

SEVEN DEAD.

FROM THE HEAT IN NEW YORK CITY.

Torrid Wave Drives Many Persons to Place of Peril in Search of Fresh Air.

Seven dead is the record of the torrid wave that for 24 hours had made all New York suffer Tuesday.

The dead are: Miss Stella Dominick, 21, of No. 232 Second street.

Mrs. Mary P. Jackson, 50, of No. 25 Greenwich street.

Philip McCauley, 45, Policeman John M. Barry, of the traffic squad.

John Welleon, 24, No. 14 West 99th street.

John Falkenmeyer, 45, Bert Lane, 29, No. 268 West 144th street.

Policeman Barry, of the traffic squad, met his death while trying to save McCauley.

Miss Dominick lived with her parents on the sixth floor of No. 232 Second street.

A fire escape led to her window. On the floor below lived a girl friend.

Miss Dominick was seeking a cool breeze on the fire escape when her friend called to her.

She started to go down the narrow iron steps.

Her light skirt tumbled back by the breeze, caught in a projecting strip of iron and, being pulled back suddenly, she lost her footing.

John Falkenmeyer was employed in a hotel.

He complained of a headache and went to bed.

Early today he was found dead on the pavement beneath his bedroom window.

The window revolved on an upright bar. It is supposed that while asleep he sought air and walked out the window to death.

Albert Lane sought relief by going to sleep on the fire escape.

He rolled off and fell to the pavement from the fourth floor.

Mrs. Mary P. Jackson was visiting Mrs. Bella Henderson, at No. 210 West Twentieth street.

They were talking when Mrs. Jackson complained of being excessively warm and suddenly fell back.

Dr. Beeuwker, of Bellevue hospital, said her death was due to heat prostration.

RUSE SAVES LIFE.

How Man's Wife Saved Herself and Her Child From Death.

At Chester, Pa., after calling his wife and declaring he intended killing her and their baby, James Wood fired a bullet through his brain Tuesday, dying almost instantly.

The baby and the mother did not suffer was due to her presence of mind.

The family was at the Grand Central Hotel, when Wood called his wife to the parlor.

"I am going to shoot you; then I am going to kill the baby and myself."

Mrs. Wood, with great presence of mind, replied: "Well, just wait till I call mamma; you may as well kill us all while you are about it."

The ruse was successful. Hurrying to the lower part of the house, the young wife called for help, and when her brother-in-law, William Minshall, proprietor of the hotel, rushed into the room, Wood fired a bullet through his own brain. It is thought that Wood was temporarily insane.

KILLED WHITE BOY.

Negro Struck Him in Head Causing Death.

Leroy Sellers, a white boy 17 years of age, was struck by a colored boy, Willie Johnson, in front of his place of employment on King street, in Charleston Monday morning, and died almost immediately afterwards, following the blow which the negro gave the boy on the back of the head and the fall to the flagstone pavement.

An autopsy was held to establish whether the boy died from natural causes or from the blow and the examination of the surgeons showed that the boy's heart and lungs were all right and that death resulted from concussion of the brain.

The negro boy is under arrest, awaiting formal commitment by the coroner's jury.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Greenville Man Eludes Arrest on a Warrant Sworn Out by Wife.

An effort was made by Jailer Noe to arrest Marion C. Patterson, a flagman on the Northbound vestibule, when it reached Greenville Thursday night, but he eluded arrest.

Patterson was wanted on a warrant issued at the instance of his wife, which charges him with bigamy, alleging he has recently married a woman named Mary E. Parker and with whom he now lives in Charlotte, Mrs. Patterson, who swore out the warrant, was living in Greenville at the time she married and her very young baby appeared to have the sympathy of the community. She says she will not reappear until her husband has been arrested.

FLAMES DESTROY VILLAGE.

Village Appeals Too Late For Assistance.

Stamping Ground, a village of 700 people, nine miles from Clarksville, Ky., on the Frankfort and Cincinnati railway, was practically destroyed by fire which originated in the Haynor Hotel Wednesday night.

The laze Buffalo Springs distillery was destroyed and the flames swept the principal business and residence district of the town.

owing to poor fire protection in the village an appeal for help was telephoned to Frankfort, Paris and Lexington, but the telephone exchange was consumed by the flames while orders were being given.

HOLD SPOT COTTON

THE MINIMUM PRICE IS FIFTEEN CENTS STRAIGHT.

President B. Harris of the State Farmers' Union Issues Another Circular Letter.

President B. Harris of the State Farmers' Union has issued another circular letter urging the farmers to hold their cotton for 15 cents.

Some sixty days ago we were told that cotton was going to eight cents per pound.

We were told this by some of our leading business men and cotton buyers of our cities and they did finally scare some of our farmers and managed to get them to sell some at ten cents per pound.

Now let's see what it is selling for: And the way from twelve to twenty and one-half cents per pound. Now it behooves us to investigate the cause of this.

Is it that the trade conditions are so much better, or is it that the holding of it off of the market is the cause? Surely the blind man can see the cause.

According to the best estimate obtainable the requirements of the mills this year will be greater than the supply of acceptable grades of cotton. Hence there should be no fear of surplus to depress the marketing of the balance of this year's crop.

On the other hand it is now generally considered that after the shortage of last year's crop of 4,500,000 bales that the world would need a big crop this year to supply the demand.

A bumper crop can not be expected this year because the acreage has been reduced and the crop is a poor stand, excessive rains in the west and the latest of the season and a dozen other unfavorable conditions. It is impossible that a large crop can be made with these conditions and so there is no need to fear the alarm predictions of the cotton buyers and their allies that cotton can not go higher.

I want to tell you that the very thing that has advanced it ten dollars a bale in the last thirty days will still if applied make it bring the minimum price 15 cents. Now what is the remedy?

Hold, hold, hold, spot cotton and always remember futures cannot be spun. Spot cotton is selling right here in South Carolina, for the same price spots are selling for in New York and we all know it takes about one cent per pound to carry cotton to New York and sell it. This shows the conditions at home needs it for the mills. This should stimulate every holder of spot cotton to hold for the minimum price. It is not too late to plant corn. You can plant up to the tenth of July, plant an early variety, manure and work well. It will handsomely pay you for your work. Corn is now selling for \$1.10 cash per bushel and \$1.35 on time. Remember well filled corn cribs and smoke-houses will always make cotton bring the minimum price fixed by the producer, the only one who has a right to put a price upon his product.

B. Harris, President South Carolina State Farmers' Union. Pendleton, S. C.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Symptoms of the Deadly Disease as it Attacks Dogs.

As dogs will soon be very useful to us for everyone to be very careful in handling and playing with dogs.

Hydrophobia is a much to be dreaded disease. It is the result of a specific poison, and produces a certain train of symptoms usually ending in death.

Dogs are often thought to have the rabies when they are merely slightly affected by the sun.

The disease is slow and a dog never looks wiser than when he is beginning to go mad—mind and body are struggling for mastery. The symptoms of furious rabies are as follows:

Nervousness and restlessness to a marked degree; refuses solid food; refuses water; desire to abide in dark places; uncontrollable restlessness.

A dog does not foam at the mouth if he has furious rabies, as foam can only be produced by healthy saliva, as when chewing a bone or running at great speed. In hydrophobia the tongue becomes very dry, the larynx inflamed and swollen and the poor beast emits a hoarse, peculiar bark in his agony.

In dumb rabies the dog foams at the mouth and generally becomes paralyzed. There is not the desire to bite as in the other form.

No man, or woman or child can use too much precaution in the handling of dogs—pets or otherwise. A lady was mending a tear in her pet dog, not suspected of being rabid. She merely bit off the thread from which she contracted hydrophobia.

In another case a gentleman was reclining on the sofa when his dog affectionately licked his cheek. In a short while a small abrasion on his face began to tingle and smart—the dread disease had set in.

COSTLY "GREASE" ON MASTS.

Sailors Used \$20,000 Worth of Ambergis, Not Knowing Its Value.

Greasing masts, sea boots, and oil skins with ambergis, valued at approximately \$400 a pound, sailors on the British bark Antiope wasted about \$20,000 worth of the stuff unaware of its value. A small part of the "grease" had been saved, and this was identified by an Oakland druggist as ambergis.

The Antiope reached San Francisco from Newcastle, Australia, a few days ago. On the way up a large quantity of "grease" was seen floating on the ocean, and the men managed to scoop up several buckets. The "grease" was used for slushing down the masts, the balance being used by the men on their oil skins and boots.

Three Die From Heat.

On Thursday three persons died under tragic circumstances in New York, and their death is attributed indirectly to the heat.

You never find the sunny side of life by running for shade clouds.

"UNCLE REMUS" DEAD

CAREER OF AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS" STORIES ENDED.

Death Came at His Home in Atlanta at 8 O'clock Friday Night, After An Illness of Ten Days.

Joe Chandler Harris, familiarly known as "Uncle Remus" and an author of note, died at his home in a suburb of Atlanta Friday night.

Mr. Harris, whose health had not been good for some time, had only been confined to his bed for about ten days, suffering from chrisosis of the liver. Complication set in and he grew rapidly worse, and continued to sink until the end came at 8 o'clock Friday night.

Joel Chandler Harris was born in Eatonton, Ga., December 9, 1848. He was married in 1877 to Miss Essie LaRose, of Canada, and in 1878 moved to Atlanta, joining the staff of the Atlanta Constitution. It was while he was connected with the Constitution that his tales, "Stories by Uncle Remus," first attracted attention. In 1900 Mr. Harris retired from active journalism, and until last year, when he became editor and proprietor of Uncle Remus Magazine, spent most of his time at his suburban home. He is survived by a widow, four sons and two daughters.

Mr. Harris will be buried in Atlanta.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The Man Who Tills the Soil Has Come Into His Own at Last.

If the American farmer went out of business this year he could clean up thirty billion dollars. And he would have to sell his farm on credit; for there is not enough money in the whole world to pay him half his price.

Talk of the money-mad trusts! They might have reason to be mad if they owned the farms, instead of the watered stock. When we remember that the American farmer earns enough in seventeen days to buy out the Standard Oil, and enough in fifty days to wipe Carnegie and the steel trust off the industrial map, the story of the trusts seems like "the short and simple annals of the poor."

One American harvest would buy the kingdom of Belgium, king and all; two would buy Italy; three would buy Austria-Hungary, and five at a spot cash price, would take Russia from the czar.

Or how it swollen fortunes! With the setting of every sun the money box of the American farmer bulges with the weight of twenty-four new imaginations can conceive of such a torrent of wealth.

Place your fingers on the pulse of your wrist, and count the heartbeats, one, two, three, four. With every four of those quick throbs, day and night a thousand dollars clatters into the gold-bin of the American farmer.

How incomprehensible it would seem to Pericles, who saw Greece in her Golden Age, if he could know that the yearly revenue of this country is now no more than one day's pay for the men who till the soil of this infant republic.

Or how it would amaze a resurrected Christopher Columbus if he were told that the revenue of Spain and Portugal are not nearly as much as the earnings of the American farmers' her!

Merely the crumbs that drop from the farmer's table (otherwise known as agricultural exports) have brought him to enough in foreign money since 1892 to enable him, if he wished, to settle the railroad problem once for all by buying every foot of railroad in the United States.

Such is our New Farmer—a man for whom there is no name in any language. He is far above the farmer of the story-books as a 1908 touring car is above a jinkish horse. Instead of being an ignorant peasant in a barnyard world, he gets the news by daily mail and telephone and incidentally publishes 800 trade journals of his own. Instead of being a moneyless peasant, he pays the interest on the mortgage with the earnings of a week. Even this is less of an expense than it seems for he borrows money from himself, out of his own bank, and spends the bulk of the tax money around his own properties.

Farming for a business, not for a living—this is the motive of the new farmer. He is a commercialist—a man of the twentieth century. He works as hard as the old farmer, but in a higher way. He uses the four M's—mind, money, machinery and muscle; but as little of the latter as possible.

Neither is he a Robinson Crusoe of the soil as the old farmer was. His hired days are over; he is a man among men. The railway, the trolley, the automobile, and the top buggy have transformed him into a suburbanite. In fact his business has become so complex and manifold that he touches civilization at more points and lives a larger life than if he were one of the atoms of a crowded city.

All American farmers, of course, are not of the new variety. The country is like the city, has its slums. But after having made allowance for exceptions, it is still true that the United States is the native land of the new farmer. He is the most typical human product that the most important, for, in spite of his egotistical cities, the United States is still a farm based nation.—Herbert N. Casson, in May Review of Reviews.

INSTRUCTS FOR BYRAN.

A dispatch from Charlotte, N. C., says that the democratic state convention, which has been in session here a week, adjourned sine die at midnight, crowning its labors by instructing for William Jennings Bryan by a vote of 253 to 194.

The fight over the Bryan instructions occupied the closing hour of the convention and was threshed out amid considerable confusion, the Bryanites winning a walk when the roll was called.

RESISTS ARREST AND IS KILLED.

H. D. Putnam, a prominent citizen of Hancockville, Ala., was instantly killed by Marshall John Holland Thursday. Holland had a warrant for Putnam's arrest. Putnam, it is said, resisted arrest and was endeavoring to draw a knife when the officer shot him. Holland has been lodged in jail.

MANY KILLED.

Engine and Two Coaches Are Ditched With Fatal Results.

Eight are reported killed in a Missouri Pacific wreck at Lamar, near Sedalia, Mo., Thursday.

The trains were No. 3, westbound, known as the California express and No. 12, eastbound, the St. Louis special from Colorado.

The point where the two trains came together is five miles west of LaMonte, Mo. The collision occurred about five o'clock.

Officials of the Missouri Pacific confirm the report that "several are dead and injured."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

Story by Eugene Cowles of the sudden freezing of Water.

When Eugene Cowles was a boy in Chicago he used to act in amateur theatricals, and he tells a good story of one of his young friends who appeared with him. "His name was Littlehale," says Cowles, "and in one of our shows he had to plunge into a river, pursued by a wild beast. The river was invisible to the audience, and we fixed it so that Littlehale should leap, disappear, and strike a mattress in the wings, while a stage hand should drop a big rock in a tub so as to make a splash. The leap worked magnificently in rehearsal, but the night of the performance, the stage hand forgot the mattress and the tub. When Littlehale jumped he fell eight feet to the oaken floor beneath and the crash was such a tremendous one that the audience not knowing the circumstances, began to laugh. Littlehale was equal to the situation. 'Heavens,' he shouted from beneath the stage, 'the water's frozen!'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

THE SHOPEEKING KAISER.

The Kaiser has been extremely energetic in pushing the interests of his Berlin pottery shop as commercial traveler. Sometimes at court festivals, when he catches a wealthy man he approaches him and solicits orders for the Hohenzollern store.

When the order is given the kaiser extracts a gold pencil from his pocket and after the manner of commercial travelers jots down the particulars on his snow white cuffs.—London Tit-Bits.

THE CHILD.

It is startling to realize that the organ of the child is physically and psychically superior to that of the adult. Stolidity, strength, and experience, of course, turn the balance in the adult's advantage, and it is the child-type that should be our ideal. "Of such," it was truly said, "is the Kingdom of Heaven."—Preparatory Schools Review.

STEER'S STRANGE DEATH.

Ernest A. Davis of South Montville recently lost one of a fine pair of steers. Death was caused by the animal having swallowed a spiral spring which was once a part of a curtain fixture. The wire had worked through the stomach and pierced the heart.—Kennebec Journal.

VANISHING DISEASES.

Typhus fever has practically been extinguished in this country, and is "tending" toward extinction in Ireland. Phtisis is diminishing in Great Britain and elsewhere, but is increasing in Ireland, coupled with the relationship of famine to the spread of typhus, give the key to the problem.—Hospital.

NEW GUNPOWDER.

There has been invented in Germany a powder which is said to give no flareback whatever, even in guns of the largest calibre. The composition of the powder is not known, but it is supposed to consist of nitro-glycerine, nitro-cellulose and vaseline. The prevention of the flareback, however, is believed to be due to the incorporation in the powder of a small amount of some chemical which has proved to be thoroughly effective.

DOG HAS BANK ACCOUNT.

Bluff, a bulldog, is heir to a fortune of \$1,000, left by his master, William E. Butts, a wealthy resident of Chicago, who died recently. Bluff, so far as is known, is the only dog in the world with a bank account. A little bank book will be issued in the name of Bluff and checks against the account will be signed "Bluff" by the administrator of the estate, who will look after Bluff's future.

DOG GLOVES FROM RATS.

In Paris there is a rat pound. It is a deep walled pit in which some thousands of rats are kept. A dead horse is thrown into the pit at night and rats strip the carcass of its flesh. Once a month there is a general slaying of rats by gas. The rats are sleek and plump and their bodies are in excellent condition. Their skins are removed and treated and eventually are made into "kid" gloves.

Southern Chivalry.

Thomas Nelson Page, the literary Virginian, always addresses the President as "his excellency." This term is rarely used at the White House offices, except when a foreigner or a Southerner, tenacious of the old idea, calls to see Mr. Roosevelt.

Roses Made of Butter.

A basket of roses, made completely of butter, basket and all, is being exhibited through England by the Gorfilds of Victoria, one of the States in Australia to remind the mother country of her great agricultural wealth.

Cuba Railroad Earnings.

The annual gross earnings of the Cuba Railroad for the fiscal year ended June 6, 1907, were \$1,953,309, and the net \$658,424; \$153,738 was expended for roadbed improvements. The earnings show an increase of 270 per cent in three years.

Auto a Traveling Camp.

Roy Faye, a Boston autist, has converted his car into a traveling camp for hunting in the Maine woods. He has built an extension top of heavy waterproof canvas and fitted up the rear end of the interior with bunks for sleeping.

Concrete Arches in Mines.

Arches of concrete to support mine roofs are being used in Pennsylvania collieries as a substitute for timber supports, always breakable, and now very expensive owing to the growing scarcity of timber.

Surprised When Money Falls.

An aged man, familiar with the people of the metropolis, says that nothing seems to astonish a New York man as much as to find some desired purpose which cannot be accomplished by money.

Resists Arrest and Is Killed.

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LES MISERABLES.

The most unhappy beings on the face of the earth are professional politicians.

Shot His Wife to Death.

Clifford Touart, member of a prominent Gulf Coast family, shot and probably fatally wounded his wife at Bagdad, Fla., late Thursday. The cause, it is said, quarrelled about a visit to Pensacola proposed by Mrs. Touart, and Touart shot her three times. Touart's friends say he is insane.

SIX HUNDRED KILLED.

Boat Disaster Occurred at Batavia—Many Eaten by Sharks.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., says news of a storm which caused a boat disaster, involving the loss of over 600 lives at Batavia, was brought by the Empress of China Wednesday.

Many large overloaded boats were overturned in the harbor and shrieking passengers struggled in the water with no chance of rescue.

Others were snapped up by sharks. During the week following 359 corpses were found, many being mutilated by the sharks.

CHARMS AND INCANTATIONS.

How Some Pennsylvanians Use Them for Remedies Against Ills.

Witchcraft superstitions are still widely prevalent in Eastern Pennsylvania, according to William W. Neffert, who in the Pennsylvania Geologist, cites a number of favorite charms and incantations:

To cure snake bites: God has created all things and they were good. Thou only, serpent, art damned. Cursed be thou and thy sting, Zing, Zing, Zing.

To prevent accidents. Carry with you, sewed to your right sleeve, the right eye of a wolf.

Security against mad dogs: Dog, hold thy nose to the ground. God has made me and thee, hound. To banish the whooping cough: Let the child drink out of a blue glass tumbler. (This disease was known as the "blue cough," and on the principle that "like cures like," the child drinks from a "blue glass" to cure a "blue cough.")

To cure baldness: Rub the scalp with the hemispheres of a divided onion. (This was a strong charm if the vegetable was fresh.)

To cure fits: Take off the child's shirt, turning it inside out while doing so, and then burn the garment.

To destroy warts: Stick a pin through the wart, and give away the pin, when the wart will follow the pin.

To make the best elder vinegar: After the elder is put into the cask call up the names of three of the crocuses and most sour-tempered old women in the community, and in a loud voice utter their names into the bung hole, and immediately cork it up, and you will have the best and strongest vinegar in the neighborhood.

A remedy against slander: If you are calumniated or slandered to your very skin, to your very flesh, to your very bones, cast it back upon the false tongues. Take off your shirt, and turn it inside out, and then run your two thumbs along your body under the ribs starting at the pit of the heart, thence down to the thighs.

To bring a thief to confession and make him restore stolen property: From the door sill over which the thief has passed take three splinters in the name of the Trinity. Fasten them to a wagon wheel removed from the spindle, and through the box or hub, pronounce the following prayer: "I pray thee, Thou Holy Trinity, to constrain the thief who has stolen my (name of the article stolen) to be stung by remorse and restore it to its rightful owner."

This done, the wheel is to be replaced by fastening it to the wagon, when it was given three revolutions, and the stolen goods were expected to be returned.

A New Gunpowder.

There has been invented in Germany a powder which is said to give no flareback whatever, even in guns of the largest calibre. The composition of the powder is not known, but it is supposed to consist of nitro-glycerine, nitro-cellulose and vaseline. The prevention of the flareback, however, is believed to be due to the incorporation in the powder of a small amount of some chemical which has proved to be thoroughly effective.

KILLED BY BASE BALL.

Promising Young Man of Springfield Section Struck Over Heart.

A dispatch to the State says: Saturday afternoon at Morgantown, a settlement two miles east of Springfield, Paul Morgan was almost instantly killed by a baseball. The neighborhood, in accordance with a long established rule, had a Fourth of July picnic at the old home of Maj. Joseph H. Morgan. After dinner the boys of that section, with several from Springfield, arranged a game of baseball.

Grover Cannon, a boy about 15 years old, was pitching and struck young Morgan, who was prostrated with the heart, the blow causing instant death. Dr. H. A. Odmon and Dr. J. P. Strommard did everything in their power for Mr. Morgan but they could not resuscitate him.

Paul Morgan was one of the brightest young men of the neighborhood, just entering early manhood with every prospect of a bright future before him. He was 21 years old, second son of Mr. Maynard Morgan and grandson of Maj. Joseph H. Morgan. He attended the last session of the high school at Springfield and took a high stand in his classes. The accident is a shock to every one.

While no blame can be laid at the door of little Grover Cannon, the pitcher who threw the ball, yet the little fellow is a prostrated with grief. Grover is a brother of Mrs. James H. Fanning of Springfield, and was raised by Mr. and Mrs. Fanning, his parents dying when he was an infant.

TILLMAN FOR SECOND PLACE.

Senator's Name May Be Presented for Vice Presidency at Denver.

Gen. Willie Jones, chairman of the State Democratic committee, stated Monday that he had considered that the South Carolina delegation should present the name of Senator Tillman to the Convention for Vice President, and he thinks it is possible that this will be done.

The nomination would be purely complimentary, of course, as Senator Tillman has gone to Europe to rest until after the close of the campaign and would not if nominated, be able to participate in the campaign at all on account of the serious condition of his health. However his name may be presented.

Travels in Glass Cabinet.

Traveling in an air-tight glass-covered box resembling a coffin or refrigerator, Mrs. Wm. Tyson, of Fitchburg, Mass., arrived in Salisbury, N. C., Tuesday in search of health.

The box in which she travels is furnished with modern conveniences and Mrs. Tyson keeps well wrapped with blankets. She has lived for years almost without exposure to the open air.

You do not help a lame man to walk straight by striking at his weak points.

KILLING NEAR NEECES

WHITE MAN KILLS NEGRO WHO CHASED HIS WIFE.