

## TO BE AN ARMY OF COLLECTORS

Treasury Department to Appoint Income Tax Gatherers.

Washington, Nov. 1.—With most of the regulations for the collection of the income tax out of the way internal revenue officers to-day turned their attention to the selection of the staff to collect the money. In the next few months three hundred and thirty-four deputy collectors, 40 agents and 40 inspectors are to be appointed.

Several thousand applications for these positions have been received at the treasury department. Appointments probably will be apportioned among the States and in most cases successful applicants will need the endorsement of collectors of internal revenue in their districts and be acceptable to Senators and Congressmen.

Although the operation of the income tax law so far as concerned collections at the source of income began to-day, the actual cash will not reach the treasury for many months. Corporations and others who pay interest on bonds or mortgages, or who pay salaries or other forms of income, must withhold the normal tax of 1 per cent except as provided by the law. The return of the sums withheld will be made early in the year, but the collections will not begin until June.

Secretary McAdoo said the regulations for the collection of the tax put out by the department might require changes from time to time.

## A GOOD FIGHT.

Polar Bear, Man, Dog, Horses and More Men All Busy.

Alphonse Bolce, veteran draughtsman in the city's service, was sauntering through the Zoological Gardens in Bronx Park early last evening with Mrs. Bolce, when as he was starting down the steps into the sunken enclosure that holds the polar bear cage, Mr. Bolce was seized with an attack of vertigo. He stumbled forward down the stairs and fell headlong. Unconscious he lay on the ground with his head and shoulders beneath the guard rail surrounding the cage. He was within the danger line.

Ivan, the Russian bear, knew it. He lumbered forward and half curiously thrust a big paw through the bars and clawed at the face within his reach. The heavy paw was burrowing deeper when Mrs. Bolce, who had hurried down stairs, seized her husband and dragged him to safety. She acted so quickly that Ivan did not seriously harm her husband. Guards reached his side a moment later.

But that was just the beginning of a half hour of excitement in the park. As Mr. Bolce was carried up the steps to a shelter, an ambulance call went in to Fordham Hospital, and from there Jim and Patty, a favorite team in the hospital stables, came racing with an ambulance to bring Dr. Ahern. Just as they were swinging into the park through the Bronxdale gate, a powerful white bulldog with a savage jaw ran across the drive and leaped at Patty. His teeth tore into the flesh of her flank.

The frightened horses reared and plunged forward. John Gallagher, the driver, stood and lashed out at the dog with his long whip. It did no good. Again and again the dog leaped and tore at the speeding, swerving horses, while the driver struck out with his whip in vain. For the half mile of that drive that stretches between the Bronxdale entrance and the Boston road entrance the snarling, snapping dog and the frightened, wounded horses raced side by side.

The race ended only when James McCurren, a park workman, met them at the other gate axe in hand. His aim was true. With one blow he dropped the dog to the ground, and he had struck with such violence that the animal's head was almost split in two.

Meanwhile some one had had the sense to send in another call to Fordham Hospital, and this time it was an automobile ambulance that came. By the time of its arrival the dead dog had been carried off and Bolce's wounds had been dressed by Dr. Ahern. But Jim and Patty were in bad shape. Both were half mad with pain from the bites in their flanks and all trembling with fear. Eight times the dog had sunk his teeth in Patty's side and five times in Jim's. Both horses were looked after carefully, but it is feared that they will have to be shot.

Mr. Bolce, who is 76 years old, was able to go to his home at 201 Prospect avenue, the Bronx.—New York Times.

"You sent so many picture cards while I was at the summer resort," she protested. "Instead of writing letters." "Well," he answered, "I was trying to spare you any disappointments. As soon as you see a picture card you know there isn't going to be any check in it."—Washington Star.

## NEAL HAYES GRANTED DIVORCE.

Case Recalls Trial of Woman for Killing Robt. M. Floyd.

Wilmington, N. C., October 30.—Rosa D. Hayes, who shot and killed Mr. Robert M. Floyd, a prominent young man of Horry County, S. C., about two years ago, and was subsequently acquitted of a charge of murder on the ground that she killed him in defence of her honor, has just been divorced here by her husband, Neal M. Hayes, who alleged statutory grounds.

The killing of Floyd took place at the home of the Hayeses, at Mount Tabor, this State. Steel bullets were used and Mrs. Hayes, it was stated at the time, fired several times into the prostrate body after Floyd had fallen mortally wounded. With her young husband and his young brother, Lloyd Hayes, she was arrested and lodged in jail at Whiteville. Lloyd Hayes was released by the Court before the trial, and Neal Hayes was tried with his wife and acquitted. The trial of the case attracted wide attention.

Soon after the trial the Hayeses came to Wilmington, where they lived a few months, then removing to Columbia, where, it is alleged, Mrs. Hayes deserted her husband and two small children. The children have been placed in an orphanage in South Carolina, it is said.

## WANTED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Alleged Wife Slayer Captured by Spartanburg Policeman.

Spartanburg, November 2.—Jonas Oglesby, a negro, wanted by the State of North Carolina to answer a charge of wife murder, who was arrested here last Sunday will not be surrendered by Governor Blease, in the opinion of Charles P. Sims, the negro's attorney. Mr. Sims said that Governor Blease had not reached a final decision in the case, but would hold a hearing soon. The lawyer did not say on what grounds he believed Governor Locke Craig's requisition would be refused, except that, in his opinion, Oglesby was innocent and would not be given a fair trial in the North Carolina Courts.

Oglesby formerly lived at Cowpens, in this county, but is alleged to have killed his wife at a place near Raleigh. He fled after his wife's death, and a reward of \$100 was offered for his capture. Oglesby admits that his wife was murdered, but denies that he had anything to do with it.

He was arrested by policeman Robert Waters last Sunday night, while having his shoes shined at the Southern Railway station. Waters said to-day that he had little expectation now, since the case had taken its present turn, of being given the reward.

Oglesby had \$387 in his pockets when arrested. He at once prepared to resist extradition. He gave Attorney Sims a retainer of \$150, it is said. The negro is still in the county jail.

## WANTS 'EM BRANDED.

Lady Cook Thinks Redhot Iron Would Help Eradicate Social Evil.

Emphasizing her remarks with flashing eyes and vigorous gestures, Lady Cook, formerly Tennessee Clafin, advocated drastic measures to prevent the marriage of men physically unfit.

Her method of preventing such marriages and their subsequent evils is for physicians to break the code of ethics which forbids them to tell the world when they discover a man unfit, but to brand him with a hot iron so that he will be known and shunned.

"There would be no social evil to combat in the next decade if this method was followed," she said. "There would be but one standard of morality, and man would be forced to abide by its demands the same as a woman is now."—New York American.

## How He Knew.

"No," complained the Scotch professor to his students; "ye dinna use your faculties of observation. Ye dinna use them. For instance—"

Picking up a jar of chemicals of vile odor he stuck one finger into it and then into his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen!" he commanded, as he passed the vessel from student to student.

After each one had licked his finger and had felt rebellion through his whole soul, the professor exclaimed triumphantly:

"I to! ye so. Ye dinna use your faculties. For if ye had observed ye would ha' seen that the finger I stuck into the jar was nae the finger I stuck into my mouth."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. W. P. Jones is now in the West buying another car load of horses and mules for Jones Bros. Wait and see this load, for they will be as nice a load as they have ever shipped in.—adv.

## BUILT PARADISE LIKE RY. TRAIN

The Tragedy of a Man Who Didn't Know How to Plan a Home.

When William Louis Winans, of the family so closely identified with the early days of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, went to Russia to build the railroad through the Czar's dominions from St. Petersburg to Moscow, another man, with whom this story has to deal, followed fast upon his heels, says a writer in the New York Times.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works scented in the building of that road the chance for them to secure a lucrative contract for equipment and they sent one of their highest salaried employes, Frank W. Cummings, to get the ear of the Czar while Winans was building the famous line whose route is said to have been determined by means of a foot rule laid across a map by the Czar himself.

Cummings was a Maine man and at the time he started for Russia he had just begun the erection of a house in Portland, which he designed to be an ideal bachelor's home. He had purchased a magnificent site overlooking Fort Allen Park. He planned his house so that from one side the windows looked out upon the old revolutionary fort, where ancient smooth-bored cannon still poke their noses through the grass-clad embrasures which have stood for over an 100 years, and beyond that up Casco bay, where little islands dot the water as far as the eye can see.

From the rear of the house where Cummings located a huge billiard room lighted from three sides, one looked over the whole Portland harbor, and beyond that to the open sea and down the coast to where one of the oldest lighthouses on the Atlantic shore still stands white upon rocks whence it first sent its warning light forth from bonfires of pine wood in 1791.

His bachelor paradise was dear to the heart of Cummings and as often as he could leave Europe he would come to Portland and overlook the work that had been done since his visit. He saw fit to change his mind sometimes and would order work torn out that had been constructed so as to substitute other plans. The result was that when the house was finally completed it had been rebuilt in great part. The building alone cost him in the neighborhood of \$70,000, and years of time.

It is unlikely that any one would have mistaken that house for anything but the creation of a man, and a railroad man. There was not a dressing room or boudoir in the entire structure, which was sufficient evidence that no woman was considered in its planning. There was but one closet in the whole mansion, and that was attached to a servant's room on the top floor.

The bed chambers were all separate, opening from the hall alone, and none of them connecting, while there was but one bath room. This was strongly reminiscent of the wash room in a Pullman car, for it had a row of four washbowls along one wall where the guests whom he expected to entertain could wash in company. The woodwork of the house and of the furniture was black and French walnut, hand carved. The ornamentation was almost identical with that in vogue on the sleeping cars of 40 years ago, and the headboard of the bedsteads looked exactly like the wooden facings of upper berths.

The builder must have had the swaying railroad train in mind when he designed the furniture, for the heads of the bedsteads were set immovably into the plaster of the walls, the book-cases were similarly built in and some of the small tables had one edge set into the wall, the legs being built out from the plaster.

A bowling alley occupied much of the basement. Here the owner had also planned a sort of curiosity shop of his own, for in a long room he had built tiers of cupboards for models of locomotives. On the walls of this room, when the house was dismantled, hung dozens of time-stained photographs of the locomotives that were sold to the Czar and put in operation by an American on the first railroad constructed in the gigantic Russian Empire.

Cummings began to designate the rooms by means of silver letters attached to the doors, but the alphabet gave out before he had finished, and the rooms on the upper floors were numbered, for this bachelor's home contained over 50 different apartments.

The house was finally finished, and Cummings was planning to occupy it when, one night while in Philadelphia on business connected with the Baldwin Works, he was stricken with pneumonia. A physician told him that he had but a few hours to live; a lawyer was hastily called and Cummings made a will leaving the house and its contents to his sister. A few hours later the bachelor's life was done and his vision of a princely home gone with it. The house upon which he had spent a fortune, which had been the dream of a lifetime, but

## RAT UNCOVERS \$5,000 THEFT.

Exposes a Maid Employed in C. D. Mallory's Family.

Greenwich, Conn.—A rat did more to unearth a mystery in the family of Clifford D. Mallory, son of the president of the Mallory Steamship Line, than all the detective work which Mr. Mallory and his family could do in an effort to ascertain why their jewelry, silverware and other articles were disappearing.

The rat knocked down from a cellar raft a pawnticket with the name of Gertrude Opederbecke thereon and Mrs. Mallory found the ticket on the floor last night. Mrs. Mallory summoned Capt. Andrew Talbot of the local police and Gertrude Opederbecke, a maid in the family, was questioned. She confessed to the larceny of about \$5,000 worth of jewelry and other articles, which she had sent by parcel post to two New York pawnbrokers, who would return her loans. The pawntickets she hid in the rafters.

## PLAGUE OF DADDY LONGLEGS.

London Golfer Says Insect is not so Harmless as Many Suppose.

This year has seen an extraordinary prolificacy of crane flies, more familiarly known as "daddy longlegs." A golfing writer states that he has watched hundreds of these creatures emerging from the chrysalis state on a golf green.

His tone of mild interest, however, might have been somewhat different had he known that these "animated diagrams of Euclid" were sworn enemies of golf greens, and were the cause of many an ugly scar on a fine lawn.

The grub feeds on the roots of grass, and naturally, when these are destroyed, the grass withers away, leaving ugly brown patches, which ruin the appearance of many a fine lawn. When the grub has changed into a chrysalis and is about to emerge as a perfect fly it manages to work its way to the surface.

Then, when about two-thirds of it protrudes from the ground, the case bursts and from it emerges "Daddy longlegs," ready to commence his stupid but harmless career.—London correspondence to New York Sun.

## Huge Rattler Encountered.

One of the largest rattlesnakes ever killed in this section was killed by Mr. Tom Johnson at the intersection of Wyboe and Sammy Swamps. Mr. Johnson was looking after the timber of these two swamps, and as he reached the point where the two swamps meet, a monster snake sprang at him from a low bush, and partly wrapped itself about one of his legs. He kicked himself loose and managed to get a piece of a limb with which he belabored the reptile until he was dead. The snake measured six feet seven inches in length and 14 inches in circumference. Mr. Johnson was not injured except badly frightened.—Manning Times.

All kinds of ledgers and blank books at Herald Book Store, cheap.

in which he had never resided, passed into the possession of others.

So long as his sister lived the house remained, but at her death it passed into the hands of two more distant relatives who had no sentimental feelings concerning it, and who could make no use of it themselves. Renting it was an impossible proposition. No one wanted a house so constructed, and it was a white elephant on the hands of the heirs. Finally, after three years of effort, it was sold for \$17,000, about what the land was worth.

When it came to selling the furniture the shrinkage was still greater. In the big double parlors Cummings had two chandeliers of silver filled with prisms of cut glass that had cost him \$1,500. They were almost large enough for a theater; they sold for \$150 apiece. The hand-carved bedsteads, which had cost him \$300 apiece, sold for \$10 and \$12 each. White marble mantels which he had brought from Italy, but which were of a style in vogue a half century ago, went for \$25, which was less than it had cost to bring them to this country.


The draperies at the windows of his palatial billiard room, which had cost \$50 per window, but upon which the master had never seen the sunshine fall, sold for \$3. When the auctioneer had finally persuaded his audience into buying the last relics of the railroad bachelor, and the house had been stripped, the building itself was torn down and the tract taken into the adjoining park.

Here, today, children play on the lawns that stretch over the site of the dream mansion of the man who took the American locomotive to Russia. Only an occasional stroller, who knows the history of the recent addition to the park, stops to think of the former owner as he feasts his eyes on the view to seaward that Frank Cummings once enjoyed.

1 2 3 4

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## What Will The Harvest Be?

If you are a farmer, you are doing a lot of speculating, hoping and worrying about the crops. In general, over the country, the outlook is fine.

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