

The Bamberg Herald

BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1907

One Dollar a Year

Established 1891

IN THE PALMETTO STATE

SOME OCCURRENCES OF VARIOUS KINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

State News Boiled Down For Quick Reading—Paragraphs About Men and Happenings.

Green Gray, a respectable colored man, died in Chester last Saturday from the effects of a wound caused by the kick of a horse.

A three-year-old son of George Norman, a Syrian, who runs a fruit store, was run over by the buggy of D. W. and Michael Roof in Columbia on Saturday and killed.

Cadet W. J. Jackson, of the Citadel at Charleston, was drowned while in bathing at the Isle of Palms last week. The cadets were there on the occasion of their annual picnic.

Duncan McKenzie was elected incumbent of Timmonsville last week, defeating the incumbent, Chas. A. Smith, by two votes. The contest was warm, exciting, and close.

Jeff Knight, the young white farmer of Laurens county, was tried last week and acquitted of the charge of murdering a negro boy last fall. The negro was shot while cutting wood in the yard, and circumstances pointed to Knight as the murderer.

Back to the Old Home.

Farmer Foy lived just over the line in McKean county, Pennsylvania, and he sold several head of cattle one spring to a cattle buyer of Crawford county. Among the lot was a three-year-old heifer, born and raised on the Foy farm. Great difficulty was encountered in getting this young animal away from her native place, but the drover at last succeeded in driving her along with the rest to the railroad station, whence they were all shipped to Meadville, by Salamanca, a round-about course of one hundred and fifty miles.

Four weeks later Farmer Foy was awakened late one night by the crying of a cow. The crying was so unusual and so loud and persistent that by-and-by the farmer got up and dressed and went out to see what it meant. He could scarcely believe his eyes when he discovered that the animal that had been making all the fuss was the three-year-old heifer that he had sold to the cattle buyer a month before. She was standing at the bars of the barn-yard and calling lustily to be let in. She was promptly let in and she lay down in her old place as if she had never left it.

Next day it was discovered that the creature was thin and footsore and plainly worn by long travel. Foy, being a native of Crawford county, was a subscriber to one of the Meadville papers, and in the week's issue that came the day after the return of the heifer he saw her advertised as an stray, she having broken out of her enclosure one night of the previous week. A reward was offered for her return. That the heifer had found her way back to her old home over a distance of at least one hundred miles, in traveling which it was necessary for her to cross the Allegheny river at least three times, as well as other large streams, there could be no doubt, and that in her anxiety to get back she had not spared time to do much eating by the way was shown by her emaciated condition. How she, a strange cow, traveling through a strange land, managed to escape detention by some one as an stray and by what marvelous instinct she found her way back to her native pastures, are things no one will ever know. It is hardly necessary to say that Farmer Foy promptly returned to her purchaser the price he had received for her and that the animal remained all the rest of her days on the farm to return to which she had made so remarkable a journey.

Negroes Barred.

Did you know that there is between three and four hundred square miles in South Carolina where a negro is not allowed? It is down in Horry county. The "dead line," for that is what it is called, starts at Mount Tabor, N. C., and extends to Bayboro, S. C., about twenty miles distant. Between these two towns and the ocean is the country where no negro is allowed and should one enter he takes his life in his own hands. It is not known when or why the "dead line" originated. The persons living within its bounds say that it has been known ever since they were small children and before. The story is handed down from generation to generation. It is supposed that the people of this "dead line" district are greatly prejudiced against the negro. They are not afraid of the competition as far as labor is concerned. They just do not want the negro in that section, and they are determined that none shall enter. Some of the largest lumber plants in South Carolina are in Horry county and those plants adjacent to the dead line find it very difficult to provide sufficient labor to carry on the work. The negroes, who constitute the best labor for lumbering, are afraid to work near the dead line district.—Anderson Mail.

SON SUCCEEDS FATHER.

Elected a Member of Board of Trustees of Clemson College.

ANDERSON, May 8.—Several members of the board of trustees of Clemson college came here tonight, from Clemson college and from them it was learned that W. W. Bradley, of Abbeville, was elected a life member of the board in the place of his father, J. E. Bradley, who died a few weeks ago. Mr. W. W. Bradley is one of the proprietors of the Abbeville Press and Banner and is Congressman Aiken's private secretary. He is about forty years old.

Go to Work.

Young man, go to work! There is no time to idle now. You must carve out your own way if it is ever successfully carved.

You must seek your fortune through industry, perseverance and pluck. Labor is honorable, and the ignoble are those who will not work. Get you a home. Fence a field and plow it and plant it, and gather around you the comforts of a home. And when you have made a character for industry and thrift, ask some young lady to share your home with you. We would say to every young lady, mark these men who are lounging around attempting to live by their wits, or on the interest of their debts; and when they ask you to share the lot of an aimless life, pass them on, for you cannot afford to marry a man without prosperity, or business habits, unless you wish to sell yourself for a mess of pottage. Again we would reiterate, young man go to work; while ten men watch for chances one man makes a chance; while ten men wait for something to turn up one turns something up; while ten men fail, one succeeds, and is called the man of luck, the favorite of fortune. Luck and fortune are the result of honest endeavor, work and toil, and if you would win go to work.

Hard to Please.

"Even with flattery," Mark Twain is quoted as saying at a dinner, "you can't please some men."

"I remember when I was a reporter in Virginia City, there was a doctor I liked—I had camped once on Lake Tahoe with him—and in an obituary I decided to give him a little card. I wrote:

"Dr. Sawyer was called in, and, under his prompt and skillful treatment the patient died on Monday."

"But Dr. Sawyer, somehow, wasn't pleased."

A Plucky Teacher.

REINBECK, IA.—Because Miss Lillian Smith, a teacher in the Voorhees school, whipped William Albright, a farmer who sought the righting of an alleged wrong, she was given a raise in salary from \$30 to \$40 a month, and a diamond ring valued at \$100 by citizens of the town.

Albright, it is said, did not like the treatment accorded his son, and came to the school with the lad to see about it. At the threshold he was stopped by the teacher, who asked him his business, and when he attempted to brush by her, she seized a poker standing handy, and began using it over his head and shoulders. Albright beat a hasty retreat.

When the school board heard the story, it promptly increased the young lady's salary.

Bites Tongue in Twain.

CHICAGO, May 9.—His tongue severed by an involuntary bite of his teeth, Blon J. Arnold, the city's \$30,000 a year contractor and prominent electrical engineer, is the victim of a most peculiar and serious automobile accident. He will be unable to talk for some time.

Arnold was jerked by a sudden movement of the engine, when he was trying to "crank" it, against the auto frame, bringing his chin down on the radiator with such force that he bit off almost half of his tongue.

Frantic with pain, with the blood streaming from his mouth, Mr. Arnold jumped in the automobile and made a wild run from the entrance of Washington Park, where the accident occurred, to Mercy Hospital. Dr. T. J. Lilly sewed the severed piece of his tongue on again.

Joining the "Lemon Club."

"Have you got 10 cents?" asked a well known man-about-town of a waiter in a Chestnut street cafe whom he knew. "Yes, sir," answered the white-aproned servitor, handing over a dime, and wondering why a moneyed man should want money from him. "Now," continued the man, "you are a full-fledged member of the Lemon Club," and with a laugh, he pocketed the coin and sat down at the table. The waiter smiled and served the customer and his guests with dinner. Then he presented his bill, which amounted to \$4. The man handed the waiter a \$5 bill, which the smiling hash slinger tucked away, saying: "Now, sir, you are a life member of the Lemon Club." What could the man do before his guests but laugh and let it go at that. —Philadelphia Record.

COUNTRY NEWS LETTERS

SOME INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

News Items Gathered All Around the County and Elsewhere.

Ehrhardt Etchings.

EHRHARDT, May 13.—A cool wave struck us Saturday night. Sunday fire felt good to sit by all day. Several of our farmers are busy planting portions of their farms over, that was destroyed by the heavy rains. Mr. Clarence Johns, of the Olar section, says that he had a bottom that had a ditch but rails were thrown in the ditch and filled in with dirt so as to drain it. He says this bottom of about four acres was covered with water and that he waded in to open up the ditch. The water was deep enough to catch him to the top of his hip pocket. He says this gives one an idea of how heavy the rain was.

A darkey was locked up Saturday for lifting a pair of shoes from C. Ehrhardt & Sons, store without leave or leaving its equivalent in treasury notes. He did not stay very long in the lockup, however. Some of his friends assisted him to get out early after dark.

The school girls are counting the days they will have to stay at school yet. They are anxious to get home and they take this exercise in mathematics often. Soon they will reduce them to hours.

The fishermen have had some luck last week trapping fish. Several fine strings were brought to town for sale.

Grass is growing rapidly, and if it continues wet for one week more farmers will have to work like Turks, with favorable weather, to get their crops in shape.

Corn and hay is in good demand. Farmers don't pay enough attention to this industry, and labor is scarce and careless. Can't gather it when made is what several of our good farmers say.

Capt. J. M. Dannelly has gone to Bayard, Fla., where he with his son David, are working two saw mill plants.

Mrs. Ruth Dannelly, who has been out there with her husband, returned last week.

Ehrhardt News.

EHRHARDT, May 13.—The picnic at Mount Pleasant church last Thursday was not very largely attended, due to the inclement weather, but those who did attend report a delightful time. Prof. Hogan made a very instructive and enthusiastic speech; the music was excellent, the lemonade plentiful and good, the dinner the kind that is always spread at Mt. Pleasant, good and a heap of it. So what more could we want or expect.

Mr. Conrad Ehrhardt went to Charleston on business last Tuesday. The many friends will be sorry to learn that Mr. George Kinard is still very ill.

The hardest rain that our oldest citizens ever saw fell in this section last Friday, a week ago.

Mrs. Theacia and her sister, Miss Tharie Copeland, went to Bamberg last Monday.

Mr. I. W. Carter went to Bamberg last Monday.

The chain gang is making a good piece of road from here to Mt. Pleasant church.

GEO. McMILLAN.

Ehrhardt graded school.

Affairs at Allendale.

ALENDALE, May 10.—On Sunday afternoon last a carload of Kentucky horses were received by express at this point. The shipment was made to a firm of livestock dealers here and contained several very fine animals.

Quite a lot of poplar timber is being shipped from Allendale this year. The saw mills in the vicinity are doing a good business. There are five or six plants in operation within a radius of five miles from town.

The heaviest hail storm known here for years came last Tuesday afternoon. Your correspondent is positive that some of the hail stones were as large as hen eggs. The storm seemed to be confined principally to the town limits, and the only material damage reported was done to a 400 acre melon field just east of town. These melons were well advanced and had to be entirely planted over.

Mr. S. A. Deathridge and family of Richmond, Ky., have recently become residents here.

Mrs. Annie L. Erwin and family have moved into Allendale from their farm a few miles out.

After asking a great many questions of a lady, a lawyer felt that some apology was necessary, so he remarked: "I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions?"

"Not at all," answered the lady quietly. "I'm used to it. I have a six year-old son."

It's too bad to see people who go from day to day suffering from physical weakness when Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea would make them well. The greatest tonic known. 35 cents, tea or tablets. H. F. Hoover.

LOWREY HELD FOR MURDER.

Terrible Tragedy Took Place in Presence of Dead Man's Wife.

SALUDA, May 9.—Lawton Lowrey, the young white man who shot and killed his brother, Preston, on Sunday night, has been placed in jail here to answer for the crime at the August term of court. When the sheriff arrived with him a large number gathered about the jail to see how a man who had slain his brother looked. The prisoner was the most unconcerned man in the crowd. If one's heart can be judged by his face then Lawton Lowrey is a hard hearted fellow, for he certainly has a hard face. He had little to say; in fact, nothing, only answering questions in a drawling monotone. He appeared not to want to be bothered with questions at all.

The sheriff found him sitting in a small swing in the edge of the yard of the home of the dead man. He did not object to accompanying the sheriff to the jail, but did not want the cuffs placed on him. This request was refused and when he arrived here he was securely cuffed. The sheriff says he slept most of the way to Saluda or seemed to be drowsing.

The prisoner was securely locked in one of the steel cages.

It was brought out at the inquest that Lawton Lowrey was at the home of his uncle until 10:30 o'clock Sunday night and appeared to be in his usual mood. He was sober and went away so. An hour and a half later he reached home and went into the dining room at his brother's home, where he also lived, and at something. He then extinguished the lamp, but soon relighted it and getting a single barrel breech-loading gun kept in the home, went to the room of Preston and knocked on the door. Preston, who was in bed with his wife and a small child, arose and opened the door and was astonished to see his brother level a gun at him, with the remark: "I am going to kill you." To avoid being shot on the spot he ran under the bed. Mrs. Lowrey remained in bed and an effort was made to pacify Lawton. At last he turned as if to go away and Preston came out, when he was turned upon and shot dead in his tracks. The shot entered the heart and blood was spattered on the bedding and up against the wall of the room. Mrs. Lowrey, who was almost frantic, ran out and off to the lot. Lawton followed her and assured her he meant no harm to her. She asked him to remain there until she could run over and tell his father what had happened. Lawton wanted to go himself, saying he would carry his gun along and get two more of them while gone, meaning his father and another brother. He stated that he had told "them" he would kill them if they didn't quit "bothering with his business." What "business" he meant no one knows.

When Mrs. Lowrey returned with Lawton's father they found him asleep on the piazza and it was apparent that he was under the influence of liquor, probably mixed with morphine, for it is said he has been putting morphine in his whiskey of late.

Not until the next morning did he seem to realize what he had done, and then he begged that he be killed also. Since sobering up, however, he has repeated the statement that he had told "them" he would kill the last one of them if they didn't let his business alone.

Since being here in jail he eats heartily and sleeps soundly. The coroner's jury rendered the usual verdict. The testimony of Mrs. Lowrey, the wife of the dead man, who witnessed the slaying of her husband at the midnight hour, was at times tragic.

Where is Your Boy?

"Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?" Take a look down the street about 10 or 11 o'clock. Notice the signs being torn down, boxes overturned, stones hurled through windows, shutters pruned open. Who are these types of unmitigated public nuisances. "What" you exclaim, "my boy there?" We do not say so, but since he is not at home suppose you look and ascertain, and it is possible you may be surprised. Somebody's boys are there and we ask, whither is the tendency and ultimate results of these night ramblings and such doings? A few words will suffice as an answer. They are in the training school of vice from which are graduated hoodlums, loafers, gamblers, sneak thieves, burglars, and in fact all the crimes that curse society; and yet parents and guardians will unthinkingly permit those whose future well-being is in their hands to run night after night in unrestrained and unrestrained companionship with those whose example and influence is continually in the direction of evil. To this laxity of home restraint, more than to all other causes, is due the appalling increase of crime throughout the nation. No boy is safe who is allowed access to the streets at night.

Of all the fruits there are in the land, That grow on bush or tree, I would give you the choicest ones For Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. H. F. Hoover.

NEGRO ESCAPES FROM JAIL.

ULYSSES MAY, MURDERER, GETS HIS LIBERTY.

Filed Iron Bars and Escapes Through Window—Dock Nelson Stopped While in the Window.

It will be remembered that only a few weeks ago the negro, Dock Nelson, who is in jail under sentence of death but in whose case an appeal has been taken to the State Supreme court, made an attempt to escape by filing at one of the bars across the window of his cell. After this attempt he was chained to the floor, the chain being so short he could not reach the window.

A short time ago another negro named Ulysses May was put in the cell with Nelson. May shot and killed a negro named Shellie Paul on Hon. S. G. Mayfield's plantation in the Dowling's mill section, and he was in jail awaiting trial. He was also chained to the floor.

Tuesday night about half past nine o'clock the town was alarmed by a number of pistol shots over at the jail. They had been fired by Mrs. Hunter, wife of the sheriff, at May and Nelson.

They let some blankets down from the window of their cell in order to reach the ground, and May came first. They were detected and Mrs. Hunter hurried out and fired several times at May, but he had reached the ground and made good his escape. Nelson had his head and shoulders out of the window preparing to descend, but a couple of shots made him get back inside in a hurry, and beg them not to shoot any more.

Nelson talked freely about the plot to escape. He said they had made a key from a small piece of tin and a nail in order to unlock the chains which fastened both he and May to the floor, and that May bent the bar which he (Nelson) filed some time ago. The lock spoken of could not be found, and it is evident they must have done more filing at the iron bar across the window, for we examined it immediately after Nelson tried to get out, and it lacked a whole lot of being filed through. The opening in the window is very small, yet May, who weighs at least 175 pounds, managed to crawl through it.

Price of Cotton to Tend Upward.

Theodore Price has issued a letter on the prospects of the crop, and while it is early in the season to estimate the probable yield, it is true that the present conditions do not indicate a large yield. Mr. Price said, "From nearly every section of the south, I receive the gloomiest possible crop reports. In Arkansas the condition is said to be the worst in thirty years. Throughout the entire belt cold rains continue to fall and it is proverbial that a wet May makes a large yield impossible. A crop of under thirteen million bales next year means extreme prices, probably exceeding those of the Sully year. I doubt very much if present conditions justify the expectation of more than twelve million bales next year. Cotton seed is selling at \$65 a ton in Texas for purposes of replanting. As a consumption of fully thirteen and one-half million bales must be provided for next year, it does not require much prescience to anticipate the probable course of prices."

Peculiar Accident.

A very peculiar accident occurred at the home of Tom Phurrough, who lives on the Cook place, near Sycamore, Anniston, Ala. During a storm a bolt of lightning struck the wall of the house. A shotgun was hanging in a rack on the wall. The weapon was loaded and the bolt jostled the gun from the rack and fired it while in midair. The entire contents of the gun lodged in the body of an infant child of Phurrough, which was playing around the room, killing it instantly. The electricity exploded the powder as the gun fell.

Definitely Fixed.

"Expert legal testimony," says a well known member of the New York bar, "can easily be made a two edged weapon in court."

"A clever and capable mining engineer was obliged to take the stand as an expert in a suit in Nevada a couple of years ago. The case involved large issues.

"The examination was conducted by a young and smart attorney, who patronized the expert with all the authority of half a dozen years of practice.

"One of his questions related to the form in which ore was found, a form generally known as 'kidney lumps.'"

"Now sir," said the attorney, "how large are these lumps? You say that they are oblong in shape. Are they as long as my head?"

"Yes," replied the expert, "but not nearly so thick."

Sickness among our force this week has interfered greatly with this issue of The Herald. Truly the life of a country editor is not an easy one, as many people seem to think.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

Interesting Session of Orangeburg District Conference.

Orangeburg district conference of the Methodist church convened at Rowesville Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. There were present 20 preachers and 24 laymen. The territory embraced in this conference reaches over Orangeburg, Bamberg and Barnwell counties.

Rev. J. W. Kilgo is the presiding elder of the district and Rev. E. H. Beckham was the secretary of the conference.

In the first day's session very encouraging reports were rendered by the pastors and delegates. It appears that in the pastoral charges composing this district, about 33 per cent. of salaries are paid to date. All the assessments for missions are paid in full, and there is quite a nice surplus reported on these claims. The figures are: Amount assessed, \$2,719; paid, \$2,864.90.

Two hundred and eleven members were received this year and 55 infants baptised.

Dr. J. O. Willson, president of Lander college, and Rev. S. A. Nettles, editor of the Southern Christian Advocate, represented the interests of the church committed to their care.

The second day was a great day in every respect. The praise meeting in the morning gave a tone of deep spirituality to the day's proceedings.

The key note of the conference was missions. There seemed to be in every heart the question, what can be done to further advance the Kingdom of God? The laymen caught the inspiration and the result was a meeting of the laymen in the afternoon, presided over by Hon. George H. Bates of Barnwell, at which the following paper was adopted:

"Resolved, That a committee of three laymen be appointed for each charge in the district to agitate and wherever practicable organize groups of laymen to promote the campaign of education on foreign missions, as designed by the laymen's missionary movement. That these appointments be made by the presiding elder of the district, upon the recommendation of the preacher in charge and the delegates from the several charges."

"Resolved, That Brother A. W. Summers be elected as permanent secretary of the district to receive all communications and funds contributed for the cause."

This paper means that the district will probably raise at least \$1,000 for missions this year over and above the assessment.

Saturday was largely devoted to discussions of topics prepared by the presiding elder relating to vital questions before the church. It was gratifying to note the earnest and intelligent interest that the laymen take in these questions. The Sunday school, care and equipment of houses of worship, and the proper conduct of the finances of the church, were among the questions discussed.

Those who made speeches showed an intelligent grasp of problems involved in these phases of church work. It was shown that parents as a rule take too little interest in the soul interest of their children. That there is in many places a deplorable lack of interest in the care and beautifying and protection from fire of our church buildings. That the laymen were of the opinion, that, if the pastors were relieved of all the care of finances and taking of collections, he could do more effective work in soul saving.

It will be hard to find a finer set of laymen anywhere than that composing the Orangeburg district conference which met in Rowesville.

The delegates to the Annual Conference are: Geo. H. Bates, G. W. Fairy, O. B. Riley, and R. Hopkins. Alternates, A. W. Summers, H. I. Judy.

Branchville was selected as next place of meeting.

W. B. Wharton, superintendent of Epworth Orphanage, made the closing address in behalf of his little orphans, and the congregation made an offering in money for the work.

A Queer Accident.

LAURENS, May 12.—Several days ago Laurens Bailey, the 15-month-old infant son of Mr. Ed. F. Teague, of the Lisbon section, got hold of some shelled corn and sucked a grain of the cereal down its windpipe. A tracheotomy operation was the only alternative and this was performed immediately. The little fellow was brought to the city to be nursed. Four days after the operation he was seized with a fit of coughing when the inner trachea tube was coughed out and with it came the disturbing foreign matter. Since then the child has been resting quietly and as soon as the wound heals he will be all right again.

ALEXANDER BOSTICK DEAD.

Well-Known Beaufort Lawyer Succumbs to Long Illness.

BEAUFORT, May 14.—Alexander McIver Bostick, the well-known attorney formerly, a member of the Legislature from Bamberg, died here this afternoon after a protracted illness. He was a native of Hampton and his mother was a sister of former Chief Justice McIver.