

The Herald and News.

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E. H. AULL, EDITOR.

Friday, May 22, 1914.

The Anderson Daily Mail wants to know "Why is a cat?" We would like to know why is a rat?

The changes made by the convention in the primary are all right. To keep the rolls correct will take more time and work than most people feel inclined to give without some compensation.

We wonder why the supervisor of Richland should build such a fine stretch of road out from Columbia towards the Lexington line and leave about two miles as you leave the city and about the same distance at the Lexington line in such a fearful condition. While he was on the job it would not have taken long to put the entire road in fine condition. Some 16 or 17 miles of it is fine. This is the Capital-to-Piedmont highway and should be put in good condition all the way to Greenville.

When one finds he is out of sympathy with his town, and can only say a good word for it coupled with an apology, he ought to get out. Many people fall into a sort of unconscious habit of growling. But it's a miserable habit.—Gaffney Ledger.

The man or woman who never has a good word for the town in which he or she lives should not want to live there. Such persons are not worth anything to their communities and should be very miserable.

Spartanburg county will not vote on the dispensary question this year, it appears from the attorney general's opinion. How about Newberry. We are keenly interested in our sister county, all are sisters as for that matter but Newberry is closer than some, and we do not want any dispensary that close. Not we.—Greenwood Index.

We have not heard anything about Newberry, except that petitions were filed. We presume if the requisite number of signatures are attached the election will be held. They used to tell it that when the dispensary was in Abbeville and any Abbeville citizen needed replenishing after sundown he had to send down to Greenwood to get it.

FACED DEATH TO RESCUE WHITE WOMEN CAPTIVES

Thrilling Story of General Adam's Visit, With One Companion to Indian Camp in Wilds of Colorado.

One night, more than thirty years ago, a party of Ute Indian braves at the White River agency, Colorado, swept down upon the agency buildings, murdered the agent, Meeker, and every man they could find; looted the reservation stores, and carried away captives to the mountains three women and two children, says the Washington Post.

The nation was horrified at the suddenness of the tragedy, as the Utes had been known up to that time as a peaceful tribe, and had never given any trouble under the former agent, Gen. Charles Adams, who was on the most friendly terms with their great Chief-Auray and others of the tribe. But under Agent Meeker the Indians had become discontented and threats were made. Meeker asked the government to send soldiers for his protection. The Indians learned they were coming and on that very night the murders occurred.

Panic seized the settlers in that part of Colorado and they fled to Denver. The governor of Colorado, instead of urging that the troops be hurried forward, asked that they be halted and that Gen. Adams be sent to mediate with the Indians and secure the release of the captives. The Indians would murder them if the soldiers came, he said.

Gen. Adams, then stationed in New Mexico, was ordered to go to the scene with all possible haste. Accompanied by Count Doenhoff, a German nobleman visiting the west, he made a forced ride of 100 miles on horseback to the Indian's camp in the mountains. Here after a campfire parley in the dead of night among the pines he succeeded in securing the release of the prisoners and the promise of the Indians to surrender those guilty of the murders for punishment. It was a

hazardous undertaking as a number of the braves wanted to kill Gen. Adams, his companion, and all the prisoners in the spot.

The story of the conference as told by Gen. Adams, afterward United States minister to Bolivia in recognition of this service, follows:

"Riding up to the tent of Chief Johnson, I found Mrs. Meeker and a little farther on Mrs. Price and her two children. The women were pitiful looking spectacles. Waxed and worn, with clothing torn almost into ribbons, hair streaming and eyes dim with weeping they rushed to me imploring me to take them out of their captivity. I promised them that I would not leave without them, and that they should soon be restored to their friends.

"Some extra blankets, which the party had brought with them, were hastily fashioned into some kind of feminine apparel, and leaving them these rude garments, with soap, water and towels, I went back to my companion, leaving the women to prepare for their return to civilization.

"The children, who were playing about the encampment, looked well and healthy, and said they had been kindly treated by the Indians, who seemed fond of them and offered many ponies for their purchase. At noon Chief Douglass arrived with a delegation of his warriors, but it was night-fall before the council fires were kindled and the chiefs ready for the council.

"That scene I shall never forget. It is stamped upon my brain in ineffable colors, as I fully realized that it was quite likely to be the last I should see with mortal eyes. The council was to be held in a little clearing in the midst of a deep pine forest about a mile from the camp. The night was dark, and the deep blackness of the vast pine forest stretched away indefinitely, except where the little circle of the council fire threw its ruddy glow. Around it squatted the Indians, some 25 or 30 in number, their faces grim, watchful and immovable, while I, with Count Doenhoff, sat apart and looked at them reproachfully.

"They talked among themselves in the Ute language, of which I knew but a few scattering words, all my discourse with them being carried on in Spanish. Presently Chief Douglass turned to me and offered me the pipe of peace. I shook my head.

"I will not smoke the pipe of peace with bad Indians who kill white men and carry off my country women," I answered in Spanish. "The Indians looked sullen and once more talked apart. I could see that their discussion was hot and that opinions varied, some of the Indians seeming to angrily protest against what others advocated.

"My interpreter, a young Indian boy who was very devoted to me, pulled my sleeve, and in the darkness I could see that he shook like a leaf. 'Oh, Adamus,' he gasped, 'they say best kill Adamus—Adamus bring white soldier, kill white squaw, too.' I laughed, not very heartily, I admit, and broke into the discussion in Spanish.

"You say you will kill Adamus, do you? Well, that's all right; you can kill me if you want to; I am a soldier, and a soldier expects to die in the discharge of his duty; I have been a good friend to you fellows and you know it; now if you want to murder your friend, well and good, there is nothing to prevent you. I can only die once, and I am as ready to die now as any other time. But for your own sakes I want to tell you one thing. The soldiers of my people are as the leaves on these trees. If you kill me or harm your captives, my countrywomen, the great white father will send his soldiers and leave not one of your alive. 'I rose as I spoke and placed my back against a tree, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. It was a critical moment.

Silently Count Doenhoff came and stood close at my side. Alone in that forest of blackness, the only white men within perhaps fifty miles, one hundred miles from civilization, we were absolutely in the power of those savages, who might torture us and put us to a most excruciating death. I believe if I had wavered my life, and perhaps that of the count, would have paid the penalty. For a full minute they sat smoking and looking at me. Then a murmur went from one to the other. 'Adamus brave, Adamus no afraid.' 'Then, long association of obedience to me, and I really believe, their genuine affection for me, prevailed over the dictates of their savage natures, and again they offered me the pipe of peace. Again I shook my head and refused, saying, 'No, I cannot smoke with you until you promise me to give up your captives and allow the ringleaders of this revolt to be punished as they deserve.'

"This again raised a stormy discussion, and angry and suspicious looks were cast in my direction. 'A few angry war whoops' cut the

deep silence of the night and voices were raised loud in fierce discussion. In the midst of it, and when it looked as if my friends were getting the worst of the argument, a bent and withered old squaw, the mother of seven chiefs, rose painfully to her feet, and leaning on her staff, with her stiff, dry, gray hair blowing about her peaked, wrinkled face, pointed her shaking, bony finger at the disputants and said in Spanish, 'Think you chiefs, what you are doing. Adamus is the friend of the Indian, the friend of Ouray. If you kill Adamus or hurt the white squaws you will have to settle with Ouray for it, and he is your great chief who will show you no mercy. You are few, Ouray is great and mighty, he is the white man's friend, and if you kill Adamus, Ouray will send his chiefs to settle with you, and your tribes will know you no more.'

"I do not know how it is among other Indian tribes, but among the Utes the aged are held in the very highest respect and receive the greatest care and attention. As this aged mother in Israel ceased speaking and sank with a weary grunt once more upon the ground, the chiefs talked once more together, and I could see that my cause was gaining.

"After some moments they turned to me, and their spokesman said that they would give up the women and allow the ringleaders of the revolt to be arrested if I promised them that they should not receive a white man's punishment (he hanged). I replied that I could make them no such promise.

"I am not here to make promises for my government. I am here to rescue me, and their spokesman said that they would give up the women and allow the ringleaders of the revolt to be arrested if I promised them that they should not receive a white man's punishment (he hanged). I replied that I could make them no such promise.

"The council lasted well on to morning, but ere the embers of its fire faded before the gray dawn the Indians had promised submission, and I smoked with them the pipe of peace when they had given me their solemn pledge that I might take back with me the captive women and children, and that they would give up to justice the ringleaders of the revolt if I would see that the troops were turned back and no more soldiers sent against them.

"I told them that I could make no promises for the government, but would use my best endeavors in their behalf, and with that they seemed content, and we returned to camp in the gray of the morning in a friendly spirit.

The next morning, when Gen. Adams had seen the women and children safely on their way back to civilization under the escort of his friendly Indians, he, with Count Doenhoff, started for the White River to join Gen. Merritt and report on the success of his mission.

In accordance with his agreement the troops were turned back, the Indians broke camp and went back to their reservations and the threatened Indian war was at an end.

The promoters and ringleaders of the rebellion were given up by the tribe and received a well merited punishment and the surviving members of the Meeker family were granted a pension for twenty years.

KINSHIP.

Have you gone, as I've gone, in the hours of your pain,
To the sea where the ships glitter by?

Have you stood, as I've stood, in the withering rain,

When your heart was too broken to cry?

Have you watched, as I've watched, every vessel grow small

In the East where the sky clambers down?

Then you've felt, as I've felt, a great pity for all

Who are locked in the grip of the town;

And you will, when you win to a wealth unconfined,

(And you said for far lands over sea

Pause a moment to think of us still left behind,

And you'll breathe a wee blessing for me.

So that when I go down to the sea and look out

To the land where my fondest dreams lie,

I will hail you my kinsman in one silent shout.

And I know you will answer my cry.—Edmund Leamy in Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Taking a Bath Sixty Years Ago. Springfield Republican.

Governor Baldwin, of Connecticut, shows the effect of his many opportuni-

ties for after-dinner speaking upon his oratorical style. He was already learned, precise and logical; but now he exhibits that faceious readiness in subject matter and delivery which makes speaking on such occasions popular. Last week the Governor addressed the master plumbers—whether a dinner or not makes no difference. As he phrased it, he "got away" with the master plumbers by telling about bath tubs as he knew them somewhere in the earlier part of the last century; "My father's house was one of the newer and larger ones in the city, but the only bath tub was supplied by pumping up cold water from a cistern in the backyard and lugging in hot water by the painful from the kitchen boiler. It was so much trouble to get a bath that the bath tub was finally turned into a aquarium for my benefit. We preferred a resort to a hot bath in each bed room—a big tin construction some five feet across, looking like a woman's hat turned upside down, such as the dear creatures wore a few years ago."

In historical verisimilitude this is perfection itself. It recalls with vividness the innermost sanctities of domestic life sixty years ago. It is also sociologically sound. But the governor topped off so nearly with an observation on modern styles of millinery that no one can see him down as a lack number.

PRINCESS MARY "GROWN UP"

Kings' Only Daughter Now Has an Adult's Confidence.

London Cable to New York Times. Princess Mary this week appeared with her hair done up and seemed rather conscious of having thus demonstrated that she had reached the "young lady stage."

Her mother took her and the Princess Henry and John to the Tower of London the other day, the queen desiring to give the young folks a historical object lesson.

Woman Wanted a Barber.

New York Times.

Mrs. Lois Hughes, who as manager of the woman's floor at the McAlpin is a sort of court of reference when women patrons of the hotel make a request of an unusual nature, was eating luncheon after a busy morning when a bell boy entered the restaurant, approached her table and whispered something.

"She wants a Bible?" asked Mrs. Hughes.

"Yes, ma'am a Holy Bible," repeated the bell boy.

"You'll find one on my desk," said the manager turning her attention again to her luncheon.

After an interval the boy came back. "She don't want a Bible, ma'am, at all," he said. "She wants a barber."

"A barber? Impossible. Perhaps she means a hairdresser."

"No, ma'am she said a barber and she's real mad; says she has been telephoning about the hotel for twenty minutes."

So the manager, with visions of a bearded lady's having strayed into the hotel incog, hurried to her office and took command of the situation.

"You wish a barber, madam?" she inquired sweetly, over the telephone, after having been connected with the room on the 16th floor whence came the demand.

"That's what, I said, and I have been saying it over and over again to sixteen persons. Why can't you send a barber up?"

"Yes a barber. My husband is not feeling well and he doesn't want to get up; and he wants the barber to come up and shave him in bed."

Secret of Nordica's Success.

New York Evening Post.

Lillian Nordica was the greatest vocal artist America has produced. No women have as yet approached the most inspiring of men as composers, but as singers not a few have equalled if not surpassed them, and among these our late prima donna is conspicuous. For sheer luscious beauty of tone her voice has seldom been equaled—"glorious" was an adjective frequently applied to it. She had, too, what most singers lack, style, and plentiful powers of expression. She modestly attributed her success to her zeal and industry. "Plenty," she once remarked, "have natural voices equal to mine, plenty have talent equal to mine, but I have worked."

Ups and Downs.

Cornell Widow.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student—"

"Then it's \$5 down."

Died as He Lived. Exchange.

"Easeman is gone, poor chap. Died without a struggle."

"Just like Easeman; he never was known to exert himself in anything."

The Fact Remains

No amount of misrepresentation by the peddlers of alum baking powders, no juggling with chemicals, or pretended analysis, or cooked-up certificates, or falsehoods of any kind, can change the fact that

Royal Baking Powder has been found by the official examinations to be of the highest leavening efficiency, free from alum, and of absolute purity and wholesomeness.

Royal Baking Powder is indispensable for making finest and most economical food.

Real Nerve.

Abbottville Medium. For unmitigated nerve give us the man that will send you a long article or publication, free, and then request a free copy of the paper. Oh, yes, there's plenty of that kind of people in the world.

Legal Advice.

Cincinnati Enquirer. The lawyer was endeavoring to pump some free advice out of the doctor.

"Which side is the best to lie on, doc?"

"The side that pays you the retainer."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

House of Representatives.

Godfrey M. Harmon is hereby announced as a candidate for the legislature and will abide the result of the Democratic primary.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the House of Representatives, subject to the Democratic primary. Neal W. Workman.

George S. Mower is hereby announced as a candidate for nomination for the House of Representatives in the approaching Democratic primary.

H. O. Long is hereby announced as a candidate for the House of Representatives and will abide the result of the Democratic primary.

Joe H. Derrick is hereby announced as a candidate for the House of Representatives and will abide the result of the Democratic primary.

County Supervisor.

The many friends of D. C. Boland hereby announce him a candidate for County Supervisor and pledge him to abide the result of the Democratic primary.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Supervisor for Newberry and will abide the rules of the Democratic primary. L. C. Livingstone.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Supervisor for Newberry county subject to the Democratic party. J. C. Sample.

I am a candidate for Supervisor, subject to the rules of the Democratic

Fashionable Disease.

Baltimore American.

Young Author—I don't know what's the matter with me, doctor. I've just published my new book and I thought maybe the strain—

Physician—I see. A bad case of new writs.

party. J. H. Chappell.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Supervisor of Newberry county and will abide by the Democratic primary.

The many friends of J. Monroe Wicker recognizing his ability and qualifications, we hereby nominate him for County Supervisor, subject to the Democratic primary.

Friends.

I am a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Newberry county subject to rules of the Democratic primary election. L. I. Feagle.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Supervisor of Newberry county and will abide the result of the Democratic primary. Custis L. Leitzsey.

Magistrate Nos. 1 and 8.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Magistrate for Townships Nos. 1 and 8 and will abide the result of the Democratic primary. L. M. Player.

Charles W. Douglas is hereby announced as a candidate for Magistrate for Townships Nos. 1 and 8, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

E. L. Rodelsperger is hereby announced as a candidate for Magistrate for Townships Nos. 1 and 8, subject to the rules of the Democratic primary.

Jacob L. Dickert is hereby announced as a candidate for Magistrate for Townships Nos. 1 and 8 and will abide the result of the Democratic primary.

Magistrate No. 11.

H. H. Ruff is hereby announced as a candidate for reelection for magistrate of No. 11 township and will abide by the rules of the Democratic party.

Magistrate No. 10.

J. A. Kinard is hereby announced as a candidate for Magistrate, Township No. 10, and will abide the result of the Democratic primary.

Service That Satisfies.

SOMEONE has aptly said that "the value of any business house to a community depends upon the character of service it renders." Our service means more than mere filling of orders. It includes everything that will contribute to the satisfaction and pleasure of our patrons.

For instance, we have Nunnally's Candies sent to us by express just to give better service while most of the other candies sold here are shipped by freight.

Gilder & Weeks
The Right Drug Store

Agents For **Nunnally's** Fine Candies