

SWUNG FROM TREE.

Brooks Gordon Lynched by Pickens County Mob.

Greenville, June 29.—Charged with having attempted to ravish the wife of a highly respectable farmer of Pickens county, and with shooting her twice in the back with a single barrelled shotgun, as she ran through the fields to her husband, Brooks Gordon, a young negro, was taken from the custody of the sheriff by a determined mob late this afternoon and lynched.

The woman is reported to be resting well, and her chances of recovery are favorable, unless complications set in.

The crime of which Gordon was accused is one of the most atrocious of the kind ever committed in this section of the State, and the portion of Pickens county, where the offence was perpetrated was in a terrible turmoil from the time the deed became known until the thirst for vengeance had been satisfied.

Attacked in Field.

According to reports from Easley to-night, Brooks Gordon attacked the woman as she was at work in the field at 10 o'clock this morning. She broke loose from him and ran through the fields toward her husband, who was about a half mile away. The negro carried a single barrelled shotgun and demanded to know of the woman if she intended reporting the matter to her husband. She replied as she ran that she would tell her husband, and then the negro levelled the gun at her and fired. The wound did not deter the woman in her purpose.

It is stated that the negro ran after her, reloading his gun as he ran. Her assailant demanded of her the second time if she intended telling her husband, but before she could reply he raised the gun and fired upon her again. Having fired the second shot into the back of the fleeing woman, the negro turned and ran toward the mountains.

Mob Starts Search.

News of the outrage quickly spread throughout the surrounding country and a mob of angry men gathered and started in pursuit. The chase continued for several hours, but Sheriff Roarke, of Pickens county, beat the mob in the race, capturing the negro about fifteen miles from the scene of the trouble. The sheriff started toward the Pickens jail with his prisoner, but was overtaken by the mob and the prisoner taken away from him.

The negro was carried back to the scene and put before the wounded woman for identification. As the negro lived on her husband's farm, she had no trouble in identifying him. The negro was carried some distance from the house and strung up to a tree, denying his guilt to the last. Three volleys were fired into his body and the crowd dispersed.

A Costly Meal.

Fred Swantacruz, king of the cooling surf, was talking one day with a fisherman in Monterey Bay, and drew from him a yarn all covered with seaweed.

The facts in the case were said to be these: Some ten years ago the government transplanted about 20,000 Eastern lobsters in Monterey Bay. Before shipping, wooden pegs had been put in their claws so that they couldn't fight with each other en route to this coast. Before transplanting those in charge neglected to remove the wooden pegs, with the result that the lobsters all died.

The government accordingly sent another shipment and this time saw that the pegs were removed before planting the lobsters.

Some time thereafter the Albattross steamed into Monterey Bay, under the command of the United States Fish Commission, looking for results of the transplanting. Lobster traps were set at different points, but nary a lobster was captured. The government then posted notices offering \$2,000 for a specimen of the transplanted lobsters.

Two years passed. A Santa Cruz fisherman, out in his little smack, caught one of the lobsters. Then, thinking that there was a law against catching them, he sneaked the lobster to his home, cooked it, ate, it and destroyed all evidence. Later he divulged the secret to some other fishermen.

"I caught a lobster sixteen inches long," he said.

"What!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, and I was afraid to sell it, so I ate it myself!"

"You ate it!"

"Yes."

And they broke to him the sad news that there was a reward of \$2,000 for a sample lobster from the bay.

"And I had a \$2,000 meal," said the fisherman and fainted.

The new \$50,000 passenger station at Rock Hill, built by the Southern railway, has been completed and is now in use. It is up-to-date in every particular.

NORWAY MAN IN TROUBLE.

Local Tailor Orders His Arrest on Serious Charge.

G. B. Mimms, of Norway, S. C., will be given a preliminary hearing before Magistrate Williams this morning on the charge of passing a worthless check for \$200 on the Rugheimer sons last Tuesday. Mimms was arrested late Saturday afternoon by Detective John Hogan and taken to the police station, from which he was moved to the county jail.

It appears that when Mimms ordered a suit to be made to order, he gave Mr. Rugheimer a New York exchange check for \$200 to take out \$20 as first payment. Mr. Rugheimer didn't suspect anything was wrong, but gave Mimms \$180 change. Several days later Mimms appeared at the store to have the suit fitted. In the meantime the check was deposited in one of the local banks, from which it was sent to the New York exchange.

The New York banking firm upon receiving the check, wired back that it was a forgery. Mr. Rugheimer immediately went before Magistrate Williams and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Mimms, charging him with securing money under false pretences.

Saturday afternoon Mimms phoned the King street tailor and asked if the suit was ready. He was told that it would be finished in about an hour's time. Detective Hogan was then called. Mimms arrived a few minutes in advance of the officer. Presently Detective Hogan came, and it was then that the news was broken to Mimms that his check was worthless. He was asked to make it good, but as he was unable to do so at the time, the warrant was served on him.

When taken to the police station he was searched, and \$61.70 was found on his person. Mimms admits giving the check, but denies that he intended to defraud anyone. He claims that he was given the check in a business transaction with another party. Mimms is from Norway, a town in Orangeburg county. He is about 36 years old, well groomed and neatly dressed. He will be given a hearing before Magistrate Williams this morning. It is possible that the matter may be settled out of court. —News and Courier, July 1.

Heated Tilt at Conway.

Conway, June 28.—"You are a liar," "You are a dirty dog and infamous scoundrel," "You are nothing but a miserable coward," were remarks hurled by Attorney General Lyon at a man by the name of J. A. Schwerin, from Sumter who made uncomplimentary remarks at the attorney general during the latter's speech here to-day in which he told of the "graft" prosecutions.

"With all evidence you had, why didn't you prosecute Felder," asked Schwerin.

"If there was evidence sufficient to prosecute Felder," replied Lyon, "it was kept in hiding."

Lyon then mentioned the fact that the Newberry grand jury had failed to find a true bill against him. Schwerin shouted something about the dishonesty of juries.

Schwerin kept up his remarks and Lyon said, "The matter with you I suppose is that Tom Felder has helped me to prosecute many grafters and in doing this he has touched you."

"That's a lie," replied Schwerin. "And I take the responsibility for the remark."

It was then that Lyon plied his assailant with the names of "liar, and coward," and added, "I'll be off this stand after a while, and if you are not satisfied you can find me then!" Schwerin was taken in hand by constables and was carried from the grove.

"Lock him up," "Lyon," "That's not a Horry man, he's from Sumter."

These were the sort of shouts that greeted Lyon's tilt with the man in the crowd. Schwerin returned after awhile, but there was no trouble.

Many of the candidates for minor offices were heard silently.

Uncle Sam's Job.

Senator Swanson, of Virginia, says that "undeserving men often receive government jobs."

Their attitude is like that of old Uncle Sam, who had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock river, near the dam, holding his shotgun in his hands.

Finally, he attracted the attention of a passerby, who asked:

"Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, sah," answered Sam. "Ise gittin' paid fo' what Ise doin'."

"Indeed!" said the other. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am underminin' de dam," answered Sam.

"Why, there goes one now!" exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants t' lose ma job, suh?" answered Sam complacently.

TO SAVE OLD TOWN.

People of Wisconsin Settlement Plead for Railroad Facilities.

A pathetic plea that a town may be saved from desertion has come to the State railway commission, says a Madison (Wis.) dispatch. It is from Theresa, 35 miles north of Milwaukee, a settlement of 350 inhabitants, which feels that it is really off the map because the Chicago, Minneapolis and Sault Ste. Marie Railway line was built about a mile and a half away from it. The citizens now ask that the road be compelled to build a spur track and run trains so that it can realize its destiny.

Theresa was an old-time fur trading post, established in 1842 by Solomon Juneau, son of the founder of Milwaukee, and named after his eldest daughter. Many French Canadians went to live there, and the place at one time seemed to have a bright future. The indifference at the railroad, however, resulted in the building up of Theresa station, outside its old bounds, and in late years the enterprising younger people and immigrants have settled there instead of the original town. Population and prosperity have dwindled in the face of growth all about. For a long time this condition was permitted to go unchecked, but at length the "booster" has come, and the Theresa Advancement Association has been formed. It is the organization that has appealed to the railroad commission in a quaint document. Here are some of its paragraphs:

"The town began to wain in the early seventies in business prominence because of the ever-lacking transportation facilities. And the owner of property in those days who is still holding it to-day will not be any better off to-morrow, and is yet out of taxes for the same.

"Our \$16,000 four-department graded school has now only two departments in efficiency and our district has lost the yearly State aid on account of incompetency to maintain at least two departments.

"Real estate is on the toboggan slide downward, and every building is, when completed, worth only 50 to 75 cents on the dollar, and it even has not been successful to induce the retiring farmer, as even he wants his accommodations, and wants to spend the rest of his life in a town that is pressing gayly ahead as to the one going to the contrary."

Railroad officials, however, say that it would not be worth while to serve the old town, and that it can never realize its ambition to become a "metropolis."

The Use of Lemons.

It is well for people to know before typhoid fever comes walking into their homes that Dr. Asa Ferguson, of London, England, has discovered that lemon juice is a deadly foe to typhoid bacilli, and will cause the germs to shrivel up and die almost immediately.

A few drops of lemon juice in a glass of drinking water will kill any typhoid germs that may be in the water, and makes the drinker immune from typhoid fever.

There are a great many things that lemons are good for besides making the refreshing lemonade.

Most everyone knows that to take hot lemonade when going to bed is good to break up a cold. Not so many may know that the juice of half a lemon in a cup of black coffee, without any sugar, will cure sick headache.

To take a strong, unsweetened lemonade before breakfast will also prevent and cure a bilious attack.

To take lemon juice mixed very thick with sugar will relieve that annoying, tickling cough.

If you drink a glass of water with lemon juice squeezed in it every morning it will keep your stomach in good order and prevent you from having dyspepsia.

When you have a bad headache rub slices of lemon along the temple, and it will soon give relief.

It is good if a bee or insect stings you to put a few drops of lemon juice on the spot.

To saturate a cloth with lemon juice and bind on a cut or wound will stop its bleeding.

If your fruit juices, such as cherry, strawberry, etc., do not jelly readily add lemon juice to them, and it will cause them to jelly.

Lemon juice and salt is good to remove iron rust.

If you have a corn that bothers you rub it with lemon, after taking a hot bath, and cut away the corn.

Now, if you want to have a beautiful complexion squeeze lemon juice into a quart of milk and rub it on your face night and morning.

There are many useful things that lemons will do for you if you only know what they are and try them. They should be used more freely than they are in most homes, and they might save you doctor bills.—Philadelphia Record.

Cut glass and hand painted china at cost at Herald Book Store.

SPECTACULAR SEA FROLIC.

Sharks and Swordfish Convert Play Into Bloody Tragedy.

That hardest of hardy ship-news annuals, the story of the deep sea quarrel between swordfish and whale—it was a shark this time—reached port in good order to-day on board the stanch ship Caledonia of the Anchor Line, says the New York Evening Post. It had grown so since last season that some of the oldest salts of the Battery park benches did not recognize it.

It was a calm and beautiful Sabbath morn at sea. The Caledonia, ploughing her way through a bottle-green ocean, was sixty miles due east of Montauk Point. Capt. F. H. Wadsworth was on the bridge. Passengers and crew lazed idly on deck. All was peace and tranquility. Suddenly some one with keen eyesight espied the perennial commotion in the water just off the ship's bows. All eyes at once peered seaward expecting to be rewarded with a view of the usual death struggle between shark and swordfish.

To their utter amazement and delight, what should meet their wondering eyes but scores—aye, scores—of swordfish and sharks frolicking in friendly play about the ship! It was easy to see that they were making a splendid Sunday dinner of bluefish, mackerel, porgies, flounders, young halibut and other well known varieties. The Caledonia's passengers said the swordfish averaged twenty feet in length, and that, while the sharks were not quite as large as that, they were just as numerous.

Having feasted on the fat of the sea, the monsters of the deep frolicked some more, darting hither and yon through the salt sea waves. Playfully, the swordfish ran their teeth to crimson, as the bodies of the sharks and tossed them high in the air, then deftly caught them and repeated the performance. The sharks, in turn, took playful nips at the swordfish and chased them all around the ship. This continued for an hour, when one of the swordfish erred in his judgment of distance and caught a shark on the point of his bony nose, piercing the shark and ending his career then and there.

With the death of their school-mate, the sharks, becoming infuriated, turned upon the swordfish, and the battle which followed—from all accounts—was indescribably horrible. As was the case last year, and the year before that, the water boiled with the movements of the sharks and fish, and the pale blue changed to crimson, as the bodies of the sharks were pierced by the swordfish and the razor-like teeth of the man-eaters slashed the sides of the demons of the deep. Round and round the ship the angry throng raced, the water becoming a deeper red with every passing moment, while the bodies of sharks and swordfish alike floated here and there on and near the surface.

One particular pair of fighters were watched by Purser Johnston, who said that the sword of the great fish broke off in ramming the side of the Caledonia after missing a vicious thrust at his enemy. Before the swordsmen of the deep could save himself by flight the shark had killed and begun to devour him. Sooth after this the fighting mass began to lag astern, and the ship came on alone, leaving the fighters to their fate, and the final details of the battle to the landlubber's imagination.

"OLD BILL" MINER OUT AGAIN.

Aged Outlaw Files Shackles and Hikes from Convict Camp.

Milledgeville, Ga. June 28.—"Old Bill" Miner is out again. The 60-year-old outlaw, who in February, 1911, held up a Southern Railway train near White Sulphur Springs, Ga., who was captured, escaped and retaken to serve out his 15-year sentence, filed his shackles last night, and with a companion, W. J. Widenkamp, departed from the State prison farm. It is thought he had outside help.

Guards, who this morning discovered his escape, are in pursuit, but the trail of the old fox is dim. It is thought he and his companion have taken different directions. "Old Bill's" last escape proved a failure, because he remained with an injured pal and both were recaptured.

Miner, whose real name is thought to be Anderson, is wanted in Washington State and British Columbia for train robbery.

Appreciative Sol.

Solomon Pitman, a backwoodsman, had been caught on the jury in town and was boarding with a lady who was running a cheap boarding house.

Astonished at the amount of butter Sol was eating, she said: "Sol, that butter cost me 25 cents a pound."

"Yes ma'am," said he, taking another large slice, "and it's worth every cent of it."

Rub-My Tism will cure you.

NEGRO GAMBLERS KILL MAN.

Dr. John K. Love, of Norway, Shot to Death.

Norway, June 30.—While trying to arrest a gang of negro gamblers, Dr. John K. Love, a well known veterinary surgeon, who was policeman of this place, was shot about 3 o'clock this morning and died three hours later. Marion Jamison, a negro, was shot by Morgan Brooker, deputy to Dr. Love, and died this afternoon. It appears that Dr. Love had been employed by the town council to run down this gang and that Ed Butler, a notorious negro gambler and trouble-maker, had been induced to help round up the gang. About 2:45 this morning Ed Butler came to the room of Dr. Love and stated that he had the gang located on the banks of a small creek, just inside the town limits. Butler returned to the gang, and, to keep down suspicion as to the part he played in the betrayal of the gamblers, took part in the "skin" game again. Dr. Love dressed hastily and called Morgan Brooker to go and help arrest the gamblers. Love and Brooker approached the negroes, who made no attempt to get away, and demanded their surrender. The negroes refused and opened fire. Dr. Love fell with a bullet in the hip. Brooker closed in with Marion Jamison and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued, the negro being shot five times, and Brooker once through the finger.

Excitement runs high, but no violence is feared. Sheriff Salley is on the scene, and it is hoped he will run the murderers to earth. Dr. Love was a young man about 27 years of age, and came here about two years ago from Asheville, N. C. His father and one brother reside at Grover, in Dorchester county. Other relatives live near Asheville, N. C.

Dr. Love has practiced his profession here about two years ago, but only a short while ago was made policeman of Norway. In his short service he has made a reputation as a fearless officer.

DAMAGE FROM DYNAMITE.

Spencer's Cafe Loses Kitchen by Unusually Heavy Explosion.

Greenville, June 26.—As the result of a heavy charge of dynamite being set off Monday afternoon at 6 o'clock at the place, where the Wallace building is going up on West Washington, street, the kitchen of Spencer's cafe was completely wrecked. Mr. Spencer, who was sick in his apartments above the restaurant, is said to have been seriously affected by the concussion of the blast.

Blasting has been going on at this place for several days, but it seems that an unusually heavy charge was set off yesterday afternoon at 6 o'clock. It is said that it will be necessary for the proprietor of the cafe to close his place of business for two or three days in order to repair the damage done in the kitchen.

The Curious Mob.

"Why all this crowd?" "They are gathered together to see the tied go out."

"The tide? Why, we are hundreds of miles from the ocean."

"I know it, but there is a fashionable wedding taking place in that church on the corner.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Stetson hats and other fine makes, \$2.50 up. Also straw hats to close out cheap. Write F. G. MERTINS, Augusta, Ga.

FARMERS' UNION MEETINGS.

The local Bamberg Farmers' Union meets at the court house in Bamberg on the first and third Friday mornings in every month. Meeting at 11 o'clock. Applications for membership received at every meeting. Let all members be present.

J. P. O'QUINN, Secretary. J. W. STEWART, President.

H. M. GRAHAM

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