

The Bamberg Herald

ESTABLISHED APRIL, 1891.

A. W. KNIGHT, Editor.

Published every Thursday in The Herald building, on Main street, in the live and growing City of Bamberg, being issued from a printing office which is equipped with Mergenthaler Linotype machine, Babcock cylinder press, folder, one jobber, a fine Miehle cylinder press, all run by electric power with other material and machinery in keeping, the whole equipment representing an investment of \$10,000 and upwards.

Subscriptions—By the year \$15.00; six months, 75 cents; three months, 50 cents. All subscriptions payable strictly in advance.

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Communications—We are always glad to publish news letters or those pertaining to matters of public interest. We require the name and address of the writer in every case. No article which is defamatory or offensively personal can find place in our columns at any price, and we are not responsible for the opinions expressed in any communication.

Thursday, July 11, 1912.

Doesn't the kind of government a man favors show his fitness or unfitness for public office?

The question of a candidate supporting Jones or Blease is to be made an issue in this county it seems, and every candidate for office will be asked to say where he stands.

Blease says he'll put the metropolitan police in Charleston if the people there vote for Jones. Charleston voted for him two years ago and is now getting what's coming to them. But we believe they have profited by their experience, and that county will give Jones an overwhelming majority this year.

Every candidate who comes here next Saturday is entitled to a quiet, respectful hearing, so long as he conducts himself in a decent manner, and in case any speaker should so far forget himself as not to observe the proprieties of the occasion, you can be assured he will be called down at once by the county chairman. But let us have no interruption of the speakers or any howling down tactics.

There is no use to get hot over politics and fall out with your neighbor if he does not agree with you. We all have to live here together, no matter whether Jones or Blease is elected, and there is no reason why you should wound a friend for the sake of any candidate. Of course we differ, but that is to be expected. Some favor Jones and some favor Blease, and it is their right and privilege to do so. Let's remember that every man has a right to his opinion, and so long as he gives the other fellow a right to his, it is all right.

Forty Lives Lost.

Westbound Lackawanna passenger train No. 9 from New York due to arrive at Corning at 4:17 a. m., composed of two engines, a baggage car, three Pullmans and two day coaches, in the order named, was demolished at Gibson, three miles east of Corning, at 5:25 o'clock Thursday morning by express train No. 11, due at Corning at 5:10 a. m. Forty-one persons were killed and between 50 and 60 were injured. Many of the victims were holiday excursionists bound to Niagara Falls, who had boarded the train at points along the line.

The wreck was the worst in the history of the road. Its cause, according to Engineer Schroeder of the express, was the failure to see signals set against his train. The morning was foggy and he said he could not make them out.

Bride Left a Prisoner.

Edward Redding and his bride came here from Philadelphia two weeks ago on their honeymoon and registered at the hotel Clearview. He failed to pay his board bill at the end of the week, but told Mrs. Rose Megaw that he would pay the following week when he received a remittance.

When the remittance did not come Mrs. Megaw locked Mr. and Mrs. Redding in their room. In the night Redding tied sheets and quilts together, hung them out the window, dropped mattresses and pillows on the ground thirty feet below his window, slid down and made his escape.

The young wife had to stay and work out the amount of the bill. Mrs. Megaw has also caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Redding. —Atlantic City telegram to the New York Times.

CLAIMS HE'S 106 YEARS OLD.

Remarkable Case of Longevity Discussed in Calhoun County.

St. Matthews, July 6.—Alex Hibler, colored, from the western section of the county, and never seen here before, came to town to-day to consult a physician—a not unusual thing to do. But there were several very interesting features about his case. In the first place, he says he is 106 years old—born in 1806—and gives the best of evidence to substantiate his contention. His hair is white, his mind is clear and he walks and talks with facility. Smuggled off from a Virginia Hibler estate to South Carolina because of a doubtful validity to his title as a slave, he was bought by the grandfather of the present Calhoun county clerk of court, Mr. J. Archie Wolfe.

When the father of the clerk, Jacob Wolfe, went off to the War Between the States, Hibler was made foreman and put in almost exclusive control of the plantation and the trust was never betrayed in the slightest. Hibler says that he voted for Hampton in 1876 and that the white folks have always treated him well. He has sixty-odd grandchildren and forty great-grandchildren. One of his sons, according to his count and his Bible, is in his 85th year. His wife died seventeen years ago in "extreme old age."

When asked whether he was still anxious to live, he promptly replied that he knew no world but this, knew it kindly, and that he proposed to stay here—barring accidents—for a number of years to come. There is every prospect of his wish being gratified. In spite of a minor ailment there was a merry twinkle in his eye and goodly store of innate humor and mother-wit so characteristic of his race.

BOY STARTED FIRE.

Ten-Year-old Wanted to See the Engines Come.

Boston, July 6.—Because a small boy wanted "to see the engines come" the police allege, damage estimated at \$50,000 was done in the Charlestown district to-day. The Boston and Main railroad wharf No. 25, filled with hay, was destroyed and the wagon and carriage stock factory of E. A. Gillett & Sons was badly damaged.

James Welch, 10 years old, was arrested and the police say that upon being questioned, he confessed that he started the fire by throwing a lighted fire cracker into the hay in the warehouse. He was placed in charge of a probation officer and will be taken in the juvenile court later.

A Kansas Blue Law.

We are accustomed to look with amused tolerance on the blue laws of American colonial days and complacently congratulate ourselves on living in a more advanced and enlightened time. But human nature is the same now that it was then. Too many of us would regulate the private lives and affairs of others, if we could. A case in point is afforded by the town of Iola in Kansas. There the "lid" has recently been placed on the use of tobacco. Everybody detected in the act of smoking or chewing the weed is promptly arrested and fined. The sufferings of those whose systems have become habituated to the narcotic may be imagined. And their appeals to the doctors for prescriptions restoring to them their smokes and "chaws" are in vain. There was some merit in certain legislative enactments in Kansas requiring that the length of shirts and bed sheets should be increased. A short shirt tail and a short bed sheet are mighty uncomfortable. But the prohibition of tobacco is another matter. Of course, too much indulgence in the cigar or pipe is harmful. But so is too much indulgence in cucumbers and ice cream. If Iola keeps on in the path it has taken, it will soon be prohibiting striped bands on straw hats and trousers that turn up at the bottom. From that point it is not far to the enthusiasm for the right which, in the dark ages of America, caused Massachusetts to banish Roger Williams because he was a Baptist and hanged old women on the assumption that they were witches. But Iola won't go that far. The tobacco edict will not stick. As soon as the former tobacco users of Iola get second wind they will go back to the weed, even if, as happened in Zion City, they have to defend that right with their fists.—Cleveland Leader.

Railway Nearly Done.

Orangeburg, July 9.—Work on the Orangeburg railroad from Orangeburg to North is now in its last stages, practically all grading being finished and the rails being laid. The Seaboard Air Line Railway company has placed its connecting track with the Orangeburg railway and by winter the entire railroad is expected to be constructed and ready for operation. William C. Wolfe, of Orangeburg, is president of the railroad.

A FORMOSAN POCAHONTAS.

Japanese Counterpart of Capt. John Smith Tale.

A party of Formosan aboriginals of Taiyaru tribe, 53 in number, arrived at Moji on the 26th instant, on a pleasure tour through Japan under the guidance of a Japanese police inspector from Formosa. They left Moji for Kobe on the same day at noon en route for Tokyo. Among these tourists there is a young woman named Yayutsu, to whom a romantic history attaches. The story is wired to the Tokyo papers from Moji and reads as follows:

Yayutsu is thirty years old and is exceedingly clever. She is a pupil at a school in Formosa and is well skilled in sewing, reading and writing. She speaks Japanese fluently, and is versed in the tea ceremony, flower arrangement and other womanly accomplishments. Many years ago one Nakano, a chemical merchant of Kyoto, crossed over to Formosa on business. During his stay in Formosa Mr. Nakano often ventured into the depths of the forests in quest of chemical plants, and one day he was caught by the savages, put under arrest and taken to the house of the savage chieftain. A conference was held between the chief and his followers to determine how the Japanese captive should be treated, and their verdict was that he should be put to death.

Yayutsu was a daughter of the chieftain and was then in her sixteenth year. She conceived a profound pity for the prisoner, and earnestly interceded her father for his release. The father was not to be prevailed upon. He would, he said, lose face with his clan if he should allow paternal affection to interfere with the decision of the tribal conference. The girl was, however, determined to rescue Nakano and tearfully supplicated her father to set the victim free. The savage chief was so deeply touched by the tender appeals of his beloved daughter that he finally suggested that he should renounce her as his daughter so that he might incur no responsibility for her conduct even if she were to elope with the prisoner. The daughter seized the chance offered her and expressed her resolve never to return home, though she were deserted by the man she loved, unless indeed she came home with his scalp. Yayutsu and Nakano fled under cover of night to a Japanese settlement, were married, and have ever since lived happily together, Mr. Nakano pursuing his trade in Formosa.

A short time ago Mr. Nakano was taken ill and came to Japan for the sake of his health, leaving his wife in Formosa. Yayutsu recently wrote a letter to her husband requesting his permission to visit Japan, so that she might rejoin him and see the sights of Nippon. Mr. Nakano cheerfully assented to her request, and so she is now in Japan on her way to visit her husband.—Japan Admirer.

Some Advice to the Farmer.

I would like to make a few suggestions to the farmer as to how he can help in big and little ways to make his wife, as she ought to be, the happiest and best contented woman on earth.

If there is a telephone line in reach of you, have a 'phone put in your house. If there is none, get together with your neighbors and build one. It will pay you as well as give pleasure to your family.

Get to work on good roads in your community, if you haven't them already. Then get a gentle horse your wife can drive and see that it is at her disposal at least once a week. Get a buggy for her to ride in instead of having to use the old heavy farm wagon.

Subscribe for one or two good magazines for her.

Make her your business partner and consult with her about everything. The chances are she has just as much sense and business judgment as you have and she may have more.

And remember that anything you can do to increase your wife's health and happiness will increase your own and that of the whole family.—Mrs. Lillian Brooks Gatlin, in Progressive Farmer.

His Motto.

The young hopeful had secreted some bright buttons in his pocket which came from the automobile show. When Sunday-school was well under way he took one out and pinned it on his coat, feeling it an ornament. Unfortunately when the minister came around to speak to the children his nearsighted eyes were caught by the color.

"Well, Richard, I see you are wearing some motto, my lad. What does it say?"

"You read it, sir," replied Richard, hanging his head.

"But I cannot see. I haven't my glasses, son. Read it so we can all hear you."

Richard blushed. "It says, sir, 'Ain't it hell to be poor!'"

...THE....

Rexall Store

IT WILL PAY YOU TO SEEK AND PATRONIZE THE REXALL STORE. YOU CAN ALWAYS BE SURE OF RECEIVING A SQUARE DEAL and "THE MOST OF THE BEST FOR THE LEAST MONEY." LOOK FOR THE SIGN REXALL AND PATRONIZE THE STORE DISPLAYING IT. YOU WILL FIND A DRUG STORE SERVICE THAT IS AS IT OUGHT TO BE AND AS YOU WANT IT. WE BACK OUR FAITH IN REXALL REMEDIES BY PROMISING YOUR MONEY BACK IF THEY FAIL TO SATISFY YOU.

Peoples Drug Company

(THE REXALL STORE)

Everybody Is Doing It

WHAT?

Buying a supply of that Hand Painted China and Cut Glass which is now on display in the window of the Herald Book Store and which is being sold at Wholesale Cost. This is no catch, but a bona fide offer, as we will discontinue handling this line.