

**COLLETON COUNTY  
SCENE OF TRAGEDY**

Visitor in the Home of Mrs. Martha Crosby Assassinated One Night and Few Days After, Her Son Commits Suicide.

Walterboro, June 13.—Monday night Charlie Jones was shot by an unknown party at the home of Mrs. Martha Crosby, near Smoaks. It seems that Mrs. Crosby had some men running her crop for her, but, on account of some disagreement, had stopped work. Mr. Jones was at her home Monday afternoon making arrangements with her about taking charge of her crop. It being late in the afternoon Mrs. Crosby went into the kitchen to prepare supper, and Mr. Jones went outside to feed the hogs for her. On coming back to the house, Mr. Jones was on the piazza talking to Mrs. Crosby when two shots were fired from a double-barreled gun, a few shots striking him in the hand and the rest in the body. One barrel of the gun was loaded with buck and small shot. Mr. Jones went into the kitchen and said to Mrs. Crosby, "I am shot." He then went back to the piazza and said, "I am killed," and fell to the floor and died almost instantly. Mrs. Crosby gave the alarm immediately to her nearest neighbors, and the coroner was notified, but failed to get there. The deputy sheriff being in the neighborhood, was also notified, and while a few miles away, was met and told that it was done by an unknown party. He then returned to Walterboro.

Certain parties in the community are said to have advised Jones one or two days prior to shooting that it would be well for him to "get up and get" with whatever he had. Up to 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon no inquest had been held, and the body of the dead man lay where it fell. The coroner of Colleton could not be reached, and a magistrate was inaccessible.—The State.

**Son Commits Suicide.**

Walterboro, June 15.—A second tragedy this week has been reported from the Little Swamp section in the upper part of this county; the first being that of Charlie Jones, who was assassinated Monday night from ambush while visiting at the home of Mrs. M. L. Crosby; the second being that of Laurie Crosby, a young white man, son of Mrs. M. L. Crosby, who committed suicide near his home Thursday morning. The coroner's jury returned a verdict in the case of Jones that he came to his death from gunshot wounds at the hand of unknown person or persons; the verdict in the case of Crosby is that he came to his death from gunshot wounds at his own hand.

Crosby's wife stated that he came home Thursday morning desiring to get something to drink. She had some wine in the smoke house, a small outbuilding, but told him that she had lost the key. Without saying anything to her, he took his gun and going a short distance from the house, it is presumed, placed the muzzle of the gun against his temple, blowing the top of his head off, killing himself instantly. When found, his body was lying across the gun.

Coroner Rhode and Sheriff Fox were immediately notified and held the inquest over his remains. Thursday night, the verdict being as above.

The sheriff has accepted a theory that Crosby killed Jones, and no arrests have followed.—The State.

**FOR FLOOD SUFFERERS.**

Mr. A. C. Kaufman Acknowledges Check for Fund Subscribed by Laurens Citizens.

Replying to the letter of The Advertiser several weeks ago, in which letter was enclosed a check for \$25 for the flood sufferers of the Mississippi valley, Mr. A. C. Kaufman, of Charleston, writes as follows:

Near Charleston, S. C., June 15, 1912  
Editor The Laurens Advertiser:

I have the honor to acknowledge in my own name and that of the Red Cross the contribution of \$25 on the part of certain of your fellow citizens towards the relief of the Mississippi flood sufferers.

Do express to your liberal respondents to this most needy community the appreciation and gratitude of us all for their "little deeds of love." To your splendid paper we would also have them remember that they are not forgotten in this good work. Thanks, many thanks.

Yours very truly,  
A. C. Kaufman,  
Acting President, S. C. State Board American Red Cross.

Since that time The Advertiser has received \$1.00 from A. H. Wolff. This will be sent to Mr. Kaufman Saturday of this week. If there are any others who would like to contribute to this worthy cause, the money should be sent in by the end of this week to reach the sufferers at the earliest time. The flood caused immense suffering among the poorer people of that district and many of them are without the every day needs of life. A little assistance given now will prove a boon to them.

**Eliza's  
Engagement**

By John Osborne Field

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"Well, good-bye, Eliza, I hope you'll have a good time," said port little Molly Dobson, flaunting her recently acquired diamond solitaire ring in the sunshine. "And I hope," she teased, "that you'll come home engaged, too, to some nice city man. Write and tell us all about it."

Molly laughed, as if the idea of Eliza's becoming engaged were a huge joke. Eliza's uncle, John Robinson, patted her shoulder with embarrassment and her Aunt Emma Robinson tried to smile naturally. The station master whistled with forced cheerfulness.

"That Molly Dobson's an awful mean girl," he said to himself.

A moment later Eliza jumped aboard the train that was to take her to the city, and before long the little group of friends on the station was just a blur in the distance.

Eliza was twenty-eight and she had determined to go to the city for a few months of excitement. The comfortable routine of her life at Dayville, where she had lived with her aunt and uncle from babyhood, had begun to pall. Her days were never empty. There were active hours spent out of doors planting and pruning flowers and vegetables and tending her chickens and ducks; and other active hours spent in the pleasant, sunny kitchen over savory preserve kettles or the week's fragrant baking. There were long placid evenings on the vine-covered piazza under the stars or beside the glowing sitting-room stove, with the dozing Uncle John and chattering Aunt Emma and purring Tabby for companions. There were occasional excursions—picnics and carry-all drives and once in a while a jaunt with one of the young men of the village. But Eliza knew that the years to come would be identical with the years that had passed, and she grew discontented.

It was this perfectly comfortable state of affairs but wholly uncomfortable state of mind that had induced Eliza to set forth on the first real adventure of her life. She made her voice an excuse; it was a sweet, light voice that led all the others in the village choir, and although Eliza knew that it was not worth cultivation, it served as an excuse. She wrote for circulars from singing masters, engaged a room in an inexpensive but comfortable boarding house in the city and with her savings in her pocket, started forth to see the world.

But until Molly Dobson's taunting words were spoken Eliza had not really considered matrimony as a possible culmination of her city visit. Molly's words, however, put an idea into her head. Why not pretend, after a few weeks away from home, that she was engaged? It would be fun to write the letters describing the lucky man, the things they did together and their plans for the future. Then, later, Eliza thought, she could write to say that the engagement was broken, and could return home heart-free.

"And if she thought I really had been engaged," thought Eliza, "I shouldn't care how much that silly little Molly did tease me. And it won't exactly be a lie. I'll pick out some nice man at the boarding house, and pretend he's the one."

With this justification for her proposed action, and with the excitement of her plan flushing her tanned cheeks and brightening her soft brown eyes, Eliza walked into Mrs. Benson Brown's rather shabby boarding house that same evening for dinner.

She looked furtively from one end of the lone crowded table to the other to find the chosen man. Three or four middle aged women who looked as if they had spent most of their time gossiping over fancywork, their equally monotonous-looking husbands, the timid pale young daughter of one of the women, who giggled and blushed whenever anyone spoke to her, a dapper young man who cracked jokes for the benefit of the whole table, a lame old man, a near sighted old lady that reminded Eliza of Mrs. Saunde's and buxom Mrs. Benson Brown—their filled the table.

After Eliza had been introduced to

everybody present she sank back into her chair with a feeling of disappointment.

"Why, he isn't here," she thought. "I couldn't even pretend he was that silly young man that makes jokes; besides he and the pale little girl seem quite taken with each other. Oh!"

Eliza started. Opposite her was a vacant chair. A serious looking, tall young man, with keen gray eyes was just taking his place there, and Mrs. Benson Brown was saying:

"Oh, Miss Morgan, this is Mr. Wilbur."

"How do you do Miss Morgan," said the man, his face lighting with a smile of friendliness. "Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Brown."

Eliza breathed more easily, and the next day she mentioned "a very pleasant young man—about thirty-five I should say—whose name is Wilbur," in her letter to her aunt, and a few days later she wrote to Molly Dobson of a walk in the park she had had with Mr. Wilbur, "the nicest man you ever saw."

The weeks passed quickly with Eliza. Each other she wrote home contained some reference to Mr. Wilbur. Once he had brought her a book—she had given him the money for it and had asked him to get it, but she did not mention these facts; again he had brought flowers, and she shuddered when she wrote this down, for it was true. There were brief references to real conversations between the two, and long accounts of imaginary talks and excursions together. Finally, at the end of three months, Eliza's friends in Dayville received word that she and Mr. Wilbur were engaged.

"There are still three months to break it in," thought Eliza.

It was three or four days after Eliza had announced her engagement. She had come down stairs to look for letters on the hall table, and sat in Mrs. Brown's dimly lighted parlor reading them. There were half a dozen—all letters of good wishes and congratulations. "I know you'll be happy; it's lovely to be engaged," wrote Molly Dobson. Eliza trembled guiltily as she read them. She left her uncle's until last, but finally she tore it open.

"If you are sure he is the right man, dear child, I am glad. But don't make a mistake; you seem so far away from everything and everyone that you are used to and know. Don't do anything you will regret later."

Eliza buried her head in one of Mrs. Brown's sofa cushions with a sob. "Don't do anything I'll regret," she repeated. "Oh, how wicked, wicked I've been." Then, suddenly Eliza realized that what she was crying for was that she and Mr. Wilbur were really not engaged.

Eliza heard a footstep by her side and looked up into the grave eyes of Mr. Wilbur.

"Why, you poor little girl," he said gently, kneeling down and putting his arms about her.

"Don't cry Eliza, pulling herself free. 'Oh, you mustn't,' and she rushed past him into the hall and up to her room. Once there she locked the door and set to work to write a confession.

"I must tell you," she wrote, "although you will hate me when you know. I can't explain why, but I wanted the folks at home to think me engaged—to you. I never thought it mattered until I found that I cared—and that you do, too. I don't ask you to pardon me; and as I shall never have to know how much you despise me for it. I am going home to tell them that my engagement is broken."

The next day Eliza, pale and tired, arrived unexpectedly at the station at Dayville.

"Hello, Miss Morgan," said the station man, as he helped her with her bags—he was baggage master, porter, telegraph operator and ticket agent all in one—"I certainly am glad to see you. A queer message come over the wire for you. Just going to send it over to your aunt."

Eliza took the yellow telegram and read: "Don't tell anyone it is broken. Am coming on the next train to help you mend it."

"Anything valuable that's broken?" queried the man curiously.

Eliza frowned and smiled. "It's the most valuable thing I ever had," she said slowly. "But the cracks will never show after it's mended."

See us for extra fruit jar rubbers and tops.

S. M. & E. H. Wilkes & Co.

**McBEE** Calls You to Health and Prosperity

"See For Yourself and Be Convinced"

SOUTH CAROLINA

READ this letter from one of McBee's most prominent business men—Dr. J. D. Ingram. In setting forth a few of the advantages of McBee and the surrounding country, he advises a party to come and see for himself and be convinced. The party did go, he investigated, and purchased.

CAPACITY OF MILLS 1,000,000 PER DAY

**J. D. INGRAM**  
WHOLESALE  
SPRINGFIELD  
LAND ESTATES

McBee, S. C., May 8th, 1912.

Mr. Geo. R. Elliot,  
Clinton, S. C.

My Dear Sir:-

Regarding the farm lands owned and for sale by The Southern Land and Development Company, around McBee: Will say that I know of no better investment to-day, at far beyond the prices they are asking for same.

Last year I made on eleven (11) acres of this same land fifteen (15) bales of Cotton. The soil responds to cultivation and Fertilizers more readily than any I have ever come in contact with.

It is particularly suited to the growing of fruits of all kinds as well as truck, and being located at the junction of three railroads, makes it possible to reach all principal markets within a few hours.

I cannot say too much in favor of the farms referred to or of the people in this section and have lived among them for ten (10) years. My advice to you is to come and see for yourself and be convinced.

Assuring you I take pleasure in answering you in regard to the above matter, I am,

Yours very truly,  
J. D. Ingram.

Dio JDI:PO

**WRITE AT ONCE FOR FREE BOOK.**

We can sell you a farm or town lot or both on such liberal terms as will enable you to buy, almost regardless of your present financial condition. What we want is men—honest men, men who want to better their condition and to succeed in a new country and who have the energy and pluck to do it if given the opportunity. For young men especially is McBee the town of opportunity. For investors and homeseekers it offers unsurpassed advantages. Don't hesitate on account of lack of money, but write us for booklet and information as to what the Company will do to help the right kind of man to get a start in life.

**SOUTHERN LAND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY**

Home Office: Laurens, S. C.

N. B. DIAL, President, JOS. T. JOHNSON, Vice-President, E. P. MINTER, Secretary and Treasurer, J. E. MINTER, Demonstrator, B. A. SULLIVAN, Local Manager.

**The Weekly Newspaper Will Sell Goods**

The retail merchant who fails to take advantage of the advertising columns of the weekly newspaper is simply allowing a money-making opportunity to pass him every week in the year.

No other class of publications is so closely read by such a large majority of readers.

The news in these papers is largely local, largely personal, and in the small towns the doings of the neighbors receive much more attention than in the large cities where there are a thousand other things to distract the attention.

However, a merchant cannot scribble off a few lines on a piece of wrapping paper, tell the publisher to run them and then expect a crowd of buyers to come to his store.

The merchant must have goods and values that he thinks are worth calling to the attention of the public. If he cannot offer special prices he should offer special values. Readers of weekly papers are keen to notice what advertisers claim, and these claims should be made good.

Whether fortunately are not, the chain store systems are now invading the small towns. These stores make an immediate success by constantly using, intelligently and forcefully, the weekly newspapers. Then their example is weekly imitated by older merchants. It is time for the retailers of the to wake up, adopt original methods, and advertise vigorously in their local newspapers.



**THE TRIER SISTERS**  
Concert and Opera Quintette To Be Given June 27