

BATESBURG ADVOCATE

A Tri-County Paper

N. ROGERS BAYLY ED. AND PROP BATESBURG, S. C.

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FRIDAY, March 5, 1909.

The "Possum" eater took his seat yesterday.

The Rough Riders can now retire to the ranch.

We wonder if Garlington got enough to see him through.

No more "Crums" for Charleston—at least none the color of rye bread.

Is it winter lingering in the lap of spring or spring jumping up into the lap of winter?

If the office seekers brigade were allowed to march in the inaugural parade, the line would extend almost to Baltimore.

No married man should advocate a tax on bachelors. That would be confessing an envious spirit that is no compliment to his wife.

Inauguration visitors will get an idea that Washington has not only adopted the "pay-as-you-eat" but the "pay-as-you-stay" system.

We note that grantees are being convicted all over the United States and that the judges and juries are showing little mercy. It will not be long before South Carolina has her quota of jail birds too.

An Ohio clergyman asserts that kissing is "intoxicating." That may give the habit a boom in States which have recently adopted prohibition.

We wonder whether or not it will affect Lexington county's election on the third Tuesday in August.

ALL OVER.

The General Assembly is over and our representatives are back at home once more attending to their various duties. Out of the general work done but little was consummated, although many good bills were brought before the public eye. It is better to have the laws now in force obeyed than to put more on the statutes and let them all be broken.

SMITH SHOWS.

The carnival company here last week "Smith's Greater Shows" was a credit to the management and for a good, clean and entertaining amusement it cannot be excelled.

The animal aggregation was very creditable and the animals were all well trained.

They traveled in their own private cars and carried with them their power for electric lighting etc necessary.

COL SLOAN

With the death of Col. John T. Sloan one of South Carolina's "old school gentlemen" the state loses a prominent figure in the world of barristers. Col. Sloan was a man loved by all who knew him and one who had but few enemies. He was

a whole souled man and many are the poor ones who will miss him greatly. His acts of charity were never paraded and what he did for the poor and helpless none but those who were benefitted knew.

THE FIRST NATIONAL.

The report of the First National Bank of Batesburg published in last week's issue goes to show the superb condition of the bank and reflects no end of credit upon its officers. Notwithstanding the hard times that we have had, or are now passing through, the bank not only holds its own, but shows a steady and healthy increase in its profits. Its officers have a large number of good, staple and influential friends who are well endowed, either with this world's goods, or impeachable reputations, which carries great weight in their respective communities.

THE RECORD.

By the re-organization of the Columbia Daily Record effected this week it promises to be a very successful paper. The Record has a field that can well afford to support a good afternoon paper and with Mr. J. A. Hoyt as its general manager and editor Columbians can confidently look forward to an up-to-date clean sheet, well edited and ably managed.

The ups and downs in the past history of The Record have been fought by the late editor, Mr. Koester one of the brightest newspaper men in the South and now that its future is unquestioned Mr. Hoyt will have less hardships to contend with than his predecessor.

A RISKY EXPERIMENT.

In the city of New York the throng of carriages on Fifth Avenue is often so great that mounted policemen are stationed at intervals to keep them in line and extricate them when blocked. One afternoon as it was growing dark a gentleman threaded his way to a stalled carriage and mounted to the box beside the driver.

"What does this mean?" she cried, both indignant and terrified. "That you are a prisoner."

"Yes, but don't distress yourself. You will come to no harm. You will be treated with every respect."

Beyond this Miss Van Deever could get no satisfaction. She at last consented to go to her room, where she was locked in.

She had not been there long before the door was opened and a note was thrown in. It read: "Your treatment of me has made me desperate. I have kidnaped you and shall hold you till you have promised to be my wife. If you wish to see me, ring, and I will send for you."

F. TOWNSEND.

It was but a few minutes before a ring was heard downstairs. Then a maid threw open the door and conducted Miss Van Deever to the drawing room, where Mr. Townsend awaited her.

"What crazy freak is this?" she demanded haughtily. "If I am crazy I have been made so by love for you."

"I demand to be sent home immediately. They will be frightened at my absence. It is not proper that I should be here in your house."

"As to the first I care nothing. As to the second, you shall be treated as becomes the lady you are."

"Do you realize that when my being here is known, as it will be if I do not leave immediately, I shall be severely criticised?"

"All the more reason for you to comply with the terms of ransom and go at once."

The lady was talking excitedly, the gentleman as coolly as if he were an Italian bandit ready to cut off her ear and send it to her relatives.

"I supposed, Frank Townsend, that you were reckless, but I never took you for a fool."

"A fool will pull the house down over his head and the woman he loves."

"Do you mean to say that you will permit this act to be known among your friends and be cut by every one of them? As soon as they hear all they will exonerate me."

"If I can't win you I am ready to be cut by the whole world."

There was no promise of relenting. Miss Van Deever stood looking at her captor with a curious expression. Through all her blowing hot and cold she had intended to marry him. Indeed, she was desperately in love with him. If she allowed this unheard of affair to proceed it meant ruin to all concerned. There was no alternative except capitulation.

"Order the carriage," she said. "It is at the door, and my coachman is on the box. Come, I can get you home before the dinner hour."

Mr. Townsend and Miss Van Deever got into the carriage together, and the former's coachman drove them to their home which they reached just as the family were sitting down to dinner. He did not receive an invitation to dine. Indeed, it was a month before the lady would receive him, but he was patient and in time was rewarded by being forgiven.

When the wedding occurred, at which many of New York's nabobs were present and the bride promised to love, honor and obey, no one suspected how her consent had been won.—Merrick Augur.

CHEERY MR. SINCLAIR.

"Now, I want to know," stammered Miss Clementina Gibson, "what you come courting me for. You're nothing but a boy, and I'm forty."

"Rats! Forty! You may be a few years older than I am, but you're ten or twelve years this side of forty, and it wouldn't make any difference to me if you were fifty. As soon as I saw you I knew you were just the woman for me."

The man was Algerian Sinclair, a youngster of twenty-two. He had known Miss Gibson only a fortnight, but had been very persistent in his attentions during that time. He had appeared one morning at the door of her flat and asked for Miss Gibson.

help him in his search. He did step in and was in no hurry to step out. From that time forward he was devoted to Miss Clementina Gibson.

"Tickets to the theater tonight," he said one afternoon. "Got a box. We'll be right in among the swells, and you'll have to wear your best clothes. Put on what jewelry you have. Any diamonds? No? Well, I think I see my way clear to get you some before long if a deal I have on hand goes through. Pearls? Oh, a brooch set with pearls! Wear it without fail."

The young man rattled on in his funny way, quite delighting the elderly lady, who had caught his fancy. When he called for her in the evening and saw her attired in a pearl silk dress he held up his hands in admiration. The brooch he pronounced "a daisy."

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—seven pearls, and that big one in the center is a hummer. I'm not going to be ashamed of my girl tonight, you bet. Come on."

Whenever Mr. Sinclair took Miss Gibson out he manifested this same desire that she should be well dressed, and on occasions appropriate for jewelry he begged her to produce some new ornament that she had not worn before. But Miss Gibson was not inclined to wear her best gowns in public, though she was not disposed to have Mr. Sinclair think she hadn't fine gowns, and finally when he bet her a dozen pair of gloves that she couldn't show half a dozen really first class dresses she brought out the half dozen and said she could "go lost in admiration, and the next day two better." Sinclair looked at them, paid the bet.

One day he wrote her a note to say that he would call in the afternoon to take her to ride in an automobile, and wouldn't she wear that dress with the green figure—snakes and turtles on a jamboree? Miss Gibson laughed at his description and put on the dress indicated. Mr. Sinclair called at the hour appointed with a beautiful machine, which he drove himself, and they called out in the country. During the ride a man ahead with a camera waved his hat. Sinclair slowed up.

"He wants to take our picture," he said. "Let's have one."

"No, no; we don't want a picture."

"Yes, we do. Fire away, Mr. Photographer."

There was a click and the picture was taken.

The next day there was a ring at Miss Gibson's door. She opened it and there stood Mr. Sinclair and another man with a warrant for her arrest. She cast an astonished look at Sinclair and turned pale.

"Who and what are you anyway?" "Robert Williams, detective."

"LIKE BEGAT'S LIKE" advertisement for The Harris-Cain Drug Co., featuring quality seed and drug products.

Advertisement for Palmetto State Brands Fertilizers, highlighting various grades of manufactured fertilizers.

Advertisement for Palmetto Fertilizer Co., managed by Fredell Jones, Jr., located on the ninth floor skyscraper in Columbia, S.C.

Advertisement for The Batesburg Model Bakery, offering bread, rolls, cakes, and pies in any quantity, with fruit cake as a specialty.

Advertisement for DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, claiming it is better than earth-quakes for various ailments.

Real Estate Bargains advertisement featuring improved town lots and farm lands for sale or trade.

Advertisement for Southern Plumbing Supplies, offering a wide range of plumbing and machinery supplies.

Advertisement for Dreher Bros., providing fresh and up-to-date food products.

Advertisement for The Batesburg Model Bakery, managed by H. A. Meyer, offering various baked goods.

Advertisement for DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve, emphasizing its effectiveness for various conditions.