

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MR. L. N. BELLINGER

Tells of His Trip to the Mountains of North Carolina.—A Trip to Picolet Falls.—Experience in Mountain Climbing.

Saluda, N. C., Pace Farm, August 17, 1912.

Bamberg Herald:—Mr. Editor: Dear Sir—For some time after I arrived here I was not very well and did not feel like writing. But now I am feeling much better; can take long walks over the rough hills with not much fatigue and stronger for the next tramp. In company with another sojourner I took a jaunt of five miles to the famous Picolet Falls and back to our boarding place, making the entire trip in about five hours. This gave us about an hour to rest at the falls, to eat our lunch, drink the cold water, inhale the pure air and enjoy the grand scenery. For it is indeed a beautiful sight to stand below, look up to the sparkling waters as they rush down over rough rocks from lofty heights, shattered and broken into many cascades, as the limpid waters leap from rock to rock in their mad career. It is a scene delightful to look upon. See those huge rocks and steep cliffs covered with a dense forestry reaching high up to the summit of the mountain and with a dense foliage almost veiling from sight the sparkling waters you have come to look upon. You turn away not quite satisfied, promising yourself, if fortune favors, to come again at some future time to yet imbibe more of the beauty and grandeur which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon God's most humble creatures.

But to enjoy and take in such scenes and beautiful sights it is not without some effort on your part, for you will have some deep coves to descend or lofty hills to climb, all of which will not infrequently cause you to pause, take a long breath, and then march on to higher heights. Low down the cove see that lone cottage, there lives a mountaineer; he tells me that he has passed his four score years and more, hale and hearty, yet he could not tell me when the little log cabin in which he has lived all his life was built and still the timbers of which it is constructed are so nicely notched, hewn and placed one on another and forming a solid wall as permanent as the everlasting rocks upon which it is founded, and perfectly in accord and typical of pioneer workmanship, something that has withstood the test of time and the wreck of ages, and still it stands. Here an honest mountaineer lives a simple life. He may not have all the comforts and good things of this life, which you may count as indispensable, but his wants are few and easily satisfied. His revenue may be small but his expenditures for living are less. Hence he can look the whole world in the face for he owes no man. He pays as he goes. It looks as if he may be hard up. You pass him on the by-path. He is on his way to market and has five miles to travel. See him as he climbs up, up the steep hill side. He has a covered basket on his arm. What have you for sale? His reply: A few chickens, some eggs, and maybe a few pounds of nice butter, or vegetables, such as tomatoes as large as your fist, or Irish potatoes solid as a rock, a sack of apples, large and red, slung over his back, only 15 or 20 cents per peck. But if you want the cider go down in the cove and there you can get all you want for five cents, kept in the cold spring almost as cold as ice. The cider is fresh, cold and good, but don't do as I did, for I drank very freely, not remembering I had to climb back over the mountain, the wagon road zigzagged up the mountain side was two and one half miles to the top, but by a more direct by-path with steeper grade you could make the trip by half the distance. This we endeavored to do and thus overtake a party of ladies that were traveling in a carriage and had drank cider with us down in the cove. We soon overtook them and as we would pass them and get above, one in great glee would cry out, "Excelsior!" for truly, we were above them and making better speed than they with their span of horses, but it was hard work on our part. The day was warm, sultry, for there was but little breeze down in the cove. I thought at the time that I would never undertake such a race again, but I am rested now and ready for another tramp.

Here we are one and one-half miles from the depot at a count, farm. A nice well of water 60 feet deep, and cold as ice. A cool breeze is generally blowing. The nights are always cool and pleasant. Here at the Pace Farm quite a number are stopping, twenty or more, but there is a constant change. Some are going while others are coming in. While

not on the tramp there is much time for pleasant conversation with those from all parts of the country. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, in fact there are representatives here from every State in the South, and all trying to have a good time. We have nothing to do but to eat, rest and sleep comfortably, no mosquitoes and few flies to disturb you.

Each day some one going out for the mail and daily papers. The general topic is Jones and Blease. We see but few Blease men, but Jones men are all going home to vote; not boasting but conscientiously for a man with broad, comprehensive views that can take in the entire State, one and undivided, as it should be and no wrangling.

We are ready for the election, and let each one cast his vote with his hand on his heart, sincerely believing he is doing the very best for our dear State, with no ill will for any one that may differ from our views. And when it is over, let us have peace. L. N. BELLINGER.

Trinkets of the Dead.

In the War Department at Washington there is a vault which contains the trinkets of the dead Federal soldiers, taken from their bodies on the battlefields, where they gave up their lives for their country's sake.

It was the rule of war that when the bodies were placed in their final resting place swords, guns, watches and other articles of value were sent to Washington to be distributed among the families of the deceased.

Each package is neatly wrapped and labeled with the name of the former owner stamped upon it. Many were claimed shortly after the war, but others have remained and are still preserved in dust-covered silence.

Congress has just passed a bill which provides for the sale of these souvenirs of the battlefield. It is not done with the view of making money, but to rid the department of so much rubbish for that is really what the unclaimed goods amount to. There may be a few rings or watches of value, but the swords and pistols are only valuable as relics, and if they are sold will be sold as such.

All efforts to locate the relatives of the deceased soldiers have failed, so this is the best thing that can be done with the assorted collections of trinkets.

In the clothing of the soldiers who died on the field of battle were found photographs of mothers, daughters, sweethearts and wives. But no one knows who the originals were or where they lived and most of them have gone to join those who died on the battlefields of the South.

Under the army rule the effects of a member of the army who dies or is killed in battle are forwarded to the auditor's office and remain there until claimed. If they are not claimed they remain there forever. For this reason the vault was built and has since been enlarged to accommodate the belongings of members of the army who have died in the Philippines.

The law that has just been enacted applies to the effects of the soldiers who died in the civil war, and not the effects of those who have died since.

There is no earthly use in keeping these things any longer. If there were surviving relatives they would have claimed them long ago. The bare fact that they have remained unclaimed for 50 years is ample evidence of this. Room in the auditor's office is valuable, and to dispose of the junk to any one who desires it is a good idea.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Must Have Made Rat Dizzy.

A rat revolving at the rate of 1,500 revolutions a minute has been found detrimental to the proper operation of electrical machinery. Lizards rotating at a similar speed also are detrimental. An armature was returned recently from Costa Rica to the Crocker-Wheeler Company at Ampere, N. J., with the request that the ventilating holes be screened with gauze. The correspondent wrote:

"There are opening or holes in the end of this armature and when it is not running small animals find in it an attractive hiding place. When the power is turned on they are thrown against the casing and the centrifugal force makes a distribution of their contents, and in this way the armature is short circuited and burned out. The trouble has occurred twice, and afterward on one occasion the remains of a lizard were found, and on the other a small rat."—N. Y. Herald.

Bob. (Continued from page 3.)

and was elegantly dressed. Bob approached Bill and said:

"Do you see that man over there? That's the bishop and he's the best dressed man on the hill. Why, sir, he's got on a twenty-five-dollar broadcloth coat just exactly like mine; no difference betwixt the two, sir!"

A well known widow of means, one of the most aristocratic ladies of the Saltkeatchie, gave on one occasion a sumptuous dinner and private ball. Her home was exquisitely elegant, her guests well selected, and Bob was invited as clown or fun-maker to the crowd; a jester, such as we read about in the by gone days of gallantry and chivalry. The dinner was elegant, the mazy waltz was beautiful "and all went merry as a marriage bell." Bob danced frequently during the evening, but he was Don Quixote at Don Antonio's ball, and his chat, or talk was as funny as his figures were ludicrous. The weather was warm, and Bob, owing to the violent exercise, perspired freely.

In those days cloth was not as plentiful as now, and many men of small means took advantage of a very economical style of dress, then fashionable, by wearing a very fine shirt front over a much less valuable fabric, commonly and correctly called a dicky. When Bob retired that night he found that his false shirt front was wet with perspiration, it was spread in an open window to dry, and during the night a puff of wind carried it away. Next morning poor Bob was minus a dicky, and like Bo-Peep, he knew not where to find it. Down stairs he went, and the first persons he met was the hostess herself with a bevy of charming young ladies. Addressing the hostess he said:

"Madam, I am in a miserable and shocking condition this morning. Last night when I lay down my dicky was as wet as a dish-rag and I spread it out on the winder-sill to dry. This morning, mam, that dicky has departed and I would be pleased to know if you have seen it, for I need it sorely."

It is needless to say that he got a fresh dicky instanter.

Bob bought a farm on the Saltkeatchie. The papers had been drawn up, a notary public was taking the jurat, and signed it as he should, "notary public" below his own signature.

"Write that thing out complete," said Bob. "Make it 'notorious and be done with it. Also write out the L. S. as you should. Let it read 'long standing'! I do hate and detest this way you legal men have got abbreviating all you can. It's wrong and ridiculous."

"How are your folks?" asked one of his friends of Bob one morning.

"Why, sir, one of my boys got shot the other day and he is in a deplorable condition; and he was hit in the most dangerous place known—in the abominable regions and caboose, kerdap!"

When Bob was a young man he paid, or tried to pay court to the lovely daughter of Captain Jim. It was nuts for the captain, but gall for the girl. She could not get rid of him by fair means, so she resorted to foul. In spreading up the bed in which Bob was to sleep, she spread underneath the sheet a basket of dry holly leaves. The holly leaf, it will be remembered, has several thorns or briars on it which prick like pins. When Bob lay down that night he found out that he was not "on flowery beds of ease," but rather on one of sore discomfort. In relating the escapade he said:

"I let you know, sir, I lit in, and before you could say Jack Roberson, I lit out."

When commercial fertilizers first appeared upon the market, farmers bought them carefully. Bob bought one bag, which was 200 pounds, and was pleased with results. In relating his experience with it he said:

"Gentlemen, I used a whole bag last year, and it proved fatal, very fatal, and this year I mean to use it very extensively, for I shall buy three whole bags, so help me Lord, provided money can buy such a vast quantity."

Bob had a brother named Bill, and in Bob's eyes Bill was the ideal preacher. In speaking of him, Bob said:

"Why, gentlemen, brother Bill is a wonder, a miracle, a phenomenon! Look where he started, being only a cavorter; next he was a locust preacher, and now he is a circus rider. He went out in Mississippi the other day and he preached the most wonderful sermon, sir, the world has ever heard. It brought sinners from a distance, sir; shook the very ground, splintered the cedars of Lebanon, split the oaks of Bashan, uprooted the Banyan tree, was four hours long and it could be heard four miles all around the church, sir! A masterly effort it was, sir." A. W. BRABHAM.

ACCUSES BROTHER-IN-LAW. Young Woman Says Relative Tried to Kill Her.

Birmingham, Ala., Aug. 16.—Miss Willis Yielding, of Oneonta, Ala., is probably fatally injured by a bullet that took effect just below the heart, and R. S. Couch and John Beveridge are in jail charged with attempt to murder as the result of a shooting in a local hotel.

Miss Yielding charged that Couch, who is her brother-in-law, fired the shot and that the two men induced her to go to the hotel with the intention of killing her. Couch claims the shot was accidental.

Miser Died from Poison.

Harrisonburg, Va., Aug. 17.—Arsenic placed in coffee by unknown persons caused the death of Geo. B. Nicholas, an eccentric Rockingham county miser, according to the verdict returned to-day by a coroner's jury. A broken package of arsenic was found in the house. No arrests have been made yet, but sensational developments are expected.

The vagaries of Nicholas, who, although reputed to be worth more than \$280,000, dressed in rags and lived virtually the life of a recluse, had long been a source of speculation. Besides himself, the only other occupant of the lonely farm house was Jane Hopkins, who had served as the miser's housekeeper for 25 years. She drank of the same pot of coffee which killed her employer and was made so desperately ill that her life was despaired of for several days.

USE OF CALOMEL PRACTICALLY STOPPED.

For Bilious Attacks, Constipation and All Liver Troubles. Dangerous Calomel Gives Way to Dodson's Liver Tone.

Every druggist in the State has noticed a great falling off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is often dangerous and people know it, while Dodson's Liver Tone is perfectly safe and gives better results," says Peoples Drug Store.

Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by Peoples Drug Store who sell it. A large bottle costs 50 cents, and if it fails to give easy relief in every case of sluggishness, you have only to ask for your money back. It will be promptly returned.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant tasting, purely vegetable remedy—harmless to both children and adults. A bottle in the house may save you a day's work or keep your children from missing school. Keep your liver working and your liver will not keep you from working.

DR. J. G. BOOZER DENTIST, DENMARK.

Graduate Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, Class 1907. Member South Carolina Dental Association.

Office Rooms 1-2 Citizens Exchange Bank Building. Hours: 9-12 and 2-5 every day.

J. F. Carter B. D. Carter

CARTER & CARTER Attorneys-at-Law BAMBERG, S. C.

Special attention given to settlement of estates and investigation of land titles.

W. P. RILEY

Fire, Life Accident

INSURANCE BAMBERG, S. C.

A WAY OPEN.

Many a Bamberg Reader Knows it Well.

There is a way open to convince the greatest skeptic. Scores of Bamberg people have made it possible. The public statement of their experience is proof the like of which has never been produced before in Bamberg. Read this case of it given by a citizen:

N. B. Adams, Main St., Bamberg, S. C., says: "For more than a year I suffered from attacks of backache and I also had pains through my loins. The kidney secretions were bothersome, being too frequent in passage and sometimes I noticed that they looked unnatural. Finally I got a supply of Doan's Kidney Pills from the People's Drug Co., and a few weeks after I began their use, I was entirely relieved. I most heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills." (Statement given March 12, 1908.) No Trouble Since.

On January 26, 1911, Mr. Adams said: "I gladly verify my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills, for kidney trouble has never bothered me since I used this remedy. You may continue to use my name as a reference." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

\$15.00 suits now \$11.25, all wool, fit guaranteed. Write F. G. MERTINS, Augusta, Ga.

Highest prices paid for beef cattle. H. G. DELK, Bamberg, S. C.

The South Carolina Co-Educational Institute LOCATED AT EDGEFIELD

will begin its twenty-second session on September 26th. Colonel Bailey has been President of the Institution all these years and has associated with him a large experienced faculty of 14 instructors.

Last session students attended this school from all over South Carolina and five other States. The dormitories are always filled to the utmost capacity and each year the school grows in favor with the people.

The buildings are of brick and furnished with



everything that is necessary for carrying on a high grade institution.

Graduates of the S. C. C. I. can be found all over South Carolina, filling positions of honor and trust.

If you contemplate patronizing this institution it is important that you communicate with the president as early as possible, it is always necessary to engage rooms before the session begins.

COL. F. N. K. BAILEY PRESIDENT

EDGEFIELD, SOUTH CAROLINA

CHEAP RATES GOODS DELIVERED

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

Ladies Must Have Attention As Men

Uncle Sam's Pressing, Laundry & Hat Cleaning Parlor

provides for all. We represent the largest laundry in the State and will satisfy all. We also clean, press and mend all Ladies' and Men's garments at a cheap rate. No tearing, scorching or burning, all work is guaranteed when once in the hands of Uncle Sam's Pressing, Laundry and Hat Cleaning Parlor.

F. K. GRAHAM, Proprietor

UP-TO-DATE WORKMEN WORK GUARANTEED.

CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES STORM PROOF

They interlock and overlap each other in such a way that the hardest driving rain or snow cannot sift under them. Won't pulsate or rattle in wind-storms. They're also fire-proof, will last as long as the building, and never need repairs. We have local representatives almost everywhere, but if none in your immediate locality, write us direct for samples, prices and full particulars.

CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING COMPANY Philadelphia, Pa. 50 North 23d Street

The Cream of the Coffee Crop

Specially imported; specially prepared in New Orleans, America's Good Coffee Capital; specially packed in dainty, damp-proof, dust-proof, freshness-preserving cans; a VERY SPECIAL coffee of top-notch perfection Sold by only one dealer in this town.

VOTAN COFFEE

At its price you cannot duplicate its quality; at twice its price you cannot find a better. We recommend and sell this coffee exclusively.

W. P. HERNDON & BRO.

Sole Agents

Improved Saw Mills. LOMBARD

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY ENGINES AND BOILERS

FRANCIS F. CARROLL Attorney-at-Law Office in Hoffman Building GENERAL PRACTICE. BAMBERG, S. C.

G. MOYE DICKINSON INSURANCE AGENT

WILL WRITE ANYTHING Fire, Tornado, Accident, Liability, Casualty, in the strongest and most reliable companies.

Phone No. 10-B. Bamberg, S. C.