

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Visiting in This City and at Other Points.

—Mr. Edgar Dickinson spent Tuesday in Columbia.

—Mr. W. I. Johns, of Baldock, spent a few days in the city this week.

—Mrs. J. E. Felder, of Cope, spent the week-end with relatives in Bamberg.

—Mrs. D. G. Felder is visiting the family of her mother, Mrs. L. E. Livingston.

—Mr. Miles P. McSweeney, of Hampton, spent several days in the city last week.

—Mrs. Hebron Berry spent last Saturday in the city with her brother, Mr. R. M. Bruce.

—Randolph Murdaugh, Esq., visited Bamberg, Monday on professional business.—Hampton Guardian.

—Mrs. H. Manning Brabham, of the Buford's Bridge section, spent a few days in the city last week.

—Misses Mozelle Copeland, Louise Folk, and Leonard Folk, from Converse college, spent last week at home.

—Messrs. L. C. Smoak and H. L. Hinnant spent Sunday in Orangeburg county on a visit to Mr. Smoak's parents.

—Miss McLeod, of Georgia, a student at Converse, came home with Miss Leonard Folk to spend the Easter holidays.

—Messrs. Raymond Smoak and Roy Cooner, from the University of South Carolina, spent several days at home last and this week.

—Mr. Ralph Shieder, who is attending the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg, spent several days the past week at home.—Dorchester Eagle.

—Mr. M. T. Hiers, who is attending the Carlisle Fitting School, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hiers, this week.—Hampton Guardian.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owens returned Tuesday evening from a month's stay at Johnston, and their very many friends are glad to have them at home again.

—Mrs. M. A. Moye and children left last week for Hazelhurst, Ga., where they will make their home for the present, this being the most convenient point for Mr. Moye's railroad runs.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. Blount, former residents of Bamberg but who are now living in Fernandina, Fla., are in the city on a visit to relatives, and their many friends are glad to welcome them. Mr. Blount was seriously ill some months ago but has completely recovered.

Entertained at Tea.

One of the prettiest affairs in point of decoration given in Bainbridge in some time was the Japanese Tea at which Mrs. Chas. Parker and Mrs. T. A. Ausley were the hostesses. The honor guests of the occasion were the members of Mrs. Fudge's house party and Mrs. Atticus Parker.

The room in which the tea was served was a perfect bower of trailing smilax and wisteria, lighted with Japanese lanterns. The charming matrons who presided over this room were attired in their Japanese costumes. The dining room was beautifully decorated in wild crab apple blossoms and the parlors adjoining, with dogwood. One almost felt, on entering this home that she was transplanted into the woods themselves, so luxuriant were the spring flowers.

Those receiving with the hostesses, Mesdames Parker and Ausley were, Misses Catherine Cowdery, of Lakeland, Fla., Bettie Fudge, of Atlanta, Emmie Yockey, of Jacksonville, Mesdames A. C. Davenport, of Thomasville, Ga., W. L. Sperring, of Jacksonville, F. E. Land, of Dawson, Ga., James Bonnyman, of Birmingham, Ala., Atticus Parker, of Bainbridge, and Mrs. J. D. O'Hern, of Lakeland, Fla.

A salad course was served with the tea. About one hundred and twenty-five ladies called during the afternoon.—Bainbridge (Ga.) Search Light.

Memorial Services.

The Rivers' Bridge Memorial Association will observe Thursday, May 8th, as memorial day. The Hon. Richard I Manning, of Sumter, S. C., will deliver the memorial address. The public is cordially invited to attend and the ladies are earnestly requested to bring flowers. The following committees have been appointed:

On grounds and order of the day—J. D. Jenny, J. C. Kinard, J. A. Peters, H. W. Chitty, W. D. Sease, J. O. Kearse, W. H. Ritter.

On music—Rev. D. B. Groseclose, J. C. Kinard, J. F. Kearse.

DR. N. F. KIRKLAND, President.

J. W. JENNY, Secretary.

Great apple diving contest at the Pastime Theatre this (Thursday) evening at 8 o'clock.—Adv.

\$10,000 BLAZE AT ANDERSON.

Boy Who Handled Match and Gasoline Seriously Burned.

Anderson, S. C. April 1.—Fire which resulted from a negro boy cleaning clothes with gasoline for a pressing club struck a match, caused a water and fire loss of \$10,000 in the Hotel Chiquola building early today. The pressing club is located near the store of T. L. Cely Company and when the explosion occurred flames and smoke rushed through the elevator shaft.

The flames quickly spread over the stock of the Cely Company, practically ruining it and causing a loss of \$8,000. The walls of this store and the walls of the hotel over the store, with the hotel furniture, were damaged about \$2,000, all covered by insurance.

Timothy Burton, who struck the match, was fearfully burned in the face and on the arms. He is expected to recover.

In the Blizzard.

It was in November, 1842, that I was sent off with dispatches from the colonel of my regiment, then stationed at Sulmona, to the general in command of the fortress of Sangro. I did not like the trip, it was bitterly cold and a blizzard might break out at any moment. Besides this, the great plain I had to cross was full of wolves, made desperate by hunger and what was perhaps the worst of all, the country was infested by bandits belonging to the notorious Guacomo Danieri's gang. But the dispatches were important and I was a courier, so I had to go.

In the evening I had halted to give my tired horse a much needed rest, about six miles ahead of me was the village of Rocca Rosa, where I hoped to find shelter for the night, I looked around, and quite close to me I discovered a horseman, whom I had not noticed before, but who was coming straight towards me. It was a very disagreeable surprise, I would much rather have been alone, though the man was well dressed and looked like a traveller.

"Comrade," he said to me in a frank and open tone, "I have once been a soldier myself. If you permit I should like to travel in your company to the fortress of Sangro."

"How do you know I am going to Sangro," I growled.

"I only said that I was going there," he replied with a smile. "I saw you riding up the hill, missed company, and, though I am probably as distrustful as you are yourself, I decided to suggest that we travel together. Is this explanation satisfactory or do you want to go ahead alone?"

"I think I may trust you," I said and we rode on very soon chatting like old acquaintances. Still I did not feel quite at ease. To tell the truth, I was just a little afraid of the stranger in spite of his frank and easy manners and pleasant face. Suddenly, without any warning, a violent gust of wind nearly blew us out of the saddle.

"Merciful Lord," the stranger exclaimed, "we are going to have a blizzard."

And indeed, a few moments later we were in the midst of the fiercest snow-storm I have ever seen. The wind was howling, shrieking, roaring, the air was dark and heavy and the snow came down in masses, soon wiping out the road entirely, and gathering in enormous drifts in every hollow place.

It grew pitch dark and we had to dismount and lead our horses, not knowing whether we were progressing towards the village or walking in a circle.

"Listen the wolves are near, we shall never escape alive," my companion cried suddenly.

And above the roar of the storm I could hear the terrible long drawn howls of the wolves, which almost froze the blood in my veins. The howls came from everywhere, evidently the beasts had quite surrounded us.

Closer, ever closer, they came and soon we could make out their glowing eyes through the darkness and I whispered to my companion: "Don't you think that our only salvation lies in sacrificing our horses?"

"I do," he replied, "but I value my horse so highly that I will try a shot. It may scare them away for awhile."

He fired his pistol in the direction of the pack which howled and fled. In a moment, however, they came back closer than ever.

There was no other way, we must sacrifice our horses to save our own lives. We shook hands and swore to stick together to the last. Then we turned the horses loose and walked on through the drifting snow.

A few moments later we heard the fierce struggle between our poor horses and the greedy pack. For a while we were left alone but soon we heard the pack once more up on the trail.

"There is a small chapel near the road here somewhere," said my com-

THE FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

Its Most Notable Work Was John Elliott's Bible.

It is not generally known that the first printing press which was set up in America north of Mexico was the Harvard college press. The establishment of the Harvard University Press brings that forgotten bit of history to mind. The donor was one Joseph Glover, as all present students of printing may chalk down in their note book. He was a Dutchman, who died on the passage across the ocean while he was bringing the press to the new world. This was in 1639.

All praise to Mrs. Glover, who, nothing daunted by the death of her husband, came to New Town, as Cambridge was then known, bought a little piece of land and engaged a Stephen Daye—another name for the chroniclers to make memo of and underscore—and began to take business orders.

The energetic Mrs. Glover didn't remain a widow very long. President Dunster became interested first in the printing of university publications; then in the fair publisher, and he shortly married her. The press was transferred to his house, and he superintended the business. According to Quincy, the first publication in British North America, done on the Glover press, was "The Freeman's Oath." "The Bay Psalm Book," a catechism, "The Laws and Liberties of the Colony," and an almanac were some other publications that issued from the Dunster house. In 1658, after the press had been taken over by the commissioners of the United Colonies, it printed its most notable work, John Elliott's Indian Bible.

Spring-like weather we are having this week.

Great apple diving contest at the Pastime Theatre this (Thursday) evening at 8 o'clock.—Adv.

panion. "If we can reach that we are safe for to-night. Let us make a last effort."

We struggled for a quarter of an hour perhaps, then my strength failed, I felt that I could walk no further. I stumbled and was unable to rise. I heard a howl quite near my face, saw the glowing eyes and glistening teeth of the beast, then my companion fired his last shot, the wolf fell and was immediately torn to pieces by its ferocious fellows.

My companion took hold of my arm, dragged me inside the chapel and slammed the heavy door behind us. We were safe, but it was a dreadful night that followed.

Though we were dead tired we had to walk up and down the cold chapel to escape freezing to death and all night the storm roared and the wolves howled and clawed at the door.

We did not exchange many words, neither of us felt like talking and when dawn came we both prayed fervently, thanking God for our escape from a terrible death.

I suggested that we walk to the village to get the food and sleep we both needed so much.

"No," my companion said, "I must go back."

"But not now, surely, exhausted and starving as you are."

"Yes," he replied and bit his lips, "I have no friends in the village."

"But there is an inn there, which is open to any traveller who has money to pay for food and lodging, and if you have none, I have enough for both of us. Come along."

"My friend," he said laying his hands upon my shoulder and looking into my eyes with a strange smile, "I will tell you a secret, if you give me your word of honor not to betray it to anybody."

"Upon my word of honor, comrade," I replied.

"Then do not tell anyone that you have spent the whole night long as Giacomo Danieri's only companion."

"Giacomo Danieri! Are you really the famous chief of bandits," I cried incredulously.

"I am but I have your word of honor that you will not betray me. Now listen—you think this snow-storm was a calamity to you. You have suffered much, have lost your horse and have been very much delayed, but as a matter of fact, the blizzard saved your life. I knew who you were and where you were going and I joined you with the intention of killing you, stealing your uniform and papers and passing as a courier in your place. Then the blizzard came and upset all my plans. Why should I kill you when I needed your assistance to save my own life? I would never have escaped the wolves alone, you became my comrade, and I was soon as anxious to save your life as I had been determined to kill you. I shall never forget you. Here is a plain silver ring, keep it and if you are ever attacked by any of my gang, the ring will give you free passage. And now goodbye, for we must part. Your ways are not mine."

He shook my hand cordially and walked away calm and proudly erect. I never met my strange companion again.

WAS A MODERN PIRATE.

Bully Hayes, Rover of the South Pacific, Had a Remarkable Career.

Bully Hayes, the South Pacific pirate, as he was called, was a frequenter of San Francisco Harbor, and became the most notorious character in the whole Pacific. Over 6 feet 3 inches in height, he was possessed of immense physical strength, and of this he was extremely proud. He was also a handsome man, with bright blue eyes, a strong nose, well-cut mouth, large mustache and long clustering hair. The most marked feature in his character was his temper, which, when once roused, passed entirely out of his control. In these moments of ungovernable rage he became little short of a madman. His smiling face would assume the look of a demon, his eyes became almost black, and his face flushed to a deep purple. At such times he would do deeds of the greatest cruelty, not scrupling to take the life of those who offended him. Possessed of considerable culture, speaking German, French and Spanish fluently, his scandalous performances had made him an outlaw in almost every civilized port.

Sharp lookout was kept for him at Melbourne, in consequence of an unscrupulous fraud he played there on the occasion of a previous visit. He had shipped 300 Chinese at Hongkong for Melbourne. At that time a port tax of \$10 each was paid by every Chinese landing at that port. Before going on board the Chinese had each paid Hayes their \$10, as well as the charges for the voyage; but the knavish Captain had no thought or intention of paying over to the Australian Government the large amount he had received as poll tax, amounting in all to something like 3,000 pounds.

When the port was within sight he contrived with the assistance of his carpenter, almost to scuttle the vessel by making a large hole in the side. In an apparently water-logged and sinking condition the vessel slowly entered the harbor. Hayes then had a flag of distress hoisted, immediately the pilot and a number of tugboats put out to their assistance. When they came alongside the Captain shouted, telling them of his sinking and hopeless condition. "For mercy's sake," said he, "don't stop to tow us to the shore, but save these hundreds of poor distracted creatures by getting them on shore at once in your boat. I care nothing about my own life, if you will only save these poor fellows. Then, when they are on shore, come immediately for us, in the meantime we will work away at the pumps and try to keep the ship afloat."

Accordingly, the 300 Chinese were transhipped into the tugboats and conveyed to the nearest landing place which was several miles away. While this way being done the hole in the side of the ship was closed, and all hands were put to work at the pumps. Then when the last lot of Chinese had been taken off the bow of the vessel was turned seaward and away went the ship with Captain Hayes and his crew. He had managed to land 300 Chinese and yet keep the 3,000 pounds poll tax for himself. It was a cruel business for the pilot company, who had to pay the poll tax themselves, and were nearly ruined thereby.

The Unchloroformed.

Adolphus Osborne, 91, of Brockton, Mass., the other day married Miss Juann Wadleigh, aged 30.

George Munsinger, Howard, Kan., has celebrated his 100th birthday anniversary. He has 144 descendants.

Heinrich Leiford, of Brueggon, Prussia, has celebrated his second silver wedding. He married again in 1888 after the death of his first wife.

Nelson Shaw, of Housatonic, Mass., 88 years old, has been out coasting this winter with a company of boys.

"Giacomo Danieri! Are you really the famous chief of bandits," I cried incredulously. "I am but I have your word of honor that you will not betray me. Now listen—you think this snow-storm was a calamity to you. You have suffered much, have lost your horse and have been very much delayed, but as a matter of fact, the blizzard saved your life. I knew who you were and where you were going and I joined you with the intention of killing you, stealing your uniform and papers and passing as a courier in your place. Then the blizzard came and upset all my plans. Why should I kill you when I needed your assistance to save my own life? I would never have escaped the wolves alone, you became my comrade, and I was soon as anxious to save your life as I had been determined to kill you. I shall never forget you. Here is a plain silver ring, keep it and if you are ever attacked by any of my gang, the ring will give you free passage. And now goodbye, for we must part. Your ways are not mine."

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Clearance Sale OF ALL DRESSES

\$10.00 Value Serge Dresses now only... **\$6.75**

\$15.00 Value Serges now only... **\$11.75**

\$10.00 Value Foulard Silk Dresses special to close out at... **\$6.75**

Ratine Dresses at... **\$5 and \$7**

Voille Dresses up from... **\$3.50**

Big line of Middys, Rompers, Shirt Waists, Wash Skirts, going cheap for cash. We do not want to carry them to our new store.

\$25.00 Tailored Suits for Men only... **\$15.00**

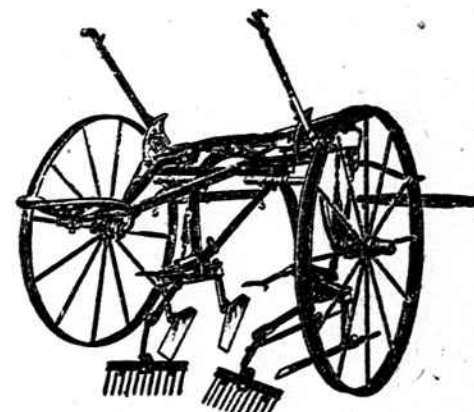
SEE THE LINE

KLAUBER'S

"The Store of Quality" Bamberg, S. C.

Tower Surface Cultivators!

I have a car load for sale. The only successful Cultivator for Cotton and Corn. One man and two mules can plow ten acres cotton a day. Will make it do the work before payment. For prices, etc., apply to



W. H. LIGHTSEY, Brunson, S. C.

Three Paroled by Release.

Columbia, March 19.—Governor Bleasie has granted a parole to Chas. Locklear, who was convicted in Marion county in November, 1912, on the charge of murder with recommendation to mercy and sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A parole has been granted to John Miller, who was convicted in Laurens county in February, 1897, and sentenced to 15 years in the State penitentiary on the charge of manslaughter.

A parole has been granted to Julius Foster, who was convicted in Greenwood county in November, 1902, on the charge of murder with recommendation to mercy and sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary.

The sentence of Rush Dukes, who was convicted in Bamberg county in November, 1909, on the charge of murder with recommendation to mercy and sentenced to life imprisonment, has been commuted to ten years' imprisonment.

Classified.

In answer to the lady's advertisement for a laundress, Ellen, a negro, black as the ace of spades, applied for the work, says The Cleveland Leader. With her was a group of small darkies, some black, some brown and some yellow. Her employer asked if all these children were Ellen's. The latter replied: "Yas'm they's all mine."

"But, Ellen," said the lady, "they are all different colors." "Yas'm; you see, it's like dis: My first husband was black like me, my second was brown, an' the one I got now he belongs to the fair sex."

A Model Husband.

A certain young woman who does much charitable work recently called on a sick woman and incidentally inquired, with a view to further relief, as to her family.

"Is your husband kind to you?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, yes indeed, miss," was the assuring response; "he is kind—very, indeed; you might say that he is more like a friend than a husband."

LETTERS DISMISSORY.

On Wednesday, April 30th, 1913, I will file my final account as administrator of the estate of Frances Black with G. P. Harmon, Judge of Probate for Bamberg county, and will thereupon ask for letters dismissory as administrator of said estate

W. C. BLACK, Administrator.

Bamberg, S. C., April 1, 1913.

Wants No Pardon.

Dayton, Ohio, April 1.—John H. Patterson, head of the National Cash Register company and chairman of the Dayton relief committee, is bitterly opposed to efforts his friends are making to secure a pardon for him, through President Wilson, for his bravery in connection with Dayton flood.

"I am guilty of no crime," Patterson wired President Wilson. "I want no pardon; I want only justice and some federal action that will make Dayton safe from recurrence of such a catastrophe as we have just had."

Bell Boy Heir to \$10,000.

Minneapolis, Minn., April 1.—Cecil Ferguson, 17, a bell boy in a local hotel, received information yesterday that he was heir to \$10,000 in cash and a small piece of London real estate left by his uncle, James McKenzie, steward of the ill-fated steamship Titanic.

McKenzie lost his life in that disaster.

Whaley and Hughes Run Again.

The next representative from the First South Carolina congressional district in succession to the late George S. Legare will be a man from Charleston, either Richard S. Whaley, ex-speaker of the house, or E. W. Hughes, former member of the legislature. These two, with Charleston's tremendous vote wielding the major influence on the primary, were the leaders in the first primary, held yesterday, and they will make the second race for the nomination.

The vote last night stood: Whaley 2,951, Hughes 2,787. The other candidates were: J. G. Padgett, Walterboro, 1,388; George F. von-Kolnitz, Charleston, 1,374; John H. Peurifoy, Walterboro, 1,114.

The vote polled was as heavy as could be expected, though of course it fell far below that in the last primary.

The second primary will be held April 15.

The most noticeable feature was the preponderating vote of Charleston, by far the largest county in the district. That county, with ten country boxes missing, was seen to have cast 5,175 votes, distributed almost entirely among the three city candidates—Messrs. Hughes, Whaley and vonKolnitz.

The total vote so far reported—94 out of 126 boxes, the missing precincts being small—is 9,576.

Great apple diving contest at the Pastime Theatre this (Thursday) evening at 8 o'clock.—Adv.