66172

The Marlboro' Democrat.

"DO THOU, GREAT LIBERTY, INSPIRE OUR SOULS AND MAKE OUR LIVES IN THY POSSESSION HAPPY OR OUR DEATHS GLORIOUS IN THY CAUSE."

VOL. XXX BENNETTSVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 11, 1905. NO. ~~34~~ 33

AN ADDRESS

In Which Attention is Called to the Cotton Scandal.

ISSUED TO MEMBERS

Of the Southern Cotton Association in Reference to the Recent Disclosures of Fraud in the National Agricultural Department and Work Accomplished.

President Jordan and Secretary Cheatham of the Southern Cotton association Tuesday issued a statement addressed to the members of the association calling attention to the recent disclosures in the cotton statistical work in the department of agriculture, declaring that efforts are being made to divert attention from the "deficiencies" of the system itself "to the thieving propensities of a few unworthy officials" and setting forth demands to be made on congress to reform conditions. The statement follows:

"To the Members of the Southern Cotton Association:

"The members of the association have been apprised through the public press from day to day of the work done by the officers of the association at Washington. As a result of their charges the unreliability of the reports of the department of agriculture relating to the cotton crop has been fully disclosed, and the mal-administration of that department under its present head had been made evident.

"Following these exposures, efforts are now being made to divert public attention from the main issue, which is, the imperfections of the department, toward an attempted prosecution of anybody who can be found as a scapegoat. Their punishment, even if it is accomplished, is of secondary importance as compared with the reformation of the system which has made their performances possible, and the purpose of this address is to secure the co-operation of the members of this association in influencing in every legitimate way a reformation of the system, and a reorganization of the department.

"The membership of this association, numbering nearly 1,000,000, included the producers of the most valuable product of American agriculture. The cotton crop of the United States, and its by products is worth between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000 annually. It furnishes two-thirds of our annual trade balance, and in its production and manufacture employs many million individuals. No other product of the United States is of greater or of equal importance. The practical monopoly of cotton which America enjoys, and the narrow balance which has existed for years between sufficiency and scarcity in the world's cotton supply, render the cotton market peculiarly and acutely susceptible to the reports of the department of agriculture regarding the condition and prospects of the cotton crop.

"Under the present circumstances a great duty devolves upon the members of the association. We are less concerned with what has been done by a few individuals and the consequences thereof, regrettable as that they may be, than with such reformation of departmental methods as shall secure for us just and accurate reports in future. Under the system at present in vogue, and which promises to be undisturbed unless public attention shall be aroused to the need of reform, the reports issued by the department of agriculture are, in their last analysis simply the individual opinion of a few officials of doubtful experience and honor by which the value of the cotton crop may be, and has been, affected as much as $75,000,000 in a single day.

"No such power should be delegated to any individual, or statistical board, except under conditions which guarantee the most incorruptible expert and intelligent opinion, arrived at by the application of the most scientific methods and safeguarded by the most scientific precautions. It is, therefore, urgently recommended to the members of the Southern Cotton association that through their representatives in congress, and by every other means available to them, they exert their influence and that of the association toward securing the immediate reorganization of the agricultural department, especially with reference to its reports on the cotton crop, and that their representatives in congress be requested specifically to demand: (1) The establishment within the department of agriculture of a bureau, to be known as the cotton bureau, charged specially and solely with the duty of reporting upon the cotton crop and all matters concerning that staple. (2) the appointment as the head of that bureau, at an adequate salary, of a man whose reputation and antecedents shall be beyond reproach, and whose familiarity with cotton cultivation shall be an additional guarantee of his fitness. (3) An organization of the bureau so established upon thoroughly scientific lines, as will insure no possible bias in favor of either buyer or seller, or producer or manufacturer can be pre supposed or asserted. (4) The passage of a law that will be more specific in its scope, and under which government employes can be prosecuted for giving away or selling valuable information as has been done in the statistical bureau.

"We have no doubt of the zeal of the officers of the department, but it seems to be as misdirected in this crises as it was in the antecedent period. All the powers and influence of the department, of the lawyers and of every man of the government seems to be devoted to the attempt to dragnet a lot of irresponsible speculators. That there have been for years leaks in the department is as well known to the trade as the existence of the department of itself; but these are insignificant as compared with the fundamental mismanagement. At this time, however, there is a manifest endeavor to divert attention from the radical errors and deficiencies of the department itself to the thieving propensities of a few unworthy officials. Let us not be mislead by any such misdirected energy. Let us reform at the top and not on the side. Let us root out the offenders, cleanse the personnel, change the methods and renovote the department from root to branch. Then the cause of cotton and good government will alike be served in Rooseveltian fashion.

(Signed) "HARVIE JORDAN,
"President Southern Cotton Association.

"RICHARD CHEATHAM,
"Secretary."

FORGOT TO HANG MURDERER.

Man Convicted in 1869. Has Just Died Natural Death.

Howard A. Cleveland is dead at the state prison at Thomaston, after having been confined there since 1869 under sentence of death. For some reason, never explained, the sentence was not carried out, nor was it annulled or modified. It seems to have been forgotten, and Cleveland lived on until he died a natural death.

The case was one of the most remarkable in this state. It was the only murder ever committed in Orrington. The records show that Cleveland was indicted for the willful and malicious murder of Warren George. A verdict of guilty was rendered in 1869, Cleveland was sentenced to death. Before fixing the day for the execution, the governor and counsel submitted the following question to the Supreme Court of Maine: "Did the jury, by its verdict, find Cleveland guilty of murder in the first degree?"

The jury has merely declared Cleveland guilty of the crime whereof he stood indicted. The indictment's intent was plain, but there was some difference of opinion among the justices as to whether the man had been legally convicted of murder in the first degree. Then the council passed an order "that the government be advised to stay the execution of sentence until further advised." The case then seems to have been dropped by the state authorities.

The sentence was never commuted. Just why no attempt was made to carry the sentence into effect does not appear. Since 1814 the laws had left the execution of the death penalty in a measure to the discretion of the executive, without limit of time. The responsibility was so great and the sentiment against the death penalty so active that at one period there was no execution in this state for nearly thirty years. In 1876 the death penalty was abolished altogether. In 1883 the death penalty for murder was re established, but in 1887 it was again abolished.

A GHOST STORY.

The People of a Georgia Town Very Much Exercised.

A dispatch to the Atlanta Journal says the neighborhood known as Roanoke, which is located about one mile from Fitzgerald, Ga., is very much excited over the appearance of a supposed ghost. It made it appearance for the first time last Sunday night in the family of H. Sharp. It gave an exhibition that thoroughly alarmed the family. It appeared in the kitchen and fairly made the house ring with music from a dish pan. Mrs. Sharp appeared on the scene and his ghostship disappeared as if by magic. On leaving the room the music again commenced.

This time Mrs. Sharp returned with the same result. She thought to bribe Mr. Ghost so she left a piece of money on the table and left the room Again the dish pan danced about and the dishes rattled as though an earthquake had taken place. Mr. Ghost did not accept the price offered for his departure, but instead walked about the place. On approaching it, it disappeared and would bob up at a distance. Shooting at it had no effect whatever.

Monday night crowds of people visited the place from the neighborhood and the city. Some claimed to have seen it at a distance. From the waist up it was dressed in white. At times it seemed to be floating in the air near the ground. Again it would lean against a tree or fence. Sometimes it would appear as though approaching the parties, but before getting in speaking distance it would disappear to bob up at some other point. It has only visited the Sharp family, but is claimed that several neighbors have seen it.

A lady from the north died in the neighborhood about a year ago and the husband disposed of their household effects and returned to the north. Among the things sold was the dish pan that has played the leading role in this story and has caused this family much worry and fright. It is thought by some that this pan should be buried at the grave of the deceased and then the spirit will confine his ghostship to the graveyard where he properly belongs.

Wild Man Caught.

A nude crazy man, who has been biding in the woods alongside the New Jersey and New York railroad tracks, south of Hackensack, N. J., for the last few days, was captured early Wednesday morning by Constable Jacob Dunn. He had made a wreath of twigs and tied it around his waist, but it offered little protection. His body was a mass of scars from head to foot. He was nearly exhausted The wild man said he was John Vincent Gallagher, and that his home was in Hoboken, where he said his brother William lived in Willow street. Beyond this Gallagher could tell nothing about his wanderings. He has the initials "J. V. G." tattooed on his arm. Constable Dunn found it necessary to get clothes from people living near where Gallagher was captured, in order to dress the stranger before taking him to the jail there.

Killed by Train.

Mrs. Ellen Carnes, aged 24, wife of Robert Carnes of the Manchester mills, Rock Hill, was struck by a train on the Southern road on Tuesday of last week and instantly killed.

A DEADLY BOLT.

Five Persons Killed Outright and Nine Injured

IN A THUNDER STORM

On Coney Island. Storm Plays Havoc With Peoples' Nerves. Men, Women and Children, Terrified, Seek Shelter in Bath House Which Was Struck.

During a thunderstorm of terrific intensity which passed over New York Sunday afternoon five persons were struck by lightning and instantly killed and nine were seriously injured at the Parkway bath house, Coney Island. At the same time one man was killed and three were prostrated at Gravesend beach.

Those killed: George Dunwoodie; Buffalo; Jacob Frankel, Manhattan; Robert F. Wasch, Bronx Borough; Charles Bennerle, Brooklyn; Henry Ransweiler, Brooklyn.

The injured: David Willis, James J. Dunne, Tina Christiansen, Harry Krohn, Clara Thiel, Mary L. Curley, Isaac Raffe and wife, Amelia Schone, Wm. Ransweiler, John Apple, Daniel McCauley, all of Broklyn.

The Parkway beach was thronged with bathers and spectators. The rain descended in torrents and hundreds of men, women and children sought shelter under the big giant bath house, which is elevated above the sand on piles. The lightning was incessant and terrific thunder claps shook the bath house to the terror of the crowd huddled together beneath it.

A few minutes before 5 o'clock a bolt struck the flagstaff and grounded in the very thickest of the crowd. Nearly 50 persons were prostrated and the rest, screaming with terror, rushed out into the storm. Those who had remained in the water were also panic stricken and fled in all directions, not daring to enter the bath house, which appeared to be on fire.

Ambulances were summoned from all the nearest hospitals and on their arrival five persons were found dead and nine unconscious under the bath house. The bodies of all were scorched. The nine injured were removed to a hospital, where it was said that some probably would die. Many persons less seriously hurt were taken home by friends. A slight fire in the bath house was quickly extinguished by the rain.

Henry Ransweiler was struck and killed while sheltering under a tree at Gravesend beach and his son William, with John Apple and Daniel McCauley were rendered unconscious. Lightning struck at various points in the city. A store in Flushing avenue, Brooklyn, was burned and a car in Sixth avenue, Manhattan, was set on fire, but the occupants escaped unhurt. The electric light and the telephone wires in Bellevue hospital were struck several times, extinguishing all the lights and causing much alarm among the patients.

Not Allowed to Joke.

The yellow fever liar is to be made to suffer in Charleston, as he is punished in other communities, the board of health having Wednesday memorialized city council to pass an ordinance meting out severe penalty to those who think that there is something funny in joking about the fever. There is no yellow fever or even the most slightly suspicious case, and the board of health does not propose to have the jokers joke about it There is a class of people in every community ready and disposed to joke on matters of serious moment, but time is to be called on the fever jokers in Charleston, for it is not intended that they should be allowed to jest about a matter of such concern to the city.

Shot Dead by Rival.

Maurice Francis, a well known young man of Roanoke, Va., while on his way to visit his fiancee, Miss Grace Link, in Floyd county, Thursday, was shot from ambush and killed. He was driving in a buggy, and was within one mile of his destination, when two loads of shot and slug hit him. He lived long enough to say that his assassin was John Richards, a young school teacher, who was a rival suitor for Miss Link's hand. Richards was seen in the vicinity with a shotgun just before the murder, and has not been seen since. A posse is scouting the county searching for Richards, and lynching is openly threatened. Both men were members of well known families. Richards was a medical student at the University of Virginia during the last session.

Fever Causes Panic.

Since a report of a suspicious case of fever at Texarkana, Texas, a sort of panic is seizing some of the towns and counties in northeast Texas and shotgun quarantines are being put into effect. Gregg county has given orders that trains shall not stop in the county either from the north or south and that all stations must be approached with doors locked and windows tightly close, while all car doors in freight trains must be sealed whether the cars are empty or loaded. The terror appears to be spreading and railroad officials fear serious results.

Crushed to Death.

Robert W. Criswell, editor of a weekly publication, who was arrested recently on a charge of criminal libel, preferred by Representative Joseph L. Rhinock of Kentucky, was killed Thursday night in New York by an express train at the Seventy-second street station of the subway. The libel charge against Criswell grew out of the publication of an article reflecting upon Mr. Rhinock and censuring Representatives Nicholas Longworth of Ohio for having introduced Miss Alice Roosevelt to the Kentucky congressman during the visit of the president's daughter in Cincinnati.

SAVES A TRAIN

Filled With Passengers from Awful Doom and When Offered

High Education Her Fearful Love Marries Her to Prevent Her "Growing Up a Lady."

Little Nannie Gibson, a 15-year-old mountain girl, saved a whole trainload of people from being dashed down the mountain-side in front of her home in the mountains of North Carolina not far from Asheville.

In recognition of this heroic act, the Southern railroad promised her a college education. Her mountaineer lover, finding it out, married her by stealth, in hopes to prevent her going. Her future is now depending on a suit for divorce which her father is bringing for her.

Nannie lives in the mountains, 20 miles east of this city. The dream of her life has been to receive an education and grow up a lady. Its realization had always seemed to be as far away as the skies. Now it seems to be at hand, and she has been simply dazed by the fairy-like prospect.

It all came about one day when Nannie discovered that a landslide had blocked the track at a sharp curve of the Southern railway near her home. Even as she looked there sounded the whistle of a passenger train thundering down the mountain.

Nannie met the emergency by sending Patty Gibson, her 13-year-old sister, down the track to guard against the remote possibility of a wreck from that direction. She chose the post of danger, running with all her might to meet the coming train. When it drew into sight she frantically signaled the engineer to stop.

He hesitated. But her earnestness was so great that he realized a disaster was imminent. The airbrakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill with a sharp jolt only a few rods from the blockade.

When he saw the danger big Conductor Weaver snatched her up in his arms and swore she was the bravest girl in North Carolina. Grateful passengers, learning of their narrow escape showered her with money. As a preliminary tribute the company in a day or two sent her $25.

The railway officials, however, rightly surmised that to a girl reared in the freedom of the mountain wilds money meant little. So one of their number was delegated to visit the cabin in the hills to ask Nannie the momentous question:

What did she most desire in the world. Nannie's little face, tanned by a southern sun and wind, turned pale. Then her story came [illegible] in a little gush of tearful words. She did want money; she didn't want clothes, for her father, with growing pride in his pretty daughter, had made sundry trips to Asheville and returned with wonderful "creations" of white and unwonted shoes and stockings; but she did want an education and to grow up a lady.

The papers are now going the rounds of the railway officials, with one favorable recommendation after another, and it seems as though Nature's great wish is to be gratified. There is one serious obstacle in the way, though it will probably be removed. Nannie has been married.

She had a lover, Abe Smith, an open faced, laughing, careless mountaineer, eight years older than she. In almost startling contradiction to his burly swagger and incessant cigarette smoking is his gentle, caressing voice and his courteous and kindly manner. To this sturdy mountaineer the realization that Nannie was going to leave for years, probably and that he might lose her, was unbearable.

He must marry her and prevent her going. He sent a friend to town to get a marriage license. Then with the friend for a witness and a magistrate for the ceremony he went to Nannie's home one morning when he knew her father was away and married her. Little could Nannie have to say, for in the absence of her father she knew no law except that of her impetuous lover.

The enraged father was quick to action. He caused the arrest of Smith and the man who had procured the license on the ground that Nannie was not of legal age. He also began suit to have the marriage set aside. Upon the success of this suit will depend largely whether Nannie is to get an education, the one great dream of her life.

Four at a Birth.

The Florence Daily Times says that H. P. Brown, manager of a large mercantile company at Gourdin, says that his little town has been brought into prominence through the agency of none other than a negro woman about 28 years old, who Wednesday startled that community by giving birth to four children, all of whom at last accounts were living. The woman is the wife of Louis Green, who is today a much prouder man than a policeman in a bran new uniform. Mr. Brown remarked in telling of the various remarkable fact, that is such kept up the labor question in Gourdin would be effectually solved.

Sent Papers Back.

Lieut. Lally of the Detroit detective department has received a mysterious package which contained checks, notes and other important papers aggregating in value about $25,000, belonging to the Crystal Salt Company of St. Clair, Mich. The offices of the company were robbed several weeks ago and the papers stolen, together with what money could be located. It is supposed that the burglars found themselves unable to dispose of the valuable papers, and, deciding to return them, shipped them to Lally. They have been sent to the firm in St. Clair.

Desperado Caught.

Chas. Long, the Trenton negro murderer and outlaw, who for the past couple of weeks has been hunted through the swamps and woods near Plainfield, N. J., was captured about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning by the police. He was captured while plowing on the Van Hize farm, which skirts the dismal swamp.

COLD IN DEATH

A New York Broker's Body Is Left in His Hall

WHERE HE IS FOUND

By His Wife, Who May be Made a Maniac by the Shock. The Dead Man Had Been Robbed of a Diamond Setting in a Ring that he Wore.

New York has another murder mystery. Brought home in a covered express wagon and dumped in the vestibule of his house by two expressmen, the body of James A. Clary, a real estate broker, worth $250,000, was found Thursday by his wife when she returned from a shoping trip. The wife stumbled over the corpse as she entered the vestibule and is now on the verge of insanity.

An investigation of the case was begun immediately, with the result that there is a strong suspicion that Cleary was murdered. He wore a two and a half carat diamond ring, which some one had tried to tear from his finger. Cutting the finger, but failing to get the ring, the robber took some instrument and bent back the prongs of the ring, stealing the diamond.

The case is a deep mystery, and a half dozen detectives have already been put to work on it. Coroner's Physician Riegelman believes Clary died of alcoholism, but his friends say he drank but little, and the doctor has not yet held an autopsy, and consequently the police are not willing to accept the alcoholism theory.

The circumstances surrounding the return of the body to the Cleary home in the express wagon were partially cleared up, but the detectives expect that before they get through they will learn enough to show that murder was committed.

Cleary, who was forty-two years old, was in the real estate business with two brothers at No. 196 Varick street, and lived at No. 1224 Woodycrest avenue, the Bronx. He had made a great deal of money in the Bronx boom, and is widely known.

Thursday morning he left his home as usual and Mrs. Cleary went out. She returned at 1 o'clock and as she entered the vestibule she stumbled [illegible] Throw[illegible] the outer door [illegible] p [illegible] the light [illegible] she was horrified to see the body of her husband.

"What's the matter with you, Jim," she asked, anxiously, dropping to her knees. There was no answer. An odor of whiskey was in the vestibule. She shook the body for a moment and then felt the face. It was cold.

"Oh, Jim, you're dead!" she screamed, rising and rushing from the vestibule. The horror of the situation had dawned on her, and her shrieks brought the neighbors to the windows, and in a few moments dozens of them were at her side, trying to quiet her. A physician was summoned by a neighbor, who thought she had gone insane. Finally some one entered the vestibule, and, seeing the body, understood.

Former Police Captain Brown, who lives directly across the street, was in the crowd, and he began an investigation at once. It was learned that an express wagon had backed up to the door and a child had seen Cleary carried up the steps by two men.

A search for the express wagon was begun at once, with the result that Harry Black, of No. 58 Sedgwick avenue, and James Wilson, of No. 2455 Eighth avenue, were found to be the men who had carried the body up the stoop. At first it was thought that these men could tell the story of how Cleary had lost his life, but after hearing their stories the police accepted their statements. They both admitted carrying the body into the vestibule and leaving it there, saying that they believed Cleary was intoxicated and that they were doing him a kindness.

"We were driving along Ogden avenue," said Black, "when we saw Cleary sitting on a low stoop in front of a candy store at No. 1154 Ogden avenue.

"I happened to know him by sight and thought he ought to be home. We looked on it in the light of a joke to take him home in an express wagon, so we lifted him into our rig and drove to his house.

"Carrying him up the steps we rang the bell and waited for some one to answer, but there was no one at home, and after making him as comfortable as possible we left, never having the slightest suspicion that it was anything but a case of intoxication."

Both men were closely questioned about the ring but they denied absolutely knowing anything about it. They said they had not noticed if the diamond was in it, or if the finger was injured when they found him.

They said they were positive that he was not dead when they left him, and that he was breathing heavily, like an intoxicated man. Cross-examination failed to bring out any further information.

Their story was partially substantiated by others who saw Cleary on the candy store stoop, and thought he was intoxicated, and the expressmen satisfied the police that they had told all they knew.

Chandelier Fell.

At Charleston one of the four large heavy chandeliers, containing about 50 gas jets with glass shades, fell Thursday afternoon from the dome of the custom house to the marble tile floor beneath with a mighty crash causing great consternation among the officials and clerks in the building. The fixtures were broken and some of the tiles damaged. Fortunately no one was passing in the lobby at the time. The chandelier was probably held in place for these many years by the gas pipe which had corroded and refused to bear the weight any longer.

TURNED LOOSE.

Aaron Williams, Colored, Who Was Convicted is Now Discharged.

The End of an Important and Significant Case in Which Lynching Was Once Threatened.

A special dispatch from Camden to The State says last year the county, especially the portion Kershaw county bordering Sumter county, was thrown into great excitement on account of a reported case of rape, which was said to have been committed upon a Mrs. Langley, white, by one Aaron Williams, a negro, of the pure African type. Very peculiar circumstances surrounded the case. The citizens became indignant and threated lynching, and Aaron Williams under protection of law was escorted to the penitentiary for safe keeping. The husband of Mrs. Langley committed suicide.

Aaron Williams at the February term of court was brought back and placed on trial for the offense. He was without counsel, and by appointment of the court, Hon. W. B. Trantham, of the Camden bar conducted his defense. The jury convicted him upon the testimony of Mrs. Langley, and he was sentenced to be hanged. From the testimony developed in the case and the circumstances connected with the affair, many of the very best white people of the county believed in the innocence of Aaron Williams, and a petition was gotton up and submitted to Gov. Heyward asking for a reprieve until satisfactory proof could be procured, which would establish the fact that Aaron Williams was not guilty of the charge.

Aaron Williams was without money, but he was not without friends and their efforts in his behalf succeeded in having the execution of the death sentence stayed, and the case came up before Judge Prince at the April term of court at this point for a new trial on after discovered evidence. Judge Prince from the showing made very promptly granted Aaron a new trial, and his case was placed on the docket for trial last week. When the case was called for trial the witnesses for the prosecution were not present, Mrs. Langley, it is claimed, having absolutely refused to appear any more in court to testify against him. She now resides outside of the State. It was impossible to secure a conviction in the case without the testimony of Mrs Langley, and as she is now beyond the jurisdiction of the court, and could not be brought here against her will, and she having sent word that she would not come, it has resulted practically in the acquittal of Aaron Williams, for he has been discharged without bond from the custody of the sheriff. He is now a free man to go wheresoever he may desire.

After Aaron's conviction, the white people in this community who believed in his innocence had the law firm of Clark & Von Tresckow to look after the accused negro's interests.

When the case was called for trial on the session's side of court last week Messrs. Clark & Von Tresckow demanded a trial for their client, and the State not being in a position to try it because of the absence and refusal of Mrs. Langley to come here, the attorneys had spread upon the minutes of court their demand for immediate trial, and this under the statute entitled Williams either to a trial or his discharge, as he has been confined in jail over three terms of court.

Judge Ernest Gary Thursday afternoon signed an order which liberated Aaron Williams from jail on his own recognizance under the section of the statutes above referred to. This ends the case which created so much discussion at the time in the newspapers, and the man who has been living in the shadow of the gallows for nearly a year is now free. This case is one of the best exemplification and justification of the moral plea of letting the law take its course that has ever come under the observation, knowledge or information of the writer At the time of the alleged commission of the assault Aaron Williams came very near being the victim of a mob, and a few weeks later he stood up in court, pleaded for mercy and heard the death sentence pronounced upon him. Today he is breathing the life of a new man with no restrictions on his movements, inclinations or peregrinations.

The Difference.

Apropos of the recent race riots in New York, The New York Tribune is frank enough to say: "We are given to criticising the lawlessness which in southern communities leads to race vendettas and wholesale lynchings, but in the south such outbreaks usually follow some flagrant crime and aim at punishing known or suspected criminals. In Friday's disturbance this excuse as a resort to violence was wholloy lacking. On trivial grounds, or without any grounds at all, whites attacked blacks and blacks attacked whites. Both classes seem to have acted on the merest impulse of race prejudice and race rancor."

Called Out the Militia.

At Visolia, Cal., it was necessary to call out the local military company Wednesday night in order to protect private property and restore order. The trouble started by three fires which were accompanied by pillage followed by determined efforts on part of citizens to protect their property by force of arms. While the fire raged, different parts of the city were in darkness, during which time thieves got busy. The total losses by fire are about $30,000.

Country Boy No Fool.

A boy sat on a rail fence enclosing a corn field. A city chap passed by, said: "Your corn looks kind of yellaw, bub." "Yep, that's the kind we planted," replied the bub. "It don't look like you will get more than a half crop," said the city chap. "Nope; we don't expect to; the landlord gets the other half," retorted the youngster. The stranger hesitated a moment and the ventured: "You are not very far from a fool, are you, my boy?" "Nope, not more'n ten feet," said the boy, and the city chap moved on.—X.

AWFUL EXPLOSION

Which Carried Instant Death and Destruction Over Wide Area.

Remarkable Accidents Due to Flying Iron and Rock. Woman Blown Into River. Man Scalded.

Exploding and flying high in air, a big boiler of the New York city subway tunnel paint near the North river recently scattered jagged iron and injury for blocks around and left in the ruins behind it a man scalded almost to death. Brave volunteers answered his calls for help and forced their way to him and out again through heavy steam and rain of minor missiles from the sky. He died later in the J. Hood Wright hospital. Other men, too, were carried out, two of them near death, and there were other rescues in stranger places. One of these was of a woman whom the concussion literally blew into the river, another a motor boat race to a hospital with three wounded boys.

One bizarre effect of the blast was the toppling into the river of forty bath houses that floated away, leaving twoscore of bathers in a predicament as to clothing and homeward journeys that only night and a deal of charity solved. The physical shock of the explosion was felt for a mile around. Its after effects were felt by the whole city. It stopped all work on the west branch of the subway, the rock tunnel under Washington heights. The boiler was one of four in a long sheet iron power house that furnished light and compressed air for the deep rock workings of the uptown subway. The explosion destroyed the other boilers and much of the machinery and set back the completion of that section indefinitely. A former accident, a cave-in, had already delayed the work seriously, but it had been hoped to open the subway to its uttermost limit in the fall.

The cause of the explosion was not definitely know, but two men were placed under arrest. Had the accident occurred on a week day, with more than 500 men working in the tunnel, there might have been great loss of life. Air would have been shut off from the workers. The explosion occurred in what is known as McKabe's power house, which lies just east of the New York Central tracks. Three years ago McKabe failed and sold out to a man named Hunt, and after that John B. McDonald, the subway contractor, gained control of the works for the purpose of finishing the long subway tunnel at that point

The power house consisted of a sheet iron building the length of three city lots and running back a distance of 150 feet. Four tall chimneys rising fifty feet in the air stand at the corners of the building, which contained besides the compressing plant and dynamos a battery of four eighty horsepower boilers, and it was one of these which blew up. It was just at 4:30 o'clock that the quiet of the Sunday afternoon was broken by the terrific roar of the bursting boiler. It was followed immediately by an uprising cloud of dense black smoke through which pieces of rock, stone and steel shot up as much as 300 feet in the air in all directions.

The shock was felt over a mile away where folk on the cars to and from Fort George were almost shaken from their seats by the concussion. Patrolman George Kethman was on duty near the scene, and, instantly realizing that a great accident had happened, he telephoned first to police headquarters and then to the J. Hood Wright hospital for ambulances and ran to the water front. Before him what a second before had been a great, strong building was nothing but a broken and twisted mass of smoking ruins, from which came shouts and screams for help. "Let me out! Let me out!" shrieked a voice from the very center of the wreckage. "I'm boiling to death! Do anything! I want to die! I want to die!"

By this time a large crowd had gathered near the smoking ruins, and as the agonizing cries broke out afresh scores of faces blanched. Three men jumped forward and pressed their way into the building toward the screaming man. As they disappeared in the smoke and dust women who were present called to them to come back and not to risk their lives in what seemed to be vain hope. For awhile nothing was heard of them, but after several minutes they were seen to emerge from the steaming clouds bearing in their arms the body of a colored man practically stripped to the skin. He was Joseph Morgan, a fireman, who had been in the pit stoking when the boiler exploded.

With the exception of some shreds of underwear Morgan was naked. His head and body were scalded in a dozen places where the boiling steam had caught him, and one arm was stripped of flesh almost to the bone, yet the man was conscious. His screams only made the work the harder for his rescuers. He was laid on the ground and after a few minutes was whisked off to the J. Hood Wright hospital, where he lingered in agony until early morning, when he died. The men who braved death to save him were Edward L. Byrnes, Albert Hildebrand and Andy Marshall. These men immediately after getting Morgan to safety turned back again to help the other poor wretches who had been caught in the building. Meantime in the vicinity of the accident other persons had been hit by the flying rocks and iron plates and more or less injured. One of the worst sufferers was Edward Altenses, a thirteen-year-old boy. He was walking along the New York Central tracks when a piece of sheet iron swirling through the air fell on his left foot and severed three of his toes as if out by a knife.

Charged With Murder.

Will Cabe, charged with the murder of a man named Plumley in upper Greenville County in 1896, has surrendered to the sheriff. The grand jury at one time found "no bill" against Cabe, but subsequently returned a true bill. Cabe will have to stand trial.

YELLOW FEVER

Has Made Its Appearance in the City of New Orleans

AND OTHER PLACES.

Three Hundred and Four People Have Had It Up To Tuesday in New Orleans Alone, of Which Number Sixty-Two Persons Have Died of the Disease.

Yellow fever made its appearance in the city of New Orleans last Thursday, and since that time up to Tuesday there has been three hundred and four cases. Of this number sixty-two cases have been fatal. The authorities are doing all they can to stop the disease, but up to Tuesday they had not been very successful. There were twenty-one new cases on that day and five deaths.

Quarantines everywhere are being drawn tighter. A number of towns in Mississippi and Louisiana are cutting themselves off from the world and the shotgun quarantines are being rapidly extended. Guards and inspectors are being multiplied and travel is being made increasingly difficult. Even gasoline is apparently barred from Vicksburg. Many people have left New Orleans for the interior.

While the feeling is constantly growing more hopeful, there is apparently no abatement of the excitement and there is a panicky feeling in the country districts of Louisiana and Mississippi. Local business houses are beginning to feel the effects of the scare. They are receiving letters from traveling men telling of the cancellation of orders in Mississippi and elsewhere because of the reluctance of the country people to patronize stores which receive goods from infected districts.

Much distress is beginning to appear among the Italian population growing out of the practical expulsion of the fruit business from Louisiana on account of the quarantines, and relief work is one of the tasks which the Italian societies and citizens committees will now have to address themselves to. A meeting of representative Italians has been held and permanent organization formed.

A special to the Age-Herald from Meridian, Miss., says: Five Italians were shot down by the guards of the detention station near Lumberton Monday morning, two being killed and three seriously wounded. Dr. Donald, state health officer at Hattiesburg, gave out the first intimation of the occurence over the long distance telephone shortly before noon and later the details were obtained from other sources.

A case of yellow fever was developed a few days ago among Italian refugees from New Orleans in the suburbs of the town and the house in which the patient lay ill was isolated. The state health authorities took care of the case while the [illegible] came in contact with the sick man [illegible] kept under guard at a camp p[illegible] for the purpose. Five of these, early Monday morning, made an attempt to escape. The guards repeatedly called upon them to halt, but no attention was paid to the order.

The pursuing guards fired a volley at the fugitives, all of them falling in their tracks. From the best obtainable information two of the Italians were instantly killed by the volley and the other three more or less seriously wounded. Lumberton is a town on the New Orleans and Eastern railroad, about 80 miles northeast of New Orleans and contains the only case of yellow fever thus far developed in Mississippi.

Hatched Out a Rattler.

The Charleston Post says a tiny rattlesnake, hatched from an egg in a glass jar in the window of F. Von Oven, on King street, is attracting notice from the pedestrians of the street. The rattler's eggs were received by Mr. Von Oven from a friend at Hell Hole Swamp, which is filled with rattlers, and for the sake of seeing what would happen, Mr. Von Oven put the eggs, which are small and soft shelled like the turtle egg and of mottled white color, in a big white jar and exposed them to the sun Wednesday. At noon the young rattler now in the jar broke shell and came forth. He is about twelve inches long, and the size of a slender pen holder, with the diamond marks on his back, and a slender squirming tongue. His head is disproportionately large, and the rattler already shows his vicious nature by striking at a finger twiddled at him.

Where Are They?

Mrs. W. H. Cook, an aged lady of Monroe, La., and her six-year-old granddaughter, who arrived in Atlanta Saturday night, are both mysteriously missing from the Kimball house, where they were stopping and the police have been asked to institute a search for them. The disappearance is said to be a strange one, and no clue to it can be found. Mrs. Cook is 76 years old, She and her granddaughter left the Kimball presumably for a short stroll on Monday, and since then nothing has been heard of them. Their baggage and other effects are still at the hotel. On arrival in Atlanta, Mrs. Cook, who en route to Edgefield, S. C., announced her intention of remaining in Atlanta only a day or two. The hotel authorities are unable to account for their absence.

Wanted Bread.

A number of German immigrants who recently passed through Charleston to work in a saw mill near Columbia, have returned to New York, alleging as the refusal to work in this State that they were not given wheat or rye bread. They were given rice and pork which they did not care for and upon the refusal of the mill people to supply bread, they laid down the tools and quit work.