

ONE NEGRO SAVED.

TROOPS ESCORT ALEXANDER TO PLACE OF SAFETY.

Plentiful Display of Force Overawes Rioters of Illinois Town—Mayor Slept Through Lynching.

Calro, Ill., Nov. 12.—With Arthur Alexander, the last of the persons arrested in connection with the murder of Miss Annie Pelley, safely out of town and the Fourth regiment of the Illinois National Guard in the streets and about the jail tonight, the riot that kept Calro ablaze with excitement for four days was quelled.

No crowds were allowed to gather at any place tonight and every known danger point was occupied by troops. Bayonets held sway where 24 hours before the rope, the torch and the pistol had been in evidence.

Alexander, implicated in the murder of Miss Pelley by the dying statement of "Froggy" James, one of the victims of last night's mob, was sent to an unannounced point north of Calro late today. He was escorted from the jail to a special on the Illinois Central railway by seven companies of militia, two of which guarded the negro on the train during the trip. There were jeers for the militia from the small crowd that watched the departure.

Two sets of fours were in advance of the prisoner, who was handcuffed and flanked by deputy sheriffs, and two sets of fours followed. Three companies of bayonets cleared the street in advance of the escort and a like number followed in the rear, keeping back the crowds that were augmented at every cross street of the half-mile march to the train.

The display of force was greater than the Calroites had anticipated, and while there were murmurs all along the line of march there was no effort to break the line.

Sheriff Davis, who made strenuous and repeated efforts for two days to save James from lynching, tonight said that the disposition of Alexander had been left to State officers. He began investigating the riots of last night.

The coroner's verdicts today were rendered on the two men lynched last night and in each case the jury found that "he came to his death by injuries at the hands of persons unknown to us."

Sheriff Davis, in an extended interview today, told of recognizing several members of the mob which took James from his care last night.

No steps to bring those implicated in the uprising to trial have been made yet.

Mayor George Parsons today said he was asleep last night and heard no shot or other sound to indicate that the city of which he is chief executive was in the grasp of the lawless horde.

While the county authorities previously declared that the evidence against "Froggy" James was purely circumstantial, they were inclined today to lay stress on the evidences of his guilt.

The only ground for holding Alexander was declared to be the dying confession of James.

In an effort to clear up the murder of Miss Pelley, the police today searched the houses frequented by James and Alexander for the missing money, handbag and bracelet of the murdered girl. They found nothing.

Blame for the riot is generally ascribed to an inadequate police force and the fact that many men accused of felonies have been acquitted despite seemingly strong evidence against them.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

Bad Stomach Causes Unsightly Complexions—DeLorme's Pharmacy Has a Remedy.

Bad stomachs mean bad blood; bad blood means sallow, unattractive skin. Why? The stomach in a healthy condition separates the nutritious matter from the food and gives it to the blood to supply the entire body with nourishment.

If the stomach is not in a healthy condition it does not separate from the food the nutritious matter and it passes off with the waste.

Thus the blood is impoverished and has not sufficient nourishment to supply the muscles, skin and body generally.

If you have belching of gas, distress after eating, nausea, biliousness, nervousness or sour breath, then your stomach is wrong and you want the best prescription for stomach troubles the world has ever known.

You want Mi-o-na tablets, the great stomach remedy which DeLorme's Pharmacy's guarantees to cure indigestion, no matter of how long standing, or money back.

Relieves stomach distress at once. Mi-o-na is sold by leading druggists everywhere and in Sumter by DeLorme's Pharmacy for 50 cents a large box. Test samples free from Booth's Mi-o-na, Buffalo, N. Y. 10-19-23-11-9-W. 11-17.

TRAPPING A GORILLA

Story of a Vicious Struggle in the African Jungle.

A NET THAT FAILED TO HOLD.

The Snared Monster Broke Through Its Meshes and Was the Cause of One Death Before He Was Himself Killed by the Attacking Party.

Captain Frits Duquesne, the Boer ivory hunter, was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrumania. He was entirely successful in the work, except that he could obtain no gorilla. Finally a pygmy pointed out a portion of the dank jungle in which a gorilla had been seen.

The captain immediately arranged his camp and laid his plans and made preparations to trap the monster and get him alive if possible, though he fully realized the danger of the undertaking.

"For four days," said the captain, "we camped in this hotbed of disease. Beaters went out in all directions searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig.

"After some hours we found the tree where the gorilla lived. We could tell it by the greasy appearance of the bark, made so by the repeated rubbing of the gorilla's body. We could tell by the fresh marks, with sap still wet, that the animal had recently ascended the tree. The scratches were short and deep, showing that it had lifted itself up and had not slid down, which would have made a long, shallow scratch.

"We spread a strong net around the tree in a circle sloping upward on the outer side. Around the top of the net there were drawn ropes from four directions, held by half a dozen natives hidden in the bush. These were to bring the top of the net together and thus bag our game.

"After waiting some hours the leaves above rustled and then opened as a six foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. I signaled, the four ropes were pulled at once, and we had our animal—for a moment. He roared in fury, twisting, jumping and biting the rope into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as he tried to reach first one and then another. The professor jumped about in excitement, trying to focus a camera on the infuriated animal.

"At last the mighty arms of the gorilla broke a hole through the net, and he tore the rest from him as though it were a rotten rag. Most of the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape. In a moment the gorilla grasped him in its terrible hands.

"I seized my rifle and fired in the air to frighten the animal. In my position I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth.

"I thrust another cartridge in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat, and he dropped his victim. Like a flash, before I could shoot, a native sprang from the leaves and, half throwing, half thrusting, drove an assegai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead.

"Examining the professor, I found that his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into his lungs. We gave up the effort to get a live gorilla and, placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the east coast.

"He died on the road. Out on the veldt beside a native village a lonely little slab marked 'Carl Bloch' sticks up above the grass. It is the professor's grave. Hunting is not all exciting adventure and laughing victory. It has its tears, like other things."—Hampton's Magazine.

Chances in Gambling.

Henri Poincare, the leading mathematician of France, declares that there is no infallible martingale or method of doubling one's stakes after every loss. "All one can do," says M. Poincare, "is to combine one's play so as to have a great chance of winning a little and a little chance of losing much or a few chances of gaining much and many chances of losing little. One can arrange his play so as to have one chance of winning a million francs and a million chances of losing a franc or a million chances of winning a franc and one chance of losing a million francs—and that's all."

A Suit of Ratskin.

A thrifty Welshman at one time exhibited himself publicly in England at tired in a costume composed from top to bottom of ratskins, which he had spent three years and a half in collecting. The dress was made entirely by himself. It consisted of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suit was 570. Most curious of the garments was the tippet, composed entirely of rats' tails.

At Close Range.

"Who is that neglected looking little boy with dirt over his face?" "He is the child of the noted astronomer who lives over the way."

"Oh, is he? Come here, sonny. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope if he wants to see spots on the sun."—Baltimore American.

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THE CANNON BURST.

Tragedy in a Celebration to Honor President Tyler.

In 1844 an accident took place in the American navy—the explosion of a big gun, the Peacemaker, on board the frigate Princeton, off Broad bay, in the Potomac river, eight miles below Washington.

Those killed were Abel Upshur of Virginia, secretary of state; Thomas W. Gilmer, governor of Virginia; Commodore Ketnon of the navy; Representative Sykes of New Jersey, Representative Maxey of Maryland and Mr. Gardiner, an ex-member of congress from New York.

The severely wounded were William Wilkins of Pennsylvania, secretary of war; Miss Wickliffe, daughter of the postmaster general; Colonel Dade, Colonel Benton, Judge Phelps of Vermont, Commodore Stockton, commander of the Princeton, and nine seamen.

On Feb. 28, 1844, President Tyler, the members of his cabinet and their families and many other prominent persons, said to number over 400, were invited by Commodore Stockton to spend the day on the frigate Princeton, which was lying at anchor off Alexandria. After the guests were on board anchor was weighed for a short sail on the Potomac, and the ship proceeded down the river to a point below Fort Washington. On the trip down the heaviest piece of ordnance on the frigate was fired several times, presumably as a matter of entertainment for the company. The gun had been constructed from a model made by Commodore Stockton, and President Tyler expressed a decided interest in the weapon. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon on the return trip the Princeton anchored off Broad bay, and the company was invited to luncheon in the cabins below the gun deck. After luncheon Commodore Stockton proposed that the gun be fired once more as a salute, he said, to the memory of the great peacemaker, George Washington. President Tyler, his cabinet and a number of gentlemen repaired to the gun deck.

As the gun was fired the breech end from the trunnion's back was blown off, and this section was split in twain. One-half of it fell on Secretary Upshur. Two sailors removed it, but the secretary expired in a few moments. Governor Gilmer had been struck and killed by this section of the gun before it fell Mr. Upshur. The party on the gun deck was scattered, and the whole ship shook under the force of the explosion.

The excitement was great. The bodies were removed from the Princeton, taken to Washington, placed in hearses at the wharf and carried to the White House, where they lay in the east room till the day of the funeral—a day of general public mourning.—Exchange.

Just Before the Spanking.

"Pop, does a chicken come from an egg?" "Yes, my son."

"And does an egg come from a chicken?" "Yes."

"Well, if a chicken comes from an egg, and an egg comes from a chicken, which?"

"Now, see here, if you are going to prolong this line of thought you can go right to bed."

"But, pop!" "Well, what?" "How does a chicken come from an egg?"

"Oh, any hen can sit on an egg and hatch it."

"Gee! I'm glad I ain't a hen. It must hurt to sit on a hatchet!" (Hasty exit.)—New York Times.

The Old Ones.

"We'll have to give up the idea of putting pictures in the parlor, Jane," remarked old John Turnipseed as he threw the bridle under the table.

"Why?" asked his wife. "Too dear! Why, I priced one in town today, and the dealer sez, sez he, 'That's an old master; it's price is \$500.'"

"Why, sez I, 'it looks like a second-hand picture.'"

"Yes, it is," sez he. "Then, thinks I, if a second-hand picture costs that much it's no use to price a new un. So, Jane, I reckon we'll have to hang up a few mottoes, 'God Bless Our Home' and the like, and let the picture's go."—Pearson's Weekly.

An Anticlimax.

"I just dropped in to thank you for that medicine you sent home by my wife last night," said the grateful patient, grasping the doctor warmly by the hand. "I've been laid up off and on for years, have tried all the patent medicines on the market and been treated by every doctor in the neighborhood, but your medicine was the only thing that ever did me any good."

"It's a pleasure to have you come here to tell me this," replied the doctor, highly elated. "Most of my patients are not so thoughtful. But that prescription is my pet favorite, and I never yet knew it to fail to cure a cough if taken in time."

"Cough?" echoed the patient. "Why, I didn't take it for my cold. I used it as a liniment for my rheumatism."

A Thrifty Hungarian.

A certain Hungarian peasant named Jan Hirsch made a business trip to Budapest, and while there he had the idea of ordering a hundred visiting cards. When he returned home he found, to his dismay, that the cards bore the name of Mavisch instead of Hirsch. It was only a printer's error, but to Jan Hirsch it meant a loss of a shilling and sixpence unless he could make use of the cards. He accordingly purchased for the sum of a shilling an official form of petition and filled it with a request to be allowed to alter his name to Mavisch. His prayer was granted. He is now Jan Mavisch.—London News.

Queer Life in Johannesburg.

Here is an amusing description of queer life in a Johannesburg residential block: "Nearly every one has one room, and into this you cram nearly all your worldly possessions and learn all kinds of vanishing tricks and juggling feats, such as having a combination bed and piano, using your washing stand for your writing table and converting your hip bath by day with rugs and cushions into an armchair. In this abode of bliss you receive your friends, male and female, and, if the gentleman, sitting himself rashly on the bed-sofa, vanishes into the piano or the lady throws herself wearily into the hip bath armchair and it falls off the packing case with her inside it, no one will turn a hair. You will invite them to lunch or tea or dinner, which ever is approaching, and the gentleman will offer to go and buy chops or kippers and fetch the milk and when he returns will help you cook, and you'll sit together and eat it on the washing stand, which also does duty as a dinner table on such occasions."—London Standard.

The Chief Justice.

"There are very few people who know the proper designation of the man who presides over the supreme court," said the secretary of the senate.

"Generally he is referred to as the chief justice of the United States supreme court. In fact, he is the chief justice. That's his official title. Most of our presidents in nominating men for this office have fallen into the error of giving him the long title. When George Washington nominated Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut for this post he described it as chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. Andrew Jackson made the same error in nominating Richard B. Taney. So did Abraham Lincoln when he appointed Salmon P. Chase. Grover Cleveland was the first president to give the correct designation. When he appointed Melville W. Fuller he nominated him to be chief justice and nothing else. Future nominations will be framed in this fashion."—Washington Star.

Fifty Dollar Dinners.

"Dinners at \$50 a plate are as common in New York as five dollar dinners are in London and Paris," said a chef. "Our extravagant dinners are no better than the cheaper foreign ones. Their cost is caused not by the exquisite cooking of exquisite materials, but by the use of exotic foods whose expense is their chief recommendation. What do I mean by exotic foods? Well, I mean cane sugar instead of the ordinary beet root kind for the compote; I mean wild rice instead of the cultivated for the canvasback; I mean sole brought alive from England and stierlet from Russia, when our own native fish is better conditioned; I mean hothouse strawberries as big as apples, pears as big as coconuts and grapes as big as peaches, all tasting rather like raw pumpkin, but looking very fine in blizzard weather. Foolish foods; but, then, it's only foolish people who eat fifty dollar dinners."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Auctioneer's Hourglass.

An auctioneer of Philadelphia collects all sorts of objects pertaining to his ancient calling. He has, among other things, an interesting set of auctioneer's hourglasses. The auctioneer a century or so ago concluded a sale not by saying "Going, going, gone!" and rapping the counter with his hammer, but it was his better method to turn up a free running glass toward the end of the bidding and to end the sale irrevocably when the sand ran out. This saved confusion and dispute. The auctioneer's glasses in the Philadelphia collection are picturesque. One is of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl. Another is of amber and gold. A third is of teak and ivory.

Appropriate.

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—Harper's Weekly.

Gave Him a Pointer.

George Ade was once stranded in a small town. He went into the barber's shop to get shaved and endured even to the end. When the barber had completed his operation the humorist arose and, putting a handkerchief to his face, said gravely: "Sir, you have missed your vocation. You ought to be an oyster opener."

Why the Menu Was Changed.

The culinary department of an East Indian household, if the story of an American traveler who has recently returned from Calcutta is to be believed, is managed far differently from an American kitchen. "Here we employ an Ethiopian expert at so much a week," says the Philadelphia Record. "There a cook would disdain to place a weekly valuation on his services. His conditions involve a flat rate of so many shillings weekly for the furnishing and preparation of provisions. This system of putting the culinary department out to contract causes a penuriousness on the part of the chef which frequently is not for the best health and welfare of the household. Shortly before last Christmas the above named American tourist had ordered his cook to have steak for dinner. Broiled chicken was served instead. Pressed for his reasons for disregarding the command of the head of the household, the cook explained that the chicken had taken sick and if it had not been killed and served that day he was afraid he would have lost it."

SENATOR ALDRICH.

He Believes in the Divine Right of the Dollar to Rule.

The divine right of the dollar to rule is the political creed of Senator Nelson Wilmath Aldrich of Rhode Island, dictator of the United States Senate. Senator Aldrich is a tory, but no fool. He is no messenger boy for Wall Street spirit. He is just as sincere about the divine right of the dollar to rule as was Louis XIV over absolutism. The French King made a prosperity issue of the divine right of kings. Touch the dollar, such is the Aldrich attitude, and you have a Roosevelt panic.

The man, at sixty-eight shows a strong face, ruddy with health, above a big frame, well padded with muscle, active middle age. Working over the tariff in the stoke-hole heat of a Washington summer, Aldrich wore out his colleagues, from the youngest Republican insurgent to the record holding long distance orator on the Democratic side. When his limousine stalled in the mud of a country road last spring, the Senator swung a shovel like a boy and laughed like a boy.

The senate boss will bully a fellow senator, a cabinet officer, or even a president, but he is always courteous to a senate page. One of his colleagues may hesitate to question him, but the youngest reporter never does. He talks at all times with amazing frankness. Stormy and domineering on the floor, reading Republican insurgents out of the party with every appearance of intense anger, Aldrich does not make public business a personal matter, as does Speaker Cannon. Off his feet he is ready to joke or gossip with the rebels, declining all formal functions, Aldrich keenly enjoys the society of his friends. He is an entertaining talker, and he has the advantage of every ruler who unbends, that his unbending in this wise cannot but flatter the most sophisticated. The personality of Aldrich is another of his assets.

The operation of the Darwinian law made him senate dictator. He came to the senate twenty-eight years ago, grounded in the game through experience in a city council, a State legislature, and the house of representatives. Were he merely mediocre, the senate system and its traditions of seniority would make him an influential figure now. The system is log rolling buttressed by party regularity. The veteran senators, who are mostly New England senators, control the committee assignments. When it comes to legislation, a tariff bill for instance, the control gives them the initiative and direction of it. They decide on what New England must have and they count the number of votes they need, added to their own, to form a majority. Those votes are secured by giving enough senators what they want out of the bill. Republican senators left out in the cold must go along or be guilty of party disloyalty. Aldrich is the greatest expert at this system that congress has seen.

His present danger, and the system's danger, lies in the example of rebellion set last spring by Beveridge, of Indiana, and the Mississippi Valley senators. They bolted the Aldrich tariff. If such rebellion is not only to go unpunished but even to prosper, the Aldrich control and the old senate system will totter. Last spring the absence of effective Democratic opposition offset, to a large degree, the Republican defection. Aldrich himself has never furnished a more interesting study than now, when at the height of his power is so seriously threatened. Stand or fall, he will not compromise. He was never so arbitrary as last spring.—American Magazine.

The Children's Right to Knowledge.

The great Southern patriot, John C. Calhoun, once said: "I pity the man who is too poor or too mean to buy books for his children. He might as well refuse them bread and meat."

How any one can have less ambition than a desire to know as much and as well as any one else, is indeed strange, and yet how many farm boys and girls fail to receive any encouragement to read and study and learn all about the things they are required to do. No girl is expected to teach music or attempt stenography without a thorough study of these things. No boy attempts to practice medicine or law without a long course of study and preparation. The things we know most of and can do best are those in which we are most interested. An early knowledge of the facts and principles underlying household and farm practices and operations will do more to develop intelligence, industry, and a worthy ambition in our farm boys and girls than all other things combined. How is this desire for useful knowledge to be inspired and the reading habit formed? They will rarely be accomplished unless one or both parents possess them and then only generally when a complete spirit of interest, sympathy and comradeship is maintained between the boys and girls and their parents or teachers. Just as we believe the

mother wields the greatest influence over the character of the boy or girl, so we believe that the mothers of the South are most largely responsible for the lack of knowledge and interest in household economics among our girls and for the lack of desire for farm life among our boys and girls. We fear the fathers and mothers will have to be regenerated or inspired with a desire for knowledge for the power it gives to do life's work.

DISPENSARY IS OVERSTOCKED.

Liquor on Hand in Orangeburg to be Sold at Bargain.

Orangeburg, Nov. 12.—The dispensary board of this county finding itself overstocked with liquors will have regular bargain sales of the stuff during the two remaining days of the life of the great institution, and will make the best disposition possible of what may be left over.

Some extremists think it hardly the thing for those counties going out of the liquor business because the use of it is seriously harmful, to ask others to buy the stuff for the purpose of selling it again. If harmful to our constitutions why not harmful to other people? This is logic that cannot easily be downed. Dump it in the gutter, they say.

Just how the financial end of the dispensary will pan out cannot now be told. It owes a lot of money, but has a lot of goods on hand. Everything depends on the prices received for the stock on hand. Some of it will no doubt be sacrificed under the provisions of the law.

W. J. ARANT DRINKS POISON.

Former Charleston Man Commits Suicide at Columbia.

Columbia, Nov. 12.—"Bury me in these," was the brief note pinned to the Confederate uniform of W. J. Arant, the story of whose death is told in the emptied bottle of laudanum that was found at his side this morning.

Mr. Arant was 65 years of age, and before coming to Columbia lived in Charleston, where he was employed in dry goods stores. He was with Tapp's here. Directors were left by the suicide to notify his son, Frank H. Arant, of Camden, who left for Columbia by automobile and H. B. Dolger and C. S. Hebrich, of Charleston.

A College Education Possible.

Every boy and girl will not and could not get a college education, and it may be asked why a college education is necessary when knowledge has and may be obtained through reading, studying and observation, without the aid of the college. As the first thousand dollars is the hardest to make and save, so the first and fundamental knowledge is most difficult to get. In fact, without help it will generally never be obtained. The college is there best, surest and quickest means of getting a start in education and in most instances gives that of value which is not obtained elsewhere. If we are to do justice to our boys and girls we must do everything possible to inspire a desire to acquire a college education. We do not even need to furnish them money to obtain this college education if we can inspire sufficient desire for it. To do this we must ourselves appreciate and respect such education. Any boy or girl with a sound body and mind who desires it sufficiently can without financial help acquire a college education. Our duty, then, is by example and precept to inspire our boys and girls with such a desire, and we may do this with complete confidence that it will pay. It may not supply the boy or girl with "common" sense but it will enable a better use of that already possessed and tend to a broader, fuller and better life. Knowledge is power—the greatest power.—Progressive Farmer.

Pellagra Experiments on Monkeys.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 12.—In an effort to discover the cause and remedy for pellagra, a series of experiments on monkeys is being conducted at the local Pasteur Institute. Inoculated two weeks ago with the blood from a victim of pellagra, the simians are being carefully watched for a possible development of the symptoms of the disease. Today it was said, however, that thus far they had failed to respond to the infection.

We congratulate Sumter on having the negro fair in the future. That organization is doing a great work for the negro race, and any aid that can be given to Rev. Richard Carroll in his great undertaking is aid given for the improvement of the conditions which surround us, and through which we live. It will be a great affair for Sumter, her people will be able to make it greater even than the good people of Batesburg could do, so that the fair will be benefitted. We congratulate Sumter on securing that institution.—Florence Times.