

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Visiting in This City and at Other Points.

—Mr. G. A. Lucas, of Aiken, spent a few days in the city this week.

—Mr. J. D. Thomas, of the Cope section, was in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. Vernon Brabham, of Columbia, was in the city last Friday.

—Mr. A. W. Brabham, of the Buford's Bridge section, was in the city Tuesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bruce and son spent Sunday in Branchville with relatives.

—Rev. P. K. Rhoad, of Antreville, is visiting relatives in the Hunter's Chapel section.

—Mrs. B. T. Houser, who has been visiting relatives here, left for Walterboro last Thursday.

—Mr. Carl Kirsch, who is now teaching school at Jamison, spent Saturday and Sunday in the city with his parents.

—Dr. Averett, proprietor of the Linwood Drug Co., of Birmingham, Ala., spent a few hours in the city Monday on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owens.

—Mr. G. W. Garland, who has been at an infirmary in Georgia for several weeks for treatment, returned home Sunday, much improved in health. His many friends are glad to see him back.

TO THE LOCAL POET.

Where, oh where will the wild Rose be?
When Local Poet muses all alone
She with her charms and sweetest grace
Some other home will she adorn.
For poets seldom wed, you know;
The flowers they love and rave about,
These wild flowers, full of tender charm,
Smile but let the poet down and out.

So, Local Poet, be not dismayed
Your fellow mortals can attest,
Too true, too true, 'tis but man's lot
To oftentimes lose, but then 'tis best.
Sing on, sweet poet, 'tis but a dream,
This song of the beautiful Rose,
Brought forth to cheer some lonely heart,
Drink deep to her, and say, "here goes."

For dreary would be this life of ours
Without the theme and love, who knows
That leads to the song and dream
Of wooing and losing the beautiful Rose.

—OLD TIMER.

ANATOMICAL MYSTERIES.

While poring o'er the daily press
Such items strange we read,
It looks as though the human form
Had changed its shape, indeed!

We note a horde of hornets stung
Jim Jones in his back yard,
(Could any doctor locate that?
It might be passing hard!)

Bill White's cow hooked him in the barn!
Miss Nancy Collins's cat
On the piazza scratched her deep!
(What DO you make of that?)

There's tragedy lurks in this fact,
That dear Great Grandma Standing
On Sunday morning, fell and bruised
Herself upon the landing!

A savage dog bit Peter Jenks
Upon the public square!
(Perhaps some wise physician
That spot may locate. Where.)

I've searched through physiologies,
Consulted my M. D.
No one seems wise enough to tell
Just where these hurts may be!

—N. Y. Times.

What to Do on Farm.

1. Sow wheat and oats; get the oats in as soon as possible; treat seed of both crops with formalin or bluestone if smutty, and look for cheat and other weed seeds.
2. Keep on sowing cover crops; still time to sow rye, vetch, crimson clover; also rape and white turnips.
3. Put the turning plows to work, especially on clay soils; if you subsoil, this is the time for it.
4. Take special care of the land to prevent winter washing; fix up terraces, open out ditches, etc.; underdrain where it is needed.
5. Get the corn and corn stover under shelter early; look after all late crops that will make feed.
6. Store the cotton under shelter; keep it picked off as closely as practicable.
7. Get the land ready for planting fruit trees, berries, grapes, etc.; plant winter garden crops.
8. Increase the hog's grain ration; feed the cows liberally enough to keep them from failing with their milk.
9. Put the apples, potatoes and other fruits and vegetables safely away; if you are without a good place to keep them, there is still time to prepare it.
10. Talk with your neighbors about the roads and see if you cannot stay out of the mud this winter; at least arrange things so that the yard and barn yard will not be muddy.—Progressive Farmer.

Commission Government Loses.

East St. Louis, Ill., Oct. 22.—The commission form of government was defeated to-day by a vote of 4,618 to 3,304.

CAUGHT BULLET IN TEETH.

Nashville Man's Dental Equipment Up to the Mark.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 19.—James Green was accidentally shot here to-day by J. M. Weinberger, a grocer. The weapon used was a .22 calibre rifle. The bullet struck Green on the end of his nose and was caught between his teeth. Green spit the bullet out and is but slightly injured.

Green passed a window and seeing Weinberger said: "Hello Dutch-Weinberger said: "Hello, Dutchman." Weinberger responded "Hello, Irish." Weinberger picked up the rifle and pointed it at Green. The weapon was accidentally discharged.

Long Makes Statement.

The Gastonia Gazette is in receipt of the following letter from Hugh Long an account of whose experiences at Wagener, S. C., has already appeared in this paper, and publishes it believing that it will prove of great interest to his hosts of friends in Gaston:

Columbia, S. C.
The Gazette, Gastonia, N. C.

My Dear Sirs: Please excuse me for not answering your telegram to me at Aiken. I have had an experience that surpasses many of the stories, but it is too long to tell unless I had the time and a good typewriter, and my typewriter was torn up by the drunken mob. I do not care to make a statement for publication other than to say that I have done only that which saved my own life. It is much better for my defense than the public yet knows. I will give bond in a few days and take a trip to North Carolina. I was so worried by all kinds of callers in Aiken who wanted to see me from curiosity, wanted to give me money, cigars, etc., that I decided to come to the penitentiary night before last.

I have the friendship and sympathy of probably 75 to 90 per cent. of the people of Aiken county and the mob was a drunken crowd incited by eight or ten men who led them. I don't care for any newspaper article on the subject, only you may assure my friends in Gaston county that I am all right now and will not be subjected to any punishment for the killing and that I will be a member of the next South Carolina legislature.

I appreciate the interest of my friends. I will later tell the whole story and it would make a thrilling novel but just now I am still suffering some from the secret assault and for other reasons prefer to be quiet. With many thanks,

HUGH LONG.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Long returned last night from Aiken, S. C., where they had been with their son, Mr. Hugh Long, whose trouble is told in this paper. Mr. Hugh Long's wife and baby accompanied them home. Mr. Long said that he found affairs better than he expected, and that the facts are such as to make the shooting of Pickets Gunter by Hugh Long an act of self-defense. Gunter attacked Long it is said while Long was reading a paper, struck him on the back of the head with a stick and knocked him down and jumped on him and was beating him terribly when the shot was fired. Long's face is badly bruised and swollen and Mr. Long says that he does not see how his son could see to fire a shot so badly beaten are his eyes and face. Mr. Long has not been locked up in jail, but has merely been under guard in the sitting room. He is now in the penitentiary at Columbia, having left yesterday for that place. Mr. Long says that he is sure his son will be at home in a few days, as he will be allowed to give bail.—Monroe Enquirer.

Who is he that cometh out of Edam with dyed garments from Bozara?—Jeremiah.

A HYMN.

Tune: "Harp," or Amazing Grace, etc.
'Tis He, the spotless Prince of Peace,
To save the souls of men,
To give to each in life surcease
And Heaven in the end.

To purify each soul of man,
To lift him from the mire,
To learn each one to understand
The ways that lead up higher.

Up to the courts where glories shine
Like pearly tints of morn,
Before the magic King divine,
Before his glorious throne.

Where all the saints of ages sing,
In spotless white arrayed;
The praises of an endless spring,
And of an endless shade.

Where beauty is forever queen,
And love is God of all—
The landscape rich in emerald green,
Ne'er seared by frosts of fall.

Where songs in symphonies are sung,
Trilled by seraphic choir—
Songs from an endless fountain sprung,
Attuned by Heavenly lyre.

Then will we heed or will we hear
The words of Prince of Peace,
Or will we turn no listening ear,
And welcome not surcease?

—A. W. BRABHAM.
Olar, S. C., Oct. 20.

Advertisers must give us copy for their ads. not later than Tuesday morning.

WAS THE LAST SLAVER.

Voyage of the Wanderer for Cargo of Negroes a Disastrous Venture.

The Wanderer, in 1859, was the vessel that landed the last cargo of African slaves in the United States. This ship was built in New York in 1856 by Joseph G. Bayless for J. T. Johnson, a member of the New York Yacht Club. Shortly after the Wanderer was launched from the ways of Bayless's shipyard Johnson sold it to a Captain Corrie, who retained it until the year 1859. It was about this time that Charles A. L. Lamar, of Savannah, Ga., a young man of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic of Southern families, decided to make the experiment of bringing a cargo of slaves from the west coast of Africa, landing them at some point on the southern coast of the United States.

This adventurous and daring young man was tempted to undertake this risky enterprise by the enormous profits awaiting those who succeeded in landing negroes in America without attracting the attention of the courts and officers. The importation of slaves had been outlawed in this country for nearly half a century, and such was the vigilance of the British, French, and American war vessels patrolling the west African coast and in running down suspicious craft that few other than the most daring, not to say foolhardy, cared to run the risk of a slave voyage.

Lamar took into his confidence Captain McGee, of Columbia, Ga., Richard Dickerson, of Richmond, Va., and Captain Egbert Farnum, a former mail rider and Indian fighter. Proceeding to New York, these men purchased the Wanderer from Corrie, joined the New York Yacht club, spent money lavishly and in such a manner as to render themselves extremely popular with the "smart set" of that period. Lamar ordered Farnum to take the Wanderer to Charleston, S. C., telling his friends he intended to set out from that port on a pleasure cruise to China. The same report was industriously circulated at Charleston, where, a few weeks later, Lamar and his friends joined Farnum. In the late spring of 1859 they set sail for parts known only to themselves.

The voyage to the mouth of the Congo river, on the west African coast, occupied about twice the needful period, owing chiefly to the fact that Lamar was obliged to steer clear of a great many vessels he had no desire to meet. The ship's destination was, however, reached in safety, since it entered the Congo river unobserved by the warships patrolling the coast. The anchor of the Wanderer had barely settled in the river's mud before Lamar and his associates were bargaining with the native chiefs and half-caste Portuguese slave traders for the delivery at a point known as Brazzaville of 400 or more negroes.

The negotiations scarcely were concluded when a curious incident happened, an incident that brought out the wonderful self-possession, resourcefulness and cleverness of Lamar. The meeting with the chiefs and traders had just adjourned and the owners of the Wanderer were stepping from the yawl to the yacht when a British man-of-war appeared in the river, anchoring only a few hundred yards from the slave. The moment Lamar caught sight of that vessel he ordered the crew of the yawl back to their oars, and with Farnum struck out for the representative of Her Britannic Majesty on the high seas. He mounted the ladder of the man-of-war, and, proceeding straight to the cabin, introduced himself to the officers, conducted himself in a manner so thoroughly agreeable that the officers would not hear to his returning until late that night. To meet an educated gentleman in that wilderness of naked savages and sordid slave hunters they declared was a real treat so rarely enjoyed that they proposed to make the best of it while it lasted. The next day Lamar arranged a dinner in honor of the British officers, a dinner that was given on board the Wanderer. He had completely disarmed their suspicions by stating that, as a gentleman of wealth, he and some friends were making a pleasure cruise to India.

This dinner was a great success. Champagne flowed like water and every one except Lamar became drunk. While the revel was at its height Lamar asked one of the guests if he did not think the Wanderer would make a capital slaver, a sally which excited uproarious laughter and applause among Her Britannic Majesty's representatives, who declared that Lamar was a trump. That night the man-of-war sailed away in pursuit of an imaginary slaver that, according to reports that Lamar had previously set in circulation, was down the coast loading negroes.

The rest of the story is soon told. The Wanderer ran up to Brazzaville,

Syrup Barrels, Bottles, and Jugs For Sale Cheap

We have a large quantity of these goods on hand, and we are going to sell them cheap. The very thing you have been looking for for syrup. Buy them now and carry them home, so that you will be ready to grind cane and make syrup any time.

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C. R. Brabham's Sons BAMBERG, S. C.

MAKES A GREAT CHANGE.

Called from a Barber Shop to a College Professor.

A dispatch from Greenville says it is believed there that the assertion may be safely ventured that Greenville is the only city in existence, certainly on this continent, that has had a citizen called from the vocation of barber to a professorship of Latin in a college or university.

In 1884, G. A. Poetz came to Greenville from the Black Forest region of Germany, soon after the arrival in this city of Prof. Adolf Von Fingerlin, who taught at one time in Furman University. Prof. Von Fingerlin is now in California and he has called Mr. Poetz to join him in his university work there, knowing him even as a young man to have been proficient in Latin.

G. A. Poetz was the first white barber to open for business in Greenville, and probably the first in South Carolina. As a young man he came to this city, and for years in his leisure he has pursued his linguistic studies, until now at the age of 40 he is said to be one of the most proficient men in Latin in this country. During his citizenship here, he gained the confidence of everyone, and good wishes of innumerable friends go with him into his new home and his new field of work.

Geo. C. Mills, of Chattanooga, Tenn., died in Greenville on Wednesday from an overdose of laudanum, supposed to have been taken with suicidal intent. He was a foreman of the West Construction company, 47 years old and leaves a wife and two children.

took on 400 negroes, set sail for the United States and landed them on the coast of Georgia. Lamar's plan was to scatter the negroes about on a number of plantations until a favorable moment arrived to sell them. He succeeded in the first part of this programme, but not in the last. The friends upon whom he depended turned traitors; he was arrested, haled before the Federal courts, and the negroes from whose sale he counted upon reaping a fortune were seized by the United States marshal pending orders from the court. Such, however, was not the case with all the blacks. Over one-third of them were appropriated, hidden, sold, etc., by those whom Lamar regarded as friends, and upon whom he relied for the successful execution of his plan.—N. Y. Press.

GREEK MEETS DEATH.

Anastash Mavrodes, of Charleston, Electrocuted in Cafe.

The News and Courier says Anastash Mavrodes, a Greek storekeeper and one of the volunteers who have agreed to return to Greece to fight against the Turks, received a fatal shock, from which he died an hour later, when he attempted Sunday afternoon to manipulate an electric fan in his cafe at the corner of Archdale and Beaufain streets.

After 6:10 o'clock Mavrodes was seen to go to the hanging bulb which is used in regulating the current of the electric fan by means of a push button. As soon as he grasped the small bulb he was hurled to the floor and when assistance reached him he was found lying near the street door unconscious with the bulb held tightly in his hand.

Medical attention was quickly summoned, but despite the efforts of two physicians and the use of oxygen air apparatus Mavrodes was practically dead when he was removed to the hospital. However the physicians did not give up hope until all expedients had been exhausted.

Witnesses who were in the neighborhood at the time say that a telegraph pole on the northeast corner of Beaufain and Archdale streets gave forth a flame at precisely the same moment that Mavrodes received the shock.

How Mavrodes could have received such a severe shock from the bulb, which carries a voltage of only 110, was puzzling the Consolidated officials when asked about the matter. Employees of the company visited the scene and made an investigation, but could find nothing to account for the Greek's death, the wire being apparently in its normal condition. President Gadsden, however, stated last night that an official investigation would be held.

Mavrodes was the proprietor of a cafe and pool room, which he had conducted for several years at the place where he met death. He was one of the many Greeks who are waiting to return to their native country to bear arms against Turkey and was making arrangements to go with a party of Greeks who will leave Charleston to-day for the old country. He was about 35 years old and is survived by a widow and other relatives.

A man may lose without squealing but he can't win without bragging.

NOVEL METHOD OF HAZING.

Freshmen Locked in Box Stalls Like Horses and Fed on Oats.

Twenty-four freshmen of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, their faces painted black, their coats turned inside out their trousers rolled up well above their knees, spent last Friday night locked in separate box stalls at Pimlico. Not only did the freshies sleep like horses, but they had been put through the paces of race horses prior to being locked up. Around the outside of the track stood Juniors on guard with huge whips, so that in case any of the human race horses became fractious they would be easily whipped back into the races.

They were fed on corn and oats.

The Clemson college cadets, 700 strong, will go down the 28th to Columbia and will remain in camp there during the week of the State fair.

READ THIS.

BANELLA cures dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness. First dose helps. Indorsed by physicians. After using ten days if not satisfied return medicine and get your money. 45 days treatment \$1.00. For sale by Peoples Drug Co., and elsewhere.

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Our shop is now open and we are prepared to do first-class work on short notice. Remember we make a specialty of horseshoeing. Our prices are moderate and all work is guaranteed.

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