

In Nick Of Time

How a Submarine Diver's Life Was Saved at the Last Moment.

Awful Experience of a Toller Under the Sea Whose Air Was Cut Off by Jammed Tube.

Many are the dangers which the submarine diver is constantly called to encounter, but nothing approaches in peril the floating of his air tube, for that means speedy death.

One of the most remarkable cases of fouling on record is furnished by a recent experience of Frank W. Moran, a diver in the employ of the A. Sorenson Wrecking company of Boston.

The incident in question happened when Moran was working on the



THE DIVER DREW HIS KNIFE

streamer Indian, which struck the Sow and Pigs a year ago last March and sank in shallow water.

Moran and another diver were working in the steamer's hold between decks trying to patch a hole in the vessel's side. They were in only fourteen feet of water and consequently had considerable freedom of action.

The object of the operations was to make the hull of the steamer as tight as possible in preparation for the pumping out process, which was to be conducted later from the deck of the wrecking lighter.

Unknown to the workmen on the lighter Moran's air hose led from the deck of the submerged steamer into the hold through one of the hatches.

Over this hatchway the crew on the surface lowered a heavily weighted covering. Attached to the hatch clamp was a tan or more of pig iron, and as the ponderous covering settled into its appointed place it jammed Moran's air hose and life-line in a viselike grip.

So great was the pressure upon them the life line was all but severed and the air was completely shut off in the hose.

All this meant speedy death to the diver unless the hatchway at once removed. He was utterly unable to signal to his attendants at the surface, since his pulls at the life line could extend only to the hatch. His one hope of life lay in the other diver. He must find him and find him quickly.

He groped his way aft in the darkened hold, and as he stumbled along he wondered if he had slack line enough to enable him to reach his companion.

Every second was precious, too precious to rush blindly about the hold. He proceeded cautiously, scanning every inch of the 'twain decks compartment. He had gone perhaps thirty feet when he was suddenly brought to the end of his rope. His breath was coming in gasps, for nearly one minute of the few he might expect to live had already expired.

As he stood there, caught like a rat in a trap, he felt that the most could last but one or two minutes. Somewhere in the hold with him was a fellow being who might save him, but how reach him?

He could not move a hand or foot to save himself. There could be no help from the surface, because up there they knew nothing of his horrible predicament, and he was powerless to notify them.

He stood thus for perhaps ten seconds, every one of which was an eternity. Then his eyes chanced to fall upon an object on the deck stretched out in an obscure corner. From where he stood it looked like the leg of a man. Eagerly straining forward, Moran threw himself on his face and reached for the object. Had he had two inches less of rope he could not have done it, but as it was he grasped the heel of his companion's iron-soled boot and gave a mighty tug.

The other diver happened to be lying on his side doing a piece of work he could get at in no other way. He hastily scrambled over to Moran and, placing his helmet against the other's, asked what the trouble was. By thus placing their copper helmets together divers are able to talk freely with each other in any depth of water.

Moran told his friend that his hose was jammed by the hatch and that he was getting no air whatever. The other's communication with the surface was of course unimpeded, and he immediately started to have the hatch removed. He then drew his knife and stood ready to cut Moran's life line and air hose in case the hatch was not removed quick enough to afford relief.

It was a moment of dramatic horror. Moran told his companion that he could perhaps live two more minutes on the air already in his helmet. The two agreed that they would wait one minute for the removal of the hatch. If at the end of that time relief did not come, the other diver was to sever Moran's life line and hose and start with him to the surface.

It was a slender chance for Moran, but it was the only one he had. With the cutting of the air hose the water would flood the helmet. There was a bare chance, however, that he would not be so badly drowned and asphyxiated but that he could be resuscitated.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Terrible Fate of a Young Man Who Was Captured by a Band of Indians.

In the days when the diligence, or stagecoach, started from Paso del Norte to go to Chihuahua there were three points of great danger along the trail, one of which was Candelaria, or the Candle mountain pass, says Colonel Jack Crawford, the one time noted scout. Here lurked a band of Indians under Victoria and Nina, most notorious of the Mescalero and Apache Indians. These chiefs were reckoned the most bloodthirsty and cruel of any that infested the border at that time.

One night as we neared the pass on the way to Chihuahua it was pitch dark. I rode in advance of the coach. The only passenger was a twenty-two-year-old young man named Pugh from St. Louis. The diligence was drawn by old fashioned mule teams. A typical coachman or driver, named Pedro Anastasio, held the lines. He was a genuine Castilian. Beside Pedro rode the flambeau boy, with his pipe stick and resin.

Soon I saw signs of Indians and rode back to warn the driver.

Before I reached the diligence a rifle cracked, and one of the lead mules fell dead. The flambeau boy lit his resin torch to see what was the matter. The mules all started, became tangled in the harness. We all were at sea as to where the deadly bullet came from.

Then came from directly before us a screech of internal yells, often read about, but rarely heard. We knew the Indians, while not advancing, were going to wait to see which way we would go.

"Put out the flame," I called quickly to the boy. "Quit your team and get your rifle, Pedro," I exclaimed to the driver, and I ordered Pugh, the only passenger, to hide in the shadows behind the rocks. It was useless to try to go farther, as the Indians had set an ambush for us.

"Pedro," I said, "we'll stand them off. We can kill them. It's our only chance." I hid my horse in the shadows, told Pedro to get a rifle, ordered the boy to get another and told Pugh to do likewise. But poor Pugh became dazed with fright, and instead of talking back to shelter he pushed ahead of the mules and straight into the arms of the Indian runners. With a storm of hideous yells the redskins danced about the captive. We did not see Pugh run away in the dark, and the first we knew of his capture was when we heard his screams rising above those of the demons who caught him.

We three who remained fell back toward Los Tomacs, hearing as we retreated the unearthly, demoralizing yells of the Apaches and the heart-breaking cries of the young man. Attempt at rescue was useless. We never could have helped the poor boy. We could hear his screams as they tortured, mutilated and burned his body. While



THE SPIRIT STRUCK EMILIA.

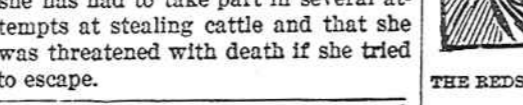
various occasions, though she is utterly unable to explain how they got into her system.

She has been examined by Professor d'Amici with the Roentgen rays to discover where the pins were concealed, but the professor cannot explain where they come nor how they got into her. He suggests that she should be hypnotized, in which state she may possibly be able to explain the mystery.

A Female Bandit.

A cowboy desperado recently arrested in Luella, Neb., proved to be a woman. She confessed that four of her six companions in the band were women.

The crimes of which they are accused include cattle stealing, train robbery and the murder of a Sioux Indian. The woman denies that she took part in any of these acts and says she was compelled to join the band a few months ago. Since that time she says she has had to take part in several attempts at stealing cattle and that she was threatened with death if she tried to escape.



THE REDSKINS DANCED ABOUT THEIR CAPTIVE.

they were dancing about the fire in fiendish delight we were keeping up a constant fusillade to show them that we were ready for them, but they did not leave their victim. We retreated to Del Norte and notified the people who went out and placed a rude monument where the boy's ashes lay strewn over the ground.

Where Chops Come From. Sadie was eleven and Alice was seven. At lunch Alice said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," answered Sadie. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?" —Little Chronicle.

A Child's Bargain. Love me, mother, and I'll be good— Good as any small child should; Let your kiss fall on my brow, And then I'll be good somehow.

"Love me, mother," that's my song, For 'tis but for love I long; Let me rest my cheek 'gainst thine; Love me, mother, mother mine.

Love me as the day is long; 'Twill be my guard against all wrong, And when last I close mine eyes I'll be led me, mother, —Mildred Hansen.

Dizzy?

Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years they have been the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. 25c. All drugists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful growth of hair? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. Sold by druggists, 25c a tin.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Herman's Promptness.

"Hermie!" How Herman did hate to go! He was setting up a little water wheel in the ditch, and it was the greatest trial to leave it.

"Hermie!" Suddenly Hermie remembered what father had said to him. "Take good care of your mother, Herman, for she is sick and nervous, and any excitement may upset her."

He dropped the wheel and ran to the porch, where mother was calling. "Hermie," said mother in a worried tone, "look off there toward the railroad track. Do you see that smoke? That ought not to be there."

Herman looked. "It's only a little grass, mother, burning along the track. That's all right," he urged, eager to get back to the water wheel.

"Oh, but, Hermie, please go down and see that there isn't anything wrong," begged mother. "And, Hermie, don't get hurt," she added in fresh terror.

"All right, mother; I'll see to it," he answered cheerily and started off toward the track.

First he ran to please his mother; then he walked; then as the flames came into sight he began to run again. What was it? No grass fire along the track could look like that. The long wooden bridge was burning, and in five minutes the train would be due.

The train was all right, but Herman as he hurried up the steep railroad grade, "I must have a red flag," he thought.

But he had nothing with which to flag the train. For a moment he stood; then suddenly he pulled off his red blouse and waved it vigorously at the speck which approached in the distance.

The engineer caught sight of the dancing little figure that waved the red blouse so frantically and brought the train to a standstill.

The train men came clambering down to fight the fire. The passengers followed after, and the very first to come out of the car was Hermie's father.

"Oh, what would have happened if I had not come quickly when mamma called me?" said Herman, with a shudder.

It was a happy boy that went back to his water wheel with enough money in his pocket to buy a steam engine that would really run.—Exchange.

The Elder Sister.

A hen came off the nest with one chicken. She was a very sensible hen, and did not waste too much time on that one. When she thought it was old enough to look after itself she went to laying again. The chicken would go with her to the nest, and when the time for sitting on the eggs came the patient little creature assisted in that process. When the brood was hatched she followed with it, and after a few weeks of this life the practical mother turned the family over to the elder sister and again went about what she considered her chief business in life—to lay eggs.

It was a novel sight to see the half grown chicken taking care of the brood. She did her best to imitate the mother, scratching and trying to chuck, but making a strange noise. The little chickens followed her contentedly and seemed to forget all about the mother.

An Astonishing Boy.

It is not a common thing for a boy's mind to be fixed with any remarkable degree of intensity upon the duty of a prompt arrival at school, but there are exceptions to all rules, and little Raymond Scott is one of these exceptions. His story appears in the Philadelphia Inquirer as follows:

Seven-year-old Raymond Scott of 217 Warren avenue, Camden, had a remarkable escape from a locomotive yesterday morning at Haddon avenue station as he was on his way to school. The boy ran across the tracks directly in front of an Atlantic City express. The engine's pilot struck him, and he rolled over and over for thirty feet. When picked up, the train crew was astounded when Raymond said: "Where are my books? Hurry up, or I'll be late."

Getting an Egg in China.

An English traveler who has visited every nation in the world is authority for the statement that one food is universal throughout all countries, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. "There is not a part of the world," he says, "where you cannot get an egg."

Seven-year-old Raymond Scott at first had some difficulty in getting over eggs. The natives could not understand him and refused to recognize the pictures he drew as pictures of eggs. "The way I got out of the difficulty," he adds, "was that I squatted down on my haunches, flapped my wings and cock-a-doodle-dooed until the entire nation grasped what I wanted, and I was simply deluged with hundreds of eggs."

Where Chops Come From.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It Relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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A positive specific for bilious fever, malaria, chills and fever, malarial poisoning, malarial debility, malarial dyspepsia, dumb ague.

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Five Patted Substances
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The Southern Cotton Oil Co.,
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This is all it will cost you to enter our Postal Card competition, which began Wednesday, May 6th, and continue sixty days—i. e., Monday July 7th, 1903. The object of those trying for the prizes is to write as many times as possible on the regular government postal card:

Buy a Griffon Razor of Easley Hardware Co., Easley, S. C.

The one who succeeds in writing the above sentence the greatest number of times on a postal card will receive a Handsome GRIFFON RAZOR, the selling price of which is \$2.50.

These razors are fully guaranteed and are of the finest make and finish. We carry a complete line of them in stock at all times, with prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$2.50. Any style may be had, and there are many varieties of handles.

This competition is open to all of our readers. Either bring or send your card when you fill it out, but don't direct it. If you send, enclose in an envelope, writing your name on a slip of paper and pinning it to the card.

When this contest is over, we may have another somewhat similar. To ladies contesting a pair of fine scissors, to a boy a knife.

EASLEY HARDWARE CO.,
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FARM BELLS.—A large farm bell that can be heard a long distance for only \$3.50 completed.

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But when in need of anything in our line give us a call and we will make you feel good. We have always on hand a full supply of Fresh Groceries at Lowest Prices. Our Spring Dry Goods are now arriving. Will tell you about them later, but call and see them when in town.

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We can supply your wants in anything in the Dry Goods line from the finest to the cheapest qualities.

Our buyers have just returned from Northern markets and our counters and shelves are loaded down with all the latest Spring Dress Goods and Novelties. In Gents Furnishing Goods we have the most complete stock in the State at prices that will astonish you.

When in Greenville call and examine our goods and get prices before making your purchases. Your money back if you are not more than satisfied.

In Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Screens, Window Shades, Art Squares and Mats we have a complete stock.

Thanking our friends and customers for their liberal patronage in the past and hoping to merit a continuance of the same we are

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McALISTER & BEATTIE.
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

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We have never before tried so hard to buy things that will fill everybody's wants as we have this time. We want to tell you of a few special things.

Dress Goods.
33 inch double fold Worsted, nice for Skirts or Children's Dresses 10 & 12c
42 inch Mohair at 25c
50 Coutilan, (not Mohair) worth \$1.00, Special price 50c

Something Grand in Silk.
38 inch all silk Tiffetta at 75c
38 inch all silk Tiffetta at 85c
Wash Tiffetta 23 inches wide just the thing for a waist 49c

OUR WHITE GOODS DEPARTMENT,
is complete with the new and up-to-date Oxford P. K., Madras and any other good values for white.
34 inch P. K. White 10c
34 inch P. K. White 8c

36 inch percal good styles worth 8 & 10c to make it pay you to come and see us, will sell at 6c the yd.

Men's Headwear.
Full line of Men's Headwear, both in and out of season. All prices in straw hats from 5c up to \$3.00
Men's pants and overalls can't be matched in Greenville that we sell.

SHOES
We can please you when we mention shoes. 1 lot of Ladies Slippers all styles and sizes, the price 50c. the pair. 1 lot of men's shoes solid as a rock for 93 cents the pair.

The Little Bee Hive.
106 N. Main Street. Greenville, S. C.

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No pains nor expense will be spared to make this year the BANNER ONE of our history. Our merchandise offerings will be greater and more varied than ever; every stock has been greatly enlarged and our determination to please and satisfy is so greatly intensified that no one, not even the humblest and smallest trader shall have just cause for complaint at either our merchandise or our methods of doing business. Your money back if you are dissatisfied is the way we make friends. Owing to the advance in cotton all kinds of cotton goods are going up, but these prices hold good for 30 days from date.

SPECIAL 10 DAY PRICES.
Yard Calicoes, all colors 4c cents.
Yard-wide Sheetings 4c cents. Yard-wide Blue Dress Goods 9c cents. Navy Bleaching 5c cents. Black and red Calicoes 4c cents. Solid color-clothes 4c cents. Good Mattress Tick 5c cents. Best Apron Gents. Best A. C. A. feather Tick 12c cents. Gents 5c cents. Colored Dress Lawn 10c cents. Best Shirt Linings 4c cents. 34 inch wide 7c cents. Simpsons' Silver grey Calicoes 4c cents.

SPECIAL 10 DAY PRICES.
Black Worsted Dress Goods 10 cents.
Black Duck Dress Goods 9c cents.
Blue Dress Goods 9c cents. Navy Bleaching 5c cents. Solid color-clothes 4c cents. Best Apron Gents. Best A. C. A. feather Tick 12c cents. Gents 5c cents. Colored Dress Lawn 10c cents. Best Shirt Linings 4c cents. 34 inch wide 7c cents. Simpsons' Silver grey Calicoes 4c cents.

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Will pay SPOT CASH for Oak, Poplar, Ash or Walnut. They will send a man to receive the lumber at loading point. They will pay you the highest market price. Write them stating what you have in the way of HARDWOODS
A. S. BYERS COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.