

The Two Mysteries.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still. The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheeks so pale and chill.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain. This dread to take our daily way and walk in it again.

We know not to what other sphere "So loved with love and grief" is led, though we may tell you naught.

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed be the thought—"So death is to be glad and loved, though we may tell you naught."

A SPRINGTIME MESSAGE

To Those Who Have Laid Loved Dear Ones Away.

Did you ever stop to think that God hides away so many secrets under the snows of winter? Who can tell what mysteries are buried beneath the white cover, so deep, so dazzling in its purity when it first falls on the brown leaves and withered grass?

The bare branches of the tree's bend lovingly down in a feeble attempt to protect the little sleeping blossoms and the wind, we say, sighs mournfully as it rocks them to and fro, but it is only chanting a lullaby that is known to nature's children alone.

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LOOKS LIKE MURDER.

A Fatal Shooting Scrape in Hasell Street, Charleston, S. C.

BULLET IN VICTIM'S BACK.

The Dead Man Was Formerly a Dispensary Constable and the Killer Ran a Blind Tiger.

In Charleston George M. Caulfield was killed and Joseph G. Myers and Hunter Sharp were wounded by J. P. Carroll on Hasell street near the corner of Maiden lane Monday night.

On Monday night at about 10 o'clock, as a result of a difficulty previously had by Caulfield and Carroll on King street, in front of the Academy of Music.

Caulfield was shot in the back after he had turned to run away from Carroll, who was approaching him with a pistol, and Myers and Sharp were probably wounded by the stray bullets which Carroll continued to shoot at Caulfield who did not fall to the pavement until several minutes after he had received the first bullet fired by Carroll.

Monday night that he thought that Carroll meant to kill him also. Myers was shot in the left arm, just below the elbow and Sharp was shot in the right leg, midway between the knee and the top of his shoe.

The trouble probably had its origin in the reporting of Carroll for violating the dispensary law. Carroll runs a place on Archdale street, and it is said that some time ago, Caulfield, who was once on the dispensary constabulary force, and who is said to have since been an "informer" in the employ of the constables, had given information against Carroll, causing the enmity which existed and which resulted in the shooting.

Myers and Caulfield were standing in front of the Academy of Music talking. Carroll came up and almost immediately the two men engaged in a "friendly" talk, which ended in a scuffle on the pavement.

Carroll, on top. The exact words which brought on the difficulty can not be learned. Myers said that the thing happened so quickly and with the more serious trouble which followed, further confusing his mind, that he can not positively say just what provocation was given for the fight.

Myers pulled Caulfield off Carroll and just then Hunter Sharp, John Murphy, Capt. James Flatley and Capt. J. B. Francis, who had previously been along with Caulfield and Myers, rushed up and gave Myers their assistance in trying to keep the men apart and to stop the trouble.

Carroll seemed disposed to listen to the advice of his friends and on the request of Myers, he started for his home on Anson street. Carroll was left behind, as Caulfield and the rest of the party walked up King street and turned into Hasell street. It was said Monday night by one of the witnesses that just after the party turned into Hasell street, Carroll was seen to be following and was heard to remark, "I got him now where I want him."

The party was walking slowly through Hasell street, and discussion of the affair had in fact ceased, when the men crossed Meeting street. The street is particularly dark in this block. Caulfield was walking ahead of his five friends and when within a short distance of Maiden lane, Caulfield suddenly stopped, probably seeing Carroll come up before him with the pistol, and took a step or two back toward the party.

None of the party seemed to have been paying any attention to Carroll, and it was suggested Monday night that he had probably walked around the block, bounded by Meeting and Pinckney streets and Maiden lane and in this way gotten ahead of the party and come face to face with Caulfield.

However this may be, Caulfield was shot in the back, as he was retracing his steps from Carroll, and Carroll continued to shoot until he had emptied the five cartridges of his pistol. The party naturally separated as the bullets began to fly, backing up against the buildings on the south side of the street.

THE SCHOOL LAW.

An Important Change Made By the Late Legislature.

There was an important change made in the school law last year which escaped the attention of a majority of those interested in education and which is now being called to the attention of the county superintendents of education by Superintendent Martin.

The law has changed the time for the appointment of trustees by the county superintendents from the even to the odd years. Under the other law the appointments were usually made in a political year and with a view to reelection and those that were made on merit sometimes made others mad so that a good officer was sometimes defeated.

The following letter is being sent out to county superintendents of education: Gentlemen—I desire to call your attention to the amendment to Section 1210 of the Code, 1902, found on page 528 of the acts of 1904. It says: "Each County Board of Education on the first Tuesday of July 1905 and on the first Tuesday in July two years thereafter, shall appoint for each school district in their county three school trustees, from the qualified electors and taxpayers residing in the district" etc.

As you know the law of 1905, so in appointing trustees this year, allow me to suggest that you commission them for one year only so as to be ready for the new law next year. If you simply allow the present trustees to hold over, it will have the same effect.

Sincerely yours, O. B. MARTIN, Superintendent.

Be Kind in the Home.

The habit of treating those who are nearest and dearest to us with discourtesy, is one that clouds the sunshine of too many homes. If you are young and looking for your price, just test his home conduct. Do not be guided in your choice by what a young man is in the parlor; find out what he is in his mother's sitting room.

Do not judge him by the way he can tip his hat, but by the way he treats the old, especially his parents. The home where mutual cooperation rules is always a happy one, if it be the top flat of a cheap apartment or an abode out on the prairies.

There should be a certain respect observed in the most intimate relationships. Wives have no more right to search their husband's pockets than they have to take the same liberty with an acquaintance. We have no more right to rob the baby's bank than to force the vault of the national bank.

Every young man in this town and county is wanted: Wanted from the street corners, from the loafer's rendezvous, from the idler's promenade; turn your steps into the highway of noble aim and earnest work. There are prizes enough for every successful worker; crowns enough for every honorable head that goes through the smoke of conflict to victory.

There is within the young man an uprising, a walking, a getting about as much in balancing in overcrowded trains and trolly cars, and we eat moderately enough because, with the tendency toward increased prices for food, there is no other alternative.

Public and private baths are increasing everywhere at an unusual rate, and the tendency of the age, even among the fair sex, is to combine comfort with fashion in such a way that beauty or "the mode" shall not be the price of physical fortitude.

The French physician's doctrine is simply that of rationality, and evolution seems to be following exactly on that theory.

Improvement in the Cotton Belt.

The weather bureau's weekly summary of crop conditions says: As a whole there has been quite a decided improvement in the condition of cotton over nearly the whole of the cotton belt. The crop has, however, suffered some damage from overflows and from insufficient moisture in scattered localities in Louisiana.

Rapid growth and a good state of cultivation are generally indicated. Boll weevils are increasing rapidly and doing considerable damage in a number of southwestern and south central counties in Texas. The week has been exceptionally favorable for transplanting tobacco, and this work has advanced satisfactorily, having been completed in Tennessee and North Carolina and about four-fifths in Florida, Kentucky, and Virginia.

Remember Mother, Boys.

How the chirp of that lonely cricket brings to mind the dear old home,—yrs. years and years and years ago, we are afraid to say how many—when the breezes crept in under the low hanging branches and the graceful elm swept the roof of the old home—a loving embrace, when the odor of pink and geraniums was wafted from the garden.

We remember the deep dark shadow under the rough old oak, and the ruddy lights through the red curtained windows; the pleasant rooms, the books, the music, and—mother. Do you remember mother? It is your mother we mean. The mother who laughed over our baby antics, grew proud of our boyish triumphs, hid her sad heart beats when we left the home fold to win our way in the world, the mother who hid away her tears in her care for us, whose heart grew humble by the multitude of her prayers in our behalf.

Whose face grew more tender as the years marked their progress upon her cheeks, whose steps faltered and whose hands trembled because her buoyancy had been given freely in our behalf. The mother who stood in the old home while we were far away. The mother bird in the nest after the fledgling had flown. There came at last a letter to us in another band, and dear old mother was in her care for us, whose heart grew humble by the multitude of her prayers in our behalf.

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WOULD YOU LIVE TO BE 100.

Here Are the Rules a French Scientist Prescribes Therefor.

To live one hundred years a French physician has laid down the following rules for human beings to observe: 1. Breathe fresh air day and night. 2. Take outdoor exercise each day either by working or walking.

3. Eat and drink moderately and simply. 4. Drink water, milk and fruit rather than alcohol. 5. Fortify yourself by washing daily in cold water and by taking a hot bath once a week.

6. Do not wear clothes which are either by working or walking. 7. Live in a house that is spacious and dry. 8. Work regularly. 9. After work do not seek repose in exciting distractions.

The hours of leisure belong to the family; the night is for sleep. 10. Enable your life by good actions. "To those who are desirous of living one hundred years we can see nothing objectionable in the above suggestions. So far as they apply to local life, we presume none of our citizens could be worse off for following them."

In fact, our present daily life is modeled much after the same lines. We are not all fortunate enough to have roof gardens for sleeping apartments, but the tendency to seek pure air is in evidence among the lowliest. If we can't get abundant exercise in walking, we get about as much in balancing in overcrowded trains and trolly cars, and we eat moderately enough because, with the tendency toward increased prices for food, there is no other alternative.

Public and private baths are increasing everywhere at an unusual rate, and the tendency of the age, even among the fair sex, is to combine comfort with fashion in such a way that beauty or "the mode" shall not be the price of physical fortitude.

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NAVAL HEROES

Tell of Their Weird Night Forty Feet Under Water

IN SUBMARINE BOAT FULTON, Which Lays Twelve Hours on the Bottom of the Ocean With Nine Men In Her.

At Newport, R. I., gallant navy men spent twelve hours Wednesday night and Thursday morning in the living room of the submarine torpedo boat Fulton, as she rested forty feet below the surface of Narragansett Bay.

It was a test of the splendid nerve of the naval fighting man, as well as the supreme test of the deep-under-the-sea war engine, and both emerged triumphant. All communication with the land was cut off. The roof of the conning tower was bolted in, and silently the waters of the bay closed over the grim-looking craft at a quarter past eleven Wednesday night, and she slowly sank below the surface, having on board nine officers and men, who had volunteered for the test.

From that hour until a few minutes after eleven Thursday morning the venturesome nine experienced, wide-eyed, and the fanciful dream of Jules Verne. Dawn appeared, and showed an absolutely untroubled surface where the Fulton had gone down. For all the interested Jack Tars at the Newport Torpedo station knew, their mates had met the fate of the submarine crew that went down to death recently off the coast of England.

And for that matter, for all that the tars aboard the Fulton knew, they had taken their last look at daylight and had gone down in a living tomb. All the life that remained to them was contained in a cup-shaped steel tube. Tons of water encompassed them. The breaking of a valve the loosening of a bolt, the slightest disarrangement of the machinery, such as frequently happens wherever machinery is used, might mean death to them in one or its most horrible forms.

Deep down there in the sea, surrounded by entirely new and hidden perils, it might be supposed that Jack Tars sat in silence, each one busy with his prayers, but they did not. Some read magazines, others played chess with improvised pawn's and others slept, while still others kept watch and stared at the fish that glared at them through the bull's-eyes as curiously as the fish stared at them.

"It was just like the forecastle of a man-of-war," said one of the officers. "Scientific triumph or death. A moment past I Thursday morning the surface of the bay just off the torpedo station began showing air bubbles on a scale slightly larger than those thrown by a porpoise. There was an interval of five minutes, and then slowly from the depths rose a great mass of gray iron. It looked like a whale rising for a sunning."

"HOW'S THE WEATHER?" CABLE ASKS. Gradually it shook the water from itself and took definite shape. A group of a hundred Jack Tars on the wharf let loose a cheer, and the Fulton was floating on the surface of the bay.

Captain F. T. Cable was the first to appear. "Good morning," he said cheerily. "How's the weather?" Cable has made about two thousand trips below, in European as well as the American waters. He confesses a preference for deep-sea life, with an occasional breathing s, e, ll, fishlike above the surface.

Naval Constructor Woodward followed to the deck. "Splendid!" he cried, with the air of a scientific man. "One by one they crawled up through the conning tower, and as fast as they got out in the clear, lighted cigars and pipes. The navy man thus far has found only one grave objection to the submarine boat. He cannot smoke under the water."

The men were as fresh looking as though they had spent the night in barracks, or swinging comfortably in hammocks aboard a battleship. They had breakfasted comfortably off canned goods and coffee, cooked on an electric stove, and fruit. They seemed loath to leave the Fulton and step back on dry land.

In every detail the test had been a supreme success. At no time was any discomfort felt by any of the men. Incomprehensible as the statement may appear, for eleven hours and a half of the twelve that they passed at the bottom of the bay, the men lived on the air that the boat contained when it was taken below the surface.

TEST A SUPREME SUCCESS. Captain Cable says they could have lived with the same supply for several hours more; but they drew on their reserve supply in order to test the pumps and satisfy Constructor Woodward as to the perfect working condition of the apparatus.

In naval circles here the success of the Fulton's test is regarded as of the utmost importance. Naval Constructor Woodward says that the Fulton test through every test splendidly, and as a result of the trial the important fact has been demonstrated that the Fulton, or any boat of her type, can make a cruise of 300 miles and remain submerged for ten days.

The dominating part that the torpedo has played in the war in the Far East has turned our navy men's attention to this field of warfare, and daily experiments are being made at the station, in every detail of the craft. While the Fulton still lay at the bottom of the bay Thursday practice drills were had in the launching of Whiteheads from the end of the wharf, and every day the Porpoise, Shark and Plunger, three more submarine fighters, are taken out and given runs beneath the surface, in order to drill the officers and crews in the management of the formidable boats.

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The collision occurred just as dawn was breaking. The Cape Breton lay at the entrance of the Lake St. Peter channel waiting for daylight so as to find her way through. She was getting under way when the Canada, making for Sorel at full speed, came into view.

Just what the collision was due to and who is responsible for it has not been determined, for the officers of the Canada decline to talk, but from the statements given out it would appear that the Cape Breton had not got her way on enough to answer her rudder and that she swerved across the path of the passenger boat, her bow striking the Canada just forward of the paddle box on the starboard side and tearing its way half through. The main engine and ten cent cotton. In other words, despite of enlarged acreage due to prevalent high prices, the staple, in its opinion, will for some time to come be quoted considerably above ten cents per pound. It is true that the Commercial admits that the crop outlook under normal circumstances would mean a material lower price. But it proceeds immediately to give its reasons for assuming that the "Oiling" will not be to the recent high price of cotton, many cotton mills, both in this country and on the outside of the Atlantic, have considerably curtailed their output, and as the consumption of cotton goods is constantly increasing, it would be only natural that there should be an unusually large demand for such goods in the near future.

This increased demand for cotton goods would undoubtedly be reflected in an increased consumption of raw cotton—a fact that would operate to keep up, or at least to prevent a heavy fall in the price of that staple." The Chronicle, in commenting on the prediction of the Commercial says: "Estimating the cotton crop, it is true, is not altogether the easiest of propositions, but if any papers are entitled to do so with something like authority, the New York Commercial is one of them. We may trust, therefore, that there is some reliance to be placed in this published opinion, which means so much to the South."

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A Remarkable Cure. A dispatch from Savannah to the Augusta Chronicle says: Friday afternoon during a severe thunderstorm a bolt of lightning struck the chimney and descended into a room of the home of Mrs. W. T. Leopold, widow of the late W. T. Leopold, grand keeper of records and seals of the Knights of Phythias of Georgia. Several brick in the fireplace were sent flying. Mrs. Leopold and two of her children were sitting in the room. All three felt the shock. Mrs. Leopold getting much of its force. Just at that time Mrs. Leopold was suffering greatly from inflammatory rheumatism, which had seldom been away during seven years. Strange to say, almost immediately she found that her rheumatism had disappeared. She has not felt it since, and her physician thinks it may have disappeared permanently.

A Woman's Frantic Act. At New York, frantic with fear at a fire in a six-story tenement house on Stanton street, Mrs. Benjamin Apfel threw her only child, a babe four months old, from a window of her apartment to death on the pavement, three stories below. Mrs. Apfel was prevented from leaping to the street after her child by firemen, who had climbed to the third story on scaling ladders, and whose arrival an instant earlier would have saved the child from death. More than a score of persons were rescued by the firemen.

Choked to Death. Carroll, the 8-year-old son of Mr. J. A. Clark, a well known farmer of the Cannon Camp ground section, Spartanburg County, swallowed a small iron bolt, about three-eighths of an inch in circumference, and died within a few minutes Saturday afternoon. The piece of iron lodged in the boy's windpipe, preventing his breathing. Everything possible was done to save the boy's life, but these attempts were futile. After death efforts were made to resuscitate him but to no purpose.

Bomb in Palace. The London Daily Mail says: "Two infernal machines were found on the night of June 7, concealed in tobacco boxes in the Tsarkey Selo palace, where the Russian emperor is now residing. One of the machines was in the dining room, the other in the audience chamber. The mechanism in each was working when discovered. The strictest secrecy is observed in this statement, although true in every detail, is sure to be categorically denied."

Bandits Hold Up Train. A Denver and Rio Grande west-bound passenger train was held up near Palisade, Col., early Wednesday. Two bandits seriously wounded a brakeman, ditched the engine and blew up the train and held up the express cars running some distance up the safe track. It is not known how much was secured. The robbers escaped.

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A Remarkable Cure. A dispatch from Savannah to the Augusta Chronicle says: Friday afternoon during a severe thunderstorm a bolt of lightning struck the chimney and descended into a room of the home of Mrs. W. T. Leopold, widow of the late W. T. Leopold, grand keeper of records and seals of the Knights of Phythias of Georgia. Several brick in the fireplace were sent flying. Mrs. Leopold and two of her children were sitting in the room. All three felt the shock. Mrs. Leopold getting much of its force. Just at that time Mrs. Leopold was suffering greatly from inflammatory rheumatism, which had seldom been away during seven years. Strange to say, almost immediately she found that her rheumatism had disappeared. She has not felt it since, and her physician thinks it may have disappeared permanently.

A Woman's Frantic Act. At New York, frantic with fear at a fire in a six-story tenement house on Stanton street, Mrs. Benjamin Apfel threw her only child, a babe four months old, from a window of her apartment to death on the pavement, three stories below. Mrs. Apfel was prevented from leaping to the street after her child by firemen, who had climbed to the third story on scaling ladders, and whose arrival an instant earlier would have saved the child from death. More than a score of persons were rescued by the firemen.

Choked to Death. Carroll, the 8-year-old son of Mr. J. A. Clark, a well known farmer of the Cannon Camp ground section, Spartanburg County, swallowed a small iron bolt, about three-eighths of an inch in circumference, and died within a few minutes Saturday afternoon. The piece of iron lodged in the boy's windpipe, preventing his breathing. Everything possible was done to save the boy's life, but these attempts were futile. After death efforts were made to resuscitate him but to no purpose.

Bomb in Palace. The London Daily Mail says: "Two infernal machines were found on the night of June 7, concealed in tobacco boxes in the Tsarkey Selo palace, where the Russian emperor is now residing. One of the machines was in the dining room, the other in the audience chamber. The mechanism in each was working when discovered. The strictest secrecy is observed in this statement, although true in every detail, is sure to be categorically denied."

Bandits Hold Up Train. A Denver and Rio Grande west-bound passenger train was held up near Palisade, Col., early Wednesday. Two bandits seriously wounded a brakeman, ditched the engine and blew up the train and held up the express cars running some distance up the safe track. It is not known how much was secured. The robbers escaped.

A Russian Official Shot. The Russian minister at Bern, Switzerland M. V. V. Jadorvich, was shot in a street there Friday afternoon and seriously injured in the head. He would be assassinated was arrested. He is a Russian named Ilnitzki. He had been in Bern for some weeks and complained that the Russian authorities had confiscated an estate belonging to him. M. Jadorvich's wound, although it at first appeared to be dangerous, is not dangerous. Ilnitzki is an engineer and was formerly a Russian officer, but now is a Turkish subject with a Turkish passport. The Russian minister received several threatening letters from Ilnitzki which he turned over to the police. Friday morning Ilnitzki questioned the minister regarding his claim, but obtaining no satisfactory reply shot him.

Race Wagon Ohio. Clifford Boylan, 24 years old, is believed to be lying at the hospital and Wm. H. Harrier and Daniel Fitzgerald were shot and cut and bruised as the result of a fight between negroes and white men after a ball game Sunday at Canton, Ohio. Seventeen negroes were arrested, their confinement being necessary, the authorities believe, for the suppression of possible violence by Boy