS SATURDAY NIGHT.

His Wounds Not Serious—Posse Fired at Negro but He Made His Escape.

Walterboro, June 20.—At Williams Saturday night at 10 o'clock, Dr. C. E. Kinsey was shot and seriously wounded by Joe Freeman, a negro.

Saturday afternoon Dr. Kinsey's son was standing at the door of the store of Oquin Bros. when Lena Freeman a negro woman, came up the steps to enter the store door and said to Mr. Kinsey: "Some one wants to come in." Mr. Kinsey stepped out of the way and looking back saw this negro woman. He expected to see some white woman enter, and jokingly remarked that he thought it was somebody. The negro took out a knife from her pocket and began to abuse Mr. Kinsey, who insisted that she hush stating to her that he did not mean any harm by the remark, which was jokingly made.

Got a Gun.

She continued her abuse and shortly left the store, and going to her home, returned with her husband, Joe Freeman, she carrying a gun, Mr. Kinsey was informed of this fact and went to his home and returned with his gun, which he put in Mr. Brabham's store. His father, hearing of this, came over to the store and instructed his son to put the gun up and go to Magistrate Wilson and take out a warrant for the negroes and have them arrested. This Mr. Kinsey did and turned the warrant over to Constable Maxey, who went after Williams to make the arrest. Maxey appointed Dr. Kinsey and others as special constables to aid him in making the arrest.

The party proceeded to the home of the Freemans, but just before reaching it, they were informed that Joe Freeman was back at the store of Quin Bros. with his gun. They re- Oquin Bros. with his gun. They returned to the store and attempted to arrest Joe Freeman, who seeting the party approaching ran. They went back to the home, where the woman was arrested. After securing her they started to leave and Joe Freeman appeared behind a clump of bushes near the house crying: "Get out of there."

Shot Into Crowd.

At the same time he shot into the crowd, the shot taking effect just above Dr. Kinsey's hip. The negro then made his escape into the darkness.

Dr. Kinsey was taken back home and was attended by Dr. H. M. Carter, who dressed his wounds. It was found that the gun had been loaded with a slug, but fortunately the load produced only painful flesh wounds.

Efforts were made again early Sunday morning to catch Freeman and he was seen several times by the pursuing party, but owing to the thickness of the undergrowth in the bays near Williams, he has so far eluded capture.

As Dr. Kinsey was shot, Constable Maxey instructed his deputies to kill the negro. Two of them had guns and fired at him, and it is thought, he was wounded. The woods were scoured Sunday by about 100 men to capture Freeman but to no avail.

Constable Maxey put the woman in jail Monday afternoon. Continued efforts will be made to capture Freeman.

Turning the Tables.

In Indianapolis they tell a story on a certain attorney to explain why he quit drinking so suddenly. He had patronized one saloon with great liberality for years. Lately the proprietor of the place bought a house and lot and employed another lawyer to examine the abstract for him. The steady patron, when he heard it, went after the saloon keeper rough shod, demanding to know why business favors weren't exchanged when there was opportunity. Why did the saloon keeper turn away from his own customer and give business to a man who never bought anything of him—nor of any saloon keeper? The saloon keeper was amazed at the complaint, he thought the explanation ought to plain enough: "When I've got business," he said with childlike frankness, "I want it done by a sober lawyer." Suddenly the attorney, too, concluded it was all plain enough; his friends say he hasn't touched liquor since.

One has well said: "If I had a daughter, I should rather she would marry a man who was worth a million and hadn't a cent, than to marry a man who had a million, and wasn't worth a cent."

KILLING AT DILLON.

Prominent Young Attorney Shot by Hotel Keeper.

Dillon, June 14.—Two minutes after leaving the court house, where he had been conducting a case in the criminal court, S. D. Hursey, a young attorney, of the Dillon bar, was shot and almost instantly killed by R. S. Davis, at 6 o'clock this afternoon. There was a large crowd of people in the streets, and the shooting was done at the corner, where is located Evans's Pharmacy, one of the busiest parts of town. Three bullets entered the body, either of which would have produced death. A magazine pistol, carrying steel bullets, was used.

Mr. Davis is engaged in the insurance business in Dillon, being the junior member of the Dillon insurance agency. His wife conducts the Central Hotel, at which Mr. Hursey was a boarder. The shooting is alleged to be the result of unfortunate domestic complications, which developed at the hotel some days ago.

No Words Exchanged.

Upon leaving the court house, where Dillon's first term of criminal court was in session, Mr. Hursey walked across the street, and was passing in front of Evans's Pharmacy, when he was met by Mr. Davis. Eyewitnesses to the affair say that no words were exchanged, but when the two met, Davis pulled a gun from his pocket and began shooting at Hursey at close range. The first bullet entered the right side and the second shot entered the forehead. As the victim of the tragedy whirled and fell upon the pavement, it is stated that Davis fired at him, shooting him through the back of the head. The affair is deeply regretted by everybody.

Career Cut Short.

Young Hursey was a graduate of the University of North Carolina and was admitted to the North Carolina bar about four years ago. Quite recently he came into an inheritance of $15,000 from his grandfather's estate, and it was his purpose to go West and establish himself in some prosperous city. His father, the Rev. J. A. Hursey, is at John Hopkins Hospital, where he underwent a serious operation a few days ago.

Davis surrendered himself to the sheriff immediately after the tragedy. When seen at the city guard house he said that he had no statement to make. Mr. Hursey was about 28 years of age and was unmarried.

How to Keep a Wife's Love.

If your wife does not love you as she did when you were married, you must have fallen off in your attentions. Remember that a wife is only a sweetheart a few years later. Make believe that she is still your sweetheart.

When you go home from business have the maid send your name up just as in the old days. A wife likes these little attentions, and if she is the right sort, she will send down word that she will be down in a few minutes. Then put a five-pound box of candy in a prominent place and wait patiently. When you hear her coming, run to meet her and kiss her in a manly way as if you had waited all day for the privilege. Then give her the candy. If there is but one chair in the room let her sit in it while you stand. Now tell her the events of the day in the office in a witty way that will appeal to her love of fun.

When the dinner-bell rings, hand her a bunch of American Beauties, pull out her chair for her and tie her napkin round her neck yourself. Then, with a bow, seat yourself opposite her and begin to praise the food. Ask her to make sprightly remarks, and laugh heartily at them. Urge her to tell you about the cook's doings. Just before dessert, show her the orchestra seats you have bought for the opera that night.

Never light a cigar until you have asked her whether she objects to smoke. She may always say no, but there is no telling when her taste may change. Give her twice as much as she wants for an allowance and always forestall any requests she may be about to make.—Charles Battell Loomis, in Delineator.

Midway Musings.

Midway, June 20.—Mrs. Barney Canaday Rumpt, of Pregnalls, was the guest of Miss Daisy Murphy last week.

Mrs. S. J. Walker is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. H. Cauthen, at Fort Motte this week.

Little Kate Steedly is visiting her cousin, Marie Steedly, this week.

Midway Baptist church has purchased a new organ.