

The Bamberg Herald

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BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1910.

One Dollar a Year

COUNTRY NEWS LETTERS

SOME INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

News Items Gathered All Around the County and Elsewhere. News from Kearsae.

Kearsae, December 19.—Somebody said, "The sun do move." I say the people "do move" around Kearsae. We still have our Sunday-school and our day school and our skating rink, and what if the young folks, after the skating is over, do "trip it lightly" for awhile, the old folks don't care, and as somebody that I know would express it, "Dat is dey beezness" anyhow.

For the older folks, some of them when their turn comes pick up the violin and gives us perhaps "The Midnight Hour," or "Ole Miss Creach," or the banjo join in with "The Raccoon on the Rail," or "The Blue Tail Fly," and thus it is "we do move."

The chain gang is here, and has opened up a new road commencing at Mr. J. B. Ritter's, and intersect the Olar road at Mr. L. A. Brabham's. This will give the people of the Saltkatchie valley a short route to the very thriving town of Olar. The gang have improved other roads for us also, which was badly needed, and which we appreciate.

We all make mistakes sometimes. Mr. Angus Kearsae thinks that even the government makes mistakes, for he says if the census enumerator had have come around now instead of a few months ago he could have reported one more in population than he did report at his house.

Well, Santa Claus is coming and the little tots are full of expectancy, although money is scarce.

Paper is scarce also, and here my sheet gives out, but, like Christmas, I may come again. OBSERVER.

Country Correspondence.

Having been silent for a protracted period, I fear we are somewhat forgotten by The Herald's readers, but we want to wish everyone a very merry Xmas and happy new year. The old year is standing grizzly and gray, ragged and poor, but its close marks such a beginning! That of Christ's birth, and when we make our Christmas offerings to our friends and loved ones we can realize it is a commemoration of the presents to the little babe as He lay in the manger.

We were sorry to lose from our midst last week the family of the late J. B. Gillam. Truly a good, kindly family has left us to take abode at Lees.

College is at home for the holidays. Hampton school will discontinue Wednesday for the holidays. The children are expecting a great big old time, some to go to "grand ma's" and some to entertain the older brothers and sisters, from college and school, and last but not least, all of them to get more tokens from Santa Claus than ever. How unbiased, pure and unprejudiced is happy, forgetful careless childhood! With its freedom to look forward to all that's bright and gay, with never a thought of the pros and cons that greet the more substantial side of life.

Matrimony seems to be akin to a contagion. The Herald has several to relate each week. Cupid has certainly cast his arrows broadcast and, blind as ever, has hit many.

At the home of the bride on Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Miss Maybelle Crider, third daughter of Mr. T. J. Crider, was united in marriage to Mr. Clinton Herndon, Rev. S. P. Chisolm officiating. Miss Maude Crider, maid of honor, with Mr. Jasper Padgett, and Miss Nora Herndon, with Mr. Oscar Crider. Miss Shellie Smoak, of Edisto, rendered the wedding march. The bride was attired in a cream cloth dress while her maids wore white. The groom and groomsmen wore regulation suits.

They will be entertained at the home of the groom's father till they can build. This youthful couple (still in their teens) start out on life's journey with a bright future, for it can be truthfully said, Maybelle is a good girl and Clinton is a good boy. Just two years ago the writer was their instructor and association with such as these at school make the teacher's work go along so smoothly. The groom is the only son of Mr. H. W. Herndon, and both families are glad to know the young couple will remain in their childhood neighborhood, Spring Branch.

It is indeed sad to have to chronicle a death, and loudly so one of as much sadness as occurred at Clear Pond last Wednesday night at eight

SUICIDE AT LODGE.

Mannie Carter Attempts to Kill Wife and then Kills Himself.

After shooting at his wife and evidently believing her dead, young Mannie Carter, running a few hundred yards from the scene of the shooting, and placing the muzzle of his gun at chest, ended his life. The killing took place on the farm of R. Bennett Tuesday, December 6th, at about noon.

It seems that young Carter and his wife had not been getting on very well. Although they had been married only about four months, they had separated two or three times.

Young Carter had threatened on several occasions to kill his wife and then himself, but no one thought that he was in earnest. Tuesday morning he borrowed a single barrel shotgun from George Cook and bought five shells, claiming that he was going squirrel hunting. His wife, who was working for Mrs. Bennett, believed that he had gone to hunt for squirrels, but about noon he returned and calling her told her that he had something to tell her and insisted on her coming to the fence where he was. She, at first, refused to go, but finally yielded to his entreaties and went. Young Carter cautiously brought the gun around to where he thought he would kill his wife, but she divining his purpose, caught the muzzle and shoved it to one side just as he fired, with the result that only one shot took effect in her finger. The load was lodged in the side of the house within a few inches of where Mrs. Bennett was standing by the window.

Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Bennett, and her two daughters-in-law, who were all present, began screaming, and Carter, evidently believing that he had killed his wife, ran across the field, about 400 yards from the house a report of a gun was heard and a searching party finally located him dead between two cotton rows.—Walterboro Press and Standard.

PRESENTS MORSE'S PETITION.

Wife of Banker Writes Remarkable Paper to President.

Charles W. Morse's petition for pardon has been formally presented to the department of justice in Washington.

Mrs. Morse has made another petition for her husband, and this has been presented to President Taft by Senator Hale. The president sent it at once to Attorney General Wickersham, who turned it over to the attorney in charge of pardons.

Mrs. Morse's personal petition came in the form of a letter addressed to the president. It was typewritten and covered about two pages of note paper. In it Mrs. Morse made a simple, business-like plea for the release of her husband, calling the president's attention to what she said was an "immense popular interest" in the case. She declared that the general sentiment of the many thousands of people who had signed the petition was that the sentence imposed upon her husband was "outrageous;" that he had no intention of wronging the National Bank of North America; that no depositor had lost a dollar, and that at most he had only been found guilty of technical violation of the national bank law.

Her letter is generally conceded to be one of the most remarkable of its kind ever received at the department. Approximately 50,000 names are signed to the petition.

O'clock, when the angel of death entered the home of Mr. Frank Zeigler and took the wife and mother. She had been sick only a few days of pleurisy and pneumonia, and it was such a shock to the many friends. Her daughter, Miss Llewellyn, who was in Lexington teaching, just did reach her mother's bedside. She was about fifty-four years old and was the mother of twelve children, eight of whom are living. She was a consistent member of Bethesda Baptist church, and her church, neighborhood and acquaintances knew how to rely on "Mrs. Blake," "Aunt Blake," and Cousin Blake, in sadness or gladness, and in her home she was the magnet around which the entire family revolved. Her's was a happy home noted for its true, warm hospitality, and no one could appreciate and solicit friends and companions more than Cousin Blake. Yes, we'll all miss her, but none so much as her husband and children. She leaves one brother, Mr. J. A. J. Rice, one sister, Mrs. W. M. McCue, besides a large number of dear relatives, to mourn her untimely loss.

IN THE PALMETTO STATE

SOME OCCURRENCES OF VARIOUS KINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

State News Bolled Down for Quick Reading—Paragraphs About Men and Happenings.

Three negroes were burned to death in a burning house on Beech Island, Alken county, on Friday.

The steamer Kentuckian arrived in Charleston on Saturday with 50,000 cans of salmon from the Pacific coast.

The town of Timmonsville, in Florence county, has let the contract for a system of water works. Those Pee Dee towns are hustling these days.

A four-year-old daughter of Mr. Wilson, of Pinewood, was burned to death on Thursday, her clothing having caught fire from matches with which she was playing.

The fifteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Bissell Anderson, of Charleston, died last Friday from injuries received from the premature explosion of a toy cannon. The buck shot with which the cannon was loaded tore a great hole in the right leg of the boy, and he died before the doctors dared undertake an operation.

BROWN IN FAIRFIELD JAIL.

Will Answer for Killing of Negro Ferryman at Shelton.

A. Brown, a white man, who on last Saturday cut a negro named J. Elmore Richardson, the ferryman, at Shelton, Broad river, who died in Chester on Monday afternoon as a result of his injuries, came to the jail this morning of the early morning train from Columbia and surrendered himself to the sheriff. Brown was placed in jail, but gives no account of the difficulty and seems very adverse to talk about it.

From what can be learned about the affair, it seems that Brown was on the Newberry side of the river and wished to be ferried across to Shelton on the Fairfield side, and failing to find the negro Richardson at the ferry flat, called for some time for him. Receiving no response he procured a rowboat and rowed himself across, and when he had crossed found the negro and admonished him for not being at the ferry. The negro became very insolent and used several oaths and, it is said, was in the act of getting a rock from the ground with the intention of striking the white man, when he pulled his pocket knife and slashed him several times across the abdomen. The negro was badly cut and in a precarious condition when he was hurried to the Magdalene hospital in Chester, for medical attention, where he died Monday. Unless bond is secured Brown will remain in jail until the February term of court of general sessions, when he will be tried on the charge of murder.—Winnboro special to News and Courier.

She Suspected That He Was.

F. C. Bentley, who used to practice law in Kansas and who is now a loyal Chicagoan, tells this story as an illustration of the wit of the Murdock family of Wichita:

"In the early '80s a play was given by local talent in Wichita, and all social events of the town date from that performance. "Tiger Bill," Campbell, judge of the district court, was the star, and the play was 'The Union Spy.' The principal climax of the play occurs when the Southern planter, who is a Union sympathizer, is killed by Confederates. Judge Walker, a celebrated justice of the peace on the frontier and the possessor of a stomach that was by far the most prominent part of him, was the planter. All the young girls in the town were supposed to kneel around his body and weep—tableau!"

"John Fisher, who was the sheriff at Wichita and a great wag, on the second night of the play put a bit of limburger cheese in one of the planter's spacious pockets just before he went upon the stage to be killed. After the Confederates had shot him down, and the girls, with their handkerchiefs ready for use, had knelt around the portly body, 'Tiger Bill,' the Union spy, entered, saying: 'Is he dead?'"

"Whew!" cried Katie Murdock, Congresswoman 'Vic's' sister, 'I should think so from the way he smells!'"

"The entire town joined in the mourning that followed."

C. F. Rizer at Olar receives two car loads of horses and mules, and they were selected in the West by Mr. Rizer personally.

MARRIAGE IS VOID.

Judge Sease Sets Aside Wedding of Man Who Said He Was Drunk.

"For want of consent on the part of the plaintiff," Ernest Brooks Walker, of Greenville, formerly a ticket agent at the Southern station in Spartanburg, Judge T. S. Sease, sitting in chambers, has annulled the marriage contracted between Mr. Walker and Miss Ida Jordan, a pretty telephone operator of this city, on August 20th last.

In his complaint Mr. Walker declared he was so drunk when the marriage ceremony was performed that he had no recollection of it and did not know he was married until he woke up in the Argyle Hotel the following morning and found Miss Jordan with him and she told his she was his wife. In her answer to his suit Miss Jordan admitted all his allegations.

Rev. W. M. Whitesides, pastor of the Green Street Baptist Church, who married the couple, said last evening that when they came to him it was evident that Mr. Walker had been drinking but he was in perfect command of all his senses.

"Sweethearts Two Years."

"I talked to them both for some time," said Mr. Whitesides, "telling them what an important step it was that they were taking and asking them if they had fully made up their minds. Mr. Walker said he and Miss Jordan had been sweethearts for two years and were determined to be married."

In asking for the annulment Mr. Walker said that on August 20, and the day preceding, he and other young men had been drinking to excess at the Salla Hotel in Greenville. He was drunk that evening and while in that condition went to Spartanburg arriving about nine o'clock.

Became Unconscious.

He entered a hack at the station, bought a pint of whiskey from the hackman and took a big drink, "and soon became oblivious to all transpiring events and unconscious of what he was doing."

He has learned that some time during the night he went or was carried to Miss Jordan's home and that about two o'clock of the same night he and Miss Jordan went to Rev. Mr. Whitesides' house and were married.

He remained unconscious, he said, until the next morning when he found himself in a room at the Argyle with Miss Jordan. She told him they had been married. He at once left the hotel, he said, and returned to Greenville, and has not seen Miss Jordan since nor written her, nor received a letter from her.

Their Ages.

Mr. Walker is twenty-three years old and Miss Jordan twenty-one. She is the daughter of Charles A. Jordan, a carpenter of No. 137 Allen street, and recently, it is said, has been employed by the Geer Drug Company.

Mr. Whitesides, in talking of the ceremony, mentioned that Mr. Walker told him he had no money. The minister replied that he would not hesitate to perform the ceremony on that account, but wished to be certain that the couple were sincere in their desire to be married. They earnestly replied that they were.

"As they were both of age and there was no seeming objection," said Mr. Whitesides, "I married them."

He added that the ceremony occurred about eleven o'clock at night.

Mr. Walker is a native of Greenville and has spent most of his life there, but worked in Spartanburg for a while. His attorney in the action was B. M. Shuman, of Greenville. Judge Sease directed Mr. Walker to pay the costs in the case.—Spartanburg Herald.

Deer's Race With Trolley.

That a deer can run 40 miles an hour and need take no dust from a trolley car was demonstrated here today between a car and fully grown buck on the Winnapaugh division.

For half a mile the deer easily maintained his place at the side of the car, although Motorman Frederick W. F. Andrews shoved the controller over to the fourth notch in an effort to outstrip the animal.

Then, with a shake of his head and a twist of his little tail, the buck vaulted a six foot fence at the side of the road and disappeared in the woods. He was seemingly unwinded and acted as though he had enjoyed the race as much as had the score of passengers who gathered on the platform and at the windows and shouted encouragement to the deer.

Deer are frequently seen in this neighborhood, but this is the first one that ever raced with a trolley.—South Norwalk, Conn., dispatch to New York World.

RAILWAY MERGER UPHELD

VERDICT BY JURY FAVORS THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Against State on All Counts—Jurors Quick to Return Verdict in the Case.

Columbia, Dec. 20.—The merger of the Southern railway is valid. That is the verdict of the jury that has been hearing the evidence, arguments and judge's charge in the case of the State of South Carolina against the Southern Railway Company in the court of common pleas.

The case was given to the jury this afternoon and the jurors at once asked for dinner, postponing their deliberation for a little while.

The verdict was in favor of the railroad on all five counts, the State losing all its contentions that the absorbed lines were parallel and competing.

The merger-case has been attracting unusual attention, being of vital importance to the Southern Railway.

The president and other high officers of the company have been here throughout the trial, Mr. Finley being one of the witnesses for the defense. Final arguments and the judge's charge were delivered to-day.

WILL PUSH EDISTO MATTER.

Lever Announces Plans for Carrying Fight "Even to the President."

Washington, December 19.—Representative Lever to-day announced that the following members of a committee from Orangeburg and Branchville interested in the Edisto River development from Charleston to Orangeburg would come to Washington January 3, and appear before the river and harbor board of the war department: Messrs. Samuel Dibble, W. L. Glover, M. O. Dantzler, R. H. Jennings, J. P. Matheny. These gentlemen will ask the board to affirm the report of Engineer Adams recently made to the effect that the river between Charleston and Orangeburg is worthy of development.

It will be remembered that the board turned down Capt. Adams's recommendation and an effort will now be made to have this decision reversed.

"We are prepared to take the fight all the way up to the Secretary of War, and the President, if necessary," said Representative Lever to-day. "And we will make every possible effort to show that when the board took the position that commerce on the river did not justify the river's development, it erred."

Mr. Legare will also bring on a delegation if he finds it necessary to do so in the interest of the proposition.

U. D. C. Chapter Meeting.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather, quite a number of the members of the U. D. C. Chapter met with Mrs. H. W. Beard on last Tuesday afternoon. A pen picture of the Confederate monument was exhibited and final suggestions made concerning it. But the most enjoyable part of the program for the afternoon was the splendid report by Mrs. Jno. W. McCue of the convention recently held in Georgetown and which she attended as a delegate from the Francis Marion Bamberg Chapter.

The next meeting of the chapter will be held on the 19th of January, this being the anniversary of Lee's birthday. Mrs. C. J. S. Brooker will be the hostess on this occasion, and all of the old soldiers of the county are invited to attend as guests of the chapter. Crosses of honor will be awarded to the veterans who have applied for them on this occasion, and a suitable program will be given appropriate to the day.

The two meetings of the chapter before this last, were held with Miss Annie Lou Byrd and Mrs. Thos. Black. Both proved most delightful hostesses and about thirty members were present at each meeting.

Denmark Hotel Sold.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owens have sold the Denmark Hotel to Mr. Henry Walker, and they will retire from the hotel business. Mr. Walker will take charge next week. Mr. and Mrs. Owens made a fine success of the business, but they decided to retire on account of the arduous work of running a hotel. Their many friends hope they will decide to live in Bamberg, and they will be gladly welcomed should they decide to make this city their home.

MIMS KILLED AT SUMTER.

Car Inspector Crushed Beneath Engine Dies After Operation.

Sumter, Dec. 19.—John J. Mims, white, car inspector on the Atlantic Coast Line Railroad yard, lies dead at the Sumter Hospital from shock, an operation being necessary to amputate his legs, which were terribly mangled by an engine driven by Engineer S. B. Devine.

The accident occurred at the railroad crossing on Harvin street at 10:35 o'clock this morning. There are many different versions of the details of the accident, but the story that is given most credence is told by Engineer Devine. He says that Mims was sitting on the rod of another engine to the right of the one he was running, and that as the two engines came nearly opposite one another that Mims jumped off the engine upon which he was riding and attempted to cross in front of him. He saw that he had no time in which to stop, but as a precautionary measure blew his whistle to warn Mims. He saw the engine strike Mims, and the last wheels pass over his legs. He was running about eight miles an hour, and it was impossible for him to bring his engine to a stop in time to avoid the accident.

The story of the colored porter on the Gibson train tallies exactly with that of Engineer Devine, except that he is of the opinion that the engine was running faster.

Another account is given by a man who is quite well known and very reliable. He states that Devine was running his engine about fifteen miles an hour, and that he had just remarked about running too fast when the person to whom he was talking exclaimed, "My God, look there." He looked and saw Mims, who seemed to be getting off the steps of his engine, fall and the engine run over him, dragging his body some distance. He immediately ran to the station, phoned for a doctor, and sent bystanders in search of other physicians. Dr. Clifton, of Orangeburg, was the first physician to reach the wounded man and assisted in putting him on a wagon to be hurried to the Sumter Hospital. Other doctors arrived just as the wagon started off and accompanied Mims, giving him all the temporary relief possible.

Mims bled freely while lying on the ground, and all the time was crying out, "Lord, look what a fix I'm in now—can't some one get a doctor?" At one time he said, "I thought I could pass in front of that engine." He was deathly white, and was suffering terribly from his mangled limbs. One leg was crushed at the hip, and the other between the hip and the knee. Handkerchiefs were tied tightly above the wounds to keep the man from bleeding to death before medical aid could reach him.

A hasty examination at the Hospital revealed a most terribly mangled condition of the limbs, and it was decided to operate at once. Both legs were removed successfully, but the patient could not survive the shock of the operation, and breathed his last at a little after 1 o'clock, just thirty minutes after being removed from the operating table.

The death of Mr. Mims is particularly sad, because of the fact that he leaves a wife and five little children, all of whom were entirely dependent upon his labors. The funeral service and interment will be at the cemetery to-morrow.

C. H. Hunter Seriously Injured.

Mr. Chesley D. Hunter met with a serious accident at his home eight miles southwest of Newberry yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. While attending to his gin he got caught in a belt in some way and was so badly hurt that up to a late hour yesterday afternoon he had not regained consciousness. His arm was broken in three places, his shoulder was crushed, and he received serious injury to his head, the blood oozing from his mouth and ears. The physicians who were called in did not give much hope of his recovery. When the accident happened one of his brothers was in town and received a phone message calling him home. Mr. Hunter is about 45 years of age and is unmarried. He is one of the county's best citizens.—Newberry Observer.

We seriously object to the Bamberg Herald classing Allendale, Brunson and Branchville together. Brother Knight should know better than to place Allendale along with such "measly" towns as Branchville and Brunson.—Allendale Herald.