

A TYPICAL SOUTHERN GIRL.

Adventures of a Heroine of the Sixties.

The daring deeds of a slender blue-eyed Southern girl, who lived and loved and fairly terrorized Federal soldiers in Boonsville, Mo., in the stirring times of the early sixties, still are made the subject of many a reminiscent story.

Mary Carroll, of Boonsville, was as fearless as she was pretty, as defiant as she was clever and resourceful. She could, says the Kansas City Star, ride a horse as well as any cavalryman and she could walk, too, when the occasion demanded. She smuggled arms and ammunition to Confederate soldiers, right under the very noses of the Federals. She aided in the escape of three prisoners who were under sentence of death. Finally she was imprisoned herself, but her ready wit won her release. So it is only natural that those who were neighbors of this dauntless 19-year-old girl should still have vivid recollections of her.

Today Mrs. Mary Carroll Brooks lives quietly with her son in Kansas City at 634 North avenue. She is 70 years old, but her mind is alert and her clear eyes have not altogether lost their laughter.

Brother Condemned as Spy.

In the winter of 1863 Dennis Carroll, a brother of Miss Mary, was arrested by Federal soldiers on the charge of being a Confederate spy, and, together with two other men, Mastin Patrick and Lieut. Charles Brownlee, was imprisoned. Col. D. W. Ware, in command of the Boonsville post, ordered the three men shot, but on account of the sudden illness of Patrick the execution was deferred four weeks.

Carroll and Brownlee were held in prison and when Patrick recovered he was placed in the same cell with them.

Mary Carroll obtained permission from Col. Catherwood, in charge of the post, to take meals to her brother and his friends and to give him any sisterly relief she could.

So day after day, morning and evening, Mary visited the Federal jail with a basket of provisions on her arm. It was almost dark in the cell when Miss Mary brought the evening meal. This caused her brother to devise a plan of escape. "Smuggle me in a file and a crowbar when you come tomorrow night," he whispered in his sister's ear one night. "We'll break out the bars on the window and escape."

Brings Crowbar and File.

So the next evening Mary carried a short stout crowbar and a file dangling from her waist beneath her hoop skirt. She left them in the dark cell unobserved by the guards.

But that night the three men were caught in the act of breaking out the bars and the work had to be done all over again, under greater difficulties now, for the men were thrown in chains and placed in a cell without windows.

For some reason or other Miss Mary was not suspected at the time of being responsible for the presence of the crowbar in the cell of the doomed prisoners, and from then on she worked with more assurance.

The only hope of escape now was to obtain a key that would unlock the cell door, and Miss Mary unhesitatingly set herself the task of procuring such a key.

Being a comely young woman, it was not strange that the Federal soldiers about the prison should pay her marked attentions on her visits to her brother.

Sergeant Proposes to Her.

Luckily for Miss Mary and her brother the man who was hardest hit was the young sergeant in charge of the jail—he who always carried the precious key at his belt.

One day, as the execution time was drawing near, the young sergeant asked her if he might accompany her to her home.

"Why, no. I wouldn't be seen on the street with a Federal soldier," replied Miss Mary, archly.

"Then, may I visit you at your house tonight," persisted the soldier. "Well, perhaps I wouldn't object to that," she teased back at him over her shoulder as she hurried away.

Of course he went to her home. He was young and he made violent love to Miss Mary, who half encouraged, half repulsed him, as women will. He asked her to marry him. She told him she would consider it, provided he helped her to get her brother out of jail. This he sorrowfully explained he could not do.

"Well, then, you can at least let me see that piece of iron dangling from your belt," she laughed.

Gets Outline of Key.

Unsuspectingly he placed the key in her hands. Playfully, chatting all the while, the girl folded back the flyleaf of a book against the cover and with a sharp penknife outlined the key on the flyleaf.

"There," she said as she tore the flyleaf out, and, tossing the book

TESTING BOTTOMLESS HOLE.

Greene County Has One 2,000 Feet Deep, Anyway.

Kinston, N. C., Aug. 20.—Yesterday a pound of lead at the end of 2,000 feet of stout cord was dropped into the waters of a pool near Hookerton, in Greene County, which has for many years been a subject for curiosity on the part of the people of the whole country because of its unknown depth. This line was unreeling to the last inch and hung perfectly taut.

The "bottomless hole," as it is locally known, has existed for generations. Not more than 100 yards from the banks of Moccasin River, it was once thought that a subterranean stream supplied the pool from the river, but this theory was disproved when somebody called attention to the fact that the water in it does not rise at the times when the river is much higher than its normal stage with heavy freshets. The hole is about 15 feet in diameter, and not a living thing exists in or near it. The water, which is of a light blue color, is clear for a great distance down.

Experiments are said to have been made with fish in the "bottomless hole," but these invariably died in a short time and rose to the surface. A number of traditions of Indian times exist concerning the pool, one of which is that it bears a spell put upon it by a medicine man when a chief who had been his patron was drowned there. The attempt yesterday to ascertain the hole's depth was not the first by any means, but more pains were taken and the sounding line was longer than at any previous effort.

ASKS INVESTIGATION.

Charged With Shooting Members Mob Spartanburg Policeman Resigns.

Spartanburg, S. C., Aug. 20.—As a result of the shooting of Frank Epperly and J. C. Owensby during the storming of the county jail Monday night by a mob bent on lynching Will Fair, a negro prisoner, Lieut. S. J. Alverson of the city police force voluntarily resigned to-day, with the request that an investigation of the shooting be made.

Alverson, who has been on the force 10 years and has a good record, is accused of shooting the two men. He does not deny the charge, but asserts that he was justified by the circumstances. He was trying to help Sheriff W. J. White, he says, and did not fire until members of the mob tried to wrest his pistol from him.

The trial of the negro was postponed by Governor Blease today at the request of Solicitor Albert E. Hill, who desires time to get additional evidence against Fair.

aside, held up the page for his inspection: "now I have a paper key to the jail. Isn't that terrible?"

With an exclamation the young soldier seized the paper from her hand and tore it into bits. But the imprint of the key remained on the cover of the books and the next day and the next and the next, Miss Mary worked to fashion a key after the pattern, first making one of wood, which her brother feared would break off in the lock, and then one of sheet iron which proved too weak. Finally she began making one of iron.

Four days before the time set for the execution of the death sentence she finished it and smuggled it in to her brother and his friends, together with more files to cut the chains. This time the scheme worked, and the next night the three men escaped.

Miss Mary and the village blacksmith were arrested on suspicion. Miss Mary's ready confession, exonerated the blacksmith. After having been held a prisoner for four weeks, she was taken before Colonel Catherwood for trial. Asked how she dared do such a thing when she was under the oath of allegiance Miss Mary replied airily:

Wit Saves Her.

"I had your permission to take my brother food and any sisterly relief I could."

Her wit won the day and she was released. Her brother, however, was killed before the close of the war.

Toward the close of the war the jail was turned over to the town sheriff, and this man, over zealous in the discharge of his duties, threatened to rearrest Miss Mary and hang her as a traitor. She was warned of the sheriff's intention and, though it was midwinter, she set out with her youngest brother and another little boy, whose mother wanted to get him out of the danger zone, and walked twelve miles through the snow and ice to Tipton, taking the train from there to St. Louis. Her feet were so badly frozen and blistered that she was unable to walk for weeks.

The laboriously made key was kept in the Court House of Boonsville as a relic of the war until 25 years ago, when it was sent to Mrs. Brooks. And she has it still, an enormous thing, four times the size of the keys now in use.

WM. DeLOACH COMMITS SUICIDE.

Assistant Postmaster at Ninety-Six Jumps in Mill Pond

Greenwood, Aug. 22.—William DeLoach, assistant postmaster at Ninety-Six, committed suicide early this morning by throwing himself in the pond of water belonging to the Ninety-Six Cotton Mill, located near the mill. It is reported that he had threatened to kill himself earlier in the night and that his wife had persuaded him to accompany her to her father's house, near the mill, and that while she was waking her father up DeLoach slipped off and threw himself in the pond. Mrs. J. W. Talbert, postmaster at Ninety-Six, is a sister of Will DeLoach.

The Mania for Undressing.

What is patent to the least observant nowadays is that women wear almost nothing under their gowns, even in the daytime. Petticoats went some time back and were replaced by tights—or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder who sees even in the street, so much of them, and they are not covered by any but court shoes.

So much for the foundation. Over this is worn a filmy sheath of half-transparent material, cut almost as low by day as by night, and with such slashings and liftings in the skirt as may fully display the leg half-way to the knee and which show every movement of the limbs—almost of the muscles.

A story has been going the round of Paris in which it is told that an English woman was offered a dress with the following inducement to tempt her "Madame will be satisfied with the robe, for by putting a pink ribbon underneath, Madame will appear completely nude." As if that were the absolute ambition of every woman for the moment! Certainly there is an orgy of undressing going on, and it shows no sign of abating. And what is to be the end? It is difficult to see; but obviously, when you have gone on undressing for a certain time, you come to the end of what there is to take off, and the only thing to do is to put your clothes on again. But no one can foresee when that happy hour of sanity will be with us. There are no signs of it at present.

But it says a great deal for the length of road we have traveled that the old-fashioned people (perhaps there are none left) have not lifted up their voices in the press to rebuke a generation which would have made their fathers gasp and stare and presently resort to prayer to avert a thunderbolt.

The Man Who Struck Oil.

Fifty-four years ago, or to be exact, on August 27, 1859, oil was struck in Western Pennsylvania at a spot which bore the picturesque name of Pithole, now a deserted village, but at one time the scene of epoch-making activities.

The man who discovered oil by boring for it was a picturesque character, of an adventurous disposition, but the name of Edwin L. Drake, widely known under the title of Colonel. He had observed traces of oil on the surface of a stream near Titusville and he resolved to sink a well to secure this commodity in larger quantities and to replace the crude methods which the Indians of Western Pennsylvania employed. They immersed blankets to secure the lubricant, more, however, on account of the medicinal qualities of the crude oil than for its commercial value and uses.

It is proposed by the people of Titusville, Oil City and other cities in the oil regions to erect a monument to Drake to mark the spot where the first oil well was sunk. A Drake memorial museum has already been established at Titusville.

The history of the early production of oil in the oil regions of Western Pennsylvania reads like a romance, and it is, indeed, a romance, founded, however, on the most solid structure of fact.

It is a fact that the discovery of oil was one of the most vital in the history of the United States. It seems fitting that some shaft or monument should mark the place where Drake had the prescience to sink the first oil well, which increased so amazingly the wealth of this country and added so much to the comforts of life.—Wall Street Journal.

MOTHER OF MANY CHILDREN.

Wisconsin Woman Did Not Believe in Race Suicide.

Green Bay, Wis., Aug. 21.—Mrs. J. L. Van Venroy, mother of 23 children, 150 grandchildren and 25 great-grandchildren, died to-day at her home at the age of 73. Of the 23 children 11 survive. Mrs. Van Venroy came to Brown County from Holland in 1852.

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