

SERVED THEM JUST RIGHT.
Two Mashers in Atlanta Got What They Deserved.

Two would-be mashers in Atlanta, Aloazo Drake and Arthur Hanner, had their faces beaten into a pulp by the husky brother of a young shop girl whom they had followed home through the streets in the hope of starting a flirtation. The two boys dogged the girl's footsteps for several blocks trying to engage her in a conversation and went to the very gate of her home.

She told her brother, a member of the local fire department, who happened to be at home, and he immediately rushed out, took the fellows, one by one, before they realized what was happening, and administered to each a severe drubbing. By a strange coincidence the boys went into a nearby engine house to wash the blood from their faces.

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The sympathetic fireman asked them how they had been hurt, and they said: "In a railroad wreck." About that time the brother of the girl followed them in, told the true story, and they were held there until the police arrived when they were sent to the station house.

Sang at His Own Funeral.

We hear now and then of a man reading his own obituary in the papers, but it is a rare thing for a dead man to sing at his own funeral. Pietro Ficco, a shoemaker and amateur musician, had a very great fondness for the phonograph.

He purchased a great many records and occasionally sang into his own phonograph and kept records of the songs. He was taken seriously ill and recognized that he could not recover, and being a poor man and unable to get up much of a funeral be requested that they use his phonograph to furnish the music for the funeral services.

He picked up the "Angel's Serenade" and Gounod's "Ave Maria," sung by himself, and these were used, and thus the dead man took an important part at his own funeral service. He instructed that his phonograph and 72 records, a number of them his own be sent to his mother in Italy.—Christian Herald.

A Correction.

Editor Herald:—

In your statement concerning the tragic death of Jno. Henry Bethaea, in your last issue, you have unintentionally made one or more assertions that might in some measure prejudice the case now pending against his estate. Mr. Bethaea did not follow the negro porter, as you state, nor did he "without further words pull his pistol and shot the negro." The negro, in a very insolent manner demanded that Mr. Bethaea should cease to smoke in the car. Mr. Bethaea resented the manner of the negro's approach, and told the impudent rascal to leave him at once or he would shoot him instantly. The negro went to the conductor and told what had happened. The conductor told the negro not to go near Mr. Bethaea again, but this the negro refused to do. And when he entered the car where Mr. Bethaea was sitting, again the quarrel was renewed, most probably by the insolent manner of the negro, and after a few words Mr. Bethaea shot the negro.

The few passengers in the car began to stampede, whereupon Mr. Bethaea assured them that he would not hurt a hair on their heads," stating "that he had killed a negro, but that he (the negro) had insulted him."

Just at this juncture the conductor came rushing in with a pistol in his hand, when Mr. Bethaea asked him "if he had come to take the negro's part." What answer the conductor made is not positively known, but it is fair to assume that he gave assurance of such intention, or else Mr. Bethaea would not have shot him.

Those who knew Mr. Bethaea will readily agree, that aside from the one unfortunate habit of strong drink, he was in every way a splendid character. No one can truthfully charge him with dishonor or with rowdiness. He was quiet in manners, kind in disposition, and tender hearted. The attempt to portray him as a desperado on the part of some newspapers is both useless and despicable and can do no harm to his memory, where he was known...

That every kinsman and friend of Mr. Bethaea's deplores the terrible tragedy, by which he and the others involved have suffered, is a fact too well known to deny, but that they are willing to see his name branded as a desperado, and his character traduced, is as offensive and false as false can be.

Mr. Bethaea, like all who bear that honorable name, and all mankind as for that, had his faults, but they were not that of cowardice or dishonor. His were faults of human frailties, not of viciousness, or that of a desperado.

Of course all his friends and kinsmen deplore the untimely death of another. A committee of congress of

the conductor and greatly sympathize with his widow and children, but that the conductor himself is to blame for his own death is a fact too plain to be denied. Possibly all the facts concerning that terrible tragedy will never be known this side of the Judgment Day, but the writer, who went for the body, learned enough about the whole affair to satisfy himself, and his relatives, that Mr. Bethaea was not altogether, if at all, to blame for the terrible tragedy; and they all, like the writer, deplore the undue publicity that has been, and is now being given to the affair. They would bury from their memory his untimely end, and that of those he slew, and revere his name for what he was in fact, a high-toned, honorable man, with a super-abundance of the "milk of human kindness" in his heart.

W. H. L. McLaurin.

March 10th, 1911.

(The Herald presented facts as they were given in the papers at the time of the tragedy. It has no desire to say anything that would prejudice the defendant's cause in the slightest. Rev. Mr. McLaurin made a personal investigation of the affair and The Herald is glad to give publication to his article.—Ed.)

PROSPECTOR'S GRAVE LINED WITH GOLD.

Gruesome Discovery Made by Trapper in Oregon Cave.

When Trapper Moore, a veteran prospector of Wallowa county, was scouting in the hills about 20 miles from Joseph, Ore., he stumbled into an opening in the rocks. In a short tunnel, near this opening, were skeletons of three white men and in a mortar near the pile of bones was free gold, where it had lain for years awaiting a place in the dust sack of its finder. In a bottle alongside one of the skeletons was a vial containing samples of gold-bearing rock, and a dozen feet beyond, where the trapper discovered the skeletons, he found the entrance to a mammoth cave.

N. E. Brown, who with his brother and trapper are among the few who have viewed the mysterious cave, writes the following description:

"A short distance from the entrance is a series of beautiful waterfalls, boiling springs, miniature mud springs of several different colors, and rooms, containing variegated crystals, stalactites and stalagmites. On either side of the moldy path through the cave are several kinds of minerals, evidences of free-milling gold that has not been worked for 60 years as far as 150 feet from the entrance.

"The three skulls have been crushed, apparently by some blunt instrument, probably in the hands of the Indians. A portion of the bones are missing due to the work of wood rats, hundreds of them infesting the vicinity.

The vein carrying gold is about 16 inches wide. The opening to the cave has been partially filled by rock slides and cannot be seen until within 15 feet."—Portland Oregonian.

Master's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of his Honor S. W. G. Shipp, circuit Judge presiding in the Fourth Judicial Circuit, in a cause entitled E. E. Shooter, et al., against Mary Ann Shooter, et al., notice is hereby given that I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder before the court house door in Dillon, S. C., on Monday, April 3rd, 1911, during the usual hours of sale, all that certain tract of land in said county and State, containing eight acres, more or less, bounded by Georgia S. Hardy and others; being the land assigned to M. G. Shooter in the proceedings for the partition of the estate lands of George E. Shooter. Terms of sale, cash, purchaser to pay for papers.

A. B. Jordan,
3-16-31 Master.

MAN ALIVE WHO SAW WASHINGTON.

John Lane Looked on Great Patriot's Face When Body Was Moved Back in 1837.

Washington, Feb. 18.—On Wednesday the nation celebrates the one hundredth and seventy-ninth anniversary of the birth of Washington.

There is a man still living in this the twentieth century, who gazed on the face of the father of this country. This man remembers well how that great man looked. He is not merely the only man alive today who ever saw the first President's face, but he is the only man of the present generation who ever had that privilege. He is this generation's nearest tie to the actual, physical Washington.

The occurrence which makes the apparently impossible thing a fact, was the opening of the tomb 74 years ago. At that time the body was moved from one tomb to another. A committee of congress of

sponsored at the transfer. The coffin was opened for one brief moment, and the members took a last long look at the face of the man who had done most toward establishing the nation, which was already growing great.

The remains had been competently embalmed, and the face remained as in life. After this one look the coffin was placed in its new abode, where it has rested undisturbed ever since.

But when this Congressional committee on that October day three quarters of a century ago, wound its way to Mount Vernon there went with it a bit of a boy. And while its members gazed awe-stricken on what they saw one of them raised the boy aloft, and he, too, looked.

Johnnie Lane—the Boy.

All the other members of that party being at the time men of maturity have long since died. The boy of 1837 is the John Lane of today.

On the morning the transfer was made the members of the committee had met at the bookstore of John Lane's uncle, and were there awaiting the coming of the coaches to take them to Mount Vernon.

Johnnie Lane was a great favorite of Henry Clay, and that gentleman was a sort of a master of ceremonies on the occasion. When all was in readiness and there seemed no room left, Clay, much to the surprise of the boy, lifted him aloft and the party started.

The tomb was entered and an attempt made to bring out the coffin. It was found, however, that the wood was so rotted that it fell to pieces. Inside of the wood was found a leaden casket. In this the first President had been embalmed in alcohol and sealed tightly.

It was born solemnly out of the old tomb and placed in the new sarcophagus to be made ready for its new resting place. When it was lowered into this marble covering and before the lid of it was put on, the whole was viewed by the Congressional committee.

In the top of the leaden casket over the face a piece of glass had been fitted into the lead. This glass was cleaned of the accumulations of the past years and burnished bright that that which was within might be seen. The Congressmen gathered about and looked through the glass.

The head remained preserved as in life. His strong, characterful face was turned to one side and those who looked saw the profile.

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The Dillon Herald, \$1.50 a Year.

Notice.

All persons are hereby forbidden to enter on the land known as the Hughes tract, near Bingham. Any one who violates this notice will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Wade & McArthur. 3-3-31

SUMMONS FOR RELIEF.

Court of Common Pleas,
State of South Carolina,

For Rent.

One large four-room house, large garden, good location. Apply to Morris Fass.

DON'T SUFFER WITH Rheumatism

It is the most distressing and discouraging of all troubles. Nine cases out of ten can be cured by Noah's Liniment.

Where there is no swelling or fever a few applications will relieve you. It penetrates—does not evaporate like other remedies—requires little rubbing.

DON'T WAIT

To have your orders filled for rough or dressed lumber when I can deliver it to you on short notice.

PHONE OR MAIL

Brings your lumber just as quick as a personal order. My equipment is such that I can furnish you anything in the lumber line just when you need it.

T. W. Bethaea

DILLON, S. C.

F. D. Bryant, President.

G. B. Stackhouse, Secretary.

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E. T. ELLIOTT.

"Rock Hill" Agent,

Dillon, S. C.

RHEUMACIDE

Almost a Miracle

Wonderful Cure in South Carolina

DILLON, S. C., August 18

In September, 1899, I took Rheumatism in a very bad

form (rheumatoid). In a month after the disease

started, I had to use a crutch.

He got me one

bottle of the medicine and I began to take it.

The first bottle was used up I began to get better.

I used two bottles and was completely cured.

That was two years ago and my health has never been better.

Have had no symptoms of rheumatism since.

I regard RHEUMACIDE as by far the best remedy for

rheumatism on the market.

Will say further, that I began to take it in about three months and it began to take effect.

It is a wonderful medicine and I began to take it in about three months and it began to take effect.

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