YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

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The CALL of the CUMBERLANDS

By CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF SCENES IN THE PLAY

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CHAPTER XV.

The Honorable Abe Smithers was not the regular judge of the circuit which numbered Hixon among its county seats. The elected incumbent was ill, and Smithers had been named as his pro tem. successor. Callomb climbed to the second story of the frame bank building and pounded loudly on a door, which bore the boldly-typed sign:

"Asa Smithers, Attorney-at-Law."

The temporary judge admitted a visitor in uniform, whose countenance was stormy with indignant protest. The judge himself was placid and smiling. The lawyer, who was for the time being exalted to the bench, hoped to ascend it more permanently by the votes of the Hollman faction, since only Hollman votes were counted. He was a young man of powerful physique with a face ruggedly strong and honest.

Callomb stood for a moment inside the door and when he spoke it was to demand crisply:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"About what, captain?" inquired the other, mildly.

"Is it possible you haven't heard? Since yesterday noon, two murders have been added to the holocaust. You represent the courts of law. I represent the military arm of the state. Are we going to stand by and see this go on?"

The judge shook his head, and his visage was sternly thoughtful and hypocritical. He did not mention that he had just come from conference with the Hollman leaders. He did not explain that the venire he had drawn from the jury drum had borne a singularly Hollman complexion.

"Until the grand jury acts I don't see that we can take any steps."

"And," stormed Captain Callomb, "the grand jury will, like former grand juries, lie down in terror and inactivity. Either there are no courageous men in your county, or these panels are selected to avoid including them."

Judge Smithers' face darkened. If he was a moral coward, he was at least a coward crouching behind a seeming of fearlessness.

"Captain," he said coolly, but with a dangerous hint of warning, "I don't see that your duties include contempt of court."

"No!" Callomb was now thoroughly angered, and his voice rose. "I am sent down here subject to your orders, and it seems you are also subject to orders. Here are two murders in a day, capping the climax of 20 years of bloodshed. You have information as to the arrival of a man known as a desperado with a grudge against the two dead men, yet you know of no steps to take. Give me the word and I'll go out and bring that man, and any others you name, to your bar of justice—if it is a bar of justice! For God's sake, give me something else to do than to bring in prisoners to be shot down in cold blood."

The judge sat balancing a pencil on his extended forefinger, as though it were a scale of justice.

"You have been heated in your language, sir," he said sternly, "but it is a heat arising from an indignation which I share. Consequently, I pass it over. I cannot instruct you to arrest Samson South before the grand jury has accused him. The law does not contemplate hasty or unadvised action. All men are innocent until proven guilty. If the grand jury wants South, I'll instruct you to go and get him. Until then, you may leave my part of the work to me."

His honor rose from his chair.

"You can at least give this grand jury such instructions on murder as will point out their duty. You can assure them that the militia will protect them. Through your prosecutor you can bring evidence to their attention, you—"

"If you will excuse me," interrupted his honor, dryly, "I'll judge of how I am to charge my grand jury. I have been in communication with the family of Mr. Purvy, and it is not their wish at the present time to bring this case before the panel."

Callomb laughed ironically.

"No, I could have told you that before you conferred with them. I could have told you that they prefer to be their own courts and executioners, except where they need you. They also preferred to have me get a man they couldn't take themselves, and then to assassinate him in my hands. Who in the hell do you work for, Judge-for-the-moment Smithers? Are you holding a job under the state of Kentucky, or under the Hollman faction of this feud? I am instructed to take my orders from you. Will you kindly tell me my master's real name?"

Smithers turned pale with anger, his fighting face grew as truculent as a bulldog's, while Callomb stood glaring back at him like a second bulldog, but the judge knew that he was being honestly and fearlessly accused. He merely pointed to the door. The captain turned on his heel and stalked out of the place, and the judge came down the steps and crossed the street to the courthouse. Five minutes later he turned to the shirt-sleeved man who was leaning on the bench and said in his most judicial voice:

"Mr. Sheriff, open court."

The next day the mail carrier brought in a note for the temporary judge. His honor read it at recess and hastened across to Hollman's Mammoth Department Store. There, in council with his masters, he asked instructions. This was the note:

"The Hon. Asa Smithers.

"Sir: I arrived in this county yesterday, and am prepared, if called as a witness, to give to the grand jury full and true particulars of the murder of Jesse Purvy and the killing of Aaron Hollis. I am willing to come under the escort of my own kinsmen, or the militiamen, as the court may advise. "The requirement of any bodyguard I deplore, but in meeting my legal obligations, I do not regard it as necessary and proper to walk into a trap.

"Respectfully,

"Samson South."

Smithers looked perplexedly at Judge Hollman.

"Shall I have him come?" he inquired.

Hollman threw the letter down on his desk with a burst of blasphemy:

"Have him come?" he echoed. "Hell and damnation, no! What do we want him to come here and spill the milk for? When we get ready, we'll indict him. Then, let your damned soldiers go after him—as a criminal, not a witness. After that, we'll continue this case until these outsiders go away, and we can operate to suit ourselves. We don't fall for Samson South's tricks. No, sir; you never got that letter! It miscarried. Do you hear? You never got it."

Smithers nodded grudging acquiescence. Most men would rather be independent officials than collar-wearers.

Out on Misery Samson South had gladdened the soul of his uncle with his return. The old man was mending, and for a long time, the two had talked. The failing head of the clan looked vainly for signs of degeneration in his nephew, and, failing to find them, was happy.

"Hev ye decided, Samson," he inquired, "thet ye was right in yer notion, 'bout goin' away?"

Samson sat reflectively for a while, then replied:

"We were both right, Uncle Spicer—and both wrong. This is my place, but if I'm to take up the leadership it must be in a different fashion. Changes are coming. We can't any longer stand still."

Spicer South lighted his pipe. He, too, in these last years, had seen in the distance the crest of the oncoming wave.

"I reckon there's right smart truth to that," he acknowledged. "I've been studyin' 'bout hit consid'able myself of late. Thar's been sev'ral fellers through the country talkin' coal an' timber an' railroads—an' sich like."

Sally went to mill that Saturday, and with her rode Samson. There, besides Wile McCager, he met Caleb Wiley and several others. At first, they received him skeptically, but they knew of the visit to Purvy's store, and they were willing to admit that in part at least he had erased the blot from his escutcheon. Then, too, except for cropped hair and a white skin, he had come back as he had gone, in homespun and hickory. There was nothing highfaultin in his manners. In short, the impression was good.

"I reckon now that ye're back, Samson," suggested McCager, "an' seein' how yere Uncle Spicer is gettin' along all right, I'll jest let the two of ye run things. I've done had enough." It was a simple fashion of resigning a regency, but effectual.

Old Caleb, however, still insurgent and unconvicted, brought in a minority report.

"We wants fightin' men," he grumbled, with the senile reiteration of his age, as he spat tobacco and beat a rat-tat on the mill floor with his long hickory staff. "We don't want no deserters."

"Samson ain't a deserter," defended Sally. "There isn't one of you fit to tie his shoes." Sally and old Spicer South alone knew of her lover's letter to the circuit judge, and they were pledged to secrecy.

"Never mind, Sally!" It was Samson himself who answered her. "I didn't come back because I care what men like old Caleb think. I came back because they needed me. The proof of a fighting man is his fighting, I reckon. I'm willing to let 'em judge me by what I'm going to do."

So, Samson slipped back, tentatively, at least, into his place as clan head, though for a time he found it a post without action. After the fierce outburst of bloodshed, quiet had settled, and it was tacitly understood that, unless the Hollman forces had some coup in mind which they were secreting, this peace would last until the soldiers were withdrawn.

"When the world's a-lookin'," commented Judge Hollman, "hit's a right good idea to crawl under a log—an' lay still."

Purvy had been too famous a feudist to pass unsung. Reporters came as far as Hixon, gathered there such news as the Hollmans chose to give them, and went back to write lurid stories and description, from hearsay, of the stockade seat of tragedy. Nor did they overlook the dramatic coincidence of the return of "Wildcat" Samson South from civilization to savagery. They made no accusation, but they pointed an inference and a moral—as they thought. It was a sermon on the triumph of heredity over the advantages of environment. Adrienne read some of these saffron misrepresentations, and they distressed her.

* * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, it came insistently to the ears of Captain Callomb that some plan was on foot, the intricacies of which he could not fathom, to manufacture a case against a number of the Souths, quite apart from their actual guilt, or likelihood of guilt. Once more, he would be called upon to go out and drag in men too well fortified to be taken by the posses and deputies of the Hollman civil machinery. At this news, he chafed bitterly, and, still rankling with a sense of shame at the loss of his first prisoner, he formed a plan of his own, which he revealed over his pipe to his first lieutenant.

"There's a nigger in the woodpile, Merriweather," he said. "We are simply being used to do the dirty work up here, and I'm going to do a little probing of my own. I guess I'll turn the company over to you for a day or two."

"What idiocy are you contemplating now?" inquired the second in command.

"I'm going to ride over on Misery, and hear what the other side has to say. I've usually noticed that one side of any story is pretty good until the other's told."

"You mean you are going to go over there where the South's are intrenched, where every road is guarded?" The lieutenant spoke wrathfully and with violence. "Don't be an ass, Callomb. You went over there once before and took a man away—and he's dead. You owe them a life, and they collect their dues. You will be supported by no warrant of arrest, and can't take a sufficient detail to protect you."

"No," said Callomb, quietly; "I go on my own responsibility and I go by myself."

"And," stormed Merriwether, "you'll never come back."

"I think," smiled Callomb, "I'll get back. I owe an old man over there an apology, and I want to see this desperado at first hand."

"It's sheer madness. I ought to take you down to this infernal crook of a judge and have you committed to a strait-jacket."

"If," said Callomb, "you are content to play the catspaw to a bunch of assassins, I'm not. The mail-rider went out this morning and he carried a letter to old Spicer South. I told him that I was coming unescorted and unarmed and that my object was to talk with him. I asked him to give me a safe conduct, at least, until I reached his house, and stated my case. I treated him like an officer and a gentleman, and, unless I'm a poor judge of men, he's going to treat me that way."

The lieutenant sought vainly to dissuade Callomb, but the next day the captain rode forth, unaccompanied. Curious stares followed him and Judge Smithers turned narrowing and unpleasant eyes after him, but at the point where the ridge separated the territory of the Hollmans from that of the Souths he saw waiting in the road a mounted figure, sitting his horse straight, and clad in the rough habiliments of the mountaineer.

As Callomb rode up he saluted and the mounted figure with perfect gravity and correctness returned that salute as one officer to another. The captain was surprised. Where had this mountaineer with the steady eyes and the clean-cut jaw learned the niceties of military etiquette?

"I am Captain Callomb of 'F' company," said the officer. "I'm riding over to Spicer South's ouse. Did you come to meet me?"

"To meet and guide you," replied a pleasant voice. "My name is Samson South."

The militiaman stared. This man whose countenance was calmly thoughtful scarcely compared with the descriptions he had heard of the "Wildcat of the Mountains;" the man who had come home straight as a storm-petrel at the first note of the tempest and marked his coming with double murder. Callomb had been too busy to read newspapers of late. He had heard only that Samson had "been away."

While he wondered, Samson went on:

"I'm glad you came. If it had been possible I would have come to you." As he told of the letter he had written the judge, volunteering to present himself as a witness, the officer's wonder grew.

"They said that you had been away," suggested Callomb. "If it's not an impertinent question, what part of the mountains have you been visiting?"

Samson laughed.

"Not any part of the mountains," he said. "I've been living chiefly in New York—and for a time in Paris."

Callomb drew his horse to a dead halt.

"In the name of God," he incredulously asked, "what manner of man are you?"

"I hope," came the instant reply, "it may be summed up by saying that I'm exactly the opposite of the man you've had described for you back there at Hixon."

"I knew it," exclaimed the soldier. "I knew that I was being fed on lies! That's why I came. I wanted to get the straight of it, and I felt that the solution lay over here."

They rode the rest of the way in deep conversation. Samson outlined his ambitions for his people. He told, too, of the scene that had been enacted at Purvy's store. Callomb listened with absorption, feeling that the narrative bore axiomatic truth on its face.

At last he inquired:

"Did you succeed up there—as a painter?"

"That's a long road," Samson told him, " but I think I had a fair start. I was getting commissions when I left."

"Then I am to understand"—the officer met the steady gray eyes and put the question like a cross-examiner bullying a witness—"I am to understand that you deliberately put behind you a career to come down here and herd these fence-jumping sheep?"

"Hardly that," deprecated the head of the Souths. "They sent for me—that's all. Of course, I had to come."

"Why?"

"Because they had sent. They are my people."

The officer leaned in his saddle.

"South," he said, "would you mind shaking hands with me? Some day I want to brag about it to my grandchildren."

(To be continued.)

His Choice.—A street corner orator was addressing an audience which consisted mainly of small boys, says London Answers.

His subject was kindness to animals, and he urged his listeners to treat our dumb friends with humanity. Just as he reached the end of his harangue a lady walked past leading two little dogs on a double leash—one white and the other black.

The speaker seized his opportunity.

"Now, suppose those two dear little animals began fighting," he said, loudly, "after hearing what I have said, what is the first thing you would do?"

A paralyzed silence fell over the crowd. A very small boy in the front row eyed the two dogs critically.

"Well, guv'nor," he said at last, "I think I'd have tuppence on the black one!"

FOOTSTEPS OF THE FATHERS

As Traced In Early Files of The Yorkville Enquirer.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF YESTERDAY

Bringing Up Records of the Past and Giving the Younger Readers of Today a Pretty Comprehensive Knowledge of the Things that Most Concerned Generations that Have Gone Before.

The first installment of the notes appearing under this heading was published in our issue of November 14, 1913. The notes are being prepared by the editor as time and opportunity permit. Their purpose is to bring into review the events of the past for the pleasure and satisfaction of the older people and for the entertainment and instruction of the present generation.

122ND INSTALLMENT

(Wednesday Evening, Oct. 21, 1863.)

Tax in Kind.

I will attend the following times and places for the purpose of receiving the returns of tax in kind, viz:

At Yorkville on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and Saturday, 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of October.

At Smith's, Monday, 12th October.

At Bethel on Tuesday, 13th October.

At Clay Hill on Wednesday, 12th October.

At Ebenezer on Thursday, 15th October.

At Rock Hill on Friday, 16th October.

At Fort Mill on Saturday, 17th October.

At Rock Hill on Monday, 19th October.

At Coats's Tavern on Tuesday, 20th October.

At Westbrook's on Wednesday, 21st October.

At Bratton's on Thursday, 22nd, October.

At McConnellsville on Friday, 23rd October.

At Youngblood's on Saturday, 24th October.

At Gilfillan's on Monday, 26th October.

At Feemster's on Tuesday, 27th October.

At Luke Smith's on Wednesday, 28th October.

At Hickory Grove on Thursday, 29th October.

At Whitesides on Friday, 30th October.

At Boydton on Saturday, 31st October.

At Buffalo on Monday, 2nd November.

At Whisonant's on Tuesday, 3rd November.

At Allison's on Wednesday, 4th November.

At Hugh Love's on Thursday, 5th November.

I will receive the returns of wheat, rye, oats, fodder, hay and other crops which are gathered. Taxpayers are required to weigh a bushel of their wheat, rye, oats, and corn, also a portion of their hay and fodder, and make a calculation of the weight of their entire crop. Taxpayers are entitled to reserve 100 bushels of corn or 50 bushels of wheat, 50 bushels of Irish and sweet potatoes each, 20 bushels of peas or beans or 20 bushels of both. It is hoped that every taxpayer will make out his lists properly and be fully prepared to make their returns without delay. F. M. Galbraith,

Assessor York District.

(Wednesday Evening, Oct. 28, 1863.)

Fifth Regiment, State Troops.

Roll of officers of the 5th regiment, state troops:

James H. Williams, Newberry, colonel; John A. Bradley, Chester; lieutenant colonel; Lucian P. Sadler, York, major; M. M. Hunter, Laurens, surgeon; John A. Walker, Chester, assistant surgeon; R. F. Atwood, Newberry, adjutant; A. G. Maybin, Union, quartermaster; James P. DePass, Kershaw, chaplain; R. A. McKnight, Union, sergeant major; A. T. Simmons, Spartanburg, ordnance sergeant; L. W. Williams, Laurens, quartermaster sergeant; Daniel Williams, York, commissary sergeant; Wm. Lorroh, Newberry, hospital steward; Jno. Satterwhite, Newberry, wagon master; Wm. R. Riggs, Union, orderly.

Co. A.

John Hardin, Chester captain; W. T. Gilmore, Chester, 1st lieutenant; Wm. Hardin, Chester 2nd lieutenant; Wm. Hollis, Chester, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. B.

John T. Lowry, York, captain; Jno. W. Moore, York, 1st lieutenant; J. M. M. Cain, York, 2nd lieutenant; Wm. Hollis, Chester, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. C.

T. H. Crooks, Newberry, captain; C. Clifton, Chester, 1st lieutenant, David M. Peden, Chester, 2nd lieutenant; R. S. Davidson, Newberry, 1st lieutenant; Joseph Duott, 2nd, lieutenant; G. B. Boozer, Newberry, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. D.

W. J. M. Jones, Laurens, captain; D. L. Henry, Laurens, 1st lieutenant; D. W. Anderson, Laurens, 2nd lieutenant; J. R. Fuller, Laurens, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. E.

O. H. Jones, Spartanburg, captain; T. P. Gaston, Spartanburg 1st lieutenant; D. M. Brice, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant; Wm. C. Miller, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. F.

S. M. Snoddy, Spartanburg, captain; B. H. Steadman, Spartanburg 1st lieutenant; W. S. Wilkins, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant; Calvin McDowell, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. G.

Joel Ballinger, Spartanburg, captain; B. H. Wright, Spartanburg, 1st lieutenant; J. G. Hames, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant; James Tinsley, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. H.

J. W. Bobo, Spartanburg, captain; R. M. Bobo, Union, 1st lieutenant; Dan'l McLaughlin, Union, 2nd lieutenant; Wm. Layton, Spartanburg, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. I.

W. W. Sloan, Laurens, captain; W. F. Metts, Laurens, 1st lieutenant; J. C. Workman, Laurens, 2nd lieutenant; S. K. Taylor, Laurens, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. K.

W. J. Bowen, York, captain; D. Smith, York, 1st lieutenant, A. F. Ferrell, York, 2nd lieutenant; W. L. Robinson, York, 2nd lieutenant.

Co. L.

W. P. Hill, Chester, captain; Jesse ant; Gardner Jamison, Chester, 2nd Lieutenant.

Co. M.

Wm. G. Hughes, Union, captain; John Sanders, Union, 1st lieutenant; A. Powell, Union, 2nd lieutenant; T. G. Harf, Union, 2nd lieutenant.

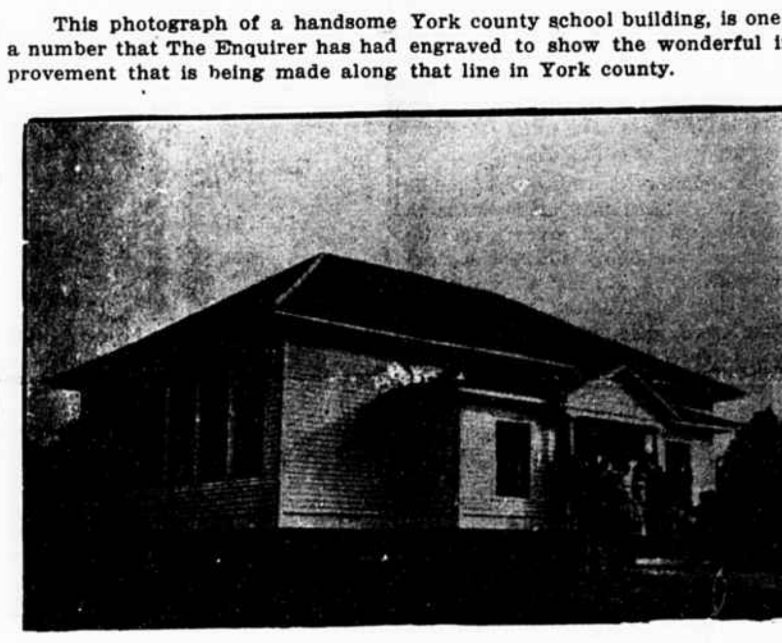
R. F. Atwood, adjutant.

(To Be Continued.)

THE HOMES OF THE SCHOOLS

Photographic Evidence of Modern Progress In York County.

This photograph of a handsome York county school building, is one of a number that The Enquirer has had engraved to show the wonderful improvement that is being made along that line in York county.



LANEY SCHOOL.

Located in the Point section of Bethel township, is the result of the consolidation of the Bellview and Point schools. The building shown above is a two-room structure, built after the Clemson plans, at a cost of $1,200, was erected in 1914. With an enrollment of 60 pupils and a special levy of 4 mills, and $200 state aid, the school runs seven months of the year. Messrs. A. C. Harper, J. B. Currence and J. J. Stewart are the trustees, and the teachers are Mr. J. H. Whisonant and Miss Mary W. Brown.

IN DEFENSE OF THE BUZZARD

Some People Who Think, Say He is Useful to Man.

The United States department of agriculture comes to the defense of the buzzard. Some of the facts given in the memorandum of the biological survey, printed on our agricultural page today, are strong evidence that the ugly, but useful, bird is not guilty of disseminating animal diseases. If the germ of anthrax cannot pass through the digestive organs of this carrion eater without being destroyed, it is not likely that it could disseminate hog cholera or any other animal disease. In the strong digestion of that bird, it seems nothing having life could survive. It would seem that nature in equipping the buzzard for its work of cleaning the face of the earth of animal matter that might cause disease, had made that equipment thorough.

It is never safe to destroy the balance of nature. Millions of small birds are destroyed annually by sportsmen and the consequence is that their natural prey, the insect tribes, are increasing at a rate which necessitates constantly increasing vigilance on the part of the gardener and the farmer. If all the birds were destroyed and every green thing on the face of the earth would probably be eaten up in the course of a very few years. Frederick the Great ordered every small bird in his kingdom destroyed, it is said, in a pet because some sparrows had eaten a few of his cherries, with the result that two years or so afterward there were no cherries to speak of in his dominions, but an overwhelming outbreak of insects instead.

Insects multiply at an astonishing rate and have enormous appetites. The birds do not multiuly so rapidly, but can destroy many hundreds of insects each per day, especially when feeding their nestlings. Rats breed very fast and destroy many millions of dollars' worth of property annually in the United States as well as in other countries. Every hawk or owl killed is a longer lease of life and the privilege of procreation to scores of rats. The hunter is the enemy of the farmer, who sometimes ignorantly joins the ranks of the bird slayers for a day or so.

The buzzard does not prey upon insects or live rats but makes the earth more habitable to other creatures. There are other facts known to keen observers besides those mentioned in the paper referred to above which serve to show that the buzzard is guiltless of spreading disease among animals by feeding on the carcases of the victims of germ maladies. Until men learn to burn or bury all such carcases there will be need for the buzzard, and even then his usefulness will not have altogether departed. It is possible that his extermination will result in increase in the number of cases of anthrax and the like diseases.

The question of the extermination of this useful bird will come before the next legislature and it will be supported by those who feel that it is their mission to correct the mistakes of nature. It has been before the body at least once in the past. Convincing argument that he was not and is not guilty of the indictment brought against him, was offered then and resulted in the defeat of the measure. We hope that the same fate may meet this second attempt.—Florida Times-Union.

TOLD BY LOCAL EXCHANGES

News Happenings In Neighboring Communities.

CONDENSED FOR QUICK READING

Dealing Mainly With Local Affairs of Cherokee, Cleveland, Gaston, Lancaster and Chester.

Chester Reporter, April 1: Mr. A. W. Hamby, the Columbia architect, who furnished the plans for the new county jail, and who was so sharply criticised last week by the grand jury for alleged dereliction of duty, has demanded an investigation, according to a member of the county board this morning, and it is the understanding that Mr. Hamby will be on hand next Monday at the regular monthly meeting of the supervisor and county commissioners, and that the parties who furnished the information upon which the grand jury based its report will also be asked to be on hand......Mrs. Sallie Cannon, wife of Mr. Lee A. Cannon, died at her home at the Wylie mill yesterday morning at the age of twenty-four, leaving her husband and one child by a previous marriage. The remains were shipped to the former home of the deceased at Reidsville, N. C., this morning for interment.......The state supreme court yesterday, in an opinion prepared by Associate Justice Geo. W. Gage, affirmed the decision of the lower court in the case of the state vs. Meeks and Tom Griffin, Nelse Brice and John Crosby. The court of general sessions, although the criminal business on hand has been completed, was not adjourned Monday, as a decision in this case was expected soon, and it may be that the four negroes will be brought here and re-sentenced by Judge Featherstone, unless there is some move on the part of the negroes' attorney which will prevent this plan from being carried out. Meeks and Tom Griffin, Nelse Brice and John Crosby were convicted of the murder of John Q. Lewis, a Confederate veteran, the crime occurring in April, 1913, and were duly tried and convicted the following summer. They were sentenced to die in the electric chair, but their attorney, Mr. W. H. Newbold, appealed, and the case has been to the supreme court twice......Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Grant, wife of James Grant, died Tuesday at the home of her son, W. H. Grant, in the Armenia neighborhood and was buried yesterday morning at Capers Chapel, funeral services by Rev. J. E. Jones. Mrs. Grant was about 65 years of age, and before her marriage was a Miss Hudson......Miss B. M. Sigmon of Bryson City, N. C., late of the DeSoto sanatorium at Jacksonville, Fla., who is to be the head nurse at the Chester sanatorium, has arrived in the city.

* * *

Rock Hill Record, April 1: Sheriff Patterson of Marlboro county, was in the city this morning. He stopped over to see the bloodhounds of S. H. White, his county having in mind the purchase of some......W. D. Maginnis and R. C. Burts of the local committee on arrangement for the Catawba High school contests to be held in Rock Hill, April 9th and 10th, had a meeting a few days ago and worked out the details of the contests. The city will extend a cordial welcome to the schools and their representatives. The representatives will be entertained in the homes of Rock Hill. The chamber of commerce has provided the money for lunch for them on Saturday and the domestic science classes of the high school will serve it. On Friday evening a boy and a girl from each of the schools—Winnsboro, Chester, Yorkville, Fort Mill, Lancaster, Winthrop Training school, City High school, will speak. Cups and medals are offered for the winners. The Carolina hotel will establish a bureau of information. All representatives will report there upon arrival and their assignment will be given them. The speaking contests will be held at the High school auditorium, and the athletic events on Saturday, April 10, at Hampton park......City Manager Barnwell has perfected an arrangement with W. W. Miller to do the city's engineering work. Instead of being done on a salary basis of so much per month, as was done previously, it will be done by the job, which arrangement both Mr. Barnwell and Mr. Miller agreed would be entirely satisfactor.......James Scoggins, who has held a position with Miller & White, has been appointed to a position with the city and will assist S. Geo. Moore, city treasurer, with the duties of the office work of the city.

* * *

Fort Mill Times, April 1: The five months' old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Drawdy, boarders in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Thrower, was found dead in bed Tuesday morning. The babe had been ill with a cold for about three weeks and Dr. A. T. Neely who examined the body stated that the child evidently contracted pneumonia in both sides during the night and choked to death. The child had a deep cold Monday night when the parents retired. The baby slept in a bed between the father and mother. They arose Tuesday morning and when breakfast was ready, returned to get the baby. It was cold in death, its chubby hand clutching the cover. It was not known how long it had been dead......Some sixty stitches, it was stated, were required to close up the gashes which a colored man named Johnson, received Sunday in a difficulty near the southern edge of town. The negro was very weak from the loss of blood when the attending physician reached him. ......Dr. J. B. Elliott, a well known physician of the city, was notified several days ago of his appointment as local surgeon for the Southern railway company......Miss Amy Garrison of Steele Creek, is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Mary Kendrick, in this city......John B. Erwin, a well known resident of the town, sustained painful injuries to his left leg Tuesday afternoon in a fall on White street.

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Gaffney Ledger, March 30: The county board of education has ordered an election to be held in school district No. 32, on April 15, to decide whether an additional tax of two mills shall be levied in this district for school purposes. The ballot box will be at R. J. McMaster's store......Mr. Hugh E. Davidson, who has been a resident of Blacksburg for several years, has gone to Wilmington, N. C., where he has accepted a position with the Navassa Guano company. Mr. Davidson has many friends in Cherokee county who wish for him much success......Tom Hames, the negro who was shot four times last Saturday night by Lewis Spears, another negro, is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances, according to reports from the city hospital, although his condition is still serious. It is believed that he will recover from his wounds......The new county commissioners who were elected at the general election last November, will assume office at the meeting of the board next Monday. It is not known whether or not there will be a fight over the seating of J. E. Plaxico, as commissioner of Cherokee township. He has received his commission from the governor.

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King's Mountain Herald, April 1: The Herald Publishing house is changing quarters today. We have secured the Goforth building, formerly occupied by McGinnis Brothers.... K. N. Hambright, better known as "Kish" Hambright, 36 years old, was electrocuted while in the employ of the Southern Power company near Maiden, last Saturday. He and his crew were engaged in raising a tower when the cable by which the tower was being lifted came in contact with a live wire. Mr. Hambright was standing on the ground with his hand against the tower, which arrangement completed a circuit and ended his life instantaneously. Deceased was a son of Mrs. M. A. Hambright, who lives about six miles south of King's Mountain. He had been in the employ of the Southern Power company for several years and lived in Shelby....... Mr. Carl Plonk, a tenth grade pupil in the King's Mountain graded school, won laurels at Hickory last week in the fourth annual inter-high school declamation contest. Mr. Plonk came second number on a programme of nine contestants and took the gold medal over the heads of all others.... Attorney E. L. Campbell announces himself as a candidate for the office of mayor in this issue of the Herald. We understand that there are other candidates in the field, but no other public announcement has been made thus far.

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Lancaster News, April 2: Dr. Robert P. Pell, president of Converse college, was a visitor in Lancaster yesterday. He spent the morning hours at the Lancaster high school and was an interested observer during several recitations.....William McManus, 2-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson McManus of the mill village, while playing near a fireplace one day this week, fell into the fire and was painfully, if not fatally, burned. Dr. Allen was summoned and has done everything possible to relieve the little one's suffering, but there are still doubts as to its recovery.....Mr. W. P. Bennett met with a painful accident Saturday. While attending to the milking of his cow, he got into an altercation with the calf which had become impatient at the delay in receiving its share of the milk. In the mix-up, Mr. Bennett slipped and fell, breaking one of the small bones in his left foot. His physician was called in and set the broken bone. Mr. Bennett will be laid up for several days.....Mrs. Hallie Cauthen of the mill village, died early yesterday morning. She had been a member of the Baptist church since girlhood. Mrs. Cauthen was born and reared in York county. She was 36 years and 9 months old. The funeral service was held at 3 o'clock this afternoon, Rev. S. R. Brock officiating, after which the interment was made in Westside cemetery. Mrs. Cauthen is survived by her husband and four children, I. W., Estell, Irene and Pearlie Mae Cauthen.......Married, Wednesday afternoon, by Rev. E. T. Hodges, at the Methodist parsonage, Miss Della Small of this place and Mr. Harvey A. Marlett of Spartanburg.

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Gastonia Gazette, April 2: Mr. J. White Ware was on yesterday appointed by the corporation commission as county tax assessor for Gaston county. Under the recent revenue act passed by the recent general assembly, each county has an assessor, whose duty is to have general oversight of the tax listers of the various townships in the reassessment of real estate to be made this year. The county assessor also acts with the county commissioners when sitting as a board of equalization......."Doctor" T. E. LeRoy, who has been located at the Loray for the past several months, answered to a number of indictments in municipal court Tuesday, each indictment charging him with practicing medicine without license. On March 17th he was tried in the same court on similar charges and was found guilty on one count and not guilty on another. There were three separate indictments against him on Tuesday and in each count he was found guilty. In one case he was fined $25 and the costs and in another $50 and the costs. In the third case the entry was prayer for judgment continued and defendant to give bond in the sum of $50 to appear on the last Monday in May, July and September and show to the court that he had not practiced medicine.......Mr. W. S. Grissom of the Pleasant Ridge section, was in town yesterday to attend the funeral of the late Mr. J. J. Kincaid. Mr. Grissom reports that a dog in his community went mad two weeks ago today and bit two of his hogs. One of the hogs became rabid Wednesday and was killed. The other one has been penned up and is being watched for symptoms of rabies. The dog, it is reported, bit some other dogs in the community, going as far away as the Bethel section........Mr. and Mrs. John J. Henry entertained at their home near Bowling Green yesterday in celebration of the 81st anniversary of the birthday of Mr. Henry's mother, Mrs. C. A. Henry, who is now making her home with her son. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Henry, Mrs. M. B. Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brawley of Gastonia. The day was greatly enjoyed by all present, and Mrs. Henry, who is quite well and strong for one of her advanced age, received many congratulations....... His numerous friends in Gastonia and over the county, heard with sincere regret of the death at his home here on Wednesday night about 10 o'clock of Mr. John Joseph Kincaid. Death was due to grip from which he had suffered for some days. He was recuperating from another illness of several weeks duration when he fell a victim to grip and grew rapidly worse until the end. John Joseph Kincaid was born April 7, 1850, near Gastonia. He was a son of the late J. R. Kincaid and Susan Kincaid. He was twice married. His first wife, whom he married November 24, 1874, was Miss Sallie E. Bell, of this county. To them were born five children, namely: Joseph Dempster, who died in infancy; Mrs. I. N. Alexander and Miss Ethel Kincaid of Gastonia; Mr. Ira U. Kincaid of Laurinburg, and Mrs. C. A. Eury of Raleigh. His first wife died March 14, 1885.....Gastonia and Gaston county are now experiencing, for the first time in their history, a genuine "dry spell." Prohibition, absolute, "horse-high and pig tight" is in effect. There is a dearth of the where-withal to wet dry whistles and should one accidentally get snake bitten he would be in a dire condition indeed. Since midnight Wednesday night the prohibition law for this county, passed by the recent general assembly, has been in effect. It does not allow the shipping in of even the "quart every fifteen days" which the remainder of the state is entitled to under the new general liquor law. One other county, Cleveland, is in the same boat with us.......In a note to Mr. W. Y. Warren Mr. Harry Adams, who is undergoing treatment in the Union Protestant infirmary at Baltimore, says that he expects to get out next week and will come to Gastonia. Mr. Adams was injured in a railroad accident last August, since which time he has been in the hospital.

If You Would Enjoy Life.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't undervalue anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evils you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. Few care whether you have an earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Do not try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman; and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Christian World.

HAPPENINGS IN THE STATE

Items of Interest From All Sections of South Carolina.

The Citadel cadets are having their annual encampment at Mount Pleasant.

Governor Manning has instructed Sheriff McCain of Richland, to enforce the liquor laws in that county.

J. D. Tice, superintendent of the Anderson cotton mills, died in the state hospital for the insane last week.

According to a bulletin recently issued by the census bureau, the per capita cost of government in South Carolina in 1913, was $1.48.

Eugene Beeks, a negro, is under arrest in Greenwood, charged with snatching a purse from the hand of a lady while the latter was in a crowded store.

A block of store rooms in Iva, Anderson county, were destroyed by fire early Friday morning. The total loss was about $35,000, with about $15,000 insurance.

T. E. Johnstone of Newberry, has assumed his duties as secretary of the South Carolina sinking fund commission. He is a son of Senator Allan Johnstone of Newberry.

The postoffice, dispensary and several stores at Gilbert, in Lexington county, were broken open by robbers last Wednesday night. The guilty parties have not yet been apprehended.

The executive committee of the South Carolina Press association is meeting in Columbia today for the purpose of fixing the time for the next annual meeting of the association.

F. N. C. Roberts, wanted in Spencer, N. C., for forgery and writing worthless checks, was arrested in Spartanburg Thursday, by R. W. Nowlen, Southern railway station master at that place.

W. B. Gruber of Walterboro, has been appointed a special judge by Governor Manning, to hold the spring term of court in Union county. He takes the place of Judge Thomas H. Spain, who is ill.

Willis Ellenburg, a white man, was killed by a falling tree near Bradley, Greenwood county, last Thursday. The man was clearing a piece of woodland, misjudged the fall of the tree and was crushed to death.

A roller mill with a capacity of 25 barrels per day is to be established in Greenwood.

Mrs. G. W. Fennell of Hampton, is at the point of death as the result of a pistol wound received in her right temple last week. The lady had kindled a fire in her bedroom and reached at the mantle with her left hand for assistance in rising when she caught a mat on which the pistol was lying. The revolver fell to the floor and was discharged, the bullet taking effect in her head.

Major-General B. H. Teague of the South Carolina division, United Confederate Veterans, has appointed Miss Martha A. Bonham of Anderson, as sponsor for the 1915 re-union to be held in Columbia, April 22 and 23. Miss Olive McGowan of Columbia and Miss Caroline S. Sinkler of Eutawville, have been named maids of honor; and Mrs. R. S. Ligon of Anderson, matron of honor.

Charged with falsely representing himself for a fraudulent purpose, as having been admitted to citizenship, Constan H. Christopoulo of Charleston, has been put under bond of $500 to appear for trial in the June term of the Federal district court, United States Commissioner Huger holding a hearing of the case. Christopoulo is charged with having enrolled on the book of club 2, ward 9, after having taken the oath that he was qualified to enroll, as a citizen of the United States, among other qualifications, and thus, it is alleged, violating section 79 of the United States criminal code by falsely declaring himself a citizen of the United States with fraudulent intent. Friends of Christopoulo state that he submitted his papers of declaration of intent to become a citizen, and enrolled under the impression that these papers were sufficient for qualification, so far as citizenship went. The point is also made in his defense that those in charge of the enrollment should not have permitted him to enroll, after it was seen that he did not have final citizenship papers.

Governor Manning has named the following as chairmen of the South Carolina Belgian Relief commission in their respective counties: Rev. H. R. Chapman, Graniteville; Dr. F. E. Harrison, Abbeville; Lee G. Holleman, Anderson; Harry D. Calhoun, Barnwell; Rev. J. H. Noland, Beaufort; J. Skottowe Wannamaker, St. Matthews; Geo. W. Williams, Charleston; D. C. Ross, Gaffney; J. L. Glenn, Chester; the Evans Co., Cheraw; J. F. Peurifoy, Walterboro; Bright Williamson, Darlington; W. T. Bethea, Dillon; F. E. Hinnant, St. George; John C. Sheppard, Edgefield; W. R. Rabb, Winnsboro; M. D. Lucas, Florence; H. B. Springs, Georgetown; F. A. Lawton, Greenville; S. H. McGhee, Greenwood; Geo. W. Cox, Hampton; R. B. Scarborough, Conway; C. J. Shannon, Jr., Camden; H. K. Aiken, Laurens; W. A. James, Bishopville; S. B. George, Lexington; J. M. Hough, Lancaster; W. H. Cross, Marion; J. D. McColl, Bennettsville; B. C. Matthews, Newberry; E. C. Doyle, Seneca; F. Mason Crum, Orangeburg; McD. Bruce, Pickens; M. T. Pitts, Saluda; Jno. W. Simpson, Spartanburg; Bernard Manning, Sumter; Emslie Nicholson, Union; W. R. Timmons, Rock Hill; Hugh McCutcheon, Kingstree; J. S. Berg, Ridgeville; I. A. Barron, Manning; Dr. J. L. Strohecker, Moncks Corner; C. F. Rizer, Olar.

L. W. Wooten, a white man of Woodruff, who recently completed a sentence of one year in the Federal penitentiary, Atlanta, Ga., for the robbery of a postoffice, was arrested in Spartanburg Friday morning, charged with the theft of nine watches and a bicycle from the shop of J. O. Teague at Woodruff. The stolen property, valued at $300, was recovered.

☞ It pleases the average man more to have a woman tell him that he is the first man she ever loved than to have her tell him the truth.