

THE BAMBERG HERALD

ESTABLISHED IN APRIL, 1891

A. W. KNIGHT, Editor.

RATES—\$1.00 per year; 50 cents for six months. Payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS—\$1.00 per inch for first insertion; 50c. for each subsequent insertion. Liberal contracts made for three, six, or twelve months. Want Notices one cent a word each insertion. Local Notices 5c. per line first week; 5c. afterwards. Tributes of Respect, etc., must be paid for as regular advertising.

COMMUNICATIONS—News letters or on subjects of general interest will be gladly welcomed. Those of a personal nature will not be published unless paid for.

Thursday, March 3, 1904

There has been a number of killings in South Carolina during the past week or two, and too many of them were "murders."

Jno. Bell Towill, a new member of the State board of dispensary directors, says that where it is shown that the people of a town or city want a dispensary abolished, he will vote for its removal. Good for Mr. Towill! May the other members of the board vote the same way.

The way for a South Carolina congressman to hold his job is for him to get a public building or some kind of a government appropriation for the large towns in his district. If he can do this he has a "lead pipe cinch" on his congressional seat and need not be uneasy, no matter how many fellows run against him.

The News and Courier has certainly done a very sensible thing in reducing its subscription price. How it ever kept up the price so long we cannot understand. We do not believe in newspapers being too cheap, but it was the only Southern daily which charged \$10 the year, so far as we know. While it is a fine news medium, still we believe it has lost ground in recent years on account of its high subscription rate.

We are indeed glad of the action of Chief Justice Pope in granting an order forbidding the opening of dispensaries at Scranton and Lake City, pending the hearing of the matter by the supreme court. The case is soon to be heard by this court, and we trust that the decision will be against the opening of dispensaries. Those people have fought hard against the opening of rum shops in their respective towns, and they should not have dispensaries forced on them.

We congratulate the building committee on the handsome start they have made on the work of raising funds for the new Methodist church. But with such an enthusiastic and capable worker as Mr. H. J. Brabham at the head of the committee, the work is bound to go forward with dispatch. Mr. Brabham is one of our most public-spirited citizens—one whose time and money is always freely given for the good of his town and community. Long may he be spared to Bamberg.

Let us have no State campaign meetings this year. The plan of having meetings in every county in the State has become very much of a nuisance, and the small attendance of voters at the meetings two years ago shows conclusively that the people generally have lost interest in them. Our people are preparing for a big crop this year, and they will want to stay at home and work. We can see no good reason for continuing the plan of campaign meetings in every county; speak for Bamberg, we do not believe our voters, or a majority of them at least, want any meetings here. We'll have all the politics we want with our county candidates.

Killed by a Train.

NORTH, Feb. 29.—John Myrth, a young negro 17 years of age, was struck by the Seaboard's Florida Limited this morning about 9 o'clock and instantly killed. He had been sent by his father to bring a wagon load of fertilizers and was standing in a store for a few moments. The team was standing on the other side of the track from the store and as Myrth heard the whistle he tried to cross the track to stand at his horses' heads. The train, however, was running at full speed and he was struck by the pilot of the engine.

Magistrate Johnson began the inquest this afternoon, but continued it until tomorrow evening at 8 p.m. so that additional evidence may be obtained.

The town ordinances prohibit the trains running at such speed through the limits, but this rule is frequently violated especially by the flyer which passes just as the children are going to school.

The Oldest Man.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., March 1.—Noah Raby died today in the Piscataway poor house of which he had been an inmate for the last 40 years. If he had lived until April 1, next, according to his own statement, Raby would have been 132 years old. He retained his memory and would recall many incidents of his long career until very recently. Raby is said to have been born in Eatonton, Gates county, N. C., on April 1, 1772. He enlisted in the navy in 1805 and served on the ship Constitution and the frigate Brandywine, on the latter of which Farragut was a lieutenant.

THE BEST COUGH SYRUP.

S. L. Apple, ex-Probate Judge, Ottawa Co., Kansas, writes: "This is to say that I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup for years, and that I do not hesitate to recommend it as the best cough syrup I have ever used." 25c, 50c, \$1. Dr. Hoover.

A BICYCLIST'S DARING FEAT.

Loops a Loop From Which a Section of the Track Has Been Removed.

"Looping dans le vide" is the latest diversion of the sensation loving French and the most hair raising feat that ever a daredevil American performed to defy nature.

Every one has seen a fly walking on the ceiling and thought nothing of it and as a parallel case the bicyclist who rides around inside a huge circle head down. But no one has ever seen a fly walking on air upside down. Yet that is practically what this dauntless American does, and for affording the enlivened world such a sensation he draws a yearly salary double that of President Roosevelt.

The young man is W. H. Barber of Rochester, N. Y., and what he does is almost incredible. The loop as it has been looped is familiar to every one, but never has a cyclist tried, much less accomplished, what Barber is doing.

The construction of this loop is the same as of old, but about five yards of the top of the loop have been removed, and the cyclist jumps through space head downward to land on the loop again and shoot out at the end in the usual way.

It was an accident that gave the American cyclist the idea for his perilous aerial flight.

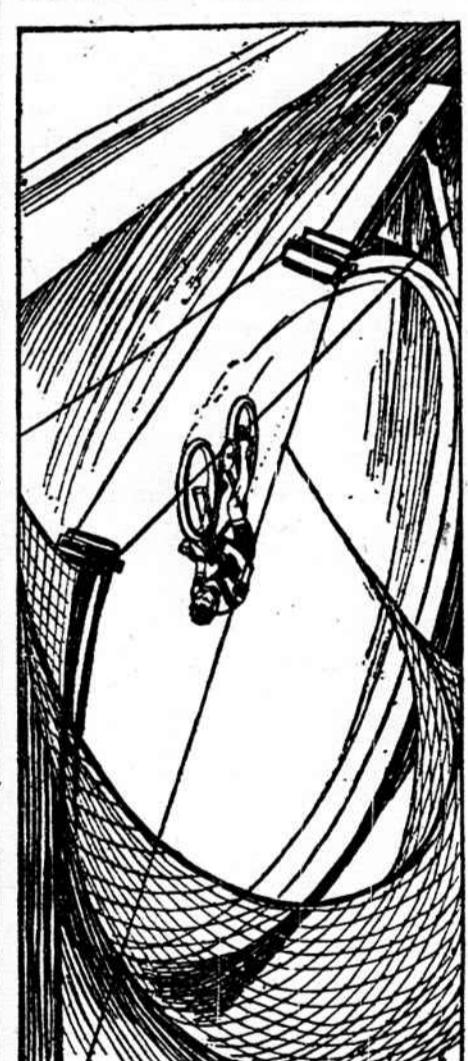
He was in Nimes, France, looping the loop in the ordinary way when an accident befall him that nearly proved his undoing and was the means of bringing him widespread renown.

When the time came for him to loop the loop the wind was blowing a gale, and there was no way to protect himself or overcome its resistance. Instead of going into the loop at the regular speed of forty miles an hour he could not, riding against the wind, have been traveling at more than twenty-five miles.

He brought all his strength to bear to overcome the force of the wind, but it was unavailing, and, as he afterward said, "I said a little prayer for myself, for I was sure I had not speed enough to carry me around the loop, and—well, even a novice would know what the result of such circumstances would be."

But the same Providence who had frequently helped him out of smaller scrapes and saved his life a number of times when he was a boy came to his aid again, and to that he says that he owes the fact that he is still amusing people by his scorn of danger and is famed the world over.

He never reached the ceiling of the loop, but to his astonishment made a



RIDING THROUGH SPACE.

jump of about six feet, impelled by the wind and the momentum, and, landing securely on the back wall, continued his ride as though he had touched all the way round.

A number of the spectators had seen the terrific midair leap and had not recovered their breath before Barber stood on terra firma, bowing and smiling in response to the applause and carefully hiding the feeling of horror which swept over him after he had landed and had time to realize his past danger.

After the first impression left by his accident had vanished the novelty of the break grew upon him, and he decided that if he could do it once he could repeat it. Accordingly he constructed a model, with which he experimented and from which he got the dimensions for his present loop.

The start is made from a platform thirty-eight feet high, the cyclist riding down a run at thirty-five degrees, entering the loop at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, then rising twenty feet, when he leaves the loop makes a jump in the air upside down, lands on the other wall and rides down at the speed of twenty-five miles an hour.

The track as far as the cut is three feet wide, the back wall or come out being six feet, just half the width of the loops used in America. The bicycle he uses is a specially made one, weighing eighty pounds, and even then it sometimes gives way under him, the force being so terrific when he hits the back wall.

Buried Alive

Strange and Horrifying Experience of a Young Englishman.

Apparently Dead, Though Fully Conscious, He Was Consigned to the Grave—His Miraculous Rescue.

George Heyward, who recently died at Independence, Mo., was eighty-two years of age and until a few weeks ago worked every day. Mr. Heyward was born in England, where he learned the watchmaker's trade, and came to this country many years ago.

When a young man in England Mr. Heyward was buried alive and was



THE DOCTOR DROPPED HIS KNIFE.

only saved from awful death because physicians disagreed as to the cause of his demise and took up the body to perform an autopsy. When placed on the dissecting table signs of life were discovered, and he was resuscitated. This is the story, as often related by Mr. Heyward:

"It was in Marshville, England, county of Gloucester, where I was buried," Mr. Heyward used to say very grimly. "My father had a very large family of boys, and he raised us all on the farm near the village. I was quite young, and it was my chief delight to go to the fields with my older brothers. In those days the farmhouses were surrounded by big yards filled with straw. This straw was allowed to rot, and in the fall of the year it was loaded on to wagons and carted to the fields as a fertilizer. It was a bright morning when we started for the fields, and I ran ahead of the horses. The horses in England are not driven with reins, but they follow the command of the voice. After reaching the field the pitching of the straw was completed. The men used hoes, which are fashioned somewhat after a heavy pitchfork. While standing near one of the hands by accident I was struck on the head with one of the picks. It penetrated my skull and at the time made me feel faint and dizzy. My injury was not considered serious.

"After returning to the house I was sent into the cellar, and, much to my surprise, I could see in the dark as well as in the light. After coming from the cellar my strength failed me, and I was soon bedfast. Two doctors were called. One of them insisted that my condition was due to the blow on the head, the other that I had pleurisy. At any rate, two weeks elapsed, and my eyes closed in supposed death.

"It was death as far as my relatives were concerned. Yet I was painfully conscious of every movement going on around me. My eyes were half closed, and as I was laid out I heard my older brother, John, walk into the house. I saw him approach the cot with tears in his eyes, and sympathizing friends consoled him by asking him to dry his tears. 'He is gone,' they said, and other similar expressions were used around the bier. Well known faces would peer down at me as I lay with my eyes half closed. Tears rained on my face as the burial shroud was wrapped around my body. As soon as the undertaker arrived I knew I was to be buried alive. Try as I would, nothing could break the spell which bound me. Every action and every word spoken is as distinct to my mind now as then.

"Well, the time for the funeral arrived, and the service was preached over my living but rigid body. The undertaker approached, and the lid of my little prison house was fastened down. Life seemed all but gone when this took place; but, as I said, no effort of mine could break the spell. The coffin was shoved into the wagon, and the trundling of the vehicle sounded in my ears. I was painfully conscious of the fact that I was soon to be lowered into the grave. But I did not feel fear at my impending fate. The coffin was taken out of the wagon and lowered into the grave. In those days boxes

were not used as receptacles for coffins. The clods of earth fell heavy on the lid of the casket. There I was being entombed alive, unable to speak or stay the hands of my friends. My effort to move proved futile, and the close air of the coffin seemed stifling to me. Suddenly the shoveling ceased, and the silence of the tomb was complete. I did not seem to have the fear then that a person would naturally expect under such circumstances. All I remember is that the grave is a lonely place, and the silence of the tomb was horribly oppressive. A dreamy sensation came over me, and a sense of suffocation became apparent. My whole system was paralyzed. Were it otherwise my struggles would have been desperate.

"How long I remained in this condition I do not know. The first sense of returning life came over me when I heard the scraping of a spade on my coffin lid. I felt myself raised and borne away. I was taken out of my coffin not to my home, but to a dissecting room. I beheld the doctors who had waited upon me at my home, dressed in long white aprons. In their hands they had knives. Through my half closed eyes I saw them engaged in a dispute. They were trying to decide how to cut me up. One argued one way, while the other doctor took another view of the matter. All this I witnessed through my half opened eyes. My sense of hearing was remarkably acute. Both approached the table and opened my mouth, when by superhuman effort my eyelids were slightly raised. The next thing I heard was: 'Look out, you fool! He is alive!' 'He is dead,' rejoined the other doctor. 'See! He opens his eyes!' continued the first doctor. The other physician let his knife drop, and a short time after that I commenced to recover rapidly. Instead of cutting me up they took me home. There was great rejoicing among my relatives. I owed my life to the doctors' dispute as to what ailed me during my illness."

A WOMAN'S COOL NERVE.

Bitten by a Tarantula She Sucks Out Poison, Saving Her Life.

To her rare presence of mind a Denver woman undoubtedly owes her life, displaying at the same time a "nerve" almost on the heroic.

Mrs. Salvador Martin of Park avenue, Berkeley, in the district of Denver, in taking out of her closet a heavy jacket put her hand inside the coat sleeve. She at once felt a sharp sting and, drawing her hand away, was horrified to find an immense spider-like insect, as large as a silver dollar and of inky blackness, clinging thereto. She quickly brushed the insect off and crushed it beneath her feet, and then went on about her work.

In about fifteen minutes the hand began to swell and in half an hour it had swollen to twice its size. The fingers had stiffened, and the entire hand was of a deep purple color. Mrs. Martin went at once to the telephone, but no Berkeley physician was within call. She then decided that she would go



MRS. MARTIN FELT A SHARP STING.

over into Denver, but before she could get dressed the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable.

Mrs. Martin then decided upon desperate measures. She examined her hand closely, but could find no abrasion of the skin through which the poison might be withdrawn. With a nerve truly remarkable under the circumstances, Mrs. Martin tied a cord tightly around her wrist to prevent the poison from spreading farther and then deliberately took a sharp razor and cut a deep gash in her hand near where she supposed the sting to be. She then sucked the poison out until the inflammation had receded and the fingers began to move. Hastily making a paste of common baking soda and ammonia, Mrs. Martin swathed her hand in this and started to the highlands for a physician. Upon at last locating one she was told that nothing further was necessary and that she owed her life to her quick thought and cool nerve. The next morning Mrs. Martin's mouth was blistered thickly, although she had been careful to wash it with witch hazel after extracting the poison.

OUR WAY

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