

## "OLD TIMER WRITES.

Things Look Dark, but a Better Time is Coming.

Wanderer's Rest, June 13.—Jordan is a hard road to travel, ain't it Cap? would Uncle Bill say. For here is the rain, rain—clouds by day and clouds by night. These floods the past week and showers one after another with no sign of a let-up, the ground soaked and low lands getting in bad shape, with grass and weeds taking the crops, is the cheering sight after the long dry and cold spring to give the old farmer a long face and sad countenance. Horses about crushed, and dreams of bumper crop and twenty cents for his cotton, knocks the idea of an automobile to take Sallie, Kate and John to all the big meetings, picnics, shows and towns into a far corner of his brain and leaves him wondering will it ever be. With great gulps coming in his throat and as he tries to gulp them down, tears of great disappointment silently trickle down his furrowed cheeks; as he tries to brush them away, in disgust comes his big boys and say I am done with the farm, for I can soon get rich in the town; others do and can ride in fine touring cars with soft hands and fair faces and lovely ladies all laughter and smiles by his side. No more clod hopping and bogging next day in the mud perhaps for me. Then comes his better half with a basket full of half-drowned chickens and turkeys, all out of sorts, saying hard things to such luck, and the poor old farmer inwardly wishes like David of old, for wings of the dove to flee away and be at rest.

Now at this moment comes the sweet strains of a mocking bird in a near-by tree and the old man listens for a moment only, then with a smile all calmness and serenity calls to the boys, stay on the old farm, boys, and drive a mule if needs be, for I have seen it thus many times before; and if you will only labor and wait with true economy, all will come in due time; the sun will shine and stars overhead, with song of birds and cooing of doves, and the pigs and calves, with the scampering of the rabbit, and the yell of the boys, as the dogs give chase, has a greater charm than the excitement and auto rides of the city lad or lass. Stay close to nature for it made Abraham, Isaac and Moses, in the long ago; Washington and Lincoln, with many others whose name echoes down the pathway of time, and whose lustre grows brighter each day. What is needed is rich poor men who will work with their own hands, build neat homes and have, as your correspondent found last week, a one-horse farmer who has reared a family, corn, oats, hay, and all other produce needed to run the place three years. In place of one thousands are needed, then will the desert bloom as the rose and hard times will come no more. Let the speculator yell his throat sore on the stock exchange, the laborers strike for higher wages while his wife and babies cry for bread, and the gambler with blood shot eyes watch the cards as he wins or loses, the crook as he blows the safe and runs from place to place to keep under cover with sleepless nights, has no place with the man that follows the plow who can sleep the sleep of the just and rise with the bees and birds and whistle while he waits for Kate to ring the breakfast bell. These are the kind of men needed now both by town, city and country. Now don't get it into your heads, boys, that an old man wants to fight the towns. Not much, for he well knows that some of his truest friends are town people. Then we need them but we also want some of our best talent to run the farms and teach old dogs new tricks in the art of model and modern farming.

But enough of this, and now an old man with a hobby who loves children and flowers, looks forward to a bright day soon and he has just learned that some kind ladies are planning to give the children a picnic soon in a beautiful grove and he is to be there. Then will he be in all his glory as he watches the little fellows as they romp and play over the grounds at jumping the rope, mumble peg, and many other games, with ice cream and lemonade, then a moving of great big baskets, the spreading of clothes, then dinner, for a dinner bell has great charm to little folks, also a greater for an old man. Then more fun and games until late evening, then home. Won't it be fine, little folks, and don't forget to pin a bunch of flowers on.

For children and flowers  
Amid gay wood bowers  
Will be the theme that day  
With songs and play and happy hours.

OLD TIMER.

We do not want the earth. A small part of it will satisfy us. Try us for a "square deal." C. H. MILHOUS, Manager Denmark Realty Co.

## A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

Seven Women Call Negro Preacher Husband.

Richmond, Va., June 16.—Rev. S. A. Tucker, pastor of a flock of negro Christians at Scafletown, near Richmond, has jumped his bail and disappeared and his bondsmen, Americus Dudley, was called upon to-day to pay \$50.

Seven women have come forward claiming Tucker as their husband. Two more have written to the same effect from North Carolina. When Tucker was arrested for prowling at night around the house of still another colored woman, a rabbit's foot, a bottle of gin and a bottle of cologne were found in his pockets.

## Governor Offers Reward for Negro.

Aiken, June 12.—Governor Ansel has offered a reward of \$100 for the arrest and conviction of Jim Robinson, a negro, who is wanted in this county for the murder of two negro women on May 31. Robinson shot and killed Fannie and Willie Brown, mother and daughter, near Bath, in a cotton field, where the women were chopping cotton. It has been ascertained that the negro escaped into Georgia, having crossed the Savannah river a day or two after the murder.

Robinson is described as follows: Dark brown, age 35 to 50; weight about 140 to 150 pounds; height about 6 feet; slender; round shouldered; bald headed; slightly stammers; teeth decayed; hair a little gray; smokes very frequently, reads and writes fairly well; is "parrot-toed" and wears number 9 or 10 shoes. Was wearing blue overalls, small brown hat and a dirty coat when last seen. He is also a little "pop-eyed."

The crime was a most atrocious one, and the people of the vicinity were greatly stirred at the time. Every clew was closely followed by the county officers, but he eluded them, and escaped over the river into Georgia.

## Cheating the Union Cows.

The cow stable was electrically lighted.

"With these lights," the dairy farmer said, "I cheat my 500 union cows. I add 100 minutes or more to their union day."

"Cows you know, have a very strong union spirit, especially in the matter of the morning milking. They don't want to be milked before daylight; in fact, they won't be milked before daylight. They insist on getting their full night's sleep."

"Now, when I went in for co-operative farming, it became necessary for me to milk earlier than before, so as to catch the milk train. But my cows, roused up in the dark, angrily refused to give down their milk. Can a cow hold back her milk? By heck, yes!"

"So I introduced electricity. A half an hour before milking time, I turned on these lights in their round glass globes. They thought the gray dawn had come, and they gave down their milk freely."

"Great thing, electricity—the only thing that will make a union cow work overtime."

## Why Grant Never Swore.

While sitting one night, after everyone had gone to bed, I said to him: "General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the tumble of army service and frontier life and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow, or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to arouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I never could see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

## How to Kill Nut Grass.

The only way I know to kill nut grass is not to let it show a leaf above ground. This means constant cleaning off, for it will be up next day, but if constantly prevented from making green leaves the roots will die. Nut grass spreads more seed than from the roots, and being neglected late in the season, it fills the soil with seed, and nothing but constant vigilance will eradicate it. I have just made a garden here from a piece of land that is full of it, and I am going to do just what I advise; clean up every shoot every day. Nothing short of this will answer. Geese penned on the spots will keep it down, it is said, but I have never tried them.—W. F. Massey in Raleigh Progressive Farmer and Gazette.

## GIRL KILLS HERSELF.

New York's Famous Girl "Newsy" Dies by Her Own Hand.

New York, June 11.—Mrs. Jennie Pinea, one of the five Horn sisters, who attracted wide attention for years by selling newspapers on the street, committed suicide yesterday by shooting herself through the heart. Jennie was next to the youngest of the sisters, and sold papers up to 3 years ago, when she married. Her sister, now dead, was well known to politicians, and it was she who first dubbed the late Thomas C. Patt the "Easy Boss." He sent them Christmas gifts each year and through his influence the newspaper stand at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue was never disturbed.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE FIGHT.

As a Result They Both Now Rest in County Jail.

Magistrate Hahn has sent up to the county jail W. A. Martin and wife, Florence Martin, husband and wife, both white people from the vicinity of North Augusta, to serve a sentence of 30 days in jail for breach of the peace of fighting. They got into a family difficulty and as a result both of them were considerably bruised and cut, the husband getting the worse of the deal. Magistrate Hahn sentenced them to pay a fine of \$100 each or to serve 30 days imprisonment or on the gang. The husband, on account of his wounds, was unable to go to the gang and consequently both are now in jail.—Aiken Journal and Review.

## Why They Laughed.

One of New York's successful lawyers was telling at the club about his first case.

"I was very nervous and excited," he said, "especially as my client was a bad egg. But his relatives were prominent people and for their sake I worked hard to secure an acquittal. Luckily I succeeded."

Just at this point a millionaire from a Western city approached in company with another member of the club who proceeded to introduce him. When he came to the lawyer the visitor quickly remarked:

"I do not need to be introduced to this gentleman. I met him when I lived in this part of the country; in fact I gave him his start in life. I was his first client."

The noisy hilarity which greeted this announcement was not explained to the visitor.

## They All Serve.

George C. Boldt, well-known hotel man, was talking in Philadelphia about the hotels in Switzerland.

"They are good," said Mr. Boldt. "At the price they are remarkably good. The Swiss are a nation of hotel-keepers."

"The Alps, you know, draw all the world to Switzerland, and a millionaire goes into the hotel business, as an American would go into steel or sugar. He begins at the bottom. He is a waiter."

"It is said that once in Bern, at a historic public meeting, all the leading men of Switzerland were gathered together. A vote had been taken and in the intense silence preceding the epoch-making verdict of the tellers a wag shouted 'Waiter!'"

"Instantly the whole assembly rose as one man and answered, 'Yes, sir.'"

## Why He Couldn't Hear.

A certain Philadelphia banker who is afflicted with ear trouble tells a good joke on himself as follows:

"I've been worried about my hearing for some time, and finally the fear of getting deaf became a sort of obsession to me, and I decided to go over to New York to consult a specialist. I got over there and went to see the doctor, and he looked so grave I was more scared than ever, and I was feeling pretty blue as I walked down Fifth avenue with a friend."

"Suddenly I saw two 'special trolleys' coming down a cross street filled with children waving flags and apparently having an awful good time, but I couldn't hear a sound. In an instant, without stopping to realize that I could hear all the other noises of the traffic and my friend's voice, I turned around and seized him by the arm and shouted:

"My God, Joe, I'm deaf! I can't hear those children at all."

"Neither can I," said my friend with a roar of laughter; "they're mutes."

## Transmigration.

One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbor:

"Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I am just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right. The seeds are inside."—Christian Work and Evangelist.

## HUNG OVER NIAGARA GORGE.

Gymnast Faced Tragic Death for Forty-five Minutes.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 16.—Suspended for 45 minutes 160 feet over the Niagara Gorge, Oscar Wilson, known as "The Great Houdin," was finally rescued by firemen and narrowly escaped a tragic death.

Houdin attempted to slide on a cable, suspended by his teeth, across the gorge just below the falls. He set off, hanging by his teeth to a little one-foot trapeze, which had no more than a foot of rope up it. The cable had a big sag and when a little past the center Houdin lost his momentum and came to a stop.

For 45 minutes thereafter, which seemed an age to the anxious spectators, the man hung dangling over the water, quite helpless. He eased his position by first hanging by one arm and then by another, and then changing off with his legs.

Firemen were summoned and a cable pulley was secured, with a 200-foot trailing rope attached.

Another line was run to the bridge and the pulley was dragged by men on the bridge along the cable till it reached Houdin, who demanded the rope to the steamer Maid of the Mist, which had picked up the trailing end.

## Kept the King at Home.

"For the past year we have kept the king of all laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—in our home and they have proved a blessing to all our family," writes Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y. "Easy but sure remedy for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C."

## What a Foolish Question

A Swede entered a postoffice in the Northwest and inquired:

"Ban any letters for me to-day?"

"What name, please?"

"Ay tank de name is on de letter."—Everybody's Magazine.

## Marvelous Discoveries.

mark the wonderful progress of the age. Air flights on heavy machines, telegrams without wires, terrible war inventions to kill men, and that wonder of wonders—Dr. King's New Discovery—to save life when threatened by coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup, bronchitis, hemorrhages, hay fever and whooping cough or lung trouble. For all bronchial affections it has no equal. It relieves instantly. Its the surest cure. James M. Black, of Asheville, N. C., R. R. No. 4, writes: "I cured him of an obstinate cough after all other remedies failed. 50c and \$1.00. A trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C."

## Spartanburg's New Hotel.

Spartanburg, June 9.—The work of building a \$50,000 hotel at the corner of Charles and Magnolia streets is progressing rapidly. The foundations are being laid of cement. The building will be seven stories high and will contain one hundred rooms. It is being erected by T. A. Green for Messrs. Gresham and Wilson, two railroad hotel and cafe men who have the management of a number of hotels along the line of the Southern Railway.

## How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.  
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## SUMMONS.

State of South Carolina, County of Bamberg.—In the Probate Court.

J. J. Cleckley against Louis Robinson, et al.

To Louis Robinson, Sr., Lewis Robinson, Jr., Minnie Robinson, Grant Robinson, Joseph Robinson, David Robinson and Mattie Lou Robinson:

You are hereby required to appear at the Court of Probate to be holden at the Court House for Bamberg County, said State, on the 11th day of July, 1910, to show cause, if any you can, why the proceeds of the sale of the real estate of Sarah Robinson, deceased, sold by me should not be paid over to J. J. Cleckley, Administrator of the said Sarah Robinson, to be applied by him to the payment of the debts of the said Sarah Robinson.

Given under my hand and seal this 6th day of May, 1910.

G. P. HARMON, (L. S.)

Probate Judge of Bamberg County.

## H. M. GRAHAM

Attorney-at-Law

BAMBERG, S. C.

Practices in all Courts of this State.

Offices in The Herald Building.

J. Aldrich Wyman E. H. Henderson

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