

CANNABALS IN DESERT.

A Few of Them Still Left in Australia.

If you have a mind to visit Australia it might be just as well to keep away from the centre of the continent, according to D. C. Cameron, a Scotchman who has lived out there for twenty years and who is now at the Imperial. Especially would Mr. Cameron be disposed to recommend that you refrain from traveling alone. Why? Cannibals.

Not that many visitors to Australia are tempted to penetrate the centre of the country. Everybody says it's a vast unexplored region, a desert. But sometimes a man goes out prospecting and is never heard of again, and then down to civilization come tales of how the bones of what had apparently been a white man had been found bleaching about the remains of a camp fire, and then bit by bit the fact comes out that the solitary seeker for gold had fallen into the hands of some of the first families of the country and made a contribution to the aboriginal table d'hote.

It wasn't to tell about this that Mr. Cameron came to New York. He is a sober, practical-business man, and he is in the United States to see how milk is manufactured here. Not the calcareous beverage by treatment of disaphanizomenated aqua crotona that used to find a ready market here before some New Yorkers had heard about cows, but powdered milk. They are going to start a new manufacturing industry in Australia and Mr. Cameron is the general manager of the company and he is traveling to get points.

"Our factory is being built at a place about 125 miles from Melbourne," said Mr. Cameron yesterday. "Within a radius of four miles of it there are yielded every morning from 160,000 to 170,000 pounds of milk. That of course, is a great cattle country; and there are a lot of butter factories. Of course a great part of the milk produced is consumed by the butter factories; in the spring the supply is such that the waste cannot be consumed by the calves and pigs in the neighborhood, to which it is fed. We are building a plant to cost \$75,000 and an English engineer is installing machinery. I have been visiting factories in Canada and Syracuse and am now going over to England to study the process there. We shall begin on a small scale, but we expect the far east to furnish a great market.

"Big holdings of land in Victoria are rapidly going out, the big estates being rapidly divided into smaller properties and sold off. Just a month before I left an estate of 12,000 acres was divided up and sold and a great deal of it realized \$400 an acre. This was not for city lots, mind you, or orchard land, but for what had been dairy land for some years. A curious thing about the sale was that the people who bought were all residents of the district.

"What we call the bush is not so far from Melbourne on one side," said Mr. Cameron in answer to a question. "In fact, it lies only about 30 miles to the west. The aboriginal inhabitants are very few now and most of them are kept in colonies by the government, corresponding somewhat to your Indian reservations. In parts of Western Australia, I should say near the centre of the continent, the blacks are savages, and like their bit of human flesh at times. They are not a fighting lot and I don't believe they kill and eat one another to any extent, but an occasional prospector gets in among them and realizes his mistake too late.

"They are very fond of Chinamen too, and if a celestial gets up among them they are apt to literally devour him. There used to be a lot more of Chinese disappearing by this means some years ago than is the case now, because our immigration laws prohibit them from coming into Australia, and those that were already in the country have grown cautious about leaving the thickly settled parts of the country. The aborigines have acquired many of the evils and apparently none of the virtues of civilization."

NEGRO PAROLED.

Perk Copeland Serving a Sentence of Two Years.

Gov. Ansel last Thursday paroled Perk Copeland, a Bamberg county negro, who is serving a sentence of two years on the chain gang on the charge of manslaughter. He was convicted in the fall of 1907. The parole was recommended by Solicitor Byrnes and Judge Watts.

In the petition it is stated Copeland committed the deed under great provocation in that the deceased, another negro, came to the house of Copeland in an intoxicated condition and started a quarrel.

There was a letter to Gov. Ansel stating that Copeland has made a model prisoner and that on one occasion he led a posse and captured a desperate convict who had escaped.

SAW HIMSELF ON FILMS.

Therefore Hotel Clerk Repented of \$500 Theft.

Charles G. Mayer, 17 years old, former night clerk in the Hotel Victoria, entered police headquarters in Pittsburg last week and told the chief he had stolen \$500 from the hotel and wanted to be sent back to New York to stand trial, says the New York Sun. The sceptical chief wired the Victoria and found that the story was true. Mayer and \$500 had disappeared on August 2 last.

"I saw the \$500 put into an envelope by a guest," said Mayer in Jefferson market court yesterday. "I had no reason for stealing the money, and if I had wanted to clear out with a lot of cash there was plenty in the clerk's desk I might have taken.

"I don't remember much what I did after that. I was in Youngstown and Alliance and finally landed in Pittsburg. I drank a good deal, a thing I never did before, and I guess I must have been out of my head. One day I went to a moving picture show and saw a film about a bank clerk who got away with a big roll and how bad his mother felt about it. 'That's me,' I said to myself. Later I thought how bad my mother would feel and I wrote to my brother. He sent word that mother's heart was broken. Then I decided to give myself up.

"The Pittsburg police chief treated me fine. 'They won't give you more than two years,' he said, 'and when you get out if you don't find a job come to me and I'll get you one.'

"All I want judge is a quick trial and a chance to pay back the money."

The complainant against Mayer was Angus Gordon of the hotel. He said Mayer had worked for hotels in Denver and for one at Atlantic City and had come to the Victoria with excellent references. Magistrate Corrigan held the boy in \$1,000 bail for trial.

A Poser for the Preacher.

A clergyman who enjoyed the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down on one occasion by his Irish plowman, who was sitting on his plow in the wheat field. The reverend gentleman, being an economist, said, with great seriousness:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a pair of pruning shears here and be cutting a few brushes along the fence while the horses are resting a short time?"

John considered a moment, and then said:

"Look here! Wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit and while they were singing to peel 'em a while to be ready for the pot?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Negro Desperado Killed.

Huntington, W. Va., Oct. 14.—Two persons were killed, two fatally wounded and five seriously wounded in a fight for the capture of George, alias "Red" Johnson, a fugitive negro. He shot and probably fatally wounded Detective George Lentz, when the latter attempted to place him under arrest, and shot seven members of the posse before being taken dead.

The dead: George Bias, railroad brakeman, member of posse.

George Johnson, negro fugitive. After fatally shooting Detective Lentz, the negro escaped into the hills back of the city, and barricaded himself in a cliff where he defied arrest. A posse led by bloodhounds soon trailed the negro to the cliff. When he saw the posse approaching, the negro, who was heavily armed, opened fire and Charles Hale, who was following the bloodhounds, was shot. A moment later George Bias fell with a bullet through his head. He died a short time later.

The posse retreated to await reinforcements. When it advanced the second time Johnson opened fire. During the battle Chief of Police Clingenpeel climbed to the top of the cliff where the negro was barricaded and, getting the drop on him, shot him dead. The body rolled out into view and a mob dragged it down the hill to the city limits. Chief Clingenpeel addressed the crowd, which apparently was bent on mutilating the body, and succeeded in getting it to the morgue, where it was later viewed by several thousand persons.

An examination showed that the negro had been shot nine times. Little is known here of his identity. He is said to be from Virginia, and to have had a brother killed by officers at Williamston, Va., last January.

Accepts Position at Georgia Tech.

Branchville, Oct. 11.—Prof. P. S. Conner left Sunday for Atlanta, Ga., where he has accepted a position with the Georgia Tech Institution as teacher of mathematics. He will also have charge of the freshman class. Prof. Conner is a graduate of the Citadel.

"YOU'RE A DIRTY DOG!"

Remark of Judge to Coward Who Used Boy as Bullet Shield.

New York, Oct. 13.—"You are a dirty dog, the best thing that can happen to you is to get justice and get it quick."

In these words Coroner Feinburg to-day expressed his abhorrence for Adolph Berb, who was arraigned before him as the man who last night used Charles Fischer, a 12-year-old boy as a shield against the bullets fired at him by Harry Greenwald, an ex-prize fighter. The boy was killed and Greenwald committed suicide.

Berb was held without bail on a charge of homicide.

A Happy Compromise.

Senator Crane, at a luncheon in Dalton, praised compromise.

"Compromise is a good thing," he said. "Take the case of a young Dalton builder. He got married about a year ago, and after the marriage he and his wife had an interminable dispute as to whether they should buy two motorcycles or a five horsepower runabout suitable to their needs. He said the other day:

"My wife and I wrangled for months and months, but, thank goodness, we compromised at last."

"What have you compromised on?" I asked.

"A baby carriage," he answered with a proud, glad smile.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JERRY MOORE'S CORN PATCH.

Young Florentine Will Make About 250 Bushels on Acre.

Florence, Oct. 11.—There has been a great deal said about young Jerry Moore's corn patch in Florence county, but when the real facts as to the number of bushels is handed out, 200 bushels will not be in it. In fact, it is authentically stated that it is going to nearer 250 than 200 bushels on this little one acre corn patch.

The committee in charge of measuring are to act officially soon and then the exact measurement will be given out.

Jerry Moore is only fifteen years old, and is the son of the Rev. Mr. Moore, pastor of Liberty chapel, better known hereabouts as the "brick church," of the Methodist Episcopal church, south, and located two miles south of Winona, in the eastern part of Florence county, near the famous Pee-Dee river swamp.

The "patch" is on the parsonage lands of the Liberty chapel church, and it is all upland ground. Jerry is a hustler and is going to capture some good prizes for growing corn.

Clerical Retort.

In a certain church it is the custom at the marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young lady who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The groom did as directed.

"Well, George," said the young lady when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Oh, yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that in that case he would only charge half the usual fee."

Famous Pianist in Aiken.

Aiken, S. C., Oct. 14.—Josef Hoffman, the famous pianist and musician, arrived in the city to-day for the season, with his household. Mr. Hoffman owns one of the most beautiful estates in Aiken, and comes to the city every winter. During the past summer he made a tour of Europe, arriving in America only a short time since.

Last winter Mr. Hoffman built an automobile in Aiken, just for the amusement of the thing, a machinist and himself modeling and manufacturing nearly every part of both wood work and iron work at his shops at his residence. The auto was finally completed and put into commission, being pronounced by autoists as being the equal of any of the finer touring cars.

Waived Preliminary.

Hampton, Oct. 14.—Harold Horton, former bookkeeper of the Hampton Loan and Exchange bank, waived the preliminary before Judge J. G. Murdaugh, magistrate, her this afternoon on a charge of breach of trust with fraudulent intent in appropriating \$55 deposited by a customer in May of this year.

The warrant was sworn out by T. H. Tuten, president of the Hampton Loan and Exchange bank, on October 10. Horton was arrested on the 11th, waived preliminary to-day and was placed under \$1,000 bond, signed by his uncle, O. P. Mixen, and his grandfather, R. S. Horton.

The case has gained a great deal of notoriety on account of the claim of Horton that a confession was obtained from him by the cashier of the bank at the point of a pistol.

"OUR" SHIPS WIN TROPHIES.

Both Charleston and South Carolina Carry Off Honors.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Scores for elementary firing during spring practice of the ships of the United States navy announced to-day show that the new battleship South Carolina was the trophy winner in her class, with the Mississippi, Michigan and Idaho so close in order as to be called star ships. The results given are not a comparison of the gunnery efficiency of vessels, which is brought out in battle practice, but they show the relatively efficiency in methods of training for the development of gun pointers under short range conditions and when firing guns singly.

Charleston won the cruiser trophy, the Mayflower that for gun boats and the Reid that for torpedo boats.

Man Finds New House Built on His Property.

Thomas Brush, of Cheyenne, Wyo., thinks he is a lucky man. Suppose you had a city lot and insufficient funds to complete a house you had started to build on it, and some stranger came along and completed it in your absence, wouldn't you be happy? Well, that is what happened to Brush.

Recently he bought a lot in Park addition and started to build a house on it, but finding that his funds were insufficient to complete the house, and having a good position offered him in the country, he left his house and went to work. After several days he returned, and when he went out to continue operations on his house he found that the work was nearly completed. At first Brush began to doubt that he owned the lot, but after looking up his deed and conferring with an attorney, he found that the lot was still his, and therefore the house.

He notified the new occupant of his land to discontinue work, and said that he would put on the finishing touches himself. Perhaps he was afraid his magnanimous friend might not put on the right color of paint. Just what induced the stranger to build on Brush's lot is not known.

Never Talked to the Boys.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 13.—Chicago is to have an unusual debutante next month. Miss Marguerite Sherlock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Sherlock, who in her twenty years of life has never been permitted to go to a party, never has had any young man caller and has never ventured from her home unless under the eyes of a careful chaperon, according to her mother, is to be presented to society in a "coming out" party at a Michigan avenue hotel on November 19.

A dinner will be given and will be followed by a theater party. After that Miss Sherlock will be free to follow her own inclination in accepting or refusing invitations.

"All of Marguerite's studies have been under women instructors," said Mrs. Sherlock this afternoon. "They have taught her Latin, French and Italian. I assure you that it has been a most difficult task to bring a girl through twenty years of life as Marguerite has been brought. She is bubbling over with spirits and has often wept bitterly at not being allowed to enjoy the privileges according to other girls.

"My idea is that the girls of this age are permitted to become blasé before they reach the years in which they should properly enjoy the pleasures of society. However, this is not true in Marguerite's case. She was even attended at boarding school by a chaperon."

Taking Steps to Form New County.

Batesburg, Oct. 14.—The new county movement in this section of the State has taken definite form, a mass meeting having been called to meet at Summerland springs, to consider the necessity for a new county, formed out of the corners of Lexington, Aiken and Saluda. The meeting was presided over by Mr. J. R. Bouknight, the merchant prince of Leesville, and the situation was fully discussed and by a unanimous vote a committee of five was appointed to take up the matter in regular form and push it to a successful conclusion. There is every reason to hope for the formation of the new county. There is no court house between Columbia and Augusta on the main line of the Southern railway, and to get to those that exist is through much difficulty.

Reaching the Top

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"I Am Glad"

writes Mrs. Ethel Newlin, of Liberty Center, Ind., "that I began to take Cardui, for it has cured me, and I will never forget it. "I cannot praise Cardui too highly for what it did for me. Before I began to take it, I was very bad color, suffered great pain and weighed only 105 pounds. Now I have a good color, do not suffer and weigh 125 lbs."

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M. I. COFFMAN, Coldwater, Mich.

"My daughter was cured with Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, after having been afflicted with fits for five years."

PETER MCAULEY, Springfield, Mass.

"For a year my little boy had spasms every time he got a little cold. Since taking Dr. Miles' Nervine he has never had one of these spasms."

MRS. MYRTLE DAGUE, Rochester, Ind.

"My daughter couldn't talk or walk from St. Vitus' dance. Seven bottles of Dr. Miles' Nervine entirely cured her."

MRS. NANNIE LAND, Ethel, Ind.

"Until my son was 30 years old he had fits right along. We gave him seven bottles of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine. He has not had a fit since he began on the fifth bottle."

MRS. R. DUNTLEY, Wautoma, Wis.

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