THE BAMBERG HERALD, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1913.

THRILLING BATTLE IN GRAIN PIT

U. S. Soldiers Surprised While on Foraging Expedition.

A CLOSE CALL FOR TWO MEN

Matabele Tried Smoking Them Out of Ration Pit.

It was a couple of days after our first fight with the Matabele on November 4, 1893, at the Inguesl river, that a small party of Raaf's Horse were out foraging.

Rations were very scarce with our column, which was under command of Major Gould Adams, so we used to and shouldered himself up through thoroughly search the Matabele kraals to get supplies of grain. In those down again like a shot. days the natives were in the habit of storing grain in enormous pits under their cattle kraals, the entrance being through a narrow shaft about three feet deep. You dropped down through that and found yourself in a vast cavern full of grain. At the sides there would be big straw baskets, or big clay tubs, in which we usually found nuts and beans.

When I first struck one of these underground granaries it seemed to me like a kind of Ali Baba's cave. There was very little fun about exploring it, though. It was all solid hard work. Our method was to send down our thinnest man. He would make a sack of his shirt, and so send up the grain through the shaft. Unhappily for me, I was usually selecter for this task, as there was very little spare flesh about me at that time. The grain gave out a kind of heat, and as one worked at full pres-

they rushed off. The young warrior, startled, made a leap for the shaft, but there was no one to help him up, for all his friends had bolted. As he was struggling hard to try and climb out I rushed and got him round the

waist. My word, didn't he yell! Evidently he thought the spirits had got hold of him. 1 soon found I had caught a Tartar, for the beggar managed to get an aim clear and jabbed me down the back with one of his assegais. We rolled over and over,

and at last I got him by the throat and started to choke him into insenfuriously.

moment to spare.

"Help!" I shouted. "I've got a fellow down here, and if I let go he'll stab me." With that, down through In an instant he had sized up the situation, and gave the Matabele a crack over the head with the butt end of

his Martini, which effectively quieted him.

"We've got no time to waste," he said, "Kneel down, so that I can be able to pull you out."

I bent down, he got on my back the shaft. A second later he came

"Good heavens!" he cried. "The brutes are back again, and they spotted me!"

come back for me alone, the rest havbring up Raaf, so as to attack the O'Leary soon brought me to my sen-Matabele in force. O'Leary had his

rifle and about 30 rounds of ammunition, also a revolver and a few cartridges. The revolver he handed to me. We then retired to my corner and listened.

There was a hot argument going on at the mouth of the pit, but no one ventured down. All the better for us, we thought, for every moment meant that help was getting nearer. Presently we heard a shout, and soon learned what it meant. Down

the shaft came a bundle of lighted half a minute the smoke was blind-

could hear the thud of their feet as surprise. "Pull down our cork." We hauled the warrior down, and he dropped limply on the floor-stone dead, killed by his own comrades. O'Leary took one glance at the corpse, then he stepped to the shaft, now dark as night.

> "See," he said, "they've covered us up, and I'm going to investigate. Get me one of those assegais."

Groping around, I found one and handed it to him. O'Leary then stood on my shoulder, and using the spearblade, managed to slightly prize up the flat stone which covered the top of the pit.

"Yes," he said, calmly, "they're putting more thatch on, and are going sibility, though he still struggled to try to roast us. But they'll defeat themselves. All that stuff on the "Hurry up, Haigh," came the cry, top is bone-dry, and when it's well in a familiar voice. "The niggers are alight they won't be able to get near." here in hundreds, and there's not a He paused, then added, in a different voice, "I don't know whether we shall the hotel requested "Mr. and Mrs.

roast, but anyway, youngster, you're going to taste hades for a while." With that he jumped down, leavthe hole dropped my chum, O'Leary. | ing the assegai in position under the stone, and we took it in turns to get a small breath of air by prising it up. "There she goes," said O'Leary, suddenly, and I heard a dull roar as the pile of thatch over the pit-mouth caught fire. We promptly retreated to the end of the cave and lay down. reach the top with my hands, then I'll It had been hot enough in the place before, but now it got hotter than

ever. I felt sick and miserable, and also decidedly scared. I had no hope of getting out alive, and saw nothing before me but a dreadful death. The temperature was rising momentarily. Every breath hurt my lungs, and the

roaring of the fire, to my excited We were now in quite a fix. I fancy, seemed to be getting louder learned from O'Leary that he had and louder. I suppose I must have said something which showed my ing gone on as hard as they could to state of mind, for the iron-nerved

> Ses. "Don't be an ass," he growled.

This will soon be off, and the smoke of the fire will bring our fellows back double quick."

Presently it seemed to us that the place was a little cooler, and my companion moved closer to the mouth of the pit.

"Come along," he said. "The grass has all burnt. I think, and I'm going to shift this rock."

Levering on the spear, he managed to shift the stone somewhat, and a thacht, then another and another. In little light and air filtered down to us, but the heat and smell were still fearful. Not a sound could we hear

POLICE SEEK MRS. GRACE.

Exposed by Woman Detective.

Westchester, Pa .--- Mrs. Daisy Ulrich Opie Grace, who was acquitted several months ago at Atlanta, Ga., after being tried for shooting her husband, is a fugitive from justice, following a warrant issued by Justice of the Peace S. M. Paxton.

Charles H. Oldham, manager of the Chester Valley Electric Light company, also is a fugitive from justice on a similar warrant. Both warrants charge statutory offenses and are based upon alleged actions of Mrs. Grace and Oldham at the Swan hotel at Downingtown, where, it is charged, they lived as "Mr. and Mrs. Oldham" for several months until

last Tuesday, when the proprietor of Oldham" to vacate their apartments. The warrant calling for the ar-

rest of the couple were made at the instance of Mrs. Ida Plummer, who followed Mrs. Grace to Downingtown and became very friendly with her. After Mrs. Plummer had obtained all the information she desired she told the hotel proprietor that "Mrs. Oldham" and Daisy Ulrich Opie Grace were the same.

Following her revelations Mrs. Plummer came here and was closeted for several hours with District Attorney Sproat and County Detective Jefferies. The conference ended in the issuance of the warrants for the arrest of the couple.

Mrs. Plummer told the district attorney that she represented the Mothers' Congress and that she was interested in the case, as she sought to prevent Mrs. Grace getting a divorce from the husband, who is a helpless cripple as a result of the revolver shot which Mrs. Grace was

accused of firing. She gave as her reason that if Mrs. Grace obtains the divorce she seeks she can gain possession of her 8-year old blind boy by her first husband, who is an inmate in an Overbrook in-

stitution. Other persons declare that Mrs. Plummer is a detective in the employ of Grace, who is seeking a divorce in the Georgia courts, and that she is a personal friend of Grace.

Pistol Bullets in Temple.

Paducah, Ky., June 8 .- Sol H Dreyfus, wholesale distiller, was Chicago. found dead in his office here to-day with two bullet holes in his temple. The family attributed death to an accident and the coroner's verdict was O. Stork, a dentist, 35 years old, was non-committal. Dreyfus was reported recently to have suffered financial ing from the eight floor of an apartreverses.

JACK JOHNSON SENTENCED.

Given One Year and \$1,000 Fine for Requested to Leave Hotel .-- Couple

Violating Mann Act.

Chicago, June 4 .- Jack Johnson, negro heavyweight champion, to-day was sentenced to one year and one day in the State penitentiary at Joliet, and fined \$1,000 for violation of the Mann "White Slave" Act. Sentence was pronounced on Johnson after Federal Judge Carpenter had denied a motion for a new trial. Johnson obtained two weeks time in

which to prepare a writ of error and the bond for \$30,000, on which he has been at liberty since his conviction, was allowed to stand.

Half a dozen deputy United States marshals, who had grouped themselves about Johnson in anticipation of resistance when the prison sentence was given, left the room when Judge Carpenter announced that the fighter would continue temporarily at liberty.

The sentence to the State penitentiary is the result of a recent order from Washington that all persons convicted in the Federal Court in this district should be sent to the State prison owing to the crowded condition of the Federal prison at Leavenworth. Johnson left the Court room declaring he would not give up his fight for liberty.

"It has been hard to determine what punishment should be meted out in this case," said Judge Carpenter in passing sentence. "We have had many cases where violations of the Mann Act have been punished with a fine only. We have had other cases where defendants have been sentenced to one or two years in the penitentiary.

"The circumstances in this case have been aggravating. The life of the defendant, by his own admissions has not been a moral one. The defendant is one of the best known men of his race and his example has been far reaching."

"The sentence shall be that the defendant shall be confined a year and a day in the Joliet penitentiary and that he shall be fined \$1,000."

The Court denied a request of counsel for Johnson that the negro be allowed to serve the term in the city bridewell, instead of the State's prison.

Johnson was convicted May 10 of having paid for the transportation of

Monday nights at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren cordially invited. GEO. F. HAIR, Chancellor Commander. A. M. DENBOW. Keeper of Records and Seal.

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sure it was most fatiguing.

One day our party had struck a large kraal, and after carefully going through the huts for any stray Matabele we proceeded to the cattle closure. Here I shed my tunic and rifle and dropped through into the ed like fury, but the Matabele gave pit. A couple of fellows were posted a short distance off to keep watch, the remainder being at the mouth of the pit busy filling the nosebags with | smoke. the grain I sent up.

I had been at work for about a quarter of an hour, and was thinking that blessed nigger?" it time I had a rest, when all of a sudden bang! bang! went the rifles, and I could hear the Matabele yelling.

'Stay where you are; the niggers are right on us!" some one shouted down to me, and then off they went, leaving me alone. Above I could hear a terrific racket-shots, yells and the native's weight taken off our arms. pattering of feet.

As there was nothing to be done, without assistance, I promptly retir- him out." ed to the farthest corner and cuddled up behind one of the grain baskets in case of trouble, for I had not even a knife on me.

By the amount of yelling going on the Matabele seemed in force, and I began to wonder how things would pan out, and whether our men would be compelled to retire. I knew they than I wanted.

ing intently, I heard the Matabele at that it was all we could do to keep the mouth of the pit. Fortunately it our hold on him. was only light just under the enshould not be noticed.

ed back, hardly daring to breathe, for side the poor wretch in the shaft and gais, while I had no weapon at all.

identical with the Zulu, and I was but we managed to keep him in po- bility that the grinding of exceptiontherefore able to understand when the sition. intruder shouted up to his people that there was no one in the pit. He then O'Leary. "I think we've got 'em last few years, at least three soldiers called to them to reach down and beat.' pull him out but they told him to send them up some nuts first.

baskets near him, and was soon busy past the figure in the shaft. It was ger.

O'Leary kept his head well. "Put that stuff out," he gasped. Throw grain on it. Get it out some-

how or we're done for. For the next few minutes we workus no rest, throwing down more and more grass till the place was aglow with fire and thick with pungent

"Look here" yelled O'Leary. "We have got to plug that hole. Where's

Turning round, he snatched at the unconscious man's shoulders, bade me catch hold, and by main force, we heaved the warrior up the shaft. He had only been stunned, and I could feel him kick feebly as we lifted him. Suddenly we felt the He began to go up the shaft.

"Hang on to his leg," shouted and I could not get out of the cave O'Leary. "They're trying to hoist

> I hung on with all my strength, but I could still feel him going up. There must have been quite a lot of Matabele pulling at him.

> "Bend his leg over, or they'll have him out," snapped O'Leary.

I pulled one way, O'Leary the other, but it was a mighty hard job to keep our human "cork" in position. would return sooner or later, but The unfortunate negro had by this there seemed a chance that the inter- time recovered his senses and was val might prove rather more exciting shouting his opinion of the proceedings in no uncertain voice, kicking After a while, as I sat there, listen- and struggling like a madman, so

Failing to achieve their object by trance, the rest of the cave being in main strength, the Matabele up above that when chewed in small quantities deep shadow. Unless a very thor- now tried another plan, and incident- it has a stimulating and exhilarating ough search was made, therefore, I ally showed us what little value they effect, like small doses of alcohol. attached to human life, even that of Its taste, too, is sweet, cordite being

Matabele into the grain pit. I crouch- a musket, they shoved it down along- plosive which is sugary to the taste. what might happen if he discovered pulled the trigger, no doubt hoping cordite becomes more powerful in its me was not pleasant to contemplate. to hit one of us. In the confined effects, bringing on a blissful state From where I was hidden I could space the report sounded like thunder of ecstasy, and sometimes making plainly see him-a stalwart young but beyond scattering the grain like the victim of the habit see visions. warrior-but what I observed par- a charge of shrapnel, the bullet did But the real danger of the habit lies ticularly was the fact that he had a us no damage. I believe, however, in the fact that though nitro-glycercouple of most business-like asse- that it passed clean through the Mat- ine will only explode when given a abele in the shaft, for they let go of very hard blow or touched by an elec-

at the very game I had been occupied his life or ours, however, so we just at. I was now feeling much more held on grimly, though our arms at ease, as I reckoned that my unwel- were aching and our eyes blinded

of the Matabele; they seemed to have cleared off temporarily.

Taking courage from this fact, O'Leary made a big effort and shifted the stone right off. He then dropped down, and gave me a lift up. I got a glorious breath of air, but had my hair all singed, for the stuff at the mouth of the pit was still burning.

Just then we heard shots on every side, and soon, to our intense delight, our fellows were back at the krall, having driven the natives off. O'-Leary got his head out and shouted, and we were quickly hauled out. We got somewhat scorched in the process, but it was a trifle to what we had gone through. They gave us water, and didn't I drink! I could have emptied a river! I expected a little sympathy, after our narrow escape, but all I got for my pains was

a horrible ragging from my captain for losing my rfle.

The plucky O'Leary later became a sergeant major in the Matabele mounted police, and was the first M. M. P., to be killed in the '96 rebellion. I saw the poor fellow's grave at the Bembesi river, on my way back from our fight at Thabas Amamba, in July, 1896 .- Wide World Magazine.

They Chew Cordite.

One of the troubles of most European armies is that those soldiers who can get hold of it insist on using that terrible explosive cordite as if it were a sort of chewing gum.

Its popularity is due to the fact Suddenly, plunk! down dropped a their own kith and kin. Bringing up three-fifths nitroglycerine, an ex-When chewed in large quantities The Matabele language is almost him, and we felt his body sag limply, tric spark, there is always a possially hard teeth might provide the "Work round to my side," said necessary hard blow. Within the ---two German and one Austrian---

As he spoke, down came some have been blown to bits, the use of pieces of thatch, and more still, and cordite as a chewing gum being the Sulkily he made for one of the then pieces of burning grass dropped suspected cause .-- Philadelphia Led-

Body of Poet Cremated.

London, June 5 .- The body of Alfred Austin, the late poet laureate,

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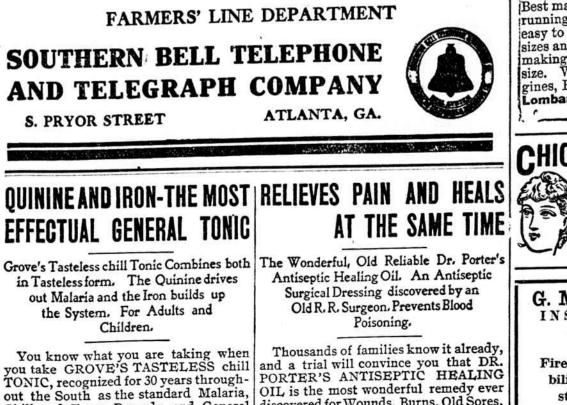
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