

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 representing an investment of \$10,000 and upwards.

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Advertisements—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion, subsequent insertions 50 cents per inch. Legal advertisements at the rates allowed by law. Local reading notices 10 cents a line each insertion. Wants and other advertisements under special head, 1 cent a word each insertion. Liberal contracts made for three, six, and twelve months. Write for rates. Obituaries, tributes of respect, resolutions, cards of thanks, and all notices of a personal or political character are charged for as regular advertising. Contracts for advertising not subject to cancellation after first insertion.

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, Oct. 31, 1912.

We certainly wouldn't want a man like Pope Havird turned loose in a community where we lived.

The New York Sun's estimate of a gentleman has been going the rounds of the State press recently. Frankly, does any one know of such a man?

Keep your eye on the coming session of the general assembly. It will be interesting to note what kind of a record will be made along the line of economy.

Be sure to vote against the asylum bond issue next Tuesday. If the tax payers vote a million dollar bond issue for the asylum next thing they will be called on to vote about the same amount for a new State house.

We believe the parcels post, to be inaugurated the first of the coming year, will be a great thing for the country newspapers, for it is going to force the home merchants to advertise if they want to compete with the mail order houses.

It looks to us mightily like there was something back of the arrest of the three parties in Greenville charged with assisting in the escape of Vaughn. He was of course assisted in making his escape, but it will take more than his unsupported word to make us believe anything against anybody.

One of the smallest things we have heard of recently was the action of the commissioners of election in Marlboro and Orangeburg counties refusing to publish the notices of election in the Pee Dee Advocate and the Times and Democrat. Those papers supported Judge Jones, and the action of the commissioners was in the way of revenge we guess. We have not noticed similar action in other counties.

Roosevelt's new party claims to be strictly a white man's party in the South, yet in the North negroes are admitted. There were several negro delegates in the New York State convention, and they forced the convention to adopt a plank in the platform protesting against discrimination against negroes in hotels and cafes. How many South Carolina men who are supporting Roosevelt would like to stop at a hotel with their wives and daughters where negroes were premitted?

We must say that it looks like prohibition has been and still is a failure in Bamberg county. Conditions seem to be growing worse so far as lawlessness and crime is concerned, but whether prohibition is the real reason we are not prepared to say. However, it is certain that there are more murder cases to be tried at the coming term of court than ever before, and several of these killings are directly traceable to whiskey. There is a reason for such a heavy criminal docket at this court, and no doubt different people will have different solutions of the problem. It will hardly be claimed, however, that prohibition has been productive of good results in Bamberg county, no matter how much opposed to whiskey one may be. Is it not time for the good people to become aroused to conditions?

Cotton Market.

Cotton is selling in Bamberg today (Wednesday) at 11 cents the pound. The receipts for the week ending Tuesday night were 633 bales, and for the season 6,524.

HORRIBLE DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

Negro Kills Another and Then Sends Load Through His Heart.

Bowman, Oct. 25.—A double tragedy occurred yesterday on Mr. D. C. Pendarvis's plantation in upper Dorchester county, near the Orangeburg county line, the victims both being negro men with families, working share crops with Mr. Pendarvis.

From information that could be gathered the parties were at work and it is said that Jule Bowman, one of the victims, took up a shotgun, and walked up to Jule Jones who was near by and shot him at close range, almost blowing the entire head from the body, causing instant death.

Bowman then, it is stated, started towards his house not far off, and after going a short distance sat down, pulled off one shoe and taking the string from it, tied it to one of his toes and the other end to the trigger of his gun and placing it to his left side fired the weapon, the load entering the body near his heart and causing death instantly.

It is said that there was no quarrelling or any words passed previous to the shooting. Mr. Olin P. Evans, Carrier R. F. D. No. 3 from Bowman, passed the place at the time of the tragedy. The coroner of Dorchester county was notified and an inquest was held that afternoon, but nothing further was obtainable as to the evidence, or finding of the jury as to the cause of tragedy. It is indeed a remarkable case and unparalleled in this entire section of the country. A negro suicide is indeed rare anywhere.

NEGRO FIRES UPON CONSTABLE.

But is Himself Shot by Edgefield Officer—Caught at Johnston.

Edgefield, Oct. 29.—Yesterday afternoon Constable Moultrie, of this place, armed with a warrant, went to the home of Herlder Jones, a negro man, to arrest him. Jones lives several miles in the country, and it was dark when the officer reached his residence. On reaching the house he found the door fastened. He demanded that the negro come forward and surrender. This he refused to do, whereupon the officer started to enter the house, and as he did so the negro made his exit, gun in hand. Again he was ordered to surrender, the command being answered by a shot fired upon Mr. Moultrie, and although the men were in close proximity the one to the other, the lead went wild of its mark. The firing was returned by the officer, inflicting two wounds upon the negro. Mr. Moultrie, who had emptied his pistol, and was practically at the mercy of Jones, telephoned to town for assistance, which was responded to by several citizens. On arriving at the scene the negro could not be found, and this morning it develops that, after being shot, he hurriedly went to Johnston where he now is under the care of a physician. It is not thought that his wounds are dangerous. But for the darkness it is very probable that Mr. Moultrie would have lost his life. Matters of this kind are of very rare occurrence in this county.

HANS, JR., & HANS, SR., DEPART.

Little Stowaway and His Father Begin Voyage Across Seas.

As the British steamer Moorlands cleared the wharves of the Rogers-McCabe Company yesterday afternoon and sailed out of Charleston harbor, loaded with cotton for Bremen, a little blue-eyed boy stood out on the stern of the big ship and waved his handkerchief in farewell. The little fellow was no other than Hans Praedicker, the eight-year-old German boy who came as a stowaway to this country to hunt rabbits. Along with Hans on his return trip is his father, and both go back much against their own wishes.

Hans, Jr., has experienced many adventures, and has achieved several columns of newspaper notoriety since coming to this country. Although he has spent most of his time here in the county jail as a trespasser against the immigration laws, he made lots of friends, some of whom offered to adopt him. This, however, the immigration laws prevented. He has to return to Germany and wait until his father can bring him back in a legitimate manner.

Little Hans showed his manners when he shook hands with Jailer Bennett and Assistant Levy, and thanked them for the kindness that they showed him while he was in the prison. Neither did he forget Mrs. Levy, the kind wife of the assistant jailer, or the other members of the jail force. A number of German ladies called at the jail yesterday morning to bid Hans good-bye, and when the little fellow left he carried with him several packages containing delicious eatables given him by these friends that called to tell him good-bye.—News and Courier, Oct. 30.

BOY CHOIR SINGER A BURGLAR.

Has Sweet Smile and a Long Record of Crime.

A well-dressed boy, says a New York special, with a bright, honest face, sauntered through Woodbine street, Brooklyn, last evening and at Central avenue Detective Thomas J. Cavanaugh, of the Ralph avenue station, hurried up to him and said:

"Well, Raymond Beck, I see you are back at your old tricks again. How many burglaries have you committed since you escaped from the Juvenile Protectory at Dobbs Ferry, October 12?"

The boy laughed and remarked, calmly:

"So you've got me again, have you, Cavanaugh? I'll tell you one thing. It's well for you that you didn't come on me when I was healed. You'd never have lived to make another arrest."

Cavanaugh caught the boy and searched him. It has been known for days that the Brooklyn choir singer, son of a respectable family, living at No. 7 Cypress avenue, who turned burglar a year ago, when 14, was armed.

Boy's Amazing Boldness.

The boldness this boy displays in his burglaries was such that for months during the summer and fall of 1911 he puzzled the police. At night he would play checkers with his father or mother until bedtime. Then he would go to his room only to sneak out later and rob a house. He was captured after robbing the home of Mrs. Mary Sterns at No. 972 Greene avenue, where he took several hundred dollars worth of jewelry and cash, and two theater tickets.

He used these theater tickets and his arrest resulted. He then confessed to twenty or more robberies.

That Raymond Beck, "the sweet-faced boy singer," as he was called, was the burglar who so puzzled the police was not believed until he confessed. First he was sent to the juvenile asylum at Chauncey, N. Y., but it could not hold him, so cunning was he, and he escaped from there March 16. He was captured and sent to the Juvenile Protectory at Dobbs Ferry.

As soon as he escaped from there a series of puzzling robberies began. Monday afternoon Mrs. Stern's home was robbed again, the thief using the exact methods used in the robbery a year ago. She went to Capt. Kuhne at the Ralph avenue, station and said: "If that Beck boy were not in the protectory I would say he committed this second robbery."

"But he isn't in the protectory. He has escaped."

Robs More Houses.

The next day Mrs. Gertrude Belgard's home, at No. 399 Jefferson avenue, was robbed of money, jewelry and a revolver.

A series of robberies were reported by the residents of Woodbine avenue. Two or three houses were entered almost every day, and Cavanaugh kept watch on that section of Brooklyn in the hopes of catching Raymond.

The boy was taken into Capt. Kuhne's office and searched and jewelry belonging to Mrs. Belgard was found in his pockets.

"Sure, I did all those robberies," Raymond said to Capt. Kuhne, according to Kuhne's statement later: "I'd have done a lot more, too, if it hadn't been for this cop. He turned the same trick on me a year ago and I'll get him yet. See if I don't."

The boy was asked why it was impossible for him to reform. He burst out laughing and cursed Kuhne and Cavanaugh for preaching to him.

NOTE LEFT BY SUICIDE.

Further Details of Death of F. M. Brown, of Brunson.

Brunson, Oct. 29.—Mr. F. M. Brown, a citizen of Brunson, was found dead in his back yard at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, his body reclining against the outer wall of an out house, his clothing drenched with blood from a wound in his mouth and head where a pistol ball had passed through from the mouth to back of the skull. His pistol was close by his side with a freshly emptied chamber.

A note written by Brown was close by his side, sealed and directed to Local Magistrate Dowling as follows: "Get my shop book and collect what is on it and give it to my wife. Keep enough for your trouble. No one will refuse to pay you, it is for my wife and children, not for me. As this is the last thing I can ask you to do please do that for my wife. Good-bye."

The deceased left a wife and three little children. His parents, brothers and sisters live in the vicinity of Brunson.

A few months ago a younger brother met a violent death in the State of New York as a soldier in the U. S. army.

His aged father is a veteran of the Confederate war.

WOMEN SAW SHIP DUEL.

Thousands Witnessed the Fight Between the Monitor and Merrimac.

A great deal is being said about Mrs. Pickett—as Miss Sally Corbell being the only woman who saw the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor.

As a matter of fact, thousands of women saw it, and thousands are alive to-day, who, as young girls, were eye-witnesses to this memorable fight, to say nothing of those on the opposite shore within the radius of Newport News and Old Point, writes S. T. Campo, of Norfolk, Va., to the Washington Post.

Said an admiral of the navy: "I will recall the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor. I was a little fellow 10 years of age, visiting my uncle in Norfolk, who lived in a large brick house with a flat roof near the water. As a child I played at sailing. I remember how my uncle dragged me up-stairs to the roof, on which there was a platform, where, with his field glasses, he loved to look out over Hampton Roads. He jumped me up on this platform and sprang up after me, and taking me in his arms adjusted the spy glasses and told me to look at the ships afloat. I looked long and earnestly.

"Presently he said: 'What do you see?' Breathless and eager, I replied, 'I see specks, uncle—little specks.' 'Specks!' he roared. Then adjusting the glass, he demanded, 'What do you see now?' 'Oh! uncle, I see millions and millions of people on the houses, on the shore and everywhere!' 'H—!' he exclaimed, 'you'll make a devil of a sailor.'

"I see him now, tall and slim, like the mast of a ship, standing 6 feet 4, his figure outlined against the sky, his field glass in his hand, looking out over Hampton Roads. On coming down from the roof my uncle learned that my aunt and cousins had harnessed the horses to the carriage and driven away to Sewalls Point."

The initiative was between the Merrimac, a sister ship of the Cumberland, which lay close up to Newport News, guarding the camp at that place, and the wooden ships of the United States navy lying in the Roads. The Turtle, formerly the frigate Merrimac, now reconstructed by the Confederates at the Portsmouth navy yard and named the Virginia, steamed silently and secretly out of the navy yard at Portsmouth, and as she crept along, with scarcely a ripple on the water, the people on the wharves and along the river front of the two cities stood wide-eyed in astonishment, none suspecting her mission, many ignorant of the kind of craft she represented.

Like a tongue of flame the news spread and in less time than it takes to tell it the cities were wild with excitement. Every livery stable was invaded, every horse and vehicle was seized, and the road to Sewalls Point, off which the battle took place, swarmed with people, men and women, boys and girls, hurrying with breathless interest, wondering "what she would do."

The Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, the oldest military organization in the State, was camped at Sewalls Point, the men and officers resplendent in their new uniforms glistening in the sun, doing duty as hosts to the handsome girls from Norfolk, who had come in their carriages, bringing suspicious looking hampers, all unmindful of the tragedy awaiting the first shot.

We all know the history of that fight. The Virginia, having broken her prow ramming the Cumberland, sinking that vessel; the Congress burned to the water's edge; the Minnesota, in flames, backed off and returned to her dock, where her injuries were repaired, steaming out again in the morning to be confronted by the Monitor, which had come down in the night and lay nosing around Old Point awaiting her adversary. A few shots were fired, the Virginia retired to her dock and on the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates, Commodore Tatnall took her down the Elizabeth river and when off Crany Island blew her up.

To have witnessed the fight, as related by Mrs. Pickett, when as Sally Corbell she "rode across the country on horseback" from her father's little farm near Chuckatuck, where later Gen. Pickett was camped and met his bride, the lady shows herself as remarkable a girl as later a woman.

To see that fight she had to cross a river four miles wide in order to reach Newport News, which, with the outlying country from Newport News to Old Point, was in the hands of the Federals camped along the shores. Her daring in swimming a river four miles wide, the staying qualities of the horse, her cleverness in being able to penetrate the lines and be permitted to come and go at will, her splendid physique in withstanding the hardship of the long journey, alone and unprotected, to find that Sewalls Point, where the engagement took place, was eight



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IN CELL WITH HER DAUGHTER.

Lucile Cameron's Mother Does so Because of the Moral Effect.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Three United States deputy marshals to-day served many new subpoenas on persons who are to appear before the federal grand jury investigating the Jack Johnson-Lucile Cameron case when it resumes its sessions on Monday morning. Federal officials said that more than 100 witnesses will have been heard before the inquiry has been completed.

It developed that Mrs. Cameron-Falconnet, mother of Lucile Cameron, the white girl mentioned in connection with the case, occupies the cell with her daughter at Rockford, Ill., in order to keep the girl under her influence. The girl is held by the federal officers, she having been unable to furnish \$25,000 bail.

A subpoena has been issued for a West Side manufacturer, who is said by the federal officers to have introduced the Cameron girl to the negro champion pugilist in the latter's cafe in West 31st street.

A subpoena also has been issued for Sig Hart, a widely known sporting man who is to be one of the important witnesses. Government authorities say there will be subpoenas issued for other persons believed to have knowledge of conditions in the negro's cafe.

Jacksonville's Street Car Men Quit.

Jacksonville, Oct. 28.—The street railway employees of this city succeeded in perfecting an organization at 3 o'clock this morning and 150 of the 175 employed on the lines in this city have left their positions.

All the street cars in the city with the exception of three or four were at a standstill this morning and thousands of business men and employees were late in reaching their offices and business houses as a result of the strike.

The trouble has been brewing for several days and the strike has threatened since the middle of last week. The failure of the men to perfect their organization, however, delayed the break between the company and its employees.

The carmen are demanding that the company reinstate 25 men who are said to have been discharged last week for taking the first steps toward perfecting the organization of the employees, and a recognition of the new street carmen's union.

Kills Himself by Accident.

Tampa, Fla., Oct. 28.—Climbing into an automobile dragging a loaded shotgun behind him caused the death of Plink Reasoner, the 15-year-old son of E. C. Reasoner, a prominent nurseryman of Onoeco.

The hammer of the gun caught on the step of the automobile and the gun went off, the charge entering the lad's breast, going through his heart. Death was almost instantaneous.

miles away, was an undertaking worthy of a Roman maiden, but to say that "Mrs. Pickett is among the few who saw the duel" is not borne out by the history of that eventful time.

IMPROVED EARLY TOOLE.

Come to the Home Place and see the way Hite's Improved Early Toole fruits. After you've seen that, go over the books with me and let me show you the lint out turn for the season. Twelve hundred and fifty pounds seed cotton gives five hundred weight bale.

Then if you want fine seed, bring me two bushels of seed for one of mine. A Bamberg or Denmark oil mill seed receipt will be all right.

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