

Fort Mill News.

"Do Good Unto All Men."

VOL. 2 FORT MILL, S. C. WEDNESDAY, JUNE. 15 1892. NO. 36

S. M. Mills, Is the place
to buy your Dry goods and notions. Hats, Shoes, Clothing, Hardware, Tinware, Willow and Wooden ware, Crockery and Glass ware, Tobacco, Pipes, Groceries of all kinds, in fact a complete line of General Merchandise all ways on hand low for spot cash, call and be convinced.

Respectfully,

S. M. MILLS.

New Drug Store.

I carry a good stock of new drugs, Chemicals and Fancy toilet articles, Letter paper and envelopes, Cigars Cigaretts and Tobacco. Come and see. I have a competent drug clerk to fill all prescriptions, having had four years experience. He is anxious to serve suffering humanity and will wait on them night or day. My Soda Fountain is now in operation and I will keep Coca-Cola the great specific for headache and nervousness, besides several other popular drinks, that will send the thirsty pilgrim on his way refreshed.

I am in the store formerly occupied by Massey & Hughes.

Respectfully,

T. B. MEACHAM, M. D.

HOFFMAN & WHITE,

DENTISTS.

No. 7, W. Trade St.

Charlotte, N. C.

T. D. FAULKNER.

UNDERTAKER

WAGONS AND BUGGIES REPAIRED.

WHEELWRIGHT.

REPAIRING OF FURNITURE AND ALL KIND OF WOODWORK

BLACK-SMITHING A SPECIALTY
A. A. YOUNG.

BY A SPIRIT HAND.

KILLED HIMSELF AND CAME BACK TO WRITE HIS STORY

The Strange Imaginings of an Almost Hopelessly Discouraged Reporter on a Big Metropolitan Daily.

It was a chilly April evening and Park row was crowded.

A steady drizzle fell slowly, converting the streets into slimy pools in which the pedestrians splashed mournfully. Through the swinging doors of a great newspaper building surged a restless sea of humanity. Worn out and discouraged I breast my way through it to the editorial rooms.

I was a new man on the staff and I had failed to get my story. My heart sank still lower as I entered my chief's presence; it was my third unsuccessful attempt.

"Couldn't get it, eh?" he remarked after hearing my report. "You seem to be having hard luck. I really don't know what to put you at now."

"Just try me once more," I begged, remembering that I was alone friendless and penniless in the great city; "just once more and I'll work it out if I die for it."

Die for it. A bright thought had struck me. Yes, life wasn't worth living. I'd make a success for once—in death if not in life.

I mentioned my thought to my chief, and he laughed grimly. "You'll do," he said, evidently thinking that I was joking. "Try anything you please."

How cold and damp the air was as I went out into the street again and turned towards Broadway. How was I to die, I pondered. Poison was unpleasant, and a bullet made such a mess of one's appearance. I laughed aloud as I imagined my landlady's horror on finding her floor stained with blood. Several men turned to wonder at my odd mirth in the mist and darkness. Once, in passing a brightly lighted window, I caught sight of my face in the glass—a face so distorted, so wild, with bloodshot eyes, that I almost thought the family taint of insanity had claimed me for its victim at last. Perhaps it had—perhaps I was mad.

An icy chill shot through every nerve at the horrible thought. I dashed forward breathlessly until I brought up before my lonesome lodg-

ings on a side street.

I stumbled through the narrow, dark halls to my room and opened the door, and as I did so the dampness of the chamber seemed like a breath from the grave. It was needless to light a match, for the mood had drifted from behind the clouds and shone full and bright through the dingy window. Its beams trembled on the bare floor, danced on the white bed, then crept up the wall in silent, waving, shadows. They made me shiver as I sat down to think. To-night I must die. Then the reaction came and I almost enjoyed the thought of the new experience and gloat over the fact that I would be the first to write of travels in the great unknown.

My razor! I tried its keen edge and found that it could sever a floating hair. Then sat down again and rolled up my threadbare sleeve. Bleeding. I had heard, was an easy death. I gave the artery a sharp cut with the blade and a stream of crimson struck my shirt; the arm dropped and I watched the tiny stream trickling down my leg. It reached the floor and collected into a tiny pool beneath the table.

I watched it overflow and start down the dusty planks, creeping out of the bright into the shadows beyond. It seemed a snake crawling to its den. Perhaps it was a snake—perhaps I dreamed.

A feeling of deadly weakness came over me. I glanced at the patch of moonlight in the cracked mirror and a white face, from which shone a pair of gleaming eyes. Then a flash blinded me and my head fell forward on the damp sill. I could hear a mighty roar, a roar like a giant Niagara that surged and beat upon my maddened brain, a roar far above that of the great city below me. The boom of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry and the roll of huge drums seemed gathered into a volume of sound. Like the waves of the raging sea it surged over me. Then silence came as suddenly—silence oppressive, intense.

Too weak to lift my head I turned it with a sigh and looked around the room. It seemed filled with a misty sheen and through it floated strange, dancing shadows. Flashing lights spun before my half shut eyes. Then a gray mist seemed to swallow

up everything and I could hear the whir of the presses as they ate up the vast piles of paper. I closed my eyes and listened. Was it a bell ringing? Slowly came every stroke, and it seemed to beat like a leaden hammer on my barking brain. I was too weak to move my eyelids more than a hair line, but I could see a mass of blazing fire whose flames seemed to leap and dance and burn my very flesh. A chill that froze every drop of blood struck me and for a second I felt the convulsion of a mighty struggle. Then blackness.

* * * * *

I was standing on my own body—my body that had rolled from the chair and lay stiff and silent in the pool of blood beneath the table. I looked about without curiosity, without awe, and wondered what the reporters would say of that stiff, dead form lying there in the moonlight—the form with the gleaming razor in the stiffened hand and the maniac's smile on the thin, hard face. In another instant I had left it there, passed through the closed door and out into the street. My motions were strangely light and free. The great building was blazing with light and the reporters rushing to and fro as I entered. Many of them I knew; none knew or noticed me. The whole building seemed to shake with the roar of presses and the tramp of men.

In a dark corner I have found a notebook and pencil here I sit and write. I can hear a fellow reporter telling the editor that "Edwards has just been found dead;" the news came through the 'phone a minute ago. They are talking now about giving me a funeral and discussing the kind of coffin they will order.

I have almost finished my story, you see. I got it this time. Will the editor find these notes and know that I have kept my word? I hope so.

As I pen these last words I see the faint streaks of dawn breaking through the gray mist. What next? Where shall I go? I do not know. I only know that my work is done and so I sign my first and last report.—Laville Edwards in New York World.

A Rock Hill Pastor Called.

Rock Hill, S. C., June 8.—Rev. W. M. Anderson, of the First Presbyterian Church of Rock Hill, had a call extended him some time since by the Presbyterian congregation at Jackson, Tenn., has not yet indicated whether he will accept. Mr. Anderson preached for that congregation a few Sundays ago and they were much pleased with him. He is offered a salary of \$2,000.

A Murderer Murdered.

Denver, Col., June 9.—A special from Creede, Col., says that Bob Ford, the slayer of Jesse James, was shot and killed by Deputy Sheriff Kelley, in Ford's Dance Hall, this afternoon.

Kelley and Ford had a quarrel in Pueblo in February last, and ill-feeling had existed between the two men ever since. This afternoon Kelley was standing in the doorway at Ford's Dance Hall, when a unknown man was seen to hand him a double-barrelled shotgun, after which Kelley stepped inside the hall and called "Bob." Ford who was about five feet away, turned around at the same time reaching for his hip pocket. Kelley raised his gun and fired a load of buckshot full in Ford's neck and severed the windpipe and jugular vein, and he died instantly. Kelly gave himself up and refused to talk.

Crash on the Rails.

Lawrence, Mass., June 11. There came near being a horrible accident on the Andover electric road this afternoon, but it was bad enough as it was. Two cars going to a drill collided. An unknown boy lies at the point of death a lady messenger has both legs broken; a motorman and a conductor have broken limbs, and a half-dozen others are injured. On both cars 200 people were riding, many clinging to the sides.

Killed his Tenant.

Greenville, June 10.—Dr. W. Thomas Bennett, who lives three miles below Batesville, in this county, to-day shot and killed Robert Benson, a colored tenant on his place. Benson was riddled with buckshot. The shooting occurred in Dr. Bennett's yard. The particulars have not been learned.