

HAD THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

American Who was Compelled to Look Down Winchester's.

Bert Wirshing, a Kansas boy, enjoyed the sensation a few days ago of looking down the muzzles of 75 different Winchester rifles, one at a time. Every time he took a look into a gun he was forced to shout "Viva Francisco Madero." But he wasn't alone in that achievement. All of the other passengers on a Mexican railroad had to do the same thing.

It is a thrilling story that Wirshing relates in a letter to his father at Sterling, Kan. The young man was on his way to Monterey to build a big electric power plant for an American syndicate, when the train was held up by a squad of revolutionists. He tells the story in this entertaining manner:

Dear Father: Were you ever forced to look down the muzzles of 75 Winchester rifles?

There is a sensation connected with it that I can't fully explain, although I have realized it. The first thing that dawns upon you is the question, what to do? Should you pray, sing, dance, or beg; but before you have time to decide, you find yourself responding to the commands of the voices behind the cannons and shouting, "Viva Francisco Madero."

I secured a contract in Monterey on Wednesday, and that evening bought a ticket to Torreon. The International and Central lines run almost parallel from Monterey to Torreon, and owing to bridges being dynamited and burned on the International, I took the Central, it being the only line out of six in operation. Knowing that we would be late in getting into Torreon, I decided to sleep as late as I could, and that sleep was not interrupted until 8:30 the next morning, when I was awakened by the firing of shots and shouts from outside and the screams of women in the car. The train was slowing down. The little nerve that I had left prompted me to sit up in my berth and raise the curtain. Upon looking out I saw mounted "revolutos" dashing from every direction. It did not take them long to form a line as long as our train, and upon a signal from their "Jefe" they let out a "Grito," "Viva Madero!" The engineer and fireman were ordered to dismount and join the file of the "revolutos." The conductor, a little Irishman of about 65 years, rushed out and gave the captain a Methodist handshake and told him in his crude Spanish that the train was at his disposal, even to the passengers. The captain pointed toward the burning bridge ahead of us, to which the conductor nodded approval, stating that he did just right, that we did not want to go to Torreon any way, and pleaded that he allow us to turn back. His request was disregarded and the soldiers given orders to come forward.

Every tenth man dismounted and drew a long saber, which to me looked longer than the Pullman car, and proceeded to cut the fence down. Then they formed in Indian file and marched around the train, each pointing his gun into the windows and asking each passenger "Quin Vive?" to which each had to reply, "Viva Francisco Madero." As the rebels passed from one window to the other each individual had to respond, and when the 75 had passed we had answered "Viva Francisco Madero" 75 times. It was comical but hardly the place to laugh. Can you imagine me sitting up in my night shirt saluting 75 rebels individually and shouting 75 times "Viva Francisco Madero?" The women certainly were brave, for after he had pushed them all into a stuffy drawing room we never heard a sound from them. Did you ever feel that you were about ready to salute St. Peter? Well, that's the way we all felt for a while, but we were all quite constrained and just stood waiting developments and perhaps waiting to pick holes out of one another. A young American in the car who had just come down from East Orange, N. J., didn't realize our predicament, and started to talk about the "Gringos" and Uncle Sam's soldiers stationed at Ft. Sam Houston, but was soon hushed up by a German, who said, "Mine Got, man don't speak mit de Gringos here, they will kill us yet." The rebels didn't enter the Pullman car, but searched the first and second-class cars for guns and ammunition. They took only what guns and ammunition they could find, and did not ask for money. They are not thieves, but are soldiers, fighting for a cause. They relieved the express messenger of the food in the car, stating that they were hungry and hadn't eaten for two days. They did not bother the mail, and after detaining the train for about 45 minutes gave the conductor orders to back up and hurry before they burned the

TO CARE FOR JONES.

Movement on Foot to Aid Davis's Body Servant.

Washington, June 21.—It became known here to-day that a movement will probably be begun soon to take care of James Jones, the old negro servant of Jefferson Davis, said to be the only living person who knows where the great seal of the Confederacy is hidden. A day or two ago Senator Lodge introduced a resolution to abolish several positions around the senate, one of these being held by Jones, who had had it a number of years. It is not known whether Jones's recent statement to the papers in connection with the seal and the cane which the Davis family gave him, had anything to do with his forthcoming dismissal, but the fact remains that he will soon lose his place. If the movement takes definite form Jones will probably be well taken care of during the remainder of his life by the Southern people.

Saved By Col. Jenkins.

One of those singular incidents of the war between the sections that turn up in this far day came to light when Col. Thomas S. McGraw came to Columbia Friday last to visit Maj. Micah Jenkins at Mr. Robert F. Jenkins'. Col. McGraw was a corporal of the Sixteenth Michigan at Gaines' Mill; Col. Jenkins was in command of the Palmetto Sharpshooters in the same battle. The Michiganders late in the afternoon advanced silently toward the position of the sharpshooters. Col. Jenkins called out to know who they were, and receiving no answer, called again to the effect that if they did not answer whether they were friends or foes he would order a volley. The column came steadily on; then their commander ordered "Halt! Front!" Col. Jenkins had the volley put at them, with the result that the company was almost completely destroyed.

Col. McGraw was left on the field after the encounter. He had been shot through the shoulder, the ball coming out under the shoulder blade on the opposite side and grazing his spine, paralyzing him completely. All the ensuing night and a part of the next day he lay on the field practically without assistance. When the attention of Col. Jenkins was called to the Union man he went to him in person and giving him a drink of brandy had him removed to the field hospital. Col. McGraw was then transferred to Libby prison in Richmond, where after six weeks' time he was exchanged. When he finally returned home Col. McGraw was for sixteen months unable to stand. This wound terminated his career in the war.

Col. McGraw says his recent visit to Columbia was induced by the desire to meet and know the sons of Col. Jenkins to whom he owes his life, and to tell them of the affection he feels toward the family of his benefactor at the battle of Gaines' Mill.—Columbia Record.

Too Late.

Years ago, when the "Panhandle" railroad was in course of construction, its progress was a matter of great interest to the people of the region. A farmer who sold provisions to the contractors often reached the place where the men were at work at meal time. He was greatly impressed at their voracity. The work was hard and when the dinner bell rang every man made a dash for the table, and before any one could believe it possible the food had disappeared.

One day a workman on his way to the table tripped on the roof of a tree and fell. He lay quite still, making no attempt to rise.

The farmer rushed to him in great concern.

"Are you badly hurt?"

"No," answered the man.

"Well, why don't you get up and go to your dinner?"

"No use," returned the other, sadly. "It's too late now."—Youth's Companion.

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bridges behind us. We backed up, for hours it seemed, until finally we arrived at Estacion Hypolito, where we had breakfast at midday. From there we continued to Monterey, arriving there at 8 o'clock in the evening. One of the passengers inquired of the auditor what we should do with our tickets, and he suggested that we keep them until the war is over and then ride them out.

Our twenty-four hours' ride to the rebel camp was indeed a thrilling experience, and one that I shall not forget. The rebels all had mounds, wore good clothing and had saddles adorned with silver trimmings. A number of them wore large pictures of saints on their breasts and I noticed that the women in the first and second-class coaches gave them their rosaries to wear.—Kansas City Journal.

FIRE THE FIRST SHOT.

Edmund Ruffin Started the Struggle; Later Committed Suicide.

There is always a fascination about the first, whether it's a baby, a pair of trousers, a high hat or the discoverer of the north pole.

And so it is that, with the fiftieth anniversary of the civil war, there is a particular interest attaching to the man who fired the first shot.

There has been some dispute about it, but the consensus of opinion has settled upon Edmund Ruffin as the one who "fired the shot that freed the slaves." Certain it is that he suffered the ill fortune that pursues so many benefactors of the human race, because he ended a career of misery by firing a final shot that gave him entrance to "that bourne from which no traveler ever returns."

Withal, he was an unwilling benefactor, because he was such an ardent secessionist that when he saw the blue would win he ended his life rather than endure "Yankee rule."

A book that the passing of years has made interesting is in the possession of Captain Noble D. Preston, of Philadelphia. It is a history of the American revolution, and was the property of Edmund Ruffin.

Captain Preston will never forget the day that his servant Aaron handed him the book, for with it came a handsome pair of heavy blankets.

Preston, with his comrades of the Tenth New York cavalry, was near the James river in May, 1864, when one night Aaron woke his master up by throwing the heavy blankets on him. Aaron had been out with a party on a foraging trip. But he never told where he got the articles.

As Captain Preston never allowed his men to enter a house except to get eatables, he took the negro boy sharply to task. But when the captain looked at the blankets he noticed the initials "U. S." "Well, whoever had these blankets stole them, so you're all right, Aaron," he remarked.

The history has since been in the relic chest at Captain Preston's home, he didn't take it out until a few days ago, when General Pryor announced that he had been first delegated to fire that first shot. The captain pasted this recent newspaper clipping in the back of the book beside an old, yellow clipping which chronicled the suicide of Ruffin.

The book is the first volume of a history written by David Ramsey, M. D., and was published by R. Atkin & Son in Philadelphia. Besides the signature and bookmark of Ruffin there are two other signatures on the front covers. One is "Alexander Mitchellson, London," and the other "W. Harrison, January 14, 1804."

The first clipping on the back cover reads as follows:

"Old Edmund Ruffin, who fired the first gun on Ft. Sumter, committed suicide on Saturday last near Danville, Va., by blowing his brains out with a musket. He had become very low-spirited since the capture of Richmond, and did not wish to live under Yankee rule. He left a note saying, 'I cannot survive the loss of the liberties of my country.'"

Then, after 46 years, another clipping throws a different light on the firing of the first shot. It is this statement of General Roger Atkinson Pryor, the soldier, editor and lawyer. It reads as follows:

"The first shot on Ft. Sumter freed the slaves, but that was not my intention when I viewed the cannon's fuse, prepared to touch it off. 'I was then a lawyer of 33 from Virginia, and had made a speech in Charleston just a few days before the 12th of April, 1861, in which I said: 'Strike one blow and Virginia will secede in an hour by the Shrewsbury clock.' It was in compliment for this speech that General Beauregard bestowed upon me the honor of firing the first shot. Ruffin had a paper, of which he had been editor for many years. He was the first advocate of secession as distinct from Calhoun's doctrine of nullification. Virginia did not favor Ruffin's notion strongly. That is why Ruffin went to South Carolina to propound his doctrine. He went to Charleston in April. Charleston was beleaguered with 3,000 to 4,000 young Southern gentlemen, all in fighting trim. With these boys Ruffin enlisted. He was present when General Beauregard asked me to fire the first shot. I introduced him to the general and told the general what Ruffin had done to further the cause of the South, and persuaded him to allow Ruffin to fire it. The general was persuaded. Ruffin fired the first shot. Virginia thereupon seceded, uniting the entire South."

Ruffin's name would hardly be known to-day if General Pryor had obeyed the first instructions.

KILLS HIS BROTHER.

Negro Near Saluda Resented Kindly Advice.

Saluda, June 21.—Charged with killing his brother, Mimms Thomas, Cicero Thomas, a negro, was lodged in jail here yesterday evening. The killing took place early Tuesday morning two miles west of Saluda. The negro placed in jail is considered half-witted. It appears that it was his custom to carry his gun about. His brother censured him for it. Becoming angry Cicero went to a nearby store, procured some shells, and returning home fired at Mimms, killing him instantly.

Cheating the Dead.

To steal pennies from a dead man's eyes has been held for ages as the most contemptible form of thievery. But modern days have developed a meaner depth of larceny—the betrayal of trust whereby poor bodies are defrauded of the few feet of earth to which they are entitled as a last resting place. No walk of life is free of these plunderers, the relatives or heirs who succeed to comfortable fortunes being quite as apt to rob their dead benefactors as poor men are to run away and shirk responsibility.

Mr. Smith—who is in this instance a composite person—was a fairly prosperous New York business man. His wife died in 1906. He mourned her with every indication of sincerity, and had her body kept in the receiving vault of a high priced cemetery near New York City for nearly a year. Then he learned of a less expensive place farther away, and had the coffin removed to it. The bereaved man was so overcome with grief that he could not immediately select a burial plot. After six months he revisited the cemetery and spent hours looking over the grounds. With tears in his eyes he told the salesman who showed him about how beautiful his wife had been; what a sweet, lovable character she had; how devoted she had been to him. Indeed, he became so sad, as he once more realized his loss, that he could not proceed with the melancholy business of choosing a plot. He went away, still overwhelmed with emotion and saying he would return when he was more composed. That was more than two years ago. He has not been back yet.—Harper's Weekly.

A Good Safe.

Safe Manufacturer—The safe was badly burned.
Merchant—Yes it was.
Safe Manufacturer—And yet the books were not harmed?
Merchant—No, they were not.
Safe Manufacturer—Ah, that's good! Perhaps you will allow me to write a statement to that effect for you to sign?
Merchant—All right. But maybe I had better tell you that the books were not in the safe when the fire occurred.

of the war and he was faithful to the end, even following him to Philadelphia.

When Captain Preston recovered from serious wounds near the close of the war and went to Washington on his way North, Aaron stuck with him. Aaron walked with his master to the train shed, wearing his saber and belt. Noticing how down-hearted Aaron was the captain asked him if he wanted to go "north." "Golly, master, I'd like to."

But Aaron forgot a satchel and went back to the headquarters to get it. The train went off without Aaron, and Captain Preston arrived in Philadelphia minus the faithful servant. He stayed in Philadelphia for several days visiting friends prior to going to his home in New York.

Before going to the old Kensington depot to catch his train he went down to the Washington Avenue depot. There he was amazed to see Aaron walking wildly up and down the street with the satchel, saber and belt. There was a grand reunion, but it wasn't to last long. Aaron stopped to talk to some negroes and the captain lost track of him. But he got his belt and saber, and still has them.

Aaron, it appears, was arrested when he went back to the quarters and was brought before General Abercrombie. The officer commanded him to give up the belt and saber, but the plucky little fellow refused to do it. He explained that "a bullet went clear through that belt and through Massa Preston's body, and Massa Preston wouldn't part with it for a mint." The general admitted the boy's nerve and was also impressed with the story and gave him a pass out of the city.

To Aaron the "north" was a definite place, and he thought that if he boarded any train going north he would find the captain. So it was entirely by accident that Captain Preston got his mementos.

Aaron, if he is living, is the only one that can explain where Ruffin's book came from.—Philadelphia North-American.



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Corpse Found in Well.

Columbia, June 22.—Well diggers cleaning a well at 1814 Hardin street, premises which have been vacant for seven months, found this morning a badly decomposed body, supposedly that of Ed Patterson, a colored employee of the Palmetto Ice Company, with the right side of his skull crushed in.

Patterson disappeared some months ago, and Coroner Walker thinks the body has been in the well about six months. Patterson's watch chain was found, but the watch was missing. The house is in the rear of the ice plant. No arrests have been made.

The Girl's Handicap.

In her pretty new frock sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk, says the Youngstown Telegram.

After a time one little boy came up to talk to her and admire, in his rough little way, her bright shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice square-cut waist," exclaimed the girlie, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you wish you wuz a girl?"

"No, sir-ee," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you haf to wash."

The Bamberg Negro Farmers' Fair Association.

The Bamberg Negro Farmers' and Fair Association will hold their Annual Picnic and Barbecue in the town of Bamberg, S. C., July 4, 1911. Speaking will take place in the court house, beginning at eleven o'clock a. m. The principal speaker will be Prof. Ira Williams, State Farmers' Demonstration Agent, who will make plain the object of the demonstration work among the farmers in the counties in the State of South Carolina.

Hon. S. G. Mayfield and other prominent white farmers of this county will be present, and have consented to say a few words of encouragement. Every demonstrator and every farmer who desires to be benefitted and who is interested in our general uplift is expected to be present. Every farmer is expected to bring his basket laden with nice things to eat. We are going to have a plenty of barbecued meat, plenty of lemonade, and we hope to feed all who may come. We are making a special appeal to the women and men, and even our white friends of Bamberg, to help us make this a great day for Bamberg, and the people. We are planning to secure a brass band to make music for us.

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