

**DON'T WANT KENNEDY FREED.**

**Barnwell People Petition Governor Not to Pardon Him.**

Representative Jas. E. Davis of Barnwell filed with Governor Blease, Tuesday afternoon, a petition counter to that recently presented in behalf of J. Chester Kennedy, the young white man who was two years ago convicted of procuring the murder of a neighbor, Perry Ussery, on the public square in Barnwell, by negro assassins. Kennedy is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Mr. Davis, formerly solicitor, made a strong personal appeal to the governor not to turn Kennedy loose on the community again. Mr. Davis was one of the attorneys assisting Solicitor Byrnes in the prosecution. Mr. Davis' former partner, Mr. Arthur Best, of Barnwell, was one of the attorneys listed by Governor Blease, in his recent letter to the chief justice, as "eligible" to appointment for service as special judges.

Mr. Davis said that one of the endorsements on the counter petition was by Magistrate T. S. Dunbar of Four-Mile, who swore Governor Blease into office. "For God's sake don't grant it," is the plea of the aged magistrate to the governor, in regard to a pardon for Kennedy.

**THE CALL FROM THE DESERT.**

"Not yet," said Marjorie. "I can't marry you yet, Jack."

"But why not?" persisted Captain Aymere. "Is it the same old story? Is it that you won't believe—or can't believe—that Guy is dead?"

She gave a little shudder.

"Yes, that is why," she answered. "But three years have passed since he was killed," said Aymere. "Three years! His own men brought to Tangier the news of his death."

Aymere took her hands in his. She was very beautiful, this first love of his—more beautiful even than when she married Rolfe, who was once his friend—Rolfe who had treated her brutally, who had neglected her, who had gone off at last to Morocco on one of his expeditions and had never returned.

It was quite true that Aymere had always adored Marjorie. When she married Rolfe he suffered cruelly, but he had striven to keep the man's friendship, and from afar, as it were, he worshipped the woman who had sacrificed herself to so unworthy a husband. But time, the healer, had wrought changes of great import to Jack Aymere. Rolfe was dead, without a doubt, and Marjorie was to be won. He knew that she loved him. For two years after Rolfe's death he never saw her, but then he came and asked her to be his wife. She refused, as she was refusing now; the old dread was always in her heart.

But Aymere was a persistent lover, and the knowledge that Marjorie returned his love made him sure that in the end he would win her—and at last she did consent. The day was fixed and presents and congratulations poured in.

Then came the bombshell, for Rolfe, after all, had not been killed. He was a captive in the hands of the Moors. The same American consul who had sent the news of his death to Marjorie three years ago now sent this fresh, this stunning intelligence.

When Marjorie received the news she sent for Captain Aymere.

Aymere guessed in an instant what had happened. One glance at Marjorie's face and he knew the truth.

"So you were right," he said quietly. "He is alive!"

She handed him a letter, and waited in silence until he had read it through to the end.

A few days later the couple, accompanied by Marjorie's brother Reggie, were on their way to Tangier.

After an uneventful voyage, they arrived in northern Africa, where the American consul had secured a guide, and one week later a well equipped caravan started southward over the desert.

The caravan crawled slowly. Abu Yusef, the guide, was a man of few words, but he had told Aymere that Rolfe had sent him to Tangier, promising him a rich reward if he succeeded in getting help.

The caravan moved more quickly as the higher lands were reached, where the cool breezes blew from the mountains.

At last the mountains were crossed, and in a valley beyond lay a little white town, to the left of which, looking very tall and slender at so great a distance, was a tower.

Abu Yusef touched Aymere's sleeve.

"He is there!" he said.

Aymere nodded.

"I will go to him to-night—alone," he whispered. "Do not tell the others. We will camp here."

He stole away about midnight, when all except Abu Yusef and Marjorie were slumbering.

The night was wonderfully bright and clear. The moonlight silvered the desert, the stars blazed in their glory, and a pure cold wind was blowing. Once or twice some dark creature

leaped or slunk away from Aymere's path; now and again the hideous yells of the hyenas rang and echoed. But silence was reigning when he came to a halt beneath a barred window of the tower.

For a little while he stood there, with bowed head, as though in deep reflection; then he glanced up and gave a low whistle. Years and years ago, when he and Rolfe had been friends, Rolfe had known that whistle well.

At first there came no answer. Aymere whistled again, still very softly—then waited. Presently he heard a rustling, a sound as of a chain clanking.

And in another moment Aymere beheld a dreadful face—a face dark as a Moor's, bearded and disfigured. The man wore a turban, and for an instant Aymere believed there had been a mistake. This could not be Rolfe, this wretch, whose fingers, like talons, clutched the bars, and whose eyes glanced like the eyes of a wild beast.

But it was.

"Is that Abu Yusef?" croaked Rolfe.

"Rolfe!" answered Aymere. "I whistled. I have come here to try to rescue you. Abu Yusef is at the camp at the foot of the mountains."

"Aymere! You? Why have you come? To gloat over a poor wretch who has suffered torments, who has been doomed to live and die in this vile prison? Why have you come? Not out of pity! I know that well enough. I remember—I remember—I struck you once and forbade you my house. You were making love to my wife, you fool! And now you come here to taunt me, to say you thought I was dead, to tell me that you have married her!"

"Rolfe!" he said. "You must let me speak. I know what you must have suffered. I shall forget what you have just said to me. I came here to help you to get free. Your wife is at the camp with her brother. It is true that we thought you were dead. It is true that I meant to marry Marjorie. But when the news came from Tangier that you lived we set out in search of you."

Rolfe gave a snarl of rage. "Yes, I understand," he croaked, glaring at Aymere with hate in his eyes. "You have come here to make a bargain with me. You knew that I was a captive in this vile hole, and that I should be only too glad to get out on any terms. Is there anything else?"

Aymere turned without a word and walked away, unheeding Rolfe's cries still ringing in his ears, until the distance made them fainter, and at last they died away.

Abu Yusef was standing at his post, and Marjorie stole from her tent and came noiselessly toward him.

"Is he there?" she whispered, laying her hand on Aymere's sleeve. "Is he there?"

"Yes," he answered. "I am going back to set him free. You will remain here. Abu Yusef and Reggie will accompany me."

Soon the three men were gone, and the camel drivers had lain down again to continue their slumbers, for Marjorie had volunteered to play the sentinel. She stood there in the silver moonlight—a tall, slim figure—and watched the rescuers go upon their way. She glanced around upon the sleeping camel drivers, hesitated a moment, then set off swiftly in pursuit of the rescuers. She halted now and then, and hid behind rocks and boulders, lest they might turn and see her.

The three men reached their goal at last. She saw them halt and look upward, then she heard a peculiar whistle. Aymere was giving his old signal.

Then came a rasping noise as though some one was using a file. She crouched, listening, and then just below her and coming up the slope she beheld a white-robed figure, carrying what appeared to be a long gun or spear. Trembling, she grasped her heavy revolver in her slender fingers.

The man came noiselessly up the slope. She now saw that his weapon was a long rifle, and so closely did she crouch against the wall in the shadow that he never dreamed that a woman was within six feet of him.

A bar came falling from the window—then another. Rolfe, the captive, had been given a file, and was making frantic efforts to get rid of his chains. At last those who waited saw his face again.

"Free! I am free!" he croaked. "Help me down!"

"Come!" said Aymere. Rolfe by a desperate effort, scrambled from his horrible dungeon half way through the window.

Suddenly a tall figure in white rose from the ground, and the long barrel of a Moorish rifle was pointed straight at the wretch who had so nearly gained his liberty.

Crack! Crack!

The Moor, his rifle undischarged, gave a hoarse cry, spun round, and dropped in a heap. A woman came running to the rescuers, her revolver

"O'Riley is coming!"

**TRAIN ROBBERS ARRESTED.**

**Men Who Raided Train and Killed Porter Caught.**

Mobile, Ala., March 8.—W. A. Pinkerton, head of the Pinkerton detective agency, who is in this city, was notified to-day in a telegram from Chicago of the capture in the woods of Michigan of the robbers who robbed the mail train on the Oregon Short Line some time ago.

The men arrested are Thomas O'Hara and Victor Close. At the time of the robbery one of the porters on the train was shot to death and another wounded. The men were traced to the woods of northern Michigan, but the arrests were not made until the conductor of the train was taken to Michigan and identified the men.

**Not a Word of Scandal**

marred the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. P. Spangh, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "she told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c. at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

**How One Wife Managed.**

I know of a couple who began their home making with the idea of the wife having a small independence of her own. So each year she took for her own a young pig from the litter, to which she gave personal attention. In the meantime she learned to cure the meat and hams to perfection. In the course of time she became an authority in her immediate vicinity upon curing hams and her product brought an extra price. Through the years the little bank account grew. One day the question of a college education for the children was in the balance. The father thought he could manage to provide for the boys, but, to his way of thinking, the girls did not need a college education. The wife did not think that way about it and when the time came and the whole issue had resolved itself into where the money was to come from, it then developed that the little bank account was quite adequate for the oldest daughter. The little sum has been passed on from one to another member of the family. And now three girls owe their splendid college training to the very small beginning in the early days.

A satisfactory partnership in financial matters is without doubt the lot of a great majority of housewives. After all, isn't faith the root of the whole matter? Mutual confidence. Whatever the scheme of disbursement, without faith there is trouble ahead for one or both.—Progressive Farmer.

**A Dreadful Sight**

to H. J. Barnum, of Freeville, N. Y., was the fever-sore that had plagued his life for five years in spite of many remedies he had tried. At last he used Bucklen's Arnica Salve and wrote: "it has entirely healed with scarcely a scar left." Heals burns, boils, eczema, cuts, bruises, swellings, corn and piles like magic. Only 25c. at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

smoking in her hand.

"Marjorie!" cried Aymere. "You!"

"Look out!" exclaimed Reggie.

Rolfe, desperately wild for freedom, had striven to leap down from the window. Aymere and Abu Yusef leaped to break his fall, but it was Aymere who half lifted him again to his feet. Then he struggled like a mad man from the captain's grip, and with one of his horrible laughs struck him in the face.

Aymere reeled and Rolfe at that instant snatched the revolver from Marjorie's hand.

With a frenzied howl, he fired point blank at Aymere. Marjorie gave a scream and knocked the barrel upward.

"Ah! You too!" snarled Rolfe. "I'll kill you both!"

There was a convulsive movement of the white figure that lay but a few feet from the others, a cry of warning from Marjorie, and the sound of a shot rang through the night. The Moor even in his death agony, had gripped his long gun and fired at his prisoner.

The revolver dropped from Rolfe's hand, he pitched forward and fell sprawling at Aymere's feet, shot through the heart.

For a while a great silence reigned. Abu Yusef was kneeling beside the dead Moor, Aymere and Reggie were bending over Rolfe's body, and Marjorie, a little apart from the rest, stood shuddering.

Presently Aymere took her hand.

"Come," he said, "let us go. He is dead. And look, the dawn is breaking. We must go back—back over the mountains while there is time. If we wait it may be too late."

Soon the caravan started on its way across the mountains, the full glory of dawn burst upon the desert. Marjorie and Aymere rode side by side in silence, a strange and wonderful peace reigning in their hearts, and in their eyes the love-light shone.

"O'Riley is coming!"

**FRANCE TO CHOP TWO HEADS.**

**Two Youths, Both Under Seventeen Years, to be Executed.**

A dispatch from Paris says: This city which has long been familiar with bloody scenes, will soon witness the decapitation of two boys unless their sentence be commuted to imprisonment.

The boys, both under 17 years old, were recently condemned to death at the Seine assize court for the murder of a collector in the service of a banking company. The two boys, Georges Tisser, aged 17, and Paul Desmarest, aged 16, deliberately lured the collector with a \$25 note to the flat where Tisser lived with his mother, and while the collector was looking at the document they killed him.

The lads had been brought up to a trade by their parents, respectable people, and they were alleged to have found about \$800 in Andre's bag. They disappeared from their homes and went to a hotel. They soon blossomed out in brand-new suits of clothes, and thus attired they proceeded to different cafes and restaurants, where they spent their money freely. They were betrayed by two girls, upon whom they had spent the stolen money.

During the trial the judge asked Desmarest who conceived the idea of the crime, and he replied: "Tissier; as he had been in a commercial establishment, he knew what I did not—how the collectors called."

Tissier interrupted: "Desmarest is not speaking the truth. It was he who suggested the crime."

Desmarest exclaimed: "I persist in my statement. How could I, who had never committed a theft, have thought of a crime? Do people begin with a murder?"

Despite the judge's charge that Tissier, who dealt the fatal blow, alone was the murderer, and that extenuating circumstances might be urged in favor of Desmarest, the jury returned in the affirmative to all the questions, and the death penalty was passed on both youths.

The verdict caused a stir among those in court, most of whom were fashionably dressed women.

**Forced to Leave Home.**

Every year a large number of poor sufferers, whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs, are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. There's a better way. Let Dr. King's New Discovery cure you at home. "It cured me of lung trouble," writes W. R. Nelson, of Calamine, Ark., "when all else failed and I gained 47 pounds in weight. It's surely the king of all cough and lung cures." Thousands owe their lives and health to it. It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, lagrippe, asthma, croup—all throat and lung troubles. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

**Case Puzzles Physicians.**

For seven days William Sherdivine has lain apparently dead in his home in South Norwalk. The physicians say there has been no sign of respiration during that period. It has been impossible to give him nourishment. Yet when a needle is thrust deep into the flesh at a nerve center he moves, which shows that he is alive.

Mr. Sherdivine has been in ill health for a long time and a week ago he was stricken with what seemed to be apoplexy. His body became rigid. A mirror placed to his lips failed to show any signs of moisture. Dr. John Dollmer, the family physician, pronounced him dead. His wife, who believed herself a widow, and his two stepsons were about to put on mourning and arrange for the funeral, when one of them noticed that the body was still warm.

Unable to believe that he could be alive, but unwilling to ignore the least doubt, they called back the physician.

He was astounded. Other practitioners were called in and they applied all known tests to determine if there were still life in the body. The patient did not respond to any of the tests until the needle was pressed to a nerve center. A quick movement of the body was the immediate result.

The next day his condition was exactly the same, and it has remained the same ever since. There is no pulse beat apparently, but the body remains warm.

The physicians acknowledge themselves completely baffled by the remarkable phenomenon.—New York American.

**No Need to Stop Work.**

When your doctor orders you to stop work, it staggers you. "I can't" you say. You know you are weak, run-down and falling in health, day by day, but you must work as long as you can stand. What you need is Electric Bitters to give tone, strength, and vigor to your system, to prevent breakdown and build you up. Don't be weak, sickly or ailing when Electric Bitters will benefit you from the first dose. Thousands bless them for their glorious health and strength. Try them. Every bottle is guaranteed to satisfy. Only 50c. at Peoples Drug Co., Bamberg, S. C.

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Our Mr. J. J. Jones has just returned from East St. Louis, where he purchased two cars of extra fine Horses and Mules. They have just arrived, and if you want to see some of the handsomest stock that ever came into this country, come and see these loads. They will go rapidly, as they are extra good ones, so come early.

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Because: its dealings with All Customers Are Always Confidential, and it is always ready to assist and advise.

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