THE BAMBERG HERALD, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1912.

MAYOR GRACE MAKES WARM REPLY TO BLEASE

Gives Out Statement Answering Governor's Attack.-Tells Why He Did Not Resent Epithets When Made by Blease.

"Of course it was anticipated by who were not then, nor have ever me that Gov. Blease would be com- been, my political friends. Are pelled at the Charleston meeting to Messrs. Nathans and Sinkler also netake notice of and, if he could, gro lovers? And do they believe in answer the charges which I have so social equality? Certainly not. It is publicly made against him," said almost sickening to have to answer carried him down; next, young Mr. Mayor Grace, in a statement replying such tommy-rot.

The Dispensary Constables.

"There was but one cause, and

they would be grafters. They have

"Talk about facing Stothart! Wit-

Blease's Threat.

the metropolitan police is in keeping

with the rest of his character, but it

people of Charleston do, the con-

to the attack made upon him by the governor in his speech at the State campaign meeting held Friday even- that was (as I said in a published ing at the Hibernian hall. It will be article recently,) Blease had broken remembered that Gov. Blease, when his public promise and his private he had finished his attack on Judge word. I expected him to be governor Ira B. Jones, spoke of the breach be- of South Carolina, and when he was tween Mayor Grace and himself, elected I was happy. Any intimation which grew out of his appointment by him that I wished to usurp those over Mr. Grace's protest, of whiskey functions is more than absurd. In constables in Charleston. This led the presence of many others he asked up to charges by the mayor that me if I would name a man for chief graft could be traced practically up constable, and in their presence I to the governor, which accusation denounced the whole proposition, was followed by the dispensary in- said that I would hold him to his vestigating committee of the legisla- word not to appoint any, as I knew ture coming to Charleston and hold- and had told him in writing, that ing an investigation.

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The governor denounced any man since demonstrated it. What more day we have visited her grave, on accusing him of having received graft proof does he need? through the whiskey constables as a malicious character-thief and coward- ness after witness under oath faced ly liar. He read a letter from May- Stothart, and then finally Stothart or Grace asking him not to dismiss a faced himself, and looking himself local notary who was a negro. The and his own guilt, (and I believe, feature of his address which made Blease's mountainous guilt) in the the deepest impression, was that if eye, he refused to answer on the Charleston voted for Jones, he would grounds that it might incriminate do all in his power to place the met- himself. Why didn't Blease read the ropolitan police here and govern constable letter-the letter of a pro-Charleston by injunction. He refer- phetic warning which I wrote him, red lightly to the results of the re- and in which I told him that he had cent investigation held by the legisla- broken his word, rather than switch tive investigating committee, and off on the irrelative tangent of allegsaid that if any one would say to ed social equality? Chief Constable Stothart's face that he had received graft, furnishing the proof, he would discharge him.

Mayor Grace was in the audience at the Hibernain hall when Gov. Blease attacked him so severely, but he held his peace and made no reply. Last night he gave out the following statement:

On August 28th, if by their votes, Corinthian order is the most perfect The Mayor's Statement. "Of course it was anticipated by the people of Charleston have resentme that Gov. Blease would be com- ed his dirty adminstration, he will pelled at the Charleston meeting to take it as a sufficient crisis in the take notice of, and, if he could, history of the State to justify his re- guage will ever meet its diction or answer the charges which I have so sort to whatever extraordinary pow- its sentiment. publicly made against him. There er he can stretch the laws to mean. was no escape from this necessity. The metropolitan police bill has been The only matter over which I had repealed, but he refers to some any doubts was whether or not I vague, obsolete power whereunder a should attend the meeting, and with sort of martial law might be foisted. my own ears hear what he had to upon us-a power of course, under say. My friends practically unani- our institutions necessarily lodging mously advised me against it. As it in our executive, if upon any rare happened, I was on the Isle of Palms occasion a city held itself in open at the State Bankers' Convention rebellion against State authority. and had I cared to lend plausibility "That such conditions in Charlesto my absence I could readily have ton could suddenly spring up over evaded it. But I determined, that night upon his defeat could only ap-

NEAR-DROWNING NEAR COPE.

erey from Watery Grave.

off. A great many from town attend-

ed a picnic at New Bridge, and re-

port having had a most pleasant time.

ure of this occasion was the narrow

escape of Charles Henerey from

drowning. While he and several oth-

ers were in the river swimming, he

was seen to sink; the first to go to

his assistance was John Tatum, but he

Powell, of Bamberg, swam to him

and was also carried under; then

Mr. Harry McKenna, and he like-

his brother, Parker, (who was pre-

paring to dress,) learned of the

trouble, and got just below where

with one hand, reached out with the

other and caught him as he came by,

and pulled him to safety. Parker

lent a hand to some of the others,

who were pretty tired by this time,

and pulled them out also, although

"Silent Cities of the Dead."

Eight years ago to-day our darling

Fannie died, and for eight years to-

this the greatest day to the nation,

but one of the saddest of not the sad-

dest to the writer. The little one, too

true, was blind and never saw its

father's face. We took her to the

best oculists in the State, and we

had hopes of removing the cause of

her blindness, but death came. She

was only a mite, yet I loved her to

madness, because she loved me so.

commune with our dear ones dead.

On our annual trips we go alone to

Some people have a perfect horror

of the graveyard, but let us see, in

part, what these sacred spots have

done for man. It gave to architect-

ure the Corinthian order, a master-

was passing by a grave, where an

acanthus root had been placed upon

obstruction, and bended out. The

"The Silent Cities of the Dead."

no picture ever had in it as much

beauty, yet as much horror, as this

Adams and Jefferson died the

same day, July 4, 1826. Daniel Web-

ster delivered the funeral oration, and this piece of word painting will

The finest oration that ever fell

from human lips was that delivered

by Bob Ingersoll, over the grave of

Congressman Eben Ingersoll. It is

the brightest jewel in the tiara of

Western literature. It strikes the

heart-chords with a symphony as

sweet as Seraphs ever sung. It turns

words to jewels with the splendor of

We might go on, but time forbids,

but so long as we shall live each

Shakespeare.

never die.

the noonday sun.

rest."

Shakespeare in his wonderful trag-

"Of course, his nasty threat about piece of art. Callimacus of Corinth

is in no way disquieting. If it means it, on the root was placed a basket

anything it means simply this: Up of toys, over this basket a tile. When

to August 27th, no matter what the the root sprouted the leaves met an

stables will stay here as graft agents. artist saw at once a model and the

they were not in any real danger.

What came near marring the pleas-

Brother Saves Young Charles Hen- Told of Trivial Incident After Twen- Reward for Dutch Boys for Saving Amsterdam's Stock Exchange.

SPOILED A SPANISH PLOT.

Of the many quaint and curious

customs, traditions and privileges

prevailing in Holland none is more

At a fixed time each summer these

has a drum slung over his shoulder.

Facing this square is the stock ex-

ty-five Years.

Judge Landis, of the northern Cope, July 4 .- Yesterday being a national holiday, all the stores closed district court of Illinois, is fond of telling this anecdote of Lincoln: their doors, and gave the clerks a day

In 1834, when Lincoln was a canextraordinary than a certain privildidate for the legislature, he called ege that has been enjoyed by the on a certain farmer to ask for his supboys of Amsterdam for nearly 300 port. He found him in the hay field, years. and was urging his cause when the dinner bell sounded. The farmer inboys gather by the hundreds in the vited him to dinner, but he declined great square called the Dan, situated politely, and added: in the center of the city. Each boy

"If you will let me have the scythe while you are gone I wil mow round the field a couple of times."

When the farmer returned he found three rows neatly mowed. The scythe lay against the gate post, but wise was taken under. By this time Lincoln had disappeared. Nearly thirty years afterward, the farmer and his wife, now grown old, were at a White House reception, and

Charles was, and, holding to a limb stood waiting in line to shake hands drums. with the president.

"When they got near him in the said, is as follows: line," says Judge Landis, "Lincoln saw them, and, calling an aide, told him to take them to one of the small parlors, where he would see them as soon as he got through the handshaking. Much surprised, the old couple were led away. Presently Mr. Lincoln came in, and, greeting them with an outstretched hand a warm smile, called them by name.

"Do you mean to say," exclaimed the farmer, "that you remember me after all these years?"

"'I certainly do,' said the president, and he went on to recall the day he mowed round the farmer's zens of the city. timothy field.

"'Yes, that's so,'said the old man, still in astonishment. 'I found the field mowed and the scythe leaning up against the gate post. But I have always wanted to ask you one thing.' plot thus frustrated.

"'What is that?' asked Mr. Lincoln. "''I always wanted to ask you, Mr.

President, what you did with the whetstone?" "Lincoln smoothed his hair back

from his brows a moment, in deep thought; then his face lighted up. "'Yes, I remember now,' he said.

'I put the whetstone on top of the high gate post.' "And when he got back to Illinois again the farmer found the whetstone

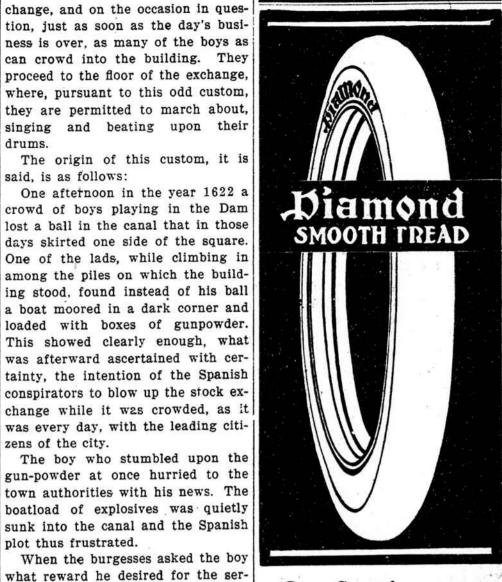
"Johnny,' said the pretty teacher, on top of the gate post, where it had what is a kiss?" lain for more than twenty-five "I can't exactly put it into words

His Only Experience.

A man once was talking about hard luck, and his friend was listening with a sour expression. "Why, you don't know what hard luck is!" said the friend. "I have always had it. When I was a kid there was such a bunch of kids in the family that there had to be three tables at meal times and I always got the third

one." "What's hard about that?" snapped the other.

"Why," said his friend, "It was fifteen years before I ever knew a chicken had anything but a neck!" -Everybody's Magazine.



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LINCOLN'S GREAT MEMORY.

been, whatever others might have ful hand.

was mayor of Charleston; that the the slightest threat of personal injury, would spring to my side through a devotion that is unexcelled anywhere. The police force, while composed largely of men loyal to me, I would have required myself to do its duty, and under the orders of the chairman I, and even my most devoted friends, might have been summarily removed from the hall, to which extremity I would have bowed in obedience to law. With these mere outlines of a riotous situation flooding my mind there was but one view for me to take-to swallow anything. I did it with complacency, and I think the public, from what I hear, approves of my course.

The Beer Incident.

"Moreover, what did it matter what Blease said? Did he not in the very speech in which he so violently by indirection, denounced me, also give utterance to the rankest indecencies and anarchy? Think of a governor replying as to how he stood on the beer question by shouting that if his questioner (in violation of the law) would bring him up to the stage a drink of beer he would be better able to answer the question. Of course, it was grilling to me to have to sit and listen to Blease's lies. The idea of his making it appear that the beginning of our troubles was when he refused to appoint a negro

even now. as "God's acre." calls the graveyards edy, "Romeo and Juliet" reaches the climax in a graveyard. There is

shown what science can do. There is shown what hatred can do-what love can do. There ends some charming lives, too beautiful for come what might, it was my duty to peal to his diseased and lawless mind, death to claim. There ends a feud go to the meeting. As a Democrat, and were he even so disposed, he I have never missed any of these would find that the courts of South as bitter as feuds have ever been, meetings, and the only thing that Carolina, for which he professes such and in that graveyard was raised in could have kept me away would have utter contempt, would stay his vengethe images of two lovers dead, Romeo and Juliet. I often think that

thought of it, cowardice on my part. "We know that Charleston also too "Having made up my mind, there- long has bent under the fear of fore, to go, the next thing which usurpation, but I believe that there is bothered me was what attitude I stil pride and resentment left, and should assume toward Gov. Blease, from now until election day I expect howsoever personal and bitter he to call upon her people by their unanmight become. As I had deliberately imous vote to spurn the bribe of gone to the meeting I was equally as peace at the price of independence, deliberate about what my course and I ask them now in the language should be. I remembered that I of Patrick Henry, 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased hall was packed with men who, at at the price of chains and slavery?" -Charleston News and Courier.

IOWA BANK ROBBER KILLED.

Bullet from Posse Pierces Bandit's Heart-Money Recovered.

Rome, Iowa, July 5.-After shooting Cashier F. W. Hileman, of the Rome Savings Bank, in both arms, this afternoon, and escaping with 4th of July will be spent among our several hundred dollars in cash, graves, and there upon them shed Charles Clark, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa, was shot and killed to-night tears of fond remembrance and tears of bitter grief. in a running fight with a posse, which had pursued him for several hours in automobiles. The stolen money was recovered.

Clark fired repeatedly at the posse. J. O. Laughlin, a prominent merchant of Rome, one of the leaders of the posse, was shot in the back, but his injuries are not serious. A bullet fired by some member of the posse had pierced Clark's heart.

The injuries of Cashier Hileman are not serious. Clark entered the bank as the cashier was finishing the work of the day, and when Hileman refused to turn over the money lying near the window in the cashier's cage, Clark shot him, grabbed a pile of bills and silver and escaped.

Rub-My Tism will cure you.

\$25.00 up, suits to order of fine

years."-Youth's Companion. Grey's elegy was written in a

graveyard, and no poem in any lan-Negro Lynched Near Little Rock. Little Rock, Ark., July 5.-John

Longfellow has a poem or at least Williams, a negro, was taken from officers by a mob and lynched, near in a poem, refers to the graveyard Plummerville, Ark., 40 miles north-Byron who said more pretty, and west of Little Rock, late last night, as many ugly things as any writer according to news received to-day.

Williams was a participant in a general fight at a negro picnic near Plummerville yesterday. Sheriff Taylor, of Conway county, formed a posse and went to the picnic to restore order. Paul Disler, a special deputy, was shot and killed by the negro when the posse attempted to make arrests. After a running fight with the posse, Williams escaped, but was later captured and held in hiding to prevent mob violence. While the aupure gold, by former deadly enemies, thorities were hurrying with the negro across country to Plummerville they were met by a mob which overpowered the deputies, hanged the negro to a tree and riddled his body one drawn by the master-mind, with bullets.

Those in the posse assert inability to identify members of the mob. No arrests have been made.

The Champion Liar.

An old negro in Mississippi was on trial for stealing chickens. He had denied his guilt, and one of the deacons of his church was called to testify to his reputation for truth and veracity.

"Now, deacon," said the prosecutor, "do you know this defendant?" "Yes, sir."

"How well do you know him?" "Oh, I know him tahlable well." "What is his reputation for truth and veracity in the neighborhood in

which he lives?" The old man looked thoughtful for a minute.

"You know what I mean," continu-No use to fear the graveyard for ed the lawyer. "Does he tell the ere long each and all must have it truth? Can he tell the truth? Do for a home, a dwelling place till his neighbors believe what he says?" eternity begins, and may it be to "That niggah tell the truth? Does each and all, "A blissful place of

anybody believe him? Why, mistah lawyah, when that niggah wants to call his hawgs at feedin' time he has to git somebody else to holler foh him."

Cutting Repartee.

"How," said a lawyer to a witness, 'how can you possibly bear such testimony against this man who you say is your friend?"

"Sir," said the man, "he is my friend, and I love him, but I love Truth more."

"You should be ashamed," replied the lawyer, "to turn your back on a friend for one who is a perfect

returned the boy, "but if you really Safety Treads. want to know. I can show you." W. H. PATRICK

vice he had rendered the town he re-

plied that so long as there was a

stock exchange in Amsterdam the

boys of the town would like to be

permitted to make the floor of the

exchange their playground during a

certain part of the year. The request

was granted, and so the custom sur-

vives .- New York Sun.

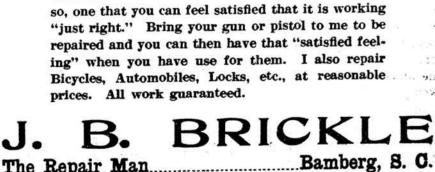
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er's caller)—"How is your little girl?"

Caller-"I am sorry to say, my Small Girl (after a painful pause boy?'

Caller-"My dear, I haven't any little boy, either."

Small Girl-"What are yours?"

A. W. BRABHAM. July 4, 1912. Natural Curiosity.

Small Girl (entertaining her moth-

dear, that I haven't any little girl." in conversation)—"How is your little

