

RESCUE FROM FROZEN SEAS.

Remarkable Story Illustrating Every-day Heroism.

After a heart-breaking, body-wrecking trip of nearly 30 miles over the ice of Maumee bay and Lake Erie, four of the five brave men who set out from Point Place yesterday morning for the Toledo harbor lighthouse to get the corpse of Capt. Dolas Hayden returned safely this morning to the point, bringing the body with them.

The man who did not return is Lewis Jennings, known as "Pick." He made the trip out with them, but remained at the outer light to look after the government property there. Joseph McNulty will relieve him tomorrow, if he is able to make the trip.

Although there was considerable open water about the harbor lighthouse, the party found a neck of solid ice to the south of it, over which they made the trip safely to the structure. They took charge of the corpse, and started back for the crib light.

When a point a quarter of a mile from the crib was reached, McNulty and Stevens fell exhausted. They begged that the others proceed and leave them to perish, but Edward Jennings and Eddy decided to desert the corpse and assist McNulty and Stevens to the crib. They succeeded in doing this, allowing the body of Capt. Hayden to remain on the ice all night. This morning the party retraced their steps and recovered it.

Capt. Hayden died in the lonely lighthouse Thursday, Feb. 13. Joseph Bernor, who was Capt. Hayden's only companion on the lonely winter vigil, remained with the corpse seven days before he was able to get to land with the news. He reached the firm shore of Point Place Thursday afternoon, Feb. 20, and yesterday morning the rescue party set out.

In it was Joseph McNulty, who is one of the lighthouse keepers, Lewis Jennings, Edward Jennings, Stanley Stevens, and Charles M. Eddy.

Bernor accompanied the party as far as Point Place, where they started across the ice. He was still too fatigued to try the perilous undertaking, and returned to his home.

They departed from the Rummell wharf, on the bay shore at Point Place, yesterday morning, taking with them a boat, on wheels, to be used if open water was found. The trip of three miles, almost due east, to the crib light, was full of peril. Crevices in the ice were filled with treacherous snow, and frequently the men stumbled into it. They were fatigued when the crib light was reached, but were determined to make the harbor light before night, and they set out again, on the weary trip over ice packs, through snow, slush and, finally, open water.

Even these hardy men will never forget how near they came to death on that trip from the crib to the outer harbor light. They pulled the boat over the jagged ice cakes, sometimes being forced to carry it, until they had traversed six miles. Although from the crib to the big light is only four miles, as the crew flies, so many detours were necessary that more than twice that distance was covered.

There were shouts of joy from the watchers at Johnston's park on the bay shore at the Point at 8:30 when the bright morning sun blazed down on the returning party. They could be seen struggling in the distance. As they came nearer it was apparent that several of the men were in distress, and a half dozen men hurried over the ice to meet them.

When they met, the men who had made the trip were ready to drop in their tracks. With the burden of the sled removed from their shoulders they reeled to shore. The body was carried to Johnston's hotel at Point Place, and the news of the successful ending of the trip was telephoned to worrying friends and relatives.

Bennett's undertaking car was sent to the Point to get the corpse and it was brought to the morgue to be prepared for the funeral, which will be held to-morrow afternoon. Rubicon lodge, No. 327, F. and A. M., will be in charge. The burial will be in Forest cemetery.

HARD FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Hayden's Body Abandoned to Save Others of the Party.

Forced to abandon the dead body of Capt. Dolas Hayden in order to save the lives of two of the rescuing party and later returning on the ice to secure the corpse was the harrowing experience of the five men who made the trip to the Toledo light.

After emerging from a hot bath and being safely tucked away between blankets and comforts at his residence in the Empire apartments, Charles M. Eddy told a Blade reporter the details of the awful trip undertaken to bring the remains of the husband to a sorrowing invalid widow.

Mr. Eddy had more than an ordinary interest in saving for Mrs. Hayden the body of her husband. Though he knew the captain well in life, Mr. Eddy's heart was filled with gratitude to the deceased, his wife and sister, when the three several years ago saved the life of Mr. Eddy. The latter was the owner of the yacht Myrna and while sailing the vessel was caught in a storm off the light. The yachtsmen could not get out of their difficulty without lines from the dock, and with a sea rolling over the walls Mr. Hayden, his wife and sister launched a boat and rescued them.

When Mr. Eddy heard of the sad death of Capt. Hayden he at once volunteered to be one of the rescuing party and his services were accepted. His story of the death-braving acts is more thrilling than fiction. Beginning from the time the rescuing party left the shore at Warner's grove, Mr. Eddy's account is as follows:

"We took to the ice at Warner's Grove at 10 o'clock Friday morning, under the leadership of Ed Jennings.

The others were Jos. McNulty, 'Pick' Jennings, Stanley Stevens and myself. We found that there was no ice to walk upon, the surface being covered with snow and slush, with the ice far beneath. It was hard work getting along. We reached the crib at 11:30, where we had a little coffee and some pork chops brought along by 'Pick' Jennings in his knap sack."

At the crib was Hayden's runner boat, which is a rowboat on wheels. We dragged this boat to the outer light. We were all fastened by ropes, Ed Jennings taking the lead, possibly 60 feet ahead of the rest of us, who were tied 15 feet apart. It took us two hours to get out to the bar. Beyond the bar we were continually breaking through the slush and snow and would sink in to our knees before striking solid ice.

"McNulty and Stevens were not prepared for this, not having rubber boots, and this told upon them later. When we approached the outer light there was a strip of ice leading right up to south side, while on other sides the water was open. We got to the light on this ice and hoisted the boat up. 'Pick' Jennings went in first. The odor in the light house was bad. 'Pick' went up stairs and refused to come down where the body was. He was probably right, because he expected to stay there. We found that Bernor had stuffed the keyhole and cracks in the door leading to the bedroom with rags. None of us wanted to open the door. First we burned old rags and waste to fumigate the air. Finally we went in, and the sight was unnerving. We made a stretcher with timber and some canvas. Four times we had to leave the room before we could get the body off the bed onto the stretcher, and we did not uncover it. Once I saw the back of Capt. Hayden's neck and it was as black as your coat.

"We finally got the body into the boat and decided to get away as soon as possible. At 4 o'clock Friday afternoon we left there. The ice about the lighthouse had already begun to move and as we lowered the boat it went into the water. We soon reached the ice and hauled the boat up, hurrying as fast as we could to reach the bar, knowing that the ice might move outside at any time. When the bar was reached we breathed a little easier, but then McNulty and Stevens gave signs of being fagged out. They were continually wanting to sit down and rest. It was getting dark and Ed Jennings and myself insisted upon pushing ahead. When about a quarter of a mile from the crib Stevens laid down on the ice and refused to move. McNulty sat down on the boat and both begged us to proceed and abandon them, as they could go no further. Ed Jennings and I were both getting stiff and I tell you that it was hard work going against the wind and pulling the body, which had swollen and probably weighed 200 pounds.

"It was then that something had to be done. We had just about concluded to take the body of Capt. Hayden out of the boat and load in McNulty and Stevens, but by a little scolding forced the men to come along. When we reached the crib it was 7 o'clock and we built a fire. McNulty and Stevens were shaking like leaves. We heated some water, put their feet into it and then made them go to bed. After they were disposed of we looked after our own frozen fingers and tried to get a little rest, but could not sleep. At day-break this morning we arose and looked for something to eat, but all we could find was coffee and crackers. We started out after the boat containing the body, got it to the crib, and at once transferred it to the sled and started for shore.

"By agreement I came on ahead, leaving the other three to pull the sled. When I reached Warner's Grove at 9:30 I telephoned for a relief party to go out, making arrangements for them to get something to eat when they should arrive. I knew it would be hard work pulling that sled over the slush ice and in their condition they might not succeed. I communicated with Mrs. Hayden and then came home to take care of my own health. With a little rest now I will be all right."

Suffering from the exposure, much fatigued and hungry, the rescue party with Del Hayden's body arrived at the foot of Warner's lane, Point Place about 10 o'clock, and immediately went to Gus Johnson's club house, where a hearty breakfast awaited them.

"We left Point place at 9:30 yesterday morning," said Stanley Stevens, discussing the adventure. "The weather was clear. The ice was quite firm, but we were obliged to walk carefully to avoid the air holes and thin crusts. I would not make the trip again for any one. At times the men stepped in slush to their ankles and were soaked to the skin. The ice during the entire trip did not break at any time. The freeze last night aided us, as it froze the slush of yesterday."

"The party arrived at the harbor light about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. We encountered snow frequently eight feet deep in places on our way there. On account of this and of places we thought were dangerous, we were obliged to take circuitous routes and this took more time.

"Talk about being tired and sleepy? I never was so fatigued in my life. The other boys were all in."

"About 7:30 o'clock this morning, after vainly trying to sleep at the crib, we removed the remains of the dead lighthouse keeper to a sledge," remarked Edward Jennings at Point Place this morning. "The boat was left at the crib as the sledge was an easier proposition. We were cold, tired, and hungry, and I don't see how we ever got to the lighthouse, back to the crib and on our way to good old terra firma. The weather was fine, but we were in bad condition."

All of the members of the rescue party are modest about publicity of their courage and daring and were not anxious for accounts of their perils to appear in print.

When the relief party of seven met the rescue party about a mile from shore they took charge of the remains and the half-frozen heroes staggered towards the land, mum-

bling for something to eat. Although there were telephone calls for some, they refused to answer them, explaining that they could not hear on account of the nervous strain they had been subjected to.

To the Democratic Voters of South Carolina.

Vote for Stiles R. Mellichamp for State Superintendent of Education. A graduate of the College of Charleston, enlisted as a college boy in the Confederate army, returning on furlough to receive his diploma; served four years in the war; commenced his educational career after the war teaching a little country school; was afterwards principal of the graded schools of Orangeburg, and then became principal of the preparatory department of Furman University, of Greenville, S. C.; served 12 years as County Superintendent of Education of Orangeburg county; is thoroughly equipped by training and experience to fill the office of State Superintendent of Education; will use his utmost endeavors to upbuild all of the schools, country, town, and city, stimulating the weaker schools by visiting as far as practicable, and carefully inspecting school conditions; is in thorough accord with the high school law and all other recent legislation in the line of educational improvement and progress.

He is withal a gentleman of the highest christian character.

He thanks the voters of the State for the splendid vote given him in the first primary, and will appreciate the continued support of those who voted for him then and the support of all who may favor him with their votes in the second primary.

Endorsed by 3,206 out of 3,482 voters of his county in the first primary, a larger percentage of votes than that received by any other candidate in the race. This expression of the confidence of the citizens of his county should satisfy all who wish to put good and competent men in office.

Copy of resolutions passed on May 8, 1908 by a unanimous vote of the Orangeburg County Democratic convention:

"Whereas, Stiles R. Mellichamp, of Orangeburg county, is a candidate for the office of State Superintendent of Education of South Carolina, and

Whereas, he is a lifelong, true and tried Democrat, fully equipped and thoroughly qualified to fill said high office with credit to himself and county, now

Resolved, That the Democracy of Orangeburg county, in convention assembled, hereby cheerfully and heartily endorses the said Stiles R. Mellichamp for said high office and pledges him its support."

Vote for Stiles R. Mellichamp for State Superintendent of Education.

Program for S. S. Convention.

The Barnwell Baptist Sunday-school Convention will be held at Friendship Church on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 3rd, 4th, and 5th. Following is the programme:

THURSDAY.
11 a. m.—Song and Prayer Service—C. H. Turner.

11:30 a. m.—Introductory Sermon—R. W. Sanders, D. D.

12 m.—Organization.

12:30 p. m.—The Superintendent and his Duties.—A. P. Manville, I. H. Hutto, and J. D. Moore.

1:15 p. m.—Adjourn.

2:45 p. m.—Song and Prayer Service—R. M. Nixon.

3 p. m.—How can we best hold the young folks in the Sunday-school—W. W. William, C. H. Turner.

3:45 p. m.—The Bible in the Sunday-school—M. M. Benson, and J. D. Moore.

4:30 p. m.—Adjourn.

FRIDAY.

10 a. m.—Song and Prayer Service—D. L. Wroton.

10:30 a. m.—Helps for Teachers and Superintendents—W. G. Britton and J. D. Moore.

11:15 a. m.—Delivery of Diplomas and Certificates to Normal Class by President.

11:45 a. m.—Address to Normal Class by J. D. Moore.

12:15 p. m.—Qualifications of a Successful Sunday-school Teacher—D. L. Wroton, C. C. Ellzey, M. M. Benson.

1:15 p. m.—Adjourn.

2:45 p. m.—Song and Prayer Service—M. J. Free.

3 p. m.—Missions in the Sunday-school—S. P. Hair, I. H. Hutto, and W. W. William.

3:45 p. m.—The Sunday-school as an Educational Force—W. G. Britton and J. D. Moore.

4:30 p. m.—Adjourn.

SATURDAY.

10 a. m.—Song and Prayer Service by President.

10:30 a. m.—Home Department—M. M. Benson, J. D. Moore.

11:15 a. m.—One minute verbal reports from Sunday-schools.—C. C. Ellzey and W. W. William.

12:45 p. m.—Cradle Roll—J. D. Moore.

1 p. m.—Miscellaneous and adjourn.

Question Box opened at every session.

Dinner on grounds Thursday and Friday.

Gospel Hymns 1 to 6 will be used. Delegates are requested to bring their books.

All parties coming to Barnwell and Olar by rail, notify W. T. Still, Olar, S. C.

S. P. HAIR, W. G. BRITTON.

He Was Poor Once.

The little hero of the following incident did not belong to me. In fact from his appearance I think he belonged to no one in particular. I am equally sure that the fact of his loneliness had no terrors for him. He was a ragged little urchin selling papers on a busy down-town corner. A stylishly gowned woman amid the throng dropped her pocketbook. Quick as a flash the boy seized it and hurried after her. Touching his cap, he handed her the heavy purse. She thanked him very graciously and handed him a nickel. In a tone equally gracious he responded, "Aw, keep your nickel; I was poor once myself."—The August Delineator.

Some of My Specials

Schloss Bros. and Boy Proof Clothing

Stylerite Cloaks and Skirts

Queen Quality, King Quality and Star Brand Shoes

Stetson & Bonar Hats and Caps

Leader Mills Wool and Fleeced Underwear

Black Cat Hosiery

Pansy Flour

Armour's Meats and Lard

I buy for cash and sell for cash. See me before buying and I will sell you or make some one sell you cheap :: :: :: :: ::

W. D. RHOAD

Bamberg, = = = South Carolina

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TO ARRIVE THIS WEEK

We will receive the last of this week one of the nicest lines of Bibles ever brought to this city, ranging in price from 20c up, also one of the best lines of Copyright Books. All popular titles, sell regular at \$1.50, our price 50c, in cloth binding

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