

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 made hell New York safer Tuesday. The dead are:

- Miss Stella Domnick, 24, of No. 233 St. Paul street.
- Mrs. Mary P. Jackson, 50, of No. 25 Greenwich street.
- Philip McCauley, 45.
- Policeman John M. Barry, of the traffic squad.
- John Wilson, 24, No. 14 West 59th 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. McCauley was working at the pier of the Savannah Steamship Line at the foot of Spring street. He was on a narrow ledge when he was overcome by heat and fell into the river. Barry saw him fall and plunged in after him. Neither came up.

Miss Domnick lived with her parents on the sixth floor of No. 233 Second street. A fire escape leads to her window. On the floor below lived a girl friend. Miss Domnick 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, fastened back by the breeze, caught in a projecting strip of iron and being pulled back suddenly, she lost her footing and plunged head foremost to the pavement, more than fifty feet below.

John Falkenmeyer was employed in a hotel. He was a comfortable man. He complained of the heat before he fell to bed. Early today he was found dead on the pavement beneath a bedroom window. The window revolved on an upright bar. It is supposed that while asleep he caught air and walked out the window to death.

Albert Lane sought relief by going to sleep on the fire escape. He roved off and fell to the pavement from the fourth floor.

Mrs. Mary P. Jackson was visiting Mrs. Belle Henderson at No. 210 West Twelfth street. They were talking when Mrs. Jackson complained of being exceedingly warm and suddenly fell back. The housework of Bellevue hospital, said her death was due to heat prostration.

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 afterward, 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.

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 \$100 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.

Instructs for Bryan.

A dispatch from Charlotte, N. C., says that the democratic state convention, which has been in session there a week, adjourned this afternoon, 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 thrashed out amid considerable confusion, the Bryanites winning a walk when the roll was called.

Shooting Affray.

A difficulty occurred Wednesday on Col. W. C. Hough's plantation, near Lancaster, between a white man, Mr. Dock Bailey, and a negro named Anderson McDonald, in which the latter was shot in the forehead, the bullet coming out not far from where it entered. Three bullets also slightly grazed McDonald's neck. The wound, which is not dangerous, was dressed.

Killed His Father-in-Law.

A dispatch from Eastman, Ga., says early Monday morning C. G. Powell shot and killed W. C. Womack, his father-in-law, who lived on the Ogburn place, near Leon. This Powell, eye witnesses say that Powell fired in self-defense. No arrest has been made.

RUSE SAVES LIFE.

How Man's Wife Saved Himself 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. That 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. He said: "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 Minshull, proprietor of the hotel, rushed into the room, Wood fired a bullet through his own brain. It is thought that Wood was temporarily insane.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Greenwich Man Flies Arrest on a Marriage Vow Out by Wife.

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

Patterson is 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 was told that she and her young baby appear to have the sympathy of the community. She says she will not rest content until her husband has been arrested.

FLAMES DESTROY VILLAGE.

Village Appeals Too Late For Assistance.

Standing Ground, a village of 700 souls, some miles from Frankford, Pa., on the Frankfort and Cincinnati railroads, was practically destroyed by a fire which originated in the Haystack Hotel Wednesday night. The large hotel and the business and residence district were destroyed.

TILLMAN FOR SECOND PLACE.

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

Gen. William Jones, chairman of the State Democratic committee, stated today 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 come to Europe to rest until after the close of the campaign and would not be nominated, or able to participate in the campaign at all on account of the serious condition of his health. However, his name may be presented.

MANX KILLED.

Engine and Two Coaches Are Ditched With Fatal Results.

Eight men reported killed in a Mississippi train wreck at Lamar, near Sledge, Mo., Thursday. The train was No. 3, westbound, known as the California express, and No. 12, eastbound, the St. Louis special, from Colorado.

SIX HUNDRED KILLED.

Boat Disaster Occurred at Batavia; Many Eaten by Sharks.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., says news of a steamship which caused a boat disaster, involving the loss of over 600 lives at Batavia, was heard by the Empress of China Wednesday. Many lives overboard were returned in the harbor and struck by passengers struggled in the water with no chance of rescue. Officers were stung up by sharks. During the week following 359 corpses were found, many being inflated by the sharks.

Shot His Wife to Death.

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

Resists Arrest and is Killed.

H. D. Putnam, a prominent citizen of Hanceville, Ala., was instantly killed by Marshal 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.

Prize Fight Backers Arrested.

Charged with aiding and abetting a prize fight of 70 persons were arrested at a New York club last week.

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. The letter is as follows:

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 us see what it is selling for. And the way from twelve to twelve and a half cents per pound. Now it has risen to ten dollars per bale. It is a fact that the holding of it off of the market is the cause? Surely the blind man can see that.

According to the best estimate obtainable the requirements of the mills this year will be greater than the supply of acceptable grades of cotton. There should be no fear of a surplus of cotton on the market.

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 jug 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 handily 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 dog days will soon be on us it will be 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:

- 1. Nervousness and restlessness to a point where the dog refuses solid food, refuses water; desire to abide in dark places; uncontrollable restlessness.
- 2. 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.
- 3. In hydrophobia the tongue becomes very dry, the larynx inflamed and swollen and the poor beast emits a hoarse, peculiar bark in his agony.
- 4. 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.
- 5. No man, or woman or child can use too much precaution in the handling of dogs—pets or otherwise.
- 6. A lady was mending a tear in her dress, caused by the teeth of her pet dog, not suspected of being rabid. She merely bit off the thread from which she contracted hydrophobia.
- 7. 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.

Travels in Glass Cabinet.

Traveling in an air-tight glass-covered box resembling a coffin or refrigerator, Mrs. Wm. Tyson, of Pittsburgh, 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 in blankets. She has traveled for years almost without exposure to the open air.

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

The Man Who THIS the Last Has Come Into His Own at South.

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 their 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 show and simple annals of the poor."

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

Talk about 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 one 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 farmer's hen!

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 rail in the United States.

Such is our New Farmer—man for whom there is no name in any language. He is far above the farmer of the story-books as a 1900 tearing ear is above a jibberish head 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 did, 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 hermit 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 diversified 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 this country has produced, and the most important, for, in spite of his commercial citizenship, the United States is still a farm-based nation.—Herbert N. Casson, in May Review of Reviews.

This world is none the poorer for losing the religion that ran itself out in rhetoric.

The Power of Bryan.

The Charleston Evening Post says:

"And there is North Carolina in the Bryan column, after all the boasts of the opposition that the State would have nothing to do with the Nebraskan. And Senator Simmons, who is the chief anti-Bryanite among the Tarheels, had to run the gauntlet of the convention in order to get a place on the instructed delegation to Denver. The Charlotte Observer was prepared for this before some others. A week before the State convention met in Charlotte, The Observer, predicting a declaration for Bryan, said: 'Since North Carolina can not swing the Bryan owned party, the Bryan-owned party will be likely to swing North Carolina. The convention in this State comes even later than Virginia's and events elsewhere have likewise almost predetermined its action, Emancipation of the national party has been visibly deferred. Why should a few States burden themselves with the future? North Carolina being human, will presumably get on the band wagon as a matter of course.' It got on all right, but why all this talk about the 'Bryan owned' party? Who gave Mr. Bryan title to the party? Certainly he did not go into the political market and buy the Democracy."

Why not be fair to the party and to Mr. Bryan, too, by admitting

that the Nebraskan has fairly won the nomination which will be his by acclamation at Denver. He has no Federal patronage, he has no great campaign fund, he is not a rich man, although he is very comfortably provided for. Whence comes his supremacy in the party except through the power of an idea? The idea may not be particularly attractive to old-fashioned Democrats. We confess that we have never been under its spell. But its presence and force is not to be denied. It is a real, living factor. Mr. Bryan is more of an evangelist than a statesman, and the American people are more inclined at the present time to evangelism than to statecraft. Perhaps it is wisely ordained that a nation shall pass through periods of elevation, when the heart rules rather than the head, and this may be one of those periods, and Mr. Bryan the interpreter of its emotion. The period of practical, constructive statesmanship will come later, when those of us who understand only "safe and sane" methods in government will be at home again, and Mr. Bryan will be a saint in the political calendar. But there is no question that the transcendentalism of Mr. Bryan has a powerful hold upon the minds of the people today, and it is useless to rail against it all and to abuse Mr. Bryan as a slave driver of Democracy.

Mr. Bryan has persisted as the central figure of the Democratic party and one of the three or four commanding personalities of the country for twelve years, through two defeats of his own and one period of essay by those in opposition to him to assert and illustrate itself as the dominant element of Democracy. It is time to put aside prejudices to forget predispositions and to recognize conditions that are. Mr. Bryan is a great figure and a vital force in the politics of this country, and he is the established leader of the Democratic party. And he will be the next President of the United States."

The Cotton Crop.

The influence of the cotton crop of America upon the world's commerce does not decline. On the contrary, every year it becomes more manifest. The production of cotton is studied with greater care every year. The different experiment stations and the government bureau at Washington are now able to state conclusions based on experiments which are of great value to the cotton planter. At this time the chief interest seems to center in the seed selection and in the better treatment of the soil. The correspondents of Home and Farm will have much to say of interest on these points. The insect enemies of the cotton plant are best met in the selection of the seed and in the preparation of the soil and in the early development of the plant. The early cotton escapes the boll weevil to a large extent.

In a recent bulletin published by the Agricultural Department at Washington it is said the expense for picking the cotton is the largest item in the cost of production. The entire crop is picked by hand, just as in the beginning.

One man with modern machinery can cultivate thirty acres, but it requires four pickers to gather the crop as rapidly as is necessary to prevent loss.

It is estimated that one and a half million persons working four months are needed to gather a crop the size of that grown in 1907.

Let us remember that the grain crops are now harvested by machinery and consider what a revolution would be wrought if we had a cotton harvester equal to the grain harvesters of the North.

Great improvements have been made in the ginning of cotton, and some improvements have been made in the baling of cotton, but there is room for improvement on both accounts still.

Further, there is room for improvement in marketing the crop. Farmers cannot control the railroad rates either in price or in waste or injury to cotton in transit, but the farmer of the Southern States should consider the cost of carrying the cotton to the railroad station. They do not count this work as costing them anything, but it is a serious mistake. As it stands, the estimate is that it costs 80 cents to get a bale of cotton hauled to the railroad station. This expense ought to be reduced one-half by the improvement of the county roads.

With good roads they could haul twice as much with the same expenditure of labor—man labor and mule labor.

The cost of marketing the crop, taking the average from different railroad stations of America to Liverpool is \$3.60 a bale of 500 pounds. In other words, it costs nearly one-fourth as much to carry the cotton to the railroad station as it does to get the cotton from the railroad station to the Liverpool market.—Home and Farm.

Cotton and Prosperity.

The Columbia State says:

The last five cotton crops, the Philadelphia Record reminds us, have represented a cash value for lint alone, of more than three billion dollars. It is almost, perhaps quite, impossible for the human mind to conceive three billion dollars, yet this inconceivable sum has been poured into the lap of this nation by the Southern cotton-growers, within five years, from the staple of their fields. To this three billions must be added some \$500,000,000 realized from the sale of cotton-seed products in the same period.

We can better appreciate this by remembering that previously it took ten cotton crops to approximate this vast tribute. The development has been greater than that of any other crop. It has brought prosperity and opportunity to the South. Even if we did not reckon the lint at all, the value of the cotton seed would still make cotton a notable crop; but when we add the oil and the cotton-seed meal to the lint, in which the world clothes itself, we have a grand product of our fertile soil and fecund air that means the continued and the greatly increased prosperity of this section.

Persons that talk and write of cotton are often inclined to ignore the by-products of the field. A few years ago, 1891, the production of cotton-seed oil was only 50,000,000 gallons now it exceeds 175,000,000 gallons.

Previously to 1870 the seed was thought to be a nuisance about the farm. Then it began to be used for the oil in it, and now it represents one of the great industries of the country. We consume vast quantities of it as salad and cooking oil, we feed it to our stock, with the most gratifying results, we ship it to every country of the globe to enrich the milk and cream of millions of dairy farms.

Cotton remains the most influential of the products of the soil. It still maintains therefore its right to be called King.

Proud of Crops.

The question has been asked by a Chicago newspaper, "Why not, be

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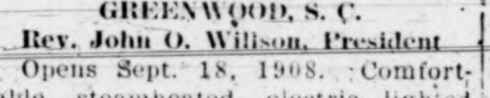
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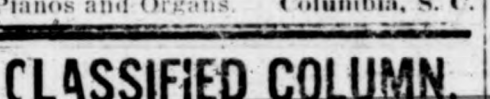
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