CHAPTER V.

hedge which divided the Maitlands'

grounds from the Abbotts', stood Lia-

ruffles at her throat and wrist.

a smile on her lips, and there in the

full glare of the intoxicating June sun-

light she met the man's eyes for the

first time. A blind feeling of helpless-

ness and indefinite longing ending

somewhere round her heart in a thud

whose paw was making for her shoul-

"Good morning, monsieur. It is go-

ing to be a warm day, do you think?"

Peyrac did not hear the words. He

"Pardon me," he said, putting his

head on one side and drawing his eye-

gaze upon her. "People forgive paint-

The blood invaded Liana's cheeks,

meaning, in a hot blaze of crimson.

That evening, as she was singing for

Mrs. Abbott in the drawing room, she

ing with the group of people on the

porch and was looking in through the

French window. She threw back her

"Even then," she told herself after-

ward, "I must have been loving him

and when she came to the last lines-

Some night kiss thee-

that night Anna said:

Some day more kind I fate may find,

she marveled at the beauty of her own

voice; her face flushed, her eyes spar-

kled. She knew that she was doing her

But evidently the artist had taken no

notice of that lovely young voice; it

was only her face that attracted him.

As they were getting ready for bed

"What have you done to our invul-

nerable painter? He remarked, when

he heard you singing awhile ago, that

he just tingled for his brushes. He

wondered if it would be possible for

you to sing that same song in the same

This seemed a little too much. He

not only wished to use her as a model.

but he even wished to have her moods

and expressions subject to his orders!

She was perfectly poised, her slender

limbs dangling floorward, one arm

akimbo, the other behind her back.

Anna was reclining on an ottoman,

reply, but kept on dangling her limbs.

Liana's only comment was to tap up

on the heel of her right slipper with

"He says," pursued Anna mischiev-

ously, "that you have a great deal of

scenic effect about you, whatever that

means. I confess I'm not sure of the

at last the gods had led him to a being

who appealed to the power within him

as no one yet ever had done. He must

paint this girl; by Jove, he must!

"do you think you can oblige him?"

"Well," she said, as Llana made no

smoothing out her ribbon sash.

the toe of her left.

floor.

Llana was perched upon a bedpost

way, unaccompanied, in his studio."

19 years were capable of.

was studying the girl intently.

and watched.

through her frame.

which was open.

But, even supposing she consented, there was a difficulty. The wonder of #THE SHADOW# her face was its expression-the way the spirit gleamed through her features. Her expression was so maddeningly changeable and evanescent. At times it was marvelously like shot silk. To get the effect he wanted she # CORDILLERA; # must be strongly moved-moved, for instance, as she had been by the sight of the sunset on the sea the other even-## Or, The Magnolia Flower. ## ing. Plainly one could not get sunsets and seas into the studio. But"-

BY VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ. He knew himself to possess a charm for women, a charm that was all the more potent because he had seldom cared to use it.

Then it was that he changed his taetles. He ceased fuming and fretting at being thwarted in his will; instead M. Peyrac had just finished dressing he looked at Liana with a compelling tenderness in his eyes, and he spoke the next morning when the sound of a to her in tones that were a more subgirl's voice drew him to the window, tle music to her ear than any she had ever heard. It was beneath Peyrac to Out in the garden, near to the box weigh life in the balance; he scorned the idea that right and wrong should

na. She was stooping forward, playenter into a man's calculations. ing with Silver, Anna's beautiful grey As to the girl, she was as unsophistlcated in her comprehension of the emohound. In one hand she held a sort of tions as the man was familiar and ex scarlet wrap, a fragile, silken, featherperienced. She only knew that she sang weight thing, which had proved too warm for her shoulders. The other these days as she never before had hand was stretched out seductively to sung and that she felt the need to sing continually. She called it practicing the dog leaping after her. The scarlet showed vividly against her white when she spoke of it, but it seemed morning gown, a little crystal buckle to her as if it were really taking breath. However, Peyrac was as powerless as flashed at her walst, and the sunshine ever to effect the one wish of his heart; caught the waving hair, the pink she would not sit to him. One day he cheek, the white moving hand, the lace studiously let fall some words about his intended departure the following For a moment only Peyrac stood still week. He spoke to Liana alone, and The girl was yet playing with the his face looked stolld. hound, when she turned suddenly with

The girl's heart bounded, then stood still. It was some seconds before she felt it beat again. A reckless determination took possession of her. "Why are you going?" she said.

voice was cold, almost hard. "Because I've nothing to paint here."

of indescribable pleasure passed he answered curtly, "nothing that suits me, at least." She pulled herself together angrily, "Would you stay if you could paint and the smile vanished. "Go down, Silver," she said severely to the dog, "Yes."

"Then stay," she said in the same der. Clearly this was shyness pushed dull tone.

He seized her hands like a man beto the verge of absurdity. She must side himself with joy. Bending over conquer the ridiculous feeling, must them to drop a kiss, he whispered the one word, "Darling!"

But to himself he said, "Fame and fortune at the next Salon!"

She nearly forced the words through her lips, which had remained parted all That night, after Anna had gone to sleep, Liana slipped out of bed and, leaning her elbows on the sill of the open window, she sat for a long while letting the cool air fan her brow. Her ears were full of Peyrac's infectious lids together as he concentrated his tones, her pulses still throbbed with his mesmeric touch. She reached over ers for personalities, and you don't know how much I should like to get to the dressing table and, taking up a crimson rose which she had placed you on canvas, just as you are, the dog there in a tiny vase, she kissed it passionately. Peyrac had given it to her, and in this wise: His artistic eye had slowly at first; then, as she realized his not liked the magnolia flower which she had carried about with her that "I do not aspire, monsieur, to be an artist's model." She walked toward evening; the milky whiteness had brought out unpleasant tints in her smooth skin. "The crimson suits your the house with as much dignity as her Castilian beauty better, senorita," he

had said as he handed her the rose demurely, recalling this little instance 'He never found fault with me and became aware that Peyrac was standthe magnolia." But the sense of capture was upon her, and even while she felt indignant and resentful for having lovely head and sang with exultation. been forced to yield about the picture there was a strange sense of sweetness

By and by in the alternate light and without knowing." She sang the old shadow of the trees down below a Spanish ballad of the knight errant, small, red spark appeared, moving regularly to and fro, but the foliage was too thick for her to see it. It was Peyrac's cigar. He had just come out from his studio, where he had been choosing a canvas, placing it on an easel and arranging a model stand preparatory

to the first sitting the next morning. The appointment was for 9 o'clock. The early light was the best. "I'll give her a half hour's grace," he had said, but punctually to the nilnute the handle of the door turned, and Liana was on the threshold. He turned quickly to greet her.

She stood framed in the dark cur tained doorway, her long dress caught up round her in one hand, the other resting slightly on the portiere. It was an attitude of grace and beauty, and she looked upward at him with eyes that were bewildering in their manifold lights. She looked at him appealingly as a child, innocently as a girl

proudly as a woman. "Dearest," he exclaimed, "could you take that pose? Would it be too hard for you?"

The gentle beauty of that first word pervaded the rest with a light of its

"Try me and see," she said, with a soft exultation in her voice.

And when at last the picture was finished it was wonderful indeed. Even those ignorant of the art of painting could see that. Peyrac had decided that his subject should be dressed in queenly apparel. There were jewels on the slender shoe, from which the wind about the door was supposed to blow the garments back a little, and lewels on her fingers and at her throat. She was wrapped in a rich cloak or rather coat of strange cut, of that dusky, rose sheen of which Tintoretto alone seems to have mastered the yel-

"Neither am I." Liana's right slipper landed many yards off across the The next day she caught the obnoxious, rude man stepping backward several times to get her in perspective. Once he actually ventured to make a lowing tones, but which the brush here tube of his hand. When he put it to had caught and riveted. However, it his eye and turned his head sideways, was the face that was the wonder, screwing up one side of his face, Liana The child, the girl, the woman-the couldn't help noticing in spite of her painter had put them all into the lovevexation that the corner of the lip ly eyes that looked out at one from the which was thus drawn up exposed canvas. some magnificent white teeth. How-

When Peyrac had been working on ever, she said: the face, his movements had been like "You are extremely impolite," and the dartings of a bird. He dabbed and then, with a sudden fear that he might compliment her on the effect of anger mixed his colors, scarcely glancing at on her face, she turned and left him. them. The sitter could even hear the It was with direct reference to the hurry in his breaths. In the quick advancement of his art that Peyrac set glances from the canvas to her face and back again there was no sign of to work to interest and make friends with Liana. He found his way beset aught except a workman's concentra with difficulties, and at the end of a tion on his task. He was flushed, of fortnight he had to acknowledge that course, and his eyes scintillated, for ne he had made no progress at all. He was realizing a long cherished dream had come to Twyeffort meaning to do in this glut of form and color ecstasy. some landscapes and sea views. But, But Liana did not know-how could fudge, how flat they seemed now! He sle?-what his emotion meant. The was a portrait painter if anything, and

thing which it all implied to her was warming and swelling her heart day by day with a sweet, subtle lov. And so things might have gone on indefinitely but for a letter which Peyrac

received one day from Paris. In reading it he came upon an item of news which agitated him greatly. The words of themselves, however, were nothing startling-simply these:

"You recall, of course, that pretty, blue eyed De Guerin girl that you used to see a great deal of? Well, she has come into possession of a fortune. She was the only living relative of an uncle or some one who died suddenly without a will. The law did the rest. I met her driving today in the Bois de Boulogne. You would scarcely have recognized your once shy, simple little country maiden."

The next day Peyrae was much concerned about getting a packing case

CHAPTER VI.

A man and a woman were talking together in the woman's home on the Rue de Varennes. The man was say-

"So you refuse to marry me. That's foolish of you, but whether you do or not, you haven't the heart to allow me to rot in poverty while you luxuriate in affluence. Considering our old time relations, the thing's impossible on the

"Ah!" returned the woman, "then you have come here to beg?" She spoke with a careless scorn.

"No. One begs when one has no pow er to enforce," he corrected with a seraphic smile. "I've come all the way from America to offer you my hand and make an honest woman of you. If you refuse to recognize my claims upon you I'm in a position to take reprisals." The woman did not answer.

"If you've any trace of your old self left, Marle"-the man's voice was low and soft, conciliatory, caressing almost "surely you love me still. Think how you loved me once,"

The mesmerle, musical voice came near undoing Marie de Guerin.

"Was it you I loved," she said dreamily, "or the man my untutored heart took you to be? Ah, the weary weary months when I wanted you when I sobbed for you day and night Where were you then, Edouard Peyrac?" She seemed to be living in the hungry past, but only for a moment. The hot scorn of the present surged over her and dried up the tears at their source. "Now," she said, "I do not need you."

She rose with an air of dismissal. "Look here, Marie," pursued the man, keeping his seat, "if you will lend me a helping hand from time to time

I'll promise never to take a step to harm you. Moreover, I shall be moderate. You might-simply buy a picture occasionally. That would be the nicest way. Yes, you might buy my pictures.

"It might be well to know whether I am dealing with a blackmailer or a bagman," remarked the woman wea-

Edouard Peyrac flushed red, but he conquered his savagery and went on: "I've not sold a picture for over a twelvemonth, and I'm head over heels in debt. I've been hanging around friends' houses for a year, and here you are, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. You can't expect me to sit down n silence

"Now, if you are quite ready to go?" suggested the woman quietly, putting her hand upon the bell button. This time the man's anger got the

petter of him. He scowled and looked at her blackly. "I'm not. I think it's absurd of you to smash your social position in the face like this. What will become of it, do you suppose, when I have a good, long talk with the fauourg?"

"To a man of intelligence the solution surely can offer no difficulty," she said languidly. But she added with a vague little smlle, "If you could dream how remotely my social standing interests me you wouldn't bother about it."

"I'm going to give you a few days in which to think this over. Perhaps in the meantime you will care to send me note." He laid his card on the table significantly. "In return for a check l will send you a picture. Now good

The woman rang, and he was shown out. As he got into a flacre he thought "By Jove! What if she means to turn devotee again? What If she doesn't care a rap about her social standing? She always did talk about saints and miracles and feast days better than anything else!" Then he remembered her dainty, fastidious taste; he recalled the sybaritic room he had just left. "Oh, no!" he concluded.

"Pierre," said Marle de Guerin to the servant in the hall when the door had closed upon Peyrac, "I expect M. le Cure in a half hour. I will receive him in my boudoir."

So a little later she rose from the desk at which she was writing and greeted the priest. Pere Darville was a man whose eyes were kind and whose mouth was firm. He looked the man to do without swerving what his conscience told him, were it even to cost the happiness of all he loved. In fact that is why Mile, de Guerin had sen for him-she had seen his face and it had appealed to her.

He sat down in her little blue and gold boude!. with the ease of a man of the world who was as much at home among the cushions of a woman's sanctum as on the hard seat of a confes-

"I wrote for you, father, because need help. I-I have not many friends. The woman's voice was listless, tired. "I will help you if I can, my daugh ter. My whole time belongs to each soul that comes to me. Are you a chile. of the church?" "Once I was. I was an orphan, p e

paring to enter a convent, when loveor what I mistook for love-came it to my life. I balanced the flashing jewel and the paste diamond, and I threw the first away." The woman's hand. weighed in her lap like spiritualized marble, and her hair, so much of it. seemed too heavy for her head. "The man for whom I gave up everything would not give me even his name." There was a pause. No interruption

came from the priest. "Since then I have tried-God, how have tried!-to forget. It is an awful thing to hate living, but to be afraid of dying because of the other side"- She settled her hands a little more tightly

"But, my daughter, there always re-

mains to us, even to the eleventh hour the way of penitence and of renuncia-The priest's voice was level, just a little above the whisper of the

confessional. "Ah, I know," the woman broke in, and it is just because of that I have The court room at Bamberg was sent for you. I have only begun to tell you, father.'

Pere Darville gave a quick, upward

"A year ago an uncle who had allowed me to suffer penury and a servile dependence all my life died. He died suddenly and without a will. The law gave his fortune to me because 1 chanced to be his sister's child. Two months ago, in a secret drawer, I found a document-a confession written by my uncle and evidently intended to be made public in order that restitution might be effected.

"My uncle," Marie de Guerin went on, "was a creole, and for years he was the trusted agent for an aristocratic New Orleans family in America. He turned their fortune round and doubled it, it appears, and managed their affairs in such a way that he came to be indispensable. The family finally dwindled down to one representative, a young man who seems to have trusted my uncle blindly. "When the war between the states

broke out, the young man-Catou his name was-enlisted promptly in the cause of the south. My uncle was sent over here with money to invest. Paris received him with open arms. Confederate colony was then in high



She crossed to her writing desk and un locked a secret drawer. favor with the court. He was sought out by the business men also as the possessor of a large sum of money to nvest. He suffered some disasters. News from the Confederacy became more and more gloomy. But his business ventures here were fabulously successful."

"There's no royal road to fortune," breathed Pere Darville half to himself. "It's the same old dirt rut, impossible to travel over with perfectly clean feet. But go on, if you please."

Marie de Guerin moistened her lips. "Together with the news of the fall of New Orleans came also word of the death of this young Catou. He had been taken prisoner in the first engagement and died in prison, asking that ord be sent to my uncle to take care of his wife. It appears my uncle knew who his wife was-in fact, in the document here he explains how he happened to know."

She crossed to her writing desk, unlocked a secret drawer and, having spent a few seconds in turning over she was now a resident of Aliendale, various packets of paper, returned to and a daughter of Dr. R. C. Brabham, her chair, handing the priest the document in question.

"You will see," she continued, "that this wife was far away, not easily accessible. Besides, she was a half savage, an Indian, a Mexican or some thing, and-well, my uncle drugged his conscience and turned thief and scoundrel. Toward the end of his life, however, he seems to have been in terror of dying without making restitution. In the document there"-she pointed to the priest's lap-"he swears that every cent of his money belongs to this this woman, that it was all made with her husband's fortune. In order that things may be righted he gives names, dates, localities and all facts necessar, for identification."

Pere Darville looked grave. "The confession bears the date of the morning my uncle was stricken down He had a kind of fit and never fully re covered consciousness. They said he was constantly asking for something, but that his speech was so incoherent they could make nothing out of it Doubtless had he lived he would have induced some one to go on a mission for aim to Mexico."

"Doubtless," echoed the priest sol

"Well, the months that have passed since I discovered this document have been months of torture to me. I knew of course, there was only one rightful thing to do-and I was not strong enough to do It. Now I have decided And if you will find a place for me, father, I shall enter a convent. I could teach, you know. Besides, it was my first choice.

"I shall say mass tomorrow also with a special intention. I shall ask the good God for the peace and happiness of Mlle, de Guerin." Thus spake the Padre Antonio as he sat at solitaire by old Jose's table in the warmth of Mexico. That morning the special intention had been the repose of the soul of Henri Beausoleil. But as he slowly laid one eard ur ... another, now here, now there, he thought of Inocencio. What a clear, starry soul was his! What an instrument for good he could be! What stubborn faith he was capable of! A shadow fell upon the table. "Padre," Inocencio said, standing

there straight and tall and brown, "be fore I decide upon my future I must go far away. I must see the little Liana. Her last letter does not show her to be happy." The player pushed the cards from

h. n, pile by pile, leaned back in his sea and ran his fingers slowly through his t in, gray hair. Then he looked up and a viled. TTO BE CONTINUED.



THE STORY OF THE TRAGEDY A CELEBRATED MURDER TRIAL

Aurens Advertiser.

Rev. W. E. Johnson Testifies in His Own Behalf—the Case Consumed Three Days and Ended in a Verdice of "Not Culty."

crowded for three days with an array of spectators not often seen und r such circumstances to witness the trial of Rev. W. E. Johnson for the murder of Wm. T. Bellinger, who was killed by Johnson on the 4th of May last. Many ladies were in attendance and mani-fested a deep interest in the proceed ngs. Sixteen witnesses on the direct xamination testified for the prosecu-tion, and among them were two young A feature of this case was that two men who have for years been antago-nists were the leading lawyers on the different sides, and each was conducting the cross-examinations for his side. The animosity existing between Attorney General Bellinger and Colonel Robert Aldrich is a matter of general know-ledge. They met once before on op-posite sides in a famous case. It was

at Walterboro, five years ago, when Bellinger was solicitor and pushed the prosecution of the "Broxton bridge ynchers." Aldrich defended the white men who were charged with whipping o death an inoffensive old negro woman and her son. It was the conduct of this case that won Mr. Bellinger the attorney generalship. He and Colone Aldrich have been contesting every point. Both are able lawyers and the nonors are about even. Dr. B. D. Brunson was the first wit-

Br. B. D. Brunson was the first witness to take the stand for the State. He testified that he was a resident physician and surgeon of Bamberg; has lived in Bamberg three years; that on May 4th, 1900, "was called to see W. T. Bellinger; found him lying in a path leading from the Carlisle Fitting school across the correct the correct the correct the correct that the correct the correct the correct the correct that the correct that the correct the correct the correct the correct the correct the correct that the correct the correct the correct the correct that the correct the correct the correct that the correct the correct the correct the correct that the correct the correct the correct the correct that the correct the correct that the correct the correct the correct that the correct that the correct the correct that the correct tha Fitting school across the campus in ront of the house of Jro. R. Bellinger, father of deceased. He was dying when I reached him, and probably when I reached him, and probably lived ten minutes after he was shot. Examined wounds and found that 12 ouckshot had pierced right side of Bellinger's body, some of which penerated his liver and some his lungs, which caused death." Dr. Brunson testified that in order for Bellinger to have been shot in the side, and for no have been shot in the side, and for no ounds to have been received in the arm, that his arm must have necessarily have been held behind him, or held n a vertical or horizontal position, and hat it would have been necessary for Bellinger to bave turned partly around and exposed his side to Johnson to have een wounded in the right side from one direction in which it is alleged the shot was fired. Dr. Brunson thought not more than 12 buckshot could be

oot more than 12 buckshot could be oaded in an ordinary shell.

The coat and vest that B llinger wore when he was shot was exhibited and the position of the wounds pointed but by Dr. Brunson. He test it d that the wounds received could not have produced paralysis, and that Bellinger could have used his hands and fired could have used his hands and fired his pistol, though he had been mortal y wounded. He examined what he hought to be shot marks on the well of the school building and said that they were caused by small shot and buckshot, and that Bellinger was lying in a direct line between these marks and the telephone pole at the edge of the street.

L. N. Bellinger was the next witness. He said he was a surveyor of 40 years' experience; resided in Bamberg; had urveyed the si treet, etc., and had made a plan showing the relative positions of the streets, ouses and paths in the vicinity of Messrs. Johnson's and Bellinger's residences. This plan was exhibited to

Miss Verbena Brabham testified that but at the time of the alleged nomicide was a student of the Carlisie Fitting school, and on the morning of May 4th was standing on the front up-stairs porch of the young ladies' boarding nall; that she was acquainted with Mr. W. T. Beilinger and saw him coming cross the school campus, going in the direction of his home. He was walking leading to his father's resi-"Just at this time I saw Mr oe Brown drive up to the front of Mr. ohnson's, whose house adjoined that of Mr. Beilinger; here he stopped and remained in the buggy and held his horse. Mr. Johnson then came out of his house, holding in his hand a shotgun. He went, walking very fast, diectly out and across the street, a little to the left of his house ; stopped at near a telephone pole, and as Mr Bellinger came along the path, hold-ing a newspaper in his hand, Mr. Johnson raised his gun and fired once. Mr. Bellinger drew his revolver and shot twice at Mr. Johnson. Johnson then raised his gun the second time, butdid not fire; instead, lowered it and re turned to the house from whence he came." Miss Lula Bamberg was with

per on the piszza while the difficulty vas in progress. Miss Lula Bamberg, a daughter of Gen. Bamberg, and at the time of the comicide a student at the Carlisle school, said she knew Willie Beilinger by sight; that on the 4th of May she was standing on the piazza of the young addes' hall with Miss Brabham; saw Bellinger coming across the campus; saw Joe Brown drive up to Mr. John son's house just as Bellinger had turned into path leading to his father' house. Johnson walked directly across the street, without stopping at buggy. I feared trouble and turned my head. Just as I did I heard a loud report, as of the firing of two guns. I turned to took and saw Mr. Boilinger falling, with pistol in his hand, which he fired two or three times. The loudest report was the first, which I think was a gun. After the shooting Mr. Johnson turned and went to his house. drove up with his buggy, looked at

the body and drove away.

The first witness for defense was C. Arthur Best, Esq., an attorney at law who lives at Barnwell, S. C. He testiwho lives at Barnwell, S. C. He testi-fied that he knew William T. Bellinger and saw a great deal of him while he told him that Willie Bellinger had was in Barawell, and that he had a conversation with Bellinger in Barnwell about three weeks before the killing; that Bellinger told him Johnson was a damned dog and when he went own there he would straighten it up; that he would not have a dog fight on the street like he and Price; that he ned --would fix him up. This conversation occurred in the rear of the office of Patterson at Barnwell. "I was intimate with Bellinger when I lived in Bamberg. I clerked for Jno. Folk and left the town in December, 1897. The conversation occurred in the spring of this year. I have never known Bel-

linger to be drunk or to have had a row with anybody. I believed him to be a brave fellow and that he was truthany patriotic citizen to offer a man this protection. Johnson had a wife and three children. He would have done ful and made no idle threats. Col. T. J. Counts, a gentleman 70 the same for Bellinger under similar years old, said that he was standing on a prominence in the rear of his store on the day of the homicide; that he heard the gun shooting; heard four

BAKING POWDER

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shots very close together; was satisfied in his mind that three pistol shots were fired first, followed by a gun. He im-mediately got on his horse and rode in the direction of Johnson's house. On arriving there "I found a crowd of people and a dead body; the body I learned was that of W. T. Bellinger. The day before the homicide I went to Mr. Johnson's house on hearing of the difficulty that he and the Bellingers had, and I wanted to investigate the cause. I told Johnson that his life was in danger, and on returning to my home borrowed a gun and Mr. Sanders and myself sent down for some cartridges, which we got and reloaded with buckshot, extracting the small shot which were in the shells and refilling with the others. After which Sanders took two of the shells and the gun and car-ried them to Johnson."

Col. Counts repeated a conversation which he had with J. W. Stokes, saying that he told Stokes he bad tried to settle the difficulty between the John sons and Beilingers and had failed, and now intended helping Johnson on. He told Johnson that his life was in danger, gave him a gun and told him to kill any one who came on his premises; to protect himself and kill any one who trespassed on him. He said he expect ed a difficulty between Bellinger and Johnson while Bellinger was in the postoffice. He admitted that he had told his pastor to kill any one who

Here Judge Watts stated that he did not wish it understood by those present that the law justified a person in killing another for trespass.

Col. Counts explained how the pistol

which Brown got out of the postoffice, came to be there, stating that it be longed to a delivery clerk and that Brown took it with his permission for the protection of himself. tried several times to make peace

between Bellinger and Johnson. I consider the digging of a ditch in Johnson. son's yard by Bellinger during John ron's absence was the greatest insult that could be thrust into a man's teeth. When a man has been imposed on as has Mr. Johnson Christian spirit goes out the door, for man by nature is vindictive. Col. Counts was kept on the stand

several hours and was rigidly cross examined by the attorney general. The examination at times would be ome very dramatic.

Joe Brown, the only eye-witness to testify for the defense, said he was a member of Mr. Jonnson's church and a brother-in-law of William T. Bellinger, the deceased. He married Bellinger's sister in June, 1899, and Johnson performed the ceremony. On the morning of May 4th he drove over into Bamberg from his farm and heard of the trouble the previous day between Johnson and Bellinger. He went to Johnson's house, told him he was sorry to hear of the trouble; then took Johnson in his buggy down town. They went to the postoffice. Johnson left him there. Later, witness drove by

Johnson's house and stopped. "Mr. Johnson came out with a gun in his hand, and we saw Bellinger coming across the campus. My horse became restive, moved up and then back, exposing Johnson to the full view of Bellinger, who was coming up at the time. Bellinger saw Johnson and opened fire on him, shot twice and then Johnson shot him. Johnson and Bellinger were within twenty five or thirty feet of each other. Bellinger fell immediately after being shot. fired twice before and twice after Johnson shot. I do not remember saying: "That's all right: you have killed him; go in the house. The witness said he had warned Johnson that his life was in danger;

made threats against his life. Thomas Felder, of Doumark, testified then I shot, and he shot twice more that he was in Brooker's hardware after I fired. I was standing in the store in Bamberg when Bellinger came road at the time and had no reference in, got a pistol, loaded it and put it in to the telephone pole referred to; did

his pocket. As he started away he said to Brooker: "I'll shoot the dam- was nothing between us that I saw: I his pocket. "I'll shoot the usus said to Brooker: "I'll shoot the usus said to Brooker Witness heard Brooker been it to your say, "You had better keep it to your self." S. H. Sanders, a merchant of Flor ence, told about having been in Bam-berg at the time of the trcuble; of having, at the suggestion of Colonel Counts, loaded shells with buck and duck shot and taken them with a gun to the parsonage. He thought it the duty of

could not find it. He did not think th sheriff had any right to it and though Johnson might need it again.
Rev. Wm. E. Johnson, the defendant was the last witness to testify for the

defense. He took the stand in his own behalf and testified as follows: I am a minister of the gospel of the Baptist denomination; am pastor of Bamberg, Hunter's chapel and Dogmark Baptist churches; have been lo cated at Bamberg about four years. In June, 1899, I was called on by Mr. Brown to perform a marriage cere-mony between himself and Miss Bellin the marriage Mrs. Bellinger came to my house I left her and Mrs. Johnson in conversation on my piazza. I was in back part of my house and heard Mrs. Bellinger abusing me to my wife; I also heard a man's vice: I heard man's piece. I also heard r man's voice ; I heard my

until the day before the tragedy, when found him setting a line fence which separated my house from Mr. Bellin zer's. Mrs. Bellinger was also present. A negro painter named Walker was in my yard painting a fence; I called Walker quietly to my steps and said to him: "Do the painting as you agreed to do or get out of here." I then went down town and asked Mr. J. C. Moye to help me get a negro out of my yard Moye came and entered my back door. I asked him for his pistol and he gave it to me, I then walked out of house and told Walker, the painter, to get out of my yard. I repreated this several imes, and he would start, but Willie Bellinger would each time call him back, telling him to paint the fence. Finally Bellinger asked if he going to paint that fence? Walker said, "I'm afraid." Beilinger said, Bellinger said, Afraid? What, afraid of that long " at the same time using several other epithets.

I told Bellinger he could not go out n the road and say that. He jumped down off the post on which he was sit ting and came out of his front gate; 1 went to my gate and saw then that he had a pistol in his han!; I exclaimed: "You are armed, eh?" Bellinger repeated his abusive epithets and turned and walked back to my house. Soon after this occurred Col. Counts came up to my house and talked with me. I told him of the difficulty I had with Bellinger and he left but returned with Mr. Sanders, who brought me a gun. (The gun was then for time produced in court. Mr. Johnson examined it and pronounced it the gun which he used in snooting Mr. Bellinger.) The gun was loaded; I took it and put it in my sitting room expected to need the gun to myself, my family and my home, which had been intruded upon.

The next morning as I was about to go down town Mr. Brown drove up to my gate and tolu me that if I was going down town he would take me. went with him; transacted my ness at the postoffice and returned to my nome. During my trip to the postoffic I was armed with a pistol, because thought I was in danger of being shot by Bellinger. A short time after my return home from the postoffice Mr. Brown again drove up to my gate and I standed out to meet him. I then saw Mr. Willie Belllinger coming across the campus, which is located in front of my house, and I picked up my shotgun to defend myself against any possi-ble danger. As soon as I got out the house and into the road where Mr Brown was, Mr. Bellinger had that time approached to within 10 of 15 steps of us, and he opened fire on us with a pistol. I raised my gun and fire. Mr. Bellinger shot at me twice, to the telephone pole referred to; did shot him to save my life, which I believed to be in great danger; after that I returned to my house and reloaded the gun, fearing that I might have further trouble. Oa e cross-examination by Attor-ney (neral Beilinger, Mr. Johnson

said that when he went out to meet Mr. Brown that he stood by the horse conversing with him relative to a fence which Mr. Brown proposed to build between the two premises; that while self and shoot down the party who standing there the horse became restless and Mr. Brown jerked him back just as Bellinger came up, thus expos-ing him, (Johnson) to full view of Belinger, when he opened fire.

Johnson said after firing first shot he was considered fair and impartial.

brought the gun to position of "ready"

I'ne lumber which was ordered to build the proposed new division fence was hauled away several days after the tragedy. The fence was never

After the shooting I returned to my louse and there remained until I had quieted my wife, who was very much xcited, and then in company with Mr. Sanders drove to the jull and voluntarily surrendered. I stayed in jull light days until released on ball, returned to my home then where I have een since living, following my usual avocation of preaching at my former

churches.

Bellinger and myself had not seen much of each other since the marriage. When I address d aim I cailed him Mr Bellinger. I did not speak to any

of the Bellingers.
Jue Brown, Col. Counts and S. H.
Sinders told me of threats made by
Bellinger. I did not arm myself because I was not fond of carrying weap ons. I had apprehensions that Bel inger was going to shoot me, but not o strong until the day before the

rouble.

Col. Counts advised me to kill the Col. Counts advised me to kill the regro or any one else who would not eave my yard. I did not think of necessity of asking an efficer of the law o get him out. I did not tell Mrs. Ballinger to "shut up." I told her "I ave heard from you before."

Question by attorney general—When you told Willie Ballinger to come on the street what did you mean?

Answer—I meant to whim nim if I

Answer-I meant to whip nim if I ould. My height is 6 feet; weight 140; that of Beilinger was 5 feet and veight about 110. I thought there was more nonor in whipping a man hysically than returning his words.

Question-Why did you retire when

ou found Bellinger had a pistoi?
Answer-Did not want that kind of arflicuity.
Attorney General-You were then not willing to meet poor little willie Bonnager as man and man usually do, but you had something in your nouse which would kill an elephant. With this you wanted to meet Willie Bellinger who was only armed with a pistol, ch? This question cheited no response and was rather dramatic in

ts appeal.

Mr. Bellinger then a ked witness if the two witnesses who were put up this morning by the defense, and who testiied that he had rested his gun against the pole, had testified to the truth. He answered: "No, sir. That is not

true.' us concluded the examination of Mr. Johnson and he arose in his seat and asked permission of the court to make a statement. The request was granted and he said: "There is no liv-

ing human being who more regrets the tragedy which caused Willie Bol-linger's death than I do." John R. Bellinger, the father of the John R. Bellinger, the father of the deceased, testified: Willie was 28 years old and was living at Barnwell. He visited me on April 23 and remained until he was killed. He was not in Bamberg between March 28 and April 3. Willie must have seen Johnson frequently preceding the homicide, as he was living next door to him while at my house, and was also frequently on my house, and was also frequently on the streets. Willie attended court here as stenographer and must have seen him there. The painting of the fence between Johnson's recidence and mine had been finished on my side and almost completed on the the homicide occurred. When I heard of the homicide I was in my office and went immediately down and met my wife at the foot of the stairs. I took her by the arm (the witness here broke down and could say no more for a few

minutes, crying and being overcome with grief) and we went by H. C. Fork's store to the place where the body lay. There was some twitching of the mouth after we reached him, but no words were spoken. I realized there was no hope for him and carried my wife on into our home. I found two buckshot and six No. 2 embedded in some papers in his coat pocket. On Memorial Day, the day alluded to by Thomas Folder the day anuded to by Indinas relater in his testimony, the case of Greig and Jones was being tried in the court house here. Willie was acting as house here. Willie was acting as stenographer. During the progress of the case hot words were passed be-tween Mr. Jones and myself and a light came near being precipitated. Willie saw the trouble and went to Brooker's store to get a pistor. Before he re-turned the trouble between Mr Jones and myself had been amicably adjusted. When the testimony was concluded, the jury was taken to the place of the homicide and allowed to view and examine the grounds, etc., after which they were returned to the court room and the arguments begun. Three hours

were allowed to each side, and as there were six lawyers to speak each was confined to a one hour speech.

Col. Robt. Aldrich led for defense, followed by Judge Izlar for the prosefollowed by Judge Iziar for the prose-cution. Then they spoke in the follow-ing order: Senator Mayfield for de-fense, Capt. J. A. Mooney for prosecu-tion, Hon. D4n'l S. Henderson, of Aiken, closed for defense, and Attorney General G. Duncan Bellinger for

the State.

There was not standing room in the large new court room when the arguments began, and the closest attention was given all the speakers. ments all showed the effects of carefu preparation, were well delivered and well received. It is seldom that such an array of distinguished and learned lawyers are pitted against each other in a country court house, and it is no wonder that every one in reach of Bamberg turned out to hear an un-broken shower of elequence. It would seem unfair to compliment one speech and not the others. Still this was the first appearance in this county of Greenville's elequent young lawyer, Capt.
J. A. Mooney, who came to assist the
prosecution. His speech brought tears
to the eyes of many, and he held the entire audience spellbourd, and when he took his seat the presiding judge had to suppress an attempt at applause Col. Henderson's speech was one of the best ever heard in this court house. it was forcible and logical. The at-

torney general closed.

Judge Watts charged the jury on the law covering homicide, explaining to them the difference between expressed and implied malice. Murder, he said, is the killing of a person with malice aforethought. The malice must not necessarily be there previous to the killing, but at the instant of killing. The law implies malice if a man takes life because of insults. A man who has been threatened has a perfect right to arm himself and go anywhere pleases, on the public highways or elsewhere, but even though he thought the threats were going to be put into execution, he had no right to arm himmade the threats. You are to try thi case by the cold facts and not by syr

pathy. Judge Watts' rulings througa-out the case and his charge to the jury, which consumed about thirty minutes,