

ATTEMPTED ASSAULT, CHARGED.

Albert B. Windham Held for Trial in Darlington Court.

Darlington, June 13.—Albert B. Windham, a well-known young white farmer of Lamar, after a hearing in the court of Magistrate Pleasant Times Warr to-day, was put under a bond to appear in the sessions court Monday to answer an indictment charging attempted assault on a well-known young matron of the community in which he lives. Only the State's side of the case was heard to-day, but, of course, the testimony for the defendant may entirely change the appearance of the prosecution's case.

Windham is under indictment for murder, it being alleged that he killed a negro last November or December, without provocation. He was tried at the spring term of court on the charge of murder, but a mistrial was ordered, the jury failing to agree.

When the Colonel Was a Coward.

"Kentucky, oh! Kentucky, The land where I was born; Where the corn is full of kernels; And the colonels full of corn!"

Unfortunately Kentucky is not the only place where the colonels, and even the privates fill up sometimes on corn juice. I knew a colonel once who got full to overflowing and at times he reminded me of Scott's sea captain, Nauty Ewart of the Jumping Jenny, never drunk but seldom sober, and yet he was all right other ways, and was as brave as any man. During the four years of the war, he made a record. Here it is. At Bull Run he saw the Yankee army shattered into fragments, and he was in the thickest of the fight. At Seven Pines for two days he saw the Union and Confederate soldiers slain by the thousands. Then at Oak Grove, Mechanicsville, and Gaines's Mill the colonel fought with the fury of a Richard of the Lion Hearted. Then at Savage's Station and Frazier's Farm the colonel was at the front from start to finish. Then he took part in the fearful carnage at Malvern Hill. In the mighty charge at this famous battle the colonel took part. In fact for the seven days in which the above battles were fought the colonel was on duty nearly all the time. At the second battle of Manassas our colonel was there and took part in this bloody engagement, fighting like Marshal Ney in his best days. At Chautilly, a fearful day of carnage on both sides, he shouted for joy when a hard earned victory was won by the boys in grey. Then at Antietam, when our colonel looked upon ten thousand "blue coats" dead upon the field, he was proud to know that he was at the front. Then with Stuart our colonel dashed into northern parts and captured Chambersburg, flanked the entire Yankee army and got back safe and sound on Southern soil again. And at Chancellorsville he took part in Jackson's famous charge. He took part in the fearful field of Gettysburg. He assisted in trying to take both Great and Little Round Tops, the very key to the Union army. And when Pickett, like the Light Brigade at Balaclava, made his famous charge, the grandest and most awful military achievement known to the Western world—when he went down into what we may justly name the vale of death, our colonel was there, and when the drama was closed, he looked down upon thirty thousand of his noble comrades cold in death. Then at Appomattox when "finis" was written upon the stars and bars, when the light of the Confederate cause went out with a feeble flutter—when the immortal Lee laid down his sword, our colonel too exchanged his own for a parole, buttoned his grey jacket about him, and started homeward, yet in all this time of carnage he had never shown a white feather.

The colonel came home and went about his planting as bravely as he ever charged Yankee battlements, and in due course of time took unto himself a wife and still later on he learned how to use corn juice. Sometimes when our own colonel would tank up too tight, and fearing a matrimonial minuet, he would walk over to neighbor Jim's till his convivial moments had passed away. One very cold, very dark, and very rainy night the colonel had took several drops too much, and he was aware of it, so he concluded to walk over to Jim's. In going there the colonel got lost, and finding out that he really was lost, he cried out for help. Jim heard his call, lighted a lantern, and went out to hunt the colonel. Now, Jim went in every direction possible, but he could find no trace of the colonel, so he returned home, and to his amazement he heard the colonel's call again, and the second time he went forth to assist the colonel, and to his surprise nothing could be found or heard of the colonel.

In the meantime the colonel mistook Jim and his lantern for Jack and his lantern. He was not afraid

MORT S. CHILDERS ACQUITTED.

Accused of Poisoning Wife, Freed on Third Trial.

Americus, Ga., June 12.—The jury in the case of Mort S. Childers, of Smithville, charged with causing his wife's death by administering poison, returned a verdict of acquittal after twenty minutes' deliberation this afternoon. It was the third trial for Childers in the last eight months, the other two resulting in hung juries.

Childers was accused of placing strychnine in a bottle of medicine his wife was in the habit of taking, at their home in a boarding house at Smithville. The couple had been married only four months.

Other Men's Wives Were There Too.

Atlanta, June 15.—A grim visaged man pacing furtively up and down the sidewalk in front of a Peachtree motion picture show last night with his hand occasionally traveling back mechanically to his hip-pocket occasioned fear on the part of the lady ticket-seller who went in and held a hurried conference with the proprietor of the place.

Anxious not to have his establishment figure in a police row, the proprietor, instead of calling up the station house, went out quietly and asked the man what was the matter.

"Oh, I have nothing against you, sir, or your theatre," the man responded, "but there's a man in there with my wife, and when he comes out I'm going to kill him. That's all. I've stood it just as long as I could, and this evening I followed her."

The motion picture man thought quickly. He was still anxious to avoid any unsavory notoriety, and an inspiration came to him.

He went inside his theatre, walked out on the stage and announced:

"Gentlemen; there's an outraged husband outside the front door of this theatre waiting with a pistol to kill the man who is in here with his wife. I am anxious to avoid trouble for anybody, so I am going to have the light turned completely out here in the theatre for a couple of minutes and the guilty man, whoever he is, can escape through this side exit which leads to a back alley."

The light went out. Thirty seconds later eighteen men were stampeding in the darkness toward the emergency exit.

of Jim and his lantern, but as for Jack-o-lantern he feared him a thousand times worse than all the Yankee guns he had ever faced in four years service. And somehow, the colonel saw not one, but some hundred or more real Jacks pursuing him, and under no condition would he allow one to get near him. Now, as it was, Jim was trying his best to catch the colonel, and the colonel was doing his best to avoid Jim, for he was sure that Jim with his lantern was really Jack with his lantern. This thing was kept up a long time, and by good luck the colonel found the way to his own home, and when he did he lost no time in entering. When he entered, his good wife of course wanted to know what had kept him out so late such an awful night. Said the colonel: "I started to walk over to friend Jim's, but got lost, and the first thing I knew, a Jack-o-lantern got after me, and then another and another and so on till the whole Jack-o-lantern tribe was trying to catch me, and I trying my best to keep out of their way. Now, I am as scared as a frightened rabbit, as wet as a drowned rat, as cold as a frozen frog, and as drunk as a billed owl!"

"Colonel," said his wife, "whose fault is it that you have come to so much grief?"

"Yours of course. Why didn't I see you put on your war-paint, get on the war-path, put on your fighting clothes, and raise the war-whoop? That is why I left."

"Oh! no, dear colonel, you imagine all this."

"Well, may be I do wife, but I'm not imagining about those Jacks. They were there with the goods on them, and they wanted me, but you can bet your sweet life they didn't get me to-night. Shakespeare says: 'Conscience does make cowards of us all,' but I am willing to bet at great odds that a field of Jacks such as I saw to-night will beat conscience ten in the game when it comes to making a coward of a fellow. I wish you would get up, make a big fire, boil a pot of water, for I feel like I have white feathers all over me. Scald me like a chicken, for I want no one to see my wonderful crop of white feathers. A plague on the Jacks anyhow! Four years of war and brave; four hours with Jacks and a coward! Keep this matter, wife, to yourself. Put it away among the other skeletons in the closet. Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it not on the streets of Askalon, else both the daughters and sons of the Philistines rejoice! Keep it, dear wife, as you would a priceless talisman. I implore, and conjure you to keep. Keep it, for it won't spoil."

A. W. BRABHAM.

BULLS ATTACK TRAIN.

Leader Was Killed and Herd Besieged Passengers for Hours.

At a point on the railway line between Miraybel and Canaveri, on the Spanish side of the boundary line between Miraybel and Canaveri, occurred an odd sort of bull fight.

A train had just come out on a sweeping curve from the hills and down upon a little plain when the engineer saw directly before him a herd of bulls on the tracks, says the New York Sun. Bulls are an important commodity in Spain, and, moreover, some of these were destined for the arena.

Now these bulls seemed little disposed to retire from the tracks. The engineer slowed down as best he could, at the same time blowing his whistle vigorously. Whereupon all the bulls fled with the exception of one—a great fellow, quite fit for the arena. This one, with horns lowered and roaring as if in response to the shrieked defiance of the engine, made straight for the train.

It was too late to prevent a collision. Train and bull came together, head on. The bull was, of course, instantly killed, but his carcass lay under the wheels of the locomotive so that it was impossible for the train to proceed until the track had been cleared. To clear it was too great a task for the train hands. The conductor called the male passengers to his aid and they crowded about the engine.

In the meantime the great herd of bulls, scenting the blood of their dead leader, came flocking back, pawing and threatening. The nearer they came the more infuriated they grew, and finally they charged like a whirlwind on the little band of workers.

Then all the men abandoned their task, and took refuge in the cars. The bulls followed them to the very steps, bellowing and pawing. For quite a time the spectacle was presented of a herd of bulls besieging a railway train filled with passengers.

Fortunately there were soldiers aboard, and these soon organized a sortie. Finding a spot where the bulls were not in force they picked up a quantity of stones and hurled them at the animals. The bulls recoiled, charged again, recoiled once more; and for two hours the battle raged, victory seeming to be with one side and now with the other. At last as night came on, the bulls withdrew and betook themselves to some distant shelter. Then the employees and passengers were able to set to work again. The track was cleared and the train proceeded on its way.

The Gypsies of Spain.

The Spanish Gypsy, whether encamped in a sheltered ravine or under the arches of an aqueduct or in the shadow of an overhanging cliff, is indeed Spanish because born in Spain, but in all else he is gypsy.

Time was when Spaniards of the true blue blood called gypsies "New Castilians" or "Egyptians" or "Moorish footpads," but while their traits have undergone no change their name is now definitely gitanos, or gypsies.

Between 50,000 and 60,000 is the number of them now in Spain. Most of them have no fixed abode, but in some parts, and notably in Andalusia, there are several small settlements, for towns they can hardly be called, where these wanderers have taken possession of caves in the mountainside, whence they sally forth to tell fortunes and to filch. Wherever they are they are inclined to be quarrelsome among themselves and to enforce their arguments by means of wicked-looking knives, which they wield with great dexterity.

Worth Paying For.

A noted lawyer of Tennessee, who labored under the defects of having a high temper and of being deaf, walked into a court room presided over by a younger man, of whom the older practitioner had a small opinion, says the Saturday Evening Post.

Presently, in the hearing of a motion, there was a clash between the lawyer and the judge. The judge ordered the lawyer to sit down, and as the lawyer, being deaf, didn't hear him and went on talking, the judge fined him \$10 for contempt.

The lawyer leaned toward the clerk and cupped his hand behind his ear. "What did he say?" he inquired. "He fined you \$10," explained the clerk.

The lawyer shot a poisonous look toward the bench and reached a hand into his pocket.

"I'll pay it," he said. "It's a just debt."

Corrected.

A wealthy American girl was attending a social function at a country house in England.

"You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have," said an English duchess to the girl. "I always wonder why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces."

"It isn't our white faces that attracts them," responded the American: "it's our greenbacks."—Judge.

SEED HOUSE DESTROYED.

Fire at Southern Cotton Oil Company's Columbia Plant.

Columbia, June 12.—At 11:30 to-night the seed house of the Southern Cotton Oil Company was totally destroyed by fire. The efforts of the firemen were devoted to saving the main building of the plant, in which they were successful. Fortunately for the Columbia Cotton Compress the wind was blowing in the opposite direction.

The fire was first discovered by the night watchman, when he saw a blaze shoot up in the seed house. The main plant and the tanks were unhurt. The fire in the seed heaps, where the seed house stood, will likely burn until to-morrow.

The Columbia plant was the largest in this district of the company, and was also the largest east of the Mississippi. The plant has been dormant for a week and this was believed to have made the loss greater. Had the plant been in operation there would have been workmen near, who could have sent an earlier alarm and put out the initial flames. A large number of freight cars were destroyed by flames. One fireman was overcome by the heat and smoke and was taken to a physician. The entire loss is estimated between \$40,000 and \$50,000.

Mr. C. Fitzsimons, general manager, was early at the scene of the fire and was busy directing his office men in the handling of records.

Half of Columbia was at the fire, and it was the second largest conflagration here this year.

House-Flies and Disease.

The house fly stands convicted as a disseminator of disease and a carrier of contagion. Ever since the investigation of the spread of typhoid fever in the United States military camps during the Spanish war of 1898, the evidence has been accumulating, until to-day there is no escape from the charges against this tantalizing insect. Every far-reaching probe into sanitary problems is liable to disclose conditions hitherto quite unsuspected; and the indictments already brought against the house-fly during the past few years charge responsibility for a long category of infections, including cholera and various forms of dysentery, diptheria, erysipelas, contagious ophthalmia, cerebrospinal meningitis, anthrax and possibly small-pox, in addition to typhoid fever.

Whether all of these charges will stand in the light of scientific investigation remains to be seen. It is important, not so much in justice to the accused insect as because of the hygienic and preventive measures which are dependent thereon that the questions here raised be authoritatively settled. In the case of typhoid, the evidence appears to be complete.

Dr. Torrey, of the Loomis Laboratory, of New York, has attempted to supply facts on this question. He has examined the flies caught in the densely populated parts of New York City during a number of months. Both the bacteria occurring in the intestine and those from the surface of the insects are investigated. The flies examined in April and early in June were comparatively free from dangerous bacteria. As the summer season advanced high bacterial counts began to appear and also an abrupt change in the character of the bacteria. The record counts came at the end of the two weeks of excessive heat in July.

Some idea of the number of organisms that a single insect may carry is indicated by the figures 570 to 4,400,000 for the surface contamination, and 16,000 to 28,000,000 for the intestinal bacterial contents. Most of the bacteria found were comparatively harmless. This investigation, however, was carried on in the crowded city, where sewers would naturally carry off all of the most dangerous infective matter. The Journal of the American Medical Association says that the house-fly is an "undesirable citizen" in any event, so that the war of extermination already begun against it in many quarters deserves encouragement and support.

SAVED BROTHER'S LIFE.

By Giving Blood After He was Accidentally Shot.

Macon, Ga., June 11.—The transfusion of blood operation performed at the Macon hospital several days ago has been successful.

In one week according to Dr. Elder, Baxter Tidwell, the 13-year-old Walden boy, who was shot by his brother, Robert Vernon Tidwell, 18 years old, will walk from the hospital cured.

Following an operation upon Baxter, the elder brother laid on the operating table and permitted his own blood to flow into the veins of the wounded one. Another brother waited at the hospital all night to do a similar act of life saving.

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Home endorsement, the public expression of Bamberg people, should be evidence beyond dispute for every Bamberg reader. Surely the experience of friends and neighbors, cheerfully given by them, will carry more weight than the utterances of strangers residing in faraway places. Read the following:

Mrs. J. C. Folk, Jr., Carlisle St., Bamberg, S. C., says: "I heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, for they have been very beneficial to us. One of the younger members of my family was troubled by a lame and aching back and could not control the kidney secretions at night. I finally got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills from the Peoples Drug Co. and they brought entire relief. This preparation deserves the highest praise."

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H. M. GRAHAM

Attorney-at-Law Will practice in the United States and State Courts in any County in the State. BAMBERG, S. C.

FARMERS' UNION MEETINGS.

The local Bamberg Farmers' Union meets at the court house in Bamberg on the first and third Friday mornings in every month. Meeting at 11 o'clock. Applications for membership received at every meeting. Let all members be present.

J. P. O'QUINN, Secretary. J. W. STEWART, President.

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