

WE ARE CELEBRATING OUR FIFTH ANNIVERSARY.



OUR MODERN LAUNDRY

Five years ago the Laurens Steam Laundry was started on its successful career. During that time it has enjoyed a growth in both its business and plant that would have been termed wonderful were not the reasons for this growth so clear. A laundry cannot extend its field of operation beyond its home town until it covers a whole state without there being something behind this growth of business. The reason must lie in the quality of its work. It must have been work superior in every respect to that of its competitors and must have been backed by prompt service and courteous treatment. We are termed

"The Laundry That Made Laurens Famous"

because we have given our patrons just such service as this.

To enable us to turn out such work as this we have equipped our laundry with the most modern machinery, adopted the newest methods, employed only careful competent help, and have carefully studied every detail of the laundry business.

Our equipment embraces machines for the ironing of shirts, collars, and cuffs, that no other laundry in the State possesses. Our methods are the result of a careful study of the most approved systems in use in laundries throughout the country. Our employees are each one experts in their particular part of the work.

Our business has not only increased by a large amount here in our home town and vicinity but it has also spread all over the state. Our laundry is favorably known and is represented in a majority of the towns in South Carolina.

The people in these places patronize us because we give them better work than they can obtain elsewhere. "The Top Notch Laundry of the Palmetto State," should be your laundry too.



T. K. HUDGENS, Manager

The Laurens Steam Laundry,

BEST BY TEST.

LAURENS, SOUTH CAROLINA.

BEST BY TEST.

FIVE SUSPECTS LODGED IN JAIL.

Charged With Killing Dan Fuller.

PARTIES ALL NEGROES.

The Arrests Were Made by Deputies Glenn and Sullivan at Mountville Saturday.

Sheriff Duckett's deputies, Walter D. Glenn and Addison R. Sullivan arrested five negroes at Mountville Saturday, brought them to the city that night in a wagon and lodged the bunch in the county jail. The men whose ages range from 25 to 60 are held under warrants issued by Magistrate Hudgens, charging them with the brutal murder of Dan Fuller, the old negro, who was found dead in his cabin at Mountville Christmas day with his throat cut and head crushed.

Acting under the direction of Solicitor Sease, Lawyer R. E. Babt went to Mountville and proceeded with the assistance of the town authorities to make a thorough examination of the surroundings and a number of suspects. This investigation and some further detective work by the officers led to the arrest of Bob and Joe Fleming, Dan Caldwell, Claude Goodman and Henry Stevens.

They will probably remain in jail until Court which commences Fourth Monday.

MERCHANTS NEWS

See the great line of gingham in new styles at our January Sale.

Don't forget our big January Sale commences January 9th, Monday morning next.

Read our big ad on the first page.

See the big line of embroidery at our big sale next week.

A great display of new silks for the spring at our big January Sale. See them.

Church Notes.

The finest city and village churches are painted with the Longman & Martinez paints, and we want every church to accept our donation whenever they paint.

8 and 6 make 14, therefore when you want fourteen gallons of paint, buy only eight of L & M and mix six gallons of pure linseed oil with it, making actual cost of paint about \$1.20 per gallon.

(Don't pay \$1.50 a gallon for linseed oil worth 60 cents) which you do when you buy other paints in a can with a paint label on it.

Many houses are well painted with four gallons of L & M and three gallons of linseed oil mixed therewith.

Wears and covers like gold. These celebrated paints are sold by W. L. Boyd, Laurens, S. C., Clinton Pharmacy, Clinton.

RETROSPECTIVE—1845-1905.

Col. Crews' Connection With The Herald Covers Period of Half Century.

This issue of The Herald is the last for the year 1904. This newspaper was founded October, 1845, consequently it is in the sixtieth year of its existence. The writer's connection with it began when the paper was in its comparative infancy, October, 1849, more than fifty five years ago—this connection, however, being broken by a residence of four years in another county immediately preceding and four years in the war between the States. Thus, his association with this paper, in one capacity or another, covers a period of nearly half a century.

As we grow older it is natural for us all to live more or less in the past; hence this brief retrospect. The writer came to Laurens when sixteen years of age. The place was then a hamlet, comparatively consisting perhaps of not more than eight hundred inhabitants, all told—yet small as it then was it embraced an honorable, dignified and, in several instances, distinguished citizenship. Today, as we pass these lines, with a population of more than six thousand, and of all who were of mature age—those, we mean, who had attained their majority—then we first knew this town, only three persons are living, so far as we know and believe. Many of our own age, and older, who were here in the latter fifties and early sixties, went to the front in the great conflict of '61-'65, but never returned; while "Time, the tomb builder," has carried the more aged ones to "the hills of the dead."

Now, on the eve of the advent of a New Year we extend hearty greetings and good wishes to all our readers, and bid a final good-bye to the Old, soon-to-be Dead Year.—The Laurensville Herald, Dec. 30.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Crowder of Atlanta arrived in the city Saturday and have assumed the management of the Bon Della.

HEALTHY MOTHERS. Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet it is no unusual sight to see a mother, with babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of a consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exist, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boschee's German Syrup would put a stop to it at once? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup; so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectoration easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive. New trial bottles, 25c; large size, 75c. At all druggists.

A FINE FAMILY. "I have used Dr. King's Blood and Liver Pills in my family and with my ten sons. Am sixty-nine, and have raised nine sons twenty-one years old, and four daughters, have used all the leading liver medicines, but find King's to be the best of all."

Reuben F. Christenbury.

CLINTON WAS GAY CHRISTMAS WEEK.

A Round of Delightful Social Functions.

FRIENDLY DOZEN FIRST

Then Followed Mrs. Owens' Dinner Party, Misses Thornwell's Entertainment—K. of P. Banquet.

CLINTON, Jan. 2.—The Friendly Dozen were charmingly entertained on Tuesday afternoon at a progressive tea by Mrs. W. J. Bailey. Unique favors were given each guest, marking souvenirs of a delightful occasion. Mrs. John Lesh of Boston, Mrs. Camp of North Carolina and Mrs. Waters Ferguson were the guests of the Club.

On Wednesday, Mrs. W. B. Owens entertained fourteen ladies at a very attractive luncheon. The table was beautifully laid in red and silver, with center pieces of white hydrangeas and smilax. A delightful seven course lunch was served by Misses Dickson and McCaslin.

One of the most pleasant dances of the season was at Copeland's Hall on Wednesday evening. The visitors were Misses Agnes Miller of Greenville, Inez Dickson of Seneca, Mrs. Arthur Shockley of Spartanburg, Messrs. Sanders, Rodgers and Bacon of Laurens, Hill of Atlanta, Owens of N. C.

Misses Julia and Bert Thornwell were the guests of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Katherine Bean to a dozen young ladies on Thursday.

The Christmas meeting of the Action Book Club was at the lovely home of Mrs. C. M. Bailey. In the advertisement contest Miss Ross Bailey won the prize, a lovely Ugure in bronze.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. J. L. W. Bailey was "at home" to her friends from 4 to 6. A floral contest was the feature of the afternoon, Mrs. Jack Young bearing off the honors. A delightful menu was served during the hours.

Ninety guests were present at the Knights of Pythias banquet Friday evening. A. E. Spencer was toast master and the welcome was given by Rev. T. E. Simpson and J. M. McSwain of Greenville and others responded to toasts during the evening.

During the holidays, Misses Julia and Bert Thornwell of Fort Mill and Joe Bean of Georgia were with Miss Katherine Bean.

CLINTON WAS GAY CHRISTMAS WEEK. Hearts Courageous.

The old stevedock as she entered the hall. Through the half open door of the drawing room she saw braided uniforms grouped about a table from which floated out the sound of laughter and the clink and tinkle of glasses, filled from the ceiling.

"And they tell me," rolled a full voice, with a bantering chord in it, "that you would have shared the lot of them at Charlottesville were it not for a girl. Fie, colonel! A dragon should have a sterner heart! Come, now, make a clean breast of it. Who was the light headed damsel?"

"Misses Tillotson of Gladden Hall," announced the aid at the door. Anne went red and white at this contempt, and Tarleton sprang up with such an exclamation that Lord Cornwallis, who had risen also, looked astonishment from one to the other. Then the commander caught the situation and laughed, as did the whole company.

"The merriest sent resentment to Anne's face, and the general sobered instantly into courteous contrition. "You bear easy honors, mistress," he said, "therefore overlook our hilarity, which, I do protest, was yet ill fitted in the pain which the hard usage of such a noble mansion must bring. I regret, he added, "that such things must be. War is not a tender game, and beauty must suffer with the rest."

"You mistake," she told him quickly. "I come not to complain, but to ask a favor. A negro was taken on this property and is now held by your men. He has been my own body servant all my life. Surely you cannot lack for servants. I ask you now to give him back to me."

"It's the nigger named John the Baptist, I presume, sir," suggested one of the officers. "Colonel Dundas has him." Cornwallis bowed, with an easy, good humored smile on his big, confident, masterful face. "We who enjoy the hospitality of this mansion can scarce refuse to light a favor to her who, under happier circumstances, should be our hostess. You shall have your body servant, mistress."

"I thank your lordship," said Anne, with dignity. Seating himself, Cornwallis wrote a hurried note, folded the paper and handed it to her. "Colonel Dundas' brigade lies with Simcoe at Spencer's ordinary on the Williamsburg road," he said. "He will give you return passes."

The officers rose as she swept a low courtesy from the threshold. The aid held her stirrup with deference, and she centered down through the gates and took the west road with a joyfully beating heart and the written order in the pocket of her gown. Her first thought who did not finish the journey. She had feared scarce a half the way when a fax popping came from the distance. The next hill showed puffs of smoke hanging above the trees, and she knew that the sound was the rattle of engaging musketry. Could her eyes have pierced beneath that foliage she would have seen the first skirmish of Lafayette's campaign, the brilliant charge of McPherson's dragoons upon Simcoe's rangers.

She had pulled up, started at the sound, when a low but familiar voice called her from the thicket. "Join the Baptist!" she cried. "Yas'm, Mis' Anne, et's me," he re-

sponded, with a moist grin, parting the bushes. "I warn gwinter curry no Britisher hosses long! 'Twarn' no use'n 'em walkin' me—mech hide's tougher'n whit leather."

"They let you go?" He threw back his head like a bay-bounding and laughed loosely. "Norm! Dem squinted eyed scoundrils nupper let nuttin' go. I kep' meh eyes skunt on tuk ter de bresh dis ve'y maw'nin' slicker'n er weasel. Greased lightning couldn't ketch me! What yo' doin' heah, Mis' Anne? What yo' been?"

"At Burwell's." "Yo' jes' ride lickety cut down dar ergain. Dat's de bes' place. 'Speck Mars' John be down dar treckly."

For a fortnight Burwell's heard the grind and rush of the armies so near. At length this lulled. Cornwallis had withdrawn suddenly into Yorktown.

Then in early September a momentous message flew from lip to lip. Washington was coming! The wary commander in chief, pretending plans against New York, had led Sir Henry Clinton to recall part of his force from the Chesapeake and then, turning front, had marched with speed for Virginia, where Cornwallis lay with all his army in the elbow of the bay, securely fortifying.

Back of this swift march of 400 miles lay vital tidings. A new French fleet was on its way to the Chesapeake. Lafayette drew his troops between the British and a retreat into the Carolinas. The patriot army was hastening down upon them from the north. Would Clinton scent danger and send ships to snatch Cornwallis from the closing jaws, or would the French fleet come in time to block the sea way out?

But Virginia knew nothing of this at first. She only knew that Washington was coming. One night Anne was awakened to an unusual sight. On the Jasper colored river came a succession of huge barges, and from them, above the splash of oars and creak of cordage, rose the hum of a multitude. She leaned far from the window to listen. How like phantom shadows the brighting floats swept past! "What can it be?" she cried.

"It's the French, come in the fleet of De Grasse," said Mr. Burwell. "It must now be at anchor in Hampton Roads. Thank God! Thank God!" There was a thrill of rejoicing in his tone, but Anne's heart beat painfully. Hope and help were come to her land—to Virginia the beautiful, the tragic, the tender. The first promise of this help had come to it when strong arm called to counsel and counsel to strong arm and both reared to answer. And he who bore that message? Denied by her lips that called to him, dishonored by her hand that ached for a touch of him, what thought now had his heart for her?

The dark shapes passed on to the notch of Jugateston Island that night and disgorged an army. Silently they filed up Archer's Hope creek and drew with Lafayette's troops, the fatal crowd onto Yorktown.

The fleet that brought them lay in the river month before, and when the British ships which Cornwallis had been promised here to that same day, with fourteen hundred guns, De Grasse's watchful frigates battered them away. The would be rescuers sailed back, and Cornwallis awoke to find himself entrapped.

On the day Washington's allied armies marched into Williamsburg, Anne stood with Colonel Tillotson on the steps of the capitol to see them pass. The Continentals were ragged, worn with painful marches in heat and rain, with stained rags covering old wounds, and with the unquenchable resolve in their faces. Rochambeau's French were uniformed in white, with rose colored facings, eager, debonaire, colored gold wrought standards that caught the sun. Anne watched through smarting eyes. Somewhere, waiting these, among these other troops lying panting against the hip nearer Yorktown, was the one face which meant the whole war—the whole world—to her.

Steadily, under the enemy's fire, batteries rose along the parallels. From one to another of these rode Knox, placing his gunners, his round, jovial face creased in smiles, in his element at last. And these gunners for five days, from sunrise to sunset, hurled iron and flame upon the defenses.

The inner parallels crept toward the river bank, tightening the line. Here their advance was stayed by a redoubt on the high bank, thirty feet above the river. It had resisted all the force of the gunners.

"If we take that redoubt," said Washington to Knox on the afternoon of the fifth day of the bombardment, "Cornwallis must surrender."

Colonel Armand, with a handful of his troopers, reconnoitered that afternoon on the right, came near the river and in advance of the foremost American battery. From the redoubt's far left came a scattering white fire of grape and now and then the grinding belch of a cannonade. The air was full of the heavy, pungent smell of burned powder and the reeking scent of fresh turned earth.

His gaze had sought the wide river for a moment and turned up the stream with a look that was fixed and far away. "A prisoner, coming from the town, captured under the river bank, sir."

The voice recalled him. "Bring him here." The man brought before him looked with a start, then smiled with a gleam of mockery on his ruddy lips. Armand's face was immovable.

"Still the same, colonel," the newcomer flouted, with a glance at the other's uniform. "Still Captain Jarrat. My Philadelphia wound, as you see, proved not so bad. I am on my way now out of the precious rat trap you call here. I have small liking for these peculiar delays. Suppose you scribble me a pass through the lines."

"Serjeant," said Armand, "take this man to the trench and give him ten minutes to go back to his own redoubts." A swarthy red came to Jarrat's face. "I would speak with you alone a moment. I have a communication to make."

"At Armand's nod the others fell back. "What is your communication?" he asked sternly. "You have covered your past very well, but I know you. Do you remember that day at the congress? Well, I am not dumb. Now, will you let me go?" For answer Armand recalled his serjeant. "Give this man ten lashes," he commanded, "before you start him from the trench." Jarrat leaped back, smiling like a fox at bay. "You would dare?"

To be Continued.

CITY OPERA HOUSE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY
January 10th, 1905.

THE LAUGHING EVENT

Frank S. Davidson in

The New Old Farmer Hopkins

Revised and Re-Written

Up to Date : A Little Beyond

A SELECTED COMPANY OF

ACTORS SINGERS and THE IMPERIAL SOLO DANCERS ORCHESTRA

20—ARTISTS—20 1,000 Square Yards of
20—ARTISTS—20 Magnificent Scenery

Reserved Seats on Sale Monday January 9th, at Copeland's.

Cabbage Plants.

I have for sale Succession, Wakefield and Early Spring Cabbage Plants, grown in open air on sea coast from seeds bought from the best and most reliable Seedsmen in the United States at the following prices P. O. B.

Lots 1,000 to 5,000 \$1.50 per M.
5,000 to 10,000 \$1.25 per M.

Lots Over 10,000 Special Prices on Application.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO DEALERS.

Any information as to the cultivation of Cabbage will be cheerfully given on application.

S. J. RUMPH, Adams Run, S. C.

Final Settlement.

Take notice that on the 17th day of January, 1905, I will render a final account of my acts and doings as Administrator of the estate of Fannie C. Parks, deceased, in the office of Judge of Probate of Laurens county at 11 o'clock a. m., and on the same date will apply for a final discharge from my trust as such Administrator.

All persons having demands against said estate will please present them on or before that date, proven and authenticated, or be forever barred, and all persons indebted to said estate must make payment to the undersigned before that date.

W. M. HUNTER, Administrator.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beards the Signature of

W. D. WICKSON

WE WANT ALL INTERESTED IN MACHINERY TO HAVE OUR NAME BEFORE THEM DURING 1905

Write us stating what kind of MACHINERY you use or will install, and we will mail you FREE OF ALL COST

A HANDSOME AND USEFUL POCKET DIARY AND ATLAS OR A LARGE COMMERCIAL CALENDAR

Gibbes Machinery Company, COLUMBIA, S. C.

A STOCK OF HORSE POWER HAY PRESSES TO BE CLOSED OUT AT SPECIAL PRICES