

CHING OF

LIS JACKSON

Tragedy Enacted in
County One Day
Week.

Patches to the
State we clip

10.—In the
miles north
armed mob
by "Citizen"
Honea Path, a
county's
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county and
Greenville
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one Willis
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Several
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ring the night, and the rope
it fell to the ground was cut
pieces and distributed among
rge crowd that had gathered
see the negro cut from the

"Citizen" Josh Ashley was
a witness of the lynching,
neither was his son, Joe
y. These men left the
with the negro before the
reached Honea Path.

Mr. Bryan's Toast.

There has been considerable
ment upon the toast
sed by Col. William Jennings
ran upon the occasion of
sident Taft's recent visit to
colomb, Nebraska. The toast
perfectly proper, and couch-
pretty words. It follows:
ncoln is honored to-day by
presence of the highest offi-
position is greater than
s. His authority is more
an any civilized people
entrust to a hereditary
and he holds the place
cident of birth but by
rages of his country-
though in campaigns
leader of a party, he is
on the chief execu-
and his arm
of ninety
Lifted by
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health
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bearing Josh Ashley rolled in sight. The pursuers had failed to overtake the party who had the negro and were evidently on their way back to Anderson. Upon learning of the lad who drove the automobile being in the city, Ashley instituted a search for him. The lad was chased into a rear of a drug store where despite the efforts of police to protect him, Ashley and his crowd laid hands on him. The lad was placed in Ashley's machine and carried back toward Spartanburg.

According to Sheriff Poole upon his return from the fight, Ashley and his crowd forced this lad to reveal the whereabouts of the deputies and the negro. When seen tonight by your correspondent Sheriff Poole said:

"The automobile in which we left Greenville was making such poor headway over the muddy roads that Deputy Sheriff Martin and I, fearing that we would be overtaken by the mob, decided to get out of the machine and hide in the woods. We told the boy to drive the automobile back to Greenville by a circuitous route and tell no one where he had put us out. Martin and I had gone about two miles from the place where we left the machine and were concealed in a thick body of woods when we heard the shouts of the pursuers. Within a few minutes we were overtaken. Josh Ashley was the first man I saw. He grabbed the negro and we had a sharp tussle over him. Within a second some 25 or 30 men had collected about Martin and myself, and we saw there was no use shedding any blood. They took the negro from us, but promised that they would not harm him. They said they would carry the negro back to Honea Path and consult the 'older heads' of the town as to what was best to do.

Anderson, Oct. 11.—"Willis Jackson came to his death from gunshot wounds at the hands of an unknown mob," was the verdict reached by the coroner's jury at Honea Path today.

The horribly mutilated body was viewed by the jury, and then cut down from the telephone pole by Coroner Beasley. The mother of the negro refused to take the body, saying she would not have anything to do with a son of hers that would commit such a crime. The negroes refused to allow the body to be interred in their burial grounds, so it was buried at the expense of the county.

Several fingers of the negro had been severed for souvenirs during the night, and the rope that fell to the ground was cut into pieces and distributed among a large crowd that had gathered to see the negro cut from the

LONG STAPLE

COTTON AT FAIR

\$1,000 in Prizes Are Offered—

Hon. C. H. Carpenter of This County Interested.

From the Columbia State of the 12th we clip the following: C. H. Carpenter, of Pickens, was in Columbia yesterday to make arrangements with the State Fair Association to secure space for an exhibit of long staple cotton at the fair. Mr. Carpenter represented Ira Williams of the State demonstration work. It is planned to offer \$1,000 in prizes for upland long-staple cotton and every effort is being made to have an excellent showing at the State fair.

"The interest in this cotton that has been awakened in our farmers," said Mr. Carpenter, "and the splendid results that have followed their experiments make possible an exhibit of this kind."

"In order to encourage our farmers to show what they have accomplished, liberal premiums have been offered both for the best plants and also for cotton in bales. Do not let any one think that because he can not have his cotton ginned on a roller gin it is useless for him to compete. The cotton of this class bringing the highest price last year was ginned on a saw gin. However, it must be remembered that the greatest care must be exercised and the gin run as slowly as possible in order to avoid cutting the lint."

Mr. Carpenter is himself most enthusiastic over the possibilities to be found in the long staple product and is very desirous that every grower in the State shall take part in this contest, as he is certain that an exchange of experiences and of results will be of great benefit to the farmers. He says also that those desiring to sell the cotton on exhibition can dispose of it to advantage here in Columbia.

The \$1,000 in prizes will be distributed as follows:

BEST FIVE STALKS OF COTTON
1-16 to 1-3-8—BEST STALKS UPLAND 1-1-16 INCHES.

First prize.....\$20 00
Second prize.....12 50
Third prize.....7 50

BEST FIVE STALKS UPLAND 1-1-8 INCHES.

First prize.....\$25 00
Second prize.....15 00
Third prize.....10 00

BEST FIVE STALKS UPLAND 1-3-16 INCHES.

First prize.....\$35 00
Second prize.....20 00
Third prize.....10 00

BEST FIVE STALKS UPLAND 1-1-4 INCHES.

First prize.....\$50 00
Second prize.....35 00
Third prize.....20 00

BEST FIVE STALKS UPLAND 1-5-16 INCHES.

First prize.....\$75 00
Second prize.....50 00
Third prize.....30 00

BEST FIVE STALKS UPLAND 1-3-8 INCHES.

First prize.....\$100 00
Second prize.....60 00
Third prize.....40 00

BEST BALE WITH SAMPLE 1-1-8 INCHES TO 1-3-8 INCHES.

BEST BALE OF UPLAND 1-1-16 INCHES.

First prize.....\$50 00
Second prize.....30 00
Third prize.....15 00

BEST BALE UPLAND 1-1-8 INCHES.

First prize.....\$75 00
Second prize.....40 00
Third prize.....20 00

BEST BALE UPLAND 1-1-4 INCHES.

First prize.....\$100 00
Second prize.....60 00
Third prize.....30 00

BEST BALE UPLAND 1-5-16 INCHES.

First prize.....\$125 00
Second prize.....75 00
Third prize.....40 00

BEST BALE UPLAND 1-3-8 INCHES.

First prize.....\$150 00
Second prize.....100 00
Third prize.....60 00

Special premium offered by R. C. Keenan, originator of Co-

JUST FOR FUN.

Why Lawyers Go to Heaven; or, Rather, Why They Don't Go Elsewhere.

Knowing that there has been considerable doubt, in the minds of laymen, at least, as to the future condition of the legal profession, I am herewith repeating to you, as well as I can from memory, a few lines on that very interesting subject, which were composed by an old friend of mine at the time of his admission to the bar in the state of Michigan, some forty years ago.—J. A. Markham, of the Independence (Wis.) Bar.

The devil came to the earth one day,
And into a court room took his way,
Just as a lawyer, with very grave face,
Was proceeding to argue the points in a case.
Now a lawyer his majesty never had seen,
For to his dominion none ever had been;
"Tis the fault of my agents," his majesty thought,
"That none of these lawyers have ever been caught."
And for his own pleasure he had felt a desire
To come to the earth and the reason inquire;
Now, when the first lawyer had come to a close,
The counsel opposing him fearlessly rose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of the first,
That he made him a villain, of all men the worst.
Each claimed he was right and the other was wrong,
They sparred and contended and argued so long,
That, concluding he'd heard enough of the fuss,
"Old Nick" turned away, and soliloquized thus:
"They have puzzled the court with their villainous cavil
And I'm free to confess they've puzzled the devil.
My agents were right; let lawyers alone—
If I had 'em, they'd euchre me out of my throne."
—The Docket.

COULDN'T FIND THE PLACE.

A very small man—not only small as to stature, but lacking also in width of beam—sat in a street car until he became tightly wedged in from both sides. Then there entered the car a large, handsome woman, upholstered to the minute. She took the strap in front of the small man and was hanging to it in discomfort when the small man arose with a flourish of politeness and touched her on the arm:

"Take my seat, madam," he said, with a bow and a smile.
"Oh, thank you very much," she replied, and turned toward the seat.

Then smiling genially again she asked, "Where did you get up from?"—St. Paul Dispatch.

WITNESSES FURNISHED ON ORDER.

A big, brawny, red-faced sagebrush lawyer lived in one of the Indian reservations back in the seventies. He wore a drooping moustache, and the Mexicans called him El Toro Blanco, because of his habit of bellowing in court.

He was playing poker with the Indian agent and his clerk one day when a dusty and frightened man came in.

"Be you Toro Blanco?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the lawyer, pompously. "I am the man. What can I do for you?"

"I just killed a man over there on the white sands, and I want to consult a lawyer before I surrender."

"That's a good idea," said El Toro Blanco. "Always resort to the law. How much money you got?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Gimme it!" shouted El Toro Blanco, thrusting out a hairy paw. "That'll be enough if you furnish the witnesses, but it will cost you \$700 cash if I furnish them."—Saturday Evening Post.

THE WAY WITH BILL.

Husband—You must try to keep our bills down.
Wife—I do, but they're always running up.

ATTENTION FARMERS.

All the farmers of Pickens county and other business men who are interested in the welfare of the progress of agricultural interests are hereby called to meet at the court house on Monday, the 23rd inst. to discuss means and plans to enable the farmers to hold their cotton.

This meeting is very important and all are urged to attend. Plans are being made whereby money can be secured for those who are obliged to sell, to help them hold, and these plans will be presented at this meeting for discussion. Prominent speakers, among them Senator Smith, and others have been invited to address the meeting. Everybody come.

J. F. HENBRICKS,
Pres. County Farmers Union.

Luxury.
Whenever vanity and gaudy, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women there is no knowing where they will stop nor into what evils—moral, moral or political—they will lead us.—John Adams.

North Pickens Appointments.

The following are the appointments of Rev. E. L. Thomason, Pastor of the North Pickens circuit for the Year of our Lord, 1911. Let everybody encourage the preacher by keeping his appointments in mind and giving him good congregations:

Porter's Chapel 1st Sun. 11a. m.
Friendship 1st Sun. 3 p. m.
Bethel 2d Sun. 11 a. m.
New Hope 2d Sun. 3 p. m.
McKinnie's Chapel 2d Sun 11 a. m.
Salem 4th Sun. 11 a. m.

Another Department.

Father—As you have had three terms at the cookery school, June, I supposed you would know how to roast a piece of beef better than this. Why, it's burned to a cinder!

Daughter—I don't see how I am to blame. The fire was too hot, I suppose.

Father—And why didn't you look out that the fire wasn't hot?

Daughter—Some one else always attended to that at the school, and Mrs. Mixer used to do the basting. All we did was the tasting after the meat was cooked.—London Signs.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.

To be tied too closely to mother's apron strings may prove disastrous to a child.

It depends upon the mother, upon the length and substance of strings.

Surely a mother must hold her children to herself by the bonds of affection else they may stray far. But she must not tie them too closely.

She must give them rope.

The apron strings should be long enough and they should stretch enough so that the children will not feel the constant tension of mother's hold on them.

Give the children freedom.

If a child does not enjoy rational freedom it can never grow into strength of character. It must learn to choose and to decide for itself. It must learn to act independently and to take the consequence of its action.

Loosen the strings.

The child that feels the apron strings drawn taut and fast must lead a narrow existence. It ought to learn wisdom by experience, and no matter how wise the mother she cannot substitute her own wisdom.

Individuality is a great force, and individuality is built up by the individual who is forced to think and act for himself. As much as possible let the child do for itself.

Ever see bear cubs at play?

The mother you may be sure is not far away. She keeps an eye on the cubs, all right, but she does not let them see that she is watching. Her apron strings are long and expansive. The cubs gambol and wrestle and tumble. Even when they fight the mother apparently pays no attention.

But—

When there is danger or a real necessity the mother bears quickly round up her children.

Wise bear!

Let the children play and wrestle and get dirty. And even should they fight do not interfere too quickly. In case of real necessity the child will come to the mother—the better way.

Mother's apron strings should be of a rubber-like material.

And when there is a real need there should be no sudden jerk, only a gentle, wise pulling in.

PITY AND COMFORT.

Isaiah said:
"As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that love him."
As one whom a mother comforts, so will I comfort you."
The father "pitieth."
The mother "comforteth."
As a rule, that is true of father and mother, though not always.

Once I saw a father turn heartless, fly away from his son in the latter's direst need, though the boy well deserved his father's pity. It seemed to me no father could do such a thing.

Said Marie Krejcek of Chicago, a young girl who tried to commit suicide:
"Nobody loves me. Even my mother since she married me. She doesn't want me at home. I have no chance I get I'll kill myself. I have no use living."

These are exceptional cases, however, father pities and mother comforts.

Who that reads the Beattie trial in Virginia, where a young man was executed for the murder of his wife, was not impressed with the pity which that old gray-haired man showered on his boy?

And here is a picture of the true mother type:

In one of the Chicago courts a young girl was charged with "delinquency." That means she was a bad girl, not a wicked girl. The judge hesitated as to his duty and then—
"If mother, will take her back," sobbed the young prisoner. "I'll be a good girl!"

The mother was sent for. Gladly she took the errand daughter to her bosom, the tears of the two commingling, and the girl was "as one whom a mother comforteth." The court wisely gave the mother custody of the daughter.

The father pities.
The mother comforts.
Pity and comfort—how much we frail, forgetful humans need them!

In an age when God was thought to be a tyrant Isaiah gave a true picture of him in the holiest, choicest passage of sacred literature. In all the book there is but one other to compare with it:

"When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."
New Version.
Ho—A man is as old as he feels.
She—But how about a woman?
Ho—Oh, she is generally as old as other people feel she is.—Boston Transcript.

Secret O.

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