

THE BAMBERG HERALD.

Established 1891

BAMBERG, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1904

One Dollar a Year

IN THE PALMETTO STATE.

INTERESTING OCCURRENCES OF VARIOUS KINDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

State News Boiled Down for Quick Reading Pungent Paragraphs About Men and Happenings.

The town of Johnston, in Edgefield county, suffered by a destructive fire in the business portion of the town last Thursday afternoon. The loss is about \$40,000, with little insurance.

At Walhalla last week Earl Rochester, a young white man, was convicted of murder for the killing of a white neighbor named Mills, and sentenced to be hanged. A motion for a new trial was quivered.

R. T. Masters, a white contractor, fell from a building in Charleston last week and was instantly killed. Two negro workmen were also seriously hurt. He was superintending a job of roofing, and the scaffold broke.

The Secretary of State has issued a charter for the building of a branch railroad from Sumter to connect with the Seaboard Air Line at McBee in Chesterfield county. The road is to go by Bishopville in Lee county.

Two negro workmen were instantly killed at the oil mill ginnery in Dillon last Friday by explosion of the steam cylinder which operated the cotton press. The negro operating the lever to open the valve threw it wide and the rush of steam burst the cylinder.

Two dispensary constables got into a personal difficulty at Eastover, in Richland county, last Wednesday, and both drew pistols and began shooting. Both were killed. They were R. L. Irby, of Laurens, and S. A. Phillips, of Eastover. Both men were married and had families. It is said they were drinking.

John Perry, a young white man, who killed another young white man named Denny Willis in Saluda county on election day, was moved from the Saluda jail to the penitentiary in Columbia last Monday, as there was threats of lynching by the friends of the dead man. The killing seems to have been an unprovoked murder.

A largely attended meeting of representative men was held in Aiken last week and a county law and order league was formally organized. Strong speeches were made by a number of gentlemen. The next meeting of the league is to be held the second Wednesday in January, and the topic for discussion will be the "jury system."

Two Kinds of Law.

Judge Julius M. Mayor tells a story in the New York Times, about a white man who was arraigned before a colored justice of the peace during reconstruction times for killing a man and stealing his mule. It was in Arkansas, near the Texas border, and there was some rivalry between the States, but the colored justice tried always to preserve an impartial frame of mind.

"We see two kinds of law in dis yere cot," he said. "Texas law an' Arkansas law. Which will you hab?"

The prisoner thought a minute and then guessed that he would take the Arkansas law.

"Den I discharge yu fo' stealin' de mule an' hang yu fo' killin' de man." "Hold on a minute, judge," said the prisoner. "Better make that Texas law."

"All right, under de law ob Texas I fine you f' killin' de man an' hang yu f' stealin' de mule."

DANGER OF A COLD.

Pneumonia, gripp, cold, bronchitis and nearly every other dangerous sickness of this kind is usually the development of a slight cough. Too many people are laid up and too many die from diseases where they could so easily knock that first cough in the head. Murray's Horehound Mullen and Tar cures colds. It just drops the bottom out of a cough. Every druggist has it for 25c a bottle. Remember "Murray's" and take no other. Regular 50c size.

Injured in Laundry.

ROCK HILL, Nov. 12.—Miss Minnie Russell, employed in the laundry at Winthrop college, was seriously injured this morning, her hand being caught between the hot rollers of the machinery. The fingers and palm were burned while the back of the hand was completely denuded of skin and flesh. Amputation may become necessary. Miss Russell lives near Yorkville.

Letter to D. J. Delk, Bamberg, S. C.

Dear Sir: Two years ago the estate of the late Congressman Scott, of Erie, Pa., painted 24 Rolling-Mill houses one coat Devco at a saving of 11 per cent for paint (lead-and-oil after the job).

That's how the tale reads. We infer what really happened.

The buyer, as usual, went by the cost of paint; got bids. Lead-and-oil bid low and guessed the quantity low; the saving was only 11 per cent.

Nobody seems to have thought of this: the painting cost two or three times as much as the paint. How much did we save on the painting? Don't know.

The tale ends with this: We often refer inquirers to those houses, for wear of Devco.

That's a good enough story; but nobody knows what it is. Our only difficulty is want of paint intelligence.

Yours truly

F W DEVCO & CO

BREEZY KENTUCKY MAYOR.

Unique and Eloquent Thanksgiving Proclamation Issued by Him.

HENDERSON, Ky., Nov. 8.—Mayor J. H. Powell, of this city, in issuing his Thanksgiving proclamation, says:

"Let us be thankful that our colonels are not so full of corn as our corn is full of kernels. Though the surrounding soil, tickled with a hoe, is laughing with a harvest, poor folks are still with us. From thin soup and cold potatoes, Good Lord deliver them!"

"Oh, Christian men and women, astonish the stomach of the starving sufferer with oysters, turkey and mince pie. Adorn the ragged pauper with comfortable clothing. An ounce of practice is worth a pound of preaching."

"Dearly beloved, let us play upon a harp of a thousand strings and sing a new song of praise, and give thanks unto the Lord for the most charming crop of beautiful babes ever born in the old town since creation dawned and the morning stars sang together. Sweet, dainty, darling ones, like sunbeams in shady places, kick up your heels and make of earth a heaven."

"With charity unto all and malice toward none, I do hereto subscribe my official signature to the words that have been written this fourth day of November."

Suspected the Cause.

At a dinner party recently given the subject of regular hours and plain diet was discussed, relates the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Several had spoken, when one of the guests remarked:

"You may not believe it, but for ten years I rose on the stroke of 6, half an hour later was at breakfast, at 7 was at work, dined at 1, had supper at 6 and was in bed at 9:30. In all that time I ate the plainest food and did not have a day's sickness."

The silence that followed was awful, but finally another guest asked:

"Will you permit a question?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "What do you wish to know?"

"Well, just out of curiosity," said the other. "I would like to know what you were jailed for."

Tess—Young Dr. Sweet is practicing now, isn't he?"

Jess (blushing)—Yes.

Tess—What are his hours?"

Jess—From 8 to 10:30 usually, but when pa's out he stays later.

Negro Goes Crazy and Kills Himself.

OLAR, Nov. 15.—Sam Trotti, a negro about 20 years old, committed suicide here yesterday by shooting himself in the stomach with a shotgun. The cause seems to have been temporary aberration of the mind.

Trotti was alone in his mother's room when she heard him make a statement about a gun. Going into the room she found him laughing with the weapon in his hands. Seeing that something was wrong with him she caught hold of her son and finally succeeding in securing possession of the gun. The boy grabbed a fire iron and tried to kill his mother, but a young sister interfered. He then turned upon the sister, biting her severely. Freeing himself he ran out of the house, going to a neighbor's about 300 yards away. He asked a woman there to let him have her husband's gun to kill a dog which had followed him and which he thought was mad. She told him she did not have the gun, but seeing it in a corner he picked it up, looked at the woman and laughed. He then walked out of the door with the weapon, deliberately placing the muzzle to his stomach and pulled the trigger, the load passing entirely through his body. Just then his mother came up. He drew a knife from his pocket and would have cut his throat had he not been prevented. The negro died shortly afterwards.

Sam Brown Arrested.

COLUMBIA, November 15.—According to a dispatch received by the Governor this morning Sam Brown, the negro charged with the murder of Mr. Allen P. Heathington, a prominent citizen of Meggett's, Colleton county, has been captured. This morning the following telegram was received from J. A. Barber, of Rock Hill, who is a deputy sheriff:

"Sam Brown, Allen P. Heathington's murderer, under arrest. Send man to identify."

Governor Heyward at once sent the following telegram to Sheriff Owens, of Walterboro:

"J. A. Barber reports arrest of Sam Brown, Heathington's murderer. Refered to you."

He also sent the following telegram to J. A. Barber:

"Communicate with Sheriff Owens at Walterboro: Have no one here to identify the accused."

There is a total of \$500 out for the murder of Allen Heathington. Governor Heyward offered \$300 and the members of the Heathington family offered \$200. The murder was committed under peculiarly unprovoked circumstances and at the time it was feared that if the negro was caught there would be violence. Brown is described as a ginger-colored negro, about five feet seven inches in height, about 20 years of age and about 120 pounds in weight. It is not known yet whether he has been positively identified or not.

COUNTRY NEWS LETTERS.

SOME INTERESTING HAPPENINGS IN VARIOUS SECTIONS.

News Items Gathered All Around the County and Elsewhere. Ehrhardt Etchings.

EHRLHARDT, November 14.—Mr. M. O. Kinard has purchased the McKenzie house and lot in town.

Mr. E. P. Copeland is all smiles; she's a twelve pound girl.

The ladies of the Methodist church gave a supper and placed about thirty dollars to the credit of their organ debt. The young folks enjoyed the occasion as well the eatables.

Miss Maud Copeland was over last week, spending some time with her brothers, Dr. J. L. I. D., and Frank Copeland.

Saturday was a very damp day, and the dispensary, no doubt, had a good business. Sunday was a blustery day; all that could be done with any success was to build a fire and sit by it.

Some of the young men of town are planning a thanksgiving hunt in place of going to church.

Dr. W. N. H. Folk, wife and daughter were in town last week shopping.

There is to be a show in town on the 18th inst. Are you going? It's a small size show.

Wood is in good demand now. Can't furnish it fast enough to satisfy the wants.

Sunday night reminded one of winter time. Did you think about it, Mr. Editor?

Rev. S. P. Chisolm was in town last week, looking after his property and arranging to rent his farm another year. He is as jovial and pleasant as ever.

Mrs. Ruth Dannelly went last week to attend a missionary meeting of the ladies in Orangeburg.

The hunters have tried the birds, but claim that the birds are hard to find. One young hunter went out last week rather late in the day, saw a lark and tried his gun, but the lark went his way singing unmolested. Near night the young hunter imagined or thought he saw several in an oak tree, and fired into what he thought was a covey of birds. My, how the oak leaves fell, but no birds in sight. JEE.

Our "Backwoods Prophet" Wrong.

Editor The Bamberg Herald:—Your "Backwoods Prophet" verifies the New Testament perfectly. With the advent of Christ, the day of prophets passed, and no man or men can divine the future, except the weather bureau, which makes a forecast for forty-eight hours ahead. That is now the limit of human prophecy. Your "Prophet" (?) stated some time ago that cotton would be 12c cents before Christmas; that flour would be \$12.00 per barrel before the new wheat crop came in. He and every one will see the folly of such nonsense ere the happy Yuletide comes; and his prophecy of Roosevelt and Parker on the eve of the election makes your readers think that he is near the right place: Columbia. Verily, "the day of the prophet has passed!"

READER.

A HEAVY LOAD.

To lift that load off the stomach take Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. Sour stomach, belching, gas on stomach and disorders of the stomach that are curable, are instantly relieved and cured by the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. S. P. Storrs, a druggist at 297 Main street, New Britain, Conn., says: "Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is giving such universal satisfaction and is so surely becoming the positive relief and subsequent cure for this distressing ailment, I feel that I am always sure to satisfy and gratify my customers by recommending it to them. I write this to show how well the remedy is spoken of here." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure was discovered after years of scientific experiments and will cure all stomach troubles. Sold by H. E. Hoover.

An Honest Boy.

There were a dozen of us waiting around the depot at Chattanooga to take the train for Atlanta, and pretty soon a stout, red-faced and high-tempered man from Columbus, O., began jawing about the way he had been bled by the waiters at the hotel, and added that there wasn't a single honest nigger south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"I beg your pardon, but I must differ from you," remarked a man from South Carolina.

"Differ be hang'd!" shouted the fat man. "I wouldn't trust one of 'em out of sight with a ten cent piece."

"Oh, you certainly misunderstand them. I'll bet you the cigars that if I give one of 'em a \$10 bill to get changed he'll return as straight as a string."

"I'll do it; give your money to that chap by the window!"

The gentleman walked over, took a bill from his pocket and quietly said:

"Boy, run up town and get change for this."

"Yes, sah," was the reply, as the youth hurried out.

In about fifteen minutes he returned, walked up to the Carolinian and returned the bill and said:

"Went all ober, sah, but couldn't git it busted."

He was rewarded with a dime, and the Buckeye, after a great deal of puffing and blowing, and wondering over it, paid for the cigars. As we boarded the train I asked the winner:

"Did you know the boy?"

For an answer he took the bill from his vest pocket and unfolded it. It was a \$10 Confederate note.—Free Press.

A GOOD COMPLEXION.

"Sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks restored," by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers," writes S. P. Moore, Nacogdoches, Tex. Certain cure for biliousness, constipation. Small pill, easy to take, easy to act. Sold by H. E. Hoover.

WEDDING AT EHRLHARDT.

Mr. S. W. Sandifer and Miss Mattie Kinard Made One by Two Ministers.

Ehrhardt and vicinity was all astir yesterday; the weather was propitious; the sun shone brightly and a gentle breeze blew just enough to ruffle the leaves which had been made crisp by the early winter's frost, all of which added pleasure to the happy event which was to take place at six o'clock that evening: that of the marriage of one of Bamberg county's well-known young men, Mr. Simmie Sandifer, a son of Mr. P. W. Sandifer, and Miss Mattie Kinard, a daughter of Mr. C. F. Kinard, a venerable and highly respected citizen, who resides near the city of Ehrhardt.

The bridal party assembled at the hospitable home one mile from town, and just as the sun was sinking beneath a canopy of sapphire and of gold, they left in carriages for the church which was handsomely and appropriately decorated, and filled to overflowing with friends of the popular couple. The party entered the church in the following order in response to the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, which was rendered by Miss Alma Sandifer, a sister of the groom;

Mr. Harry Murphy with Miss Kate Thomas; Mr. Malcolm N. Rice with Miss Naomi Sandifer; Mr. J. Williams Carter with Miss Sophie Copeland; Mr. Laurie McMillan with Miss Dora Kinard; Mr. B. W. Miley with Miss Banna Westberry; Mr. Groaton E. Bamberg with Miss Virgie Ehrhardt; Mr. Isaac Felder with Miss Florrie Chassereau; Mr. Harry Felder with Miss Eugenia Folk; Revs. S. P. Hair and P. E. Monroe, accompanied by the ushers, Messrs. Frank Copeland and Emory A. Hooton.

The groom with his brother, Mr. J. Clifton Sandifer, of Augusta, came up one aisle, and were met at the altar by Miss Mollie Creech, of Allendale, as maid of honor, and the bride.

The ceremony was interspersed with soft strains of music. After the ceremony the party left the church in inverse order, the last going first, repairing to the Sunday-school room where they were they were intercepted by the crowd and the happy couple congratulated to the surprise and delay of the party.

The supper was one that we used to read of in ante bellum days, but the like of which we never see any more—with its turkey, chicken, duck, lamb, and salads galore.

The bridesmaids were attired in handsome white silks, trimmed in fine lace and ribbons, and were a lovely set of young women. The presents were numerous, consisting mainly of silver and cut glass. At the hour named on the invitations, 10 p. m., the crowd departed, lingering till the last tick of the clock and feeling that it must have erred in saying: time to bid adieu.

Olaf, S. C., November 10, 1904.

FOR JACKSON AND PARKER.

Veteran Texan Who Voted in 1824 Hopes Still to See Victory.

DALLAS, Tex., November 14.—Judge Bennett Smith, of Woodbury, Tex., 98 years old, who voted for Andrew Jackson, was at the polls Tuesday and voted for Parker.

Judge Smith was born in Buncombe county, North Carolina, September 25, 1806, and voted for Jackson in 1824, and has voted the Democratic ticket ever since. He moved to Texas in 1839, when Texas was a Republic. He was county judge of Rusk county for four years. He lived in East Texas for 34 years and then moved to Hill county in 1867, and has resided in that county ever since.

Having the best of health, he is active for one of his age, and says he is hopeful of living to cast a winning Democratic ballot in 1908.

It is said that Judge Parker will become general counsel for the street railway system of New York, at a salary of \$50,000 a year.

Jenkins, writing to thank his aunt for a large goose sent at Christmas: "You could not have sent me a more acceptable present, or one that would have reminded me of you more pleasantly."

A Jersey City justice has decided that it is no crime to eat a meal in a restaurant and then refuse to pay for it. As a matter of precaution, however it will be wise to wear a sofa pillow where it will do the most good.

Highwayman to Mr. Levy, second-hand dealer in miscellaneous property: "Your money or your life." Mr. Levy: "Mine friend, you can not expect me to give you my money for nothings, and my life won't do you no good. But I tell you I will do it. I will buy that pistol off you at a fair price."

A young lawyer making his first address to a jury, created a lot of merriment down in Henry county, the other day. "Gentlemen," he said, nervously, "it has been clearly shown that this wagon struck and killed the man and ten minutes later he died." There were two Irishmen on the jury, and they were so tickled they assisted in getting a big verdict for the young lawyer.

MOTHERS PRAISE IT.

Mothers praise One Minute Cough Cure for sufferings it has relieved and lives of little ones it has saved. Certain cure for coughs, croup and whooping cough. A. L. Spafford, postmaster, at Chester, Mich., says: "Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a terrible attack of croup. One Minute Cough Cure relieved and cured her and I cannot praise it too highly." One Minute Cough Cure relieves coughs, makes breathing easy, cuts out phlegm, draws out inflammation, and removes every cause of a cough and strain on lungs. Sold by H. E. Hoover.

COTTON PICKER SUCCESSFUL.

Machine Given Practical Test with Good Results Not Entirely Automatic.

ALBANY, Ga., Nov. 2.—A cotton picking machine has at last been invented and given a successful trial in the cotton fields near Albany.

The machine is not entirely automatic, as the arms that carry the little wheels which gather in the staple must be directed by the human hands to the open bolls. The arms carry a chain with hooked teeth, adjusted like the chain of a bicycle: When the machine is in operation this chain revolves rapidly and the curved hooks gather up the staple the instant it touches the open boll and carries the cotton upward until it is flocked off into a receptacle by a revolving brush. The machine carries four operators and a driver, for each of whom a comfortable seat is provided. There is no necessity for any bending or stooping on the part of the operative, and all he is required to do is to direct the well balanced and nicely adjusted arms of the machine. It is estimated that each arm should gather up one boll per second at a very slow rate of speed, making 480 bolls per minute for the four operators, or 28,800 per hour. As the bolls early in the season average 80 to 80 to the pound, one machine can pick from 3,600 to 4,800 pounds per day of 10 hours. One of these machines with four boys and a driver can do the work of 20 average pickers.

The Christmas Delineator.

The December Delineator, with its message of good cheer and helpfulness, will be welcomed in every home. The fashion pages illustrating and describing the very latest modes in a way to make their construction during the busy festive season a pleasure instead of a task, and the literary and pictorial features are of rare excellence. A selection of love songs from the Wagner operas, rendered into English by Richard de Gallienne and beautifully illustrated in colors by J. C. Leyendecker, occupies a prominent place, and a chapter in the composers' series, relating the romance of Wagner and Cosima, is an interesting supplement to the lyrics. A clever paper entitled "The Court Circles of the Republic," describes some unique phases of Washington social life from an unnamed contributor, who is said to write from the inner circles of society. There are short stories from the pens of F. Hopkinson Smith, Robert Grant, Alice Brown, Mary Stewart Cutting and Elmore Elliott Peake, and such interesting writers as Julia Magruder, L. Frank Baum, and Grace MacGowan Cook hold the attention of the children. Many Christmas suggestions are given in needlework and the cookery pages are redolent of the Christmas feast. In addition, there are the regular departments of the magazine, with many special articles on topics relating to woman's interests within and without the home.

Brother Dickey on the Election.

Once mo' de 'publikins own de country; bu' ef dey puts it up fer sale, we'll all be at de auction.

De silent vote is what does de business; de man dat hoorays de louders' sometimes misses de train—kase his voice drowns de whistle.

De whole duty now is ter build up de country, en rent it out fer a good interest. Hit's a foolish man dat fights over a candidate, w'en dey so thick in de country you even stumbles over some er 'um in church.

Fer all de howlin' er parties, dey ain't no north or south, w'en it comes ter de dollar wid de eagle on it.

The Inspector Was About.

August Herman, the president of the National Baseball commission, is heartily opposed to child labor, says The Boston Post.

"Child labor," he said recently, "is an interesting subject to me. I like to talk about it to manufacturers and to factory inspectors. I get from these men a good deal of valuable and striking information."

"A factory inspector in the South told me once a little episode about child labor that made me laugh. There was also in this episode, however, food for sober thought."

"The man said that he went one day to examine a mill that was notorious for employment of children under the legal age. Wind of his coming somehow reached the mill ahead of him, and the little fellows were stowed away in various hiding places. Thus, on his inspection, he found a number of idle children, but not children under age."

"He went prowling about suspiciously, for he knew that he was being deceived. In the stock room he noticed a big packing case, and going over to it, he lifted up the lid. Inside sat a little chap of 8 or 9 years."

"The inspector looked down at the boy. The boy looked up at him, and frowned and shook his head."

"What are you doing in there?" said the man.

"Shut your mouth, you fool, and put the lid down," the boy whispered. "Don't you know the inspector's about?"

TO CURE A COUGH.

The coughs so prevalent these days usually develop before you realize what has happened. The best thing to do is to take the most reliable cough cure you can get. None better than Murray's Horehound Mullen and Tar. It is made of the purest ingredients and can be given to infants as well as grown people. Above all else it cures. You will find it at all druggists. 25c a bottle—extra large bottles.

HUNTED NEGRO WITH HER RIFLE.

A Granddaughter of Wade Hampton Protects Her Honor from a Black Brute

DOTLESTOWN, Pa., November 12.—A fiendish attempt to criminally assault Mrs. William Copeland, a fine looking Georgia woman of about 35 years, granddaughter of Gen. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, was made near Plumsteadville last evening by a young mulatto, and the community is thoroughly aroused.

Mrs. Copeland went to the barn last evening to feed the pet pigeons, as is her custom.

Just as she entered the barn door a negro sprang upon her and a terrible struggle ensued. Mrs. Copeland fought with all her strength, and though nearly all her clothing was torn off, succeeded finally in escaping from the negro's clutches and rushed to her house, where she secured a rifle, with which she is an expert, and started out to hunt her assailant. Neighbors attracted by her cries flocked to the scene and aided her in the search, but the negro had made good his escape. Mrs. Copeland, born in Georgia, was for some years a member of the staff of the New York Herald.

Some years ago she married William Copeland, of Virginia. Her husband spent today with a posse searching for the negro.

Marvelous Corn Crop.

Our corn crop of this year, if massed together, would cover sixty acres of ground to the depth of nearly sixteen hundred feet—a veritable mountain of corn over a third of a mile high. If divided equally among the population of the earth it would give each person nearly two bushels.

One practical deduction of the enormous corn crop ought to be a material reduction in the price of beef for home consumption, since it is the crop on which beef cattle are chiefly fed.

In many parts of the West the harvest has been abundant, but in Oklahoma, especially, the farmers this year are boastful of their corn crop. Favorable climatic conditions produced a record breaking yield. In many instances the ears and stalks are of such unusual size as to be veritable curiosities.

In a field owned by Walter Mathews, a farmer near the town of Mulhall, in Logan county, an eleven-year-old boy, weighing eighty pounds, climbed a stalk to a height of four feet, without its bending with him. The stalk was strongly rooted, and about sixteen feet high.

While the growth in Oklahoma was exceptional, no traveller through the West this fall could fail to be impressed with the vastness of the corn area and the immensity of the corn crop.—Lealie's Weekly.

FUN WITH A BRIDAL COUPLE.

Kidnapped by Their Friends on Their Way From the Church and Are Made a Ludicrous Spectacle.

The following account of a wedding is contained in a special from Indianapolis, Ind., to The Baltimore American:

As the bridal party at the wedding of Hugh Bonte Raymond and Susan Roots Thompson filed out of Christ church the bride and bridegroom entered a carriage and started to the home of the bride's father, Dr. Eugene C. Thompson, for the post nuptial reception, but before they knew what happened their carriage was driven around the corner by the city library, the horses unhitched and the carriage attached to a huge transfer wagon in waiting.

On the wagon sat a "rube" band and a number of young men in full dress and silk ties.

The band struck up, the young men shot off fireworks and yelled, waving a banner which read, "Just Married, Susie and Hughie."

They drove through the principal downtown streets scattering hand bills which read: "A Happy Pair, Just Married, Hugh Bump Raymond and Sue Boots Thompson. Don't Guy Them. They Are So Happy."

The procession rounded the Circle and started down North Meridian street when the imprisoned bride spied a cabman coming their way. As he came alongside their carriage the bride leaped from her carriage her bridal veil fluttering, and jumped into the passing carriage. Mr. Raymond was in at the other door in a jiffy, giving orders to the cabman to drive away at top speed. He lashed his horses, and they were off around the Circle before the kidnappers could fathom the mysterious alacrity of their escape.

A HANDY REMEDY.

Hancock's Liquid Sulphur is a Friend in the Household.

Every home requires certain well-chosen remedies of scientific, modern type, for use in emergency or on appearance of chronic disorders. Hancock's Liquid Sulphur is such a preparation and is unequalled in its sphere. In value unapproached when added to bathing waters, it gives them all the tonic properties of finest sulphur springs. The power of Hancock's Liquid Sulphur—Nature's greatest germicide—is absolute over acne, itch, herpes, burns and scalds, ringworm and pimples, prickly heat, diphtheria, catarrh, canker and other soreness of the scalp, eyelids, nose, mouth or throat. At leading pharmacists. Request descriptive booklet of Hancock's Liquid Sulphur Co., Baltimore.