

TOOK OWN LIFE

Prosperous Young Calhoun County Farmer Commits Suicide.

TAKES DEADLY POTION

Clinton J. Whetstone, Returned Home, Kneelt as in Prayer, and Took Dose of Laudanum, Leaving a Note Saying "I Will Find a Better Home Above."

The St. Matthews correspondent of The News and Courier tells of the sad, unaccountable suicide of young Clinton J. Whetstone five miles east of that place Saturday night.

In his lonely bachelor quarters, five miles east of St. Matthews, a physician and several anxious assistants strove valiantly for three and one-half hours last night to thwart Clinton J. Whetstone in his effort to end his own life. At one time there was a slight response from his livid lips, his pulse reasserted itself and "the pleasure of hope" revived the drooping spirits of those who were helping him to regain his consciousness but the soothing potions which he had imbibed bound him too securely in their grasp to allow permanent relief.

Just why a young man, 23 years old, in the pink of health, of a splendid family and in prosperous and well-to-do circumstances should wish to die will doubtless never be fully known, but there was abundant evidence to show that he deliberately planned the deed. He was apparently of a happy and genial nature, and a young man of great energy.

His father noticed during the day Saturday that he was drinking some and pleaded with him to abstain and go to his home in the country. He told him that he would lose the respect of his friends and injure his prospects in life. The young man suspiciously remarked that he would "wind it up tonight" and drove alone to his farm in the country. Others noticed that he wobbled slightly in his gait, but displayed evidence early of being somewhat under the influence of a "dope."

He and his younger brother, it appears, had some words during the day about a horse trade, but there was no row or great ado over it. The colored woman at his home said that he emerged safely from his buggy and entered his house unattended; that he complained of feeling very badly and refused supper. He prepared for bed and knelt down for some time as if in silent prayer.

As he arose he called for pencil and paper to write a note. Sealing it up he put a fish hook through the envelope and a St. Matthews bank deposit slip for \$25, and then passed the book through the paper covering the little table upon which he wrote making sure that they would not be lost. Upon the outer envelope was written "Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Whetstone (his parents). Please don't open except yourselves." Across the top of the inner envelope were the words in a bold hand: "I did it myself."

Within the inner envelope, on a large sheet of paper and in a still bolder but steady hand, was written the six lines as follows: "I have been cursed out for the lowest I have all of this life. I will find a better home above." His father and brother testified to the genuineness of the writing, to which he did not sign his name. In one hip pocket of his trousers was a small vial of laudanum with a neat and fresh label and barely a teaspoonful taken from its contents.

Mr. Whetstone was a member of the Woodmen of the World and will be buried by the order in West End Cemetery, St. Matthews. His devoted mother is visiting an ill sister in Alken County and was notified over the phone at an early hour this morning. The whole community is in gloom over the untimely taking off of this popular young man and there is a sincere wave of pity and sympathy for the grief-stricken father and mother.

CLAIMS TWO MORE VICTIMS.

Aeroplane Tank Explodes Killing Two in Mid Air.

Two more names were added to the long roll of persons killed this year in aeroplane accidents. Lieut. Newman, a German military aviator, started from Mulhausen, Germany, Thursday morning in the direction of Strassburg, carrying a passenger M. Leconte, a French aeronaut. The aeroplane hardly had gone 15 miles when the gasoline tank exploded. The report of the explosion was audible for a distance of several miles. The machine dropped at Bilsheim from an altitude of 30 feet and both aviators were instantly killed. Their skulls were broken and they were frightfully injured about the body.

Charge Attempted Assault.

Buford Young, a prominent young farmer of the Walnut Grove section of Spartanburg county, charged with attempted criminal assault on a girl 14 years of age, was granted bail by Judge Hydrick of the supreme court Friday. Young spent last night in jail here, having been arrested on a warrant issued by Magistrate J. Walter West of Walnut Grove.

BEER FIGURES

MORE BEER DRANK THAN WAS EVER DRANK BEFORE.

Had It Not Been for the Prohibition Movement It Might Have Been Worse.

There is mighty little encouragement for radical legislative temperance advocates to be derived from the recent figures given out by the internal revenue office. Following the high mark of 1907 there was a decline for a couple of years and it appeared that the great areas of legislatively dry territory were having some effect upon the traffic.

Then the tide changed the other way and for the fiscal year that ended on the 30th of June reached the enormous total of 134,600,193 gallons of whiskey, an increase over the preceding year of more than 8,000,000 gallons.

The consumption of beer increased from 59,544,775 barrels in 1910 to 63,216,851 barrels in 1911—making a total combined increase for the year 121,049,823 gallons. Not only is the aggregate consumption greater but the per capita consumption would have been but for the ardent efforts of the prohibitions and those who think temperance is to be promoted by legislation of that character, no one can tell. It might have been more, though we are rather inclined to think that the law-making has been without appreciable effect, upon the whole.

It may have been salutary and beneficial in some communities and it may have been just the reverse in others. This much is certain, if the sumptuary legislation has reduced consumption in the area to which it applies, the folks beyond its reach have suddenly developed an appetite and capacity for ardent spirits that is little short of alarming.

Because of the increased per capita consumption this latter conclusion does not seem reasonable and in accordance with the facts. We know, of course, the figures are sometimes misleading but in this instance we can see nothing in them more striking than the suggestion with which this article started, that there is mighty little in them that is encouraging to the advocates of extreme legislative temperance measures.

REASON THEY WON'T SERVE.

Women Balk at Being Locked Up as Jurors With Men.

A dispatch from Seattle, Wash., says more men in those parts are jumping to the conclusion that the cause of woman suffrage gave itself an awful wallop because out of the twenty-three women who were drawn for jury duty in King County twenty-two avoided service on the ground that their sex permitted that they be exempt. Seattle men are saying that the women seek the glory of the ballot but don't want to assume its responsibilities. The women objected to being locked up all night with men jurors.

The one woman out of twenty-three who was game did jury duty for three days. She said frankly she needed the pay that a juror receives. She was excused after several days because the court found it inconvenient to lock her up with her eleven male colleagues.

The woman jury system has been inaugurated in the State of Washington nevertheless. Out in the country the women are not called on to any great extent as yet because the time intervening between the election which qualified them as jurors and the installment of the new system has not been attended by an election through which the names of women voters were placed in the general roll from which the names of jurors are drawn.

In Tacoma the jury room has been divided by a curtain which does duty at night. In some of the other cities the men and the women have been escorted to separate rooms at night. In Gellingham the six men and six women chosen for a case were evenly divided on a verdict and after holding them for a day or so they were dismissed.

FARMERS FIX COTTON PRICE.

Fourteen Cents Until November and Then Fifteen Cents.

This year's cotton crop will be sold for 14 cents during September and October, 15 cents after that. This was the agreement reached Tuesday night by the cotton growers of the South attending the National Farmers union meeting at Shawnee, Oklahoma. Little of the proceedings of the union was made public, although the price the farmers ask for their cotton, good roads, parcels post and dabbling in cotton futures were discussed by the convention.

Waters Robbing the Graves.

Only meagre news of the floods have reached Peking. Travellers arriving by steamboat at Hankow from the upper reaches of the river, report many coffins of a huge Chinese type were encountered floating the Yangtze River. Showing that waters were robbing the graves along the river. From Huanan comes word that the receding waters are being followed by pestilence and that many are dying.

BREAKS THE RECORD

TWICE AS MUCH COTTON GINNED NOW AS LAST YEAR THIS TIME.

Continued Hot and Dry Weather in Southeastern Section of Belt Responsible for Increase.

The first cotton ginning report of the season, issued Friday by Director E. Dana Durand, of the bureau of the census, department of Commerce and Labor, shows that 771,415 bales, counting round as half bales, had been ginned from the growth of 1911, to September 1, compared with 353,011 bales of the growth of 1911, ginned to September 1, 1910, 388,242 for 1909, and 402,229 bales for 1908.

Round bales this year are 6,994, compared with 10,976 for 1910, 11,537 for 1910 and 20,862 for 1908. The number of sea island bales included in 539 for 1911, 218 for 1910, 1,236 for 1909 and 1,221 for 1908.

Comparisons of the number of bales, counting round bales as half bales, ginned to September 1, for the past four years follows: Alabama, 40,500; Arkansas, 170; Florida, 3,764; Georgia, 134,075; Louisiana, 7,616; Mississippi, 1,849; North Carolina, 1,209; Oklahoma, 4,205; South Carolina, 18,907; Tennessee, 5; Texas, 559,114; other states, 1.

The ginning of cotton of the growth of 1911 was carried on more actively throughout the cotton belt to September 1 this year than in any similar period in the history of the industry, at least as far as accurate ginning records have been kept. This is shown by the first ginning reports of the season compiled by the census bureau from reports of its correspondents in the cotton growing States. A total of 771,415 bales has been ginned up to a week ago. This is greater by almost 300,000 bales than the previous record made in 1905.

The continued hot and dry weather in a greater portion of the belt, especially in Texas, was chiefly responsible for the increase. These conditions meant the early maturing of the crop, but this alone is considered a cause of greater ginning. Farmers have been more active in getting their crop to the ginneries and, it is said, in some counties in Texas, where the bulk of the increased ginning was reported, the entire crop practically already has been ginned.

Little relaxation appears to exist, according to the census bureau experts between the size of the crop and the quantity of cotton ginned during any period of the season. This is shown in the big crop of 1904, 1906 and 1908, each of which produced more than 13,000,000 bales. In these years the percentage of the total crop ginned to Sept. 1 was 2.8, 3.1, and 3.1 per cent respectively, while in 1905 when the crop was 10,800,000, 4.5 per cent of it was ginned by September 1. Last year 3.1 per cent of the total crop was ginned to September 1.

PLUMMER ASHLEY CONVICTED.

Three Abbeville Men Found Guilty of Manslaughter.

The Court of General Sessions, for Abbeville county, which convened on Monday morning adjourned Friday. Three young white men of the county were tried for murder; each of them was found guilty of manslaughter as follows:

C. N. Pearman, sentenced for killing his cousin, Campbell Nance, on October 30, 1910, was recommended to mercy and sentenced to three years on the chain gang; J. P. Ferguson killed his father in the fall of last year; he received a sentence of five years; Plummer Ashley, nephew of the Hon. J. W. Ashley, was put on trial for killing of Uncle Ira Stone; the case was given to the jury at 1 o'clock Friday and at 5 a verdict was rendered as stated. He received a sentence of seven years.

Pearman and Ferguson will commence serving their respective terms at once but Ashley gave notice of appeal and was released on \$5,000 bond. A remarkable fact about the court is that every white man tried was convicted and every negro acquitted.

GAVE MORPHINE FOR QUININE.

The Wrong Medicine Proved Fatal to Young Woman.

Miss Hattie Stogner, about 18 years old, daughter of J. W. Stogner, a well-known citizen of the Tabernacle section of Lancaster county, died Thursday evening from the effects of morphine given her by mistake for quinine by her father, the quantity given being about four grains. The girl had complained of not feeling well and her father thought that a dose of quinine would relieve her. Unfortunately, however, he got hold of the wrong powder, which caused the deplorable accident.

Dual Tragedy Stirs Town.

The Town of Many, La., Friday was the scene of a dual tragedy, when Mrs. Holly Turner, keeper of an eating house, was killed by her former husband, Clarence Turner of Lessville in the presence of an officer, who was attempting to avert the tragedy. Turner, after killing his wife, shot himself dead before the officer could reach him. The woman was fleeing down the street when killed.

NOTED TRIAL

Eads in Conviction of Rich Young Man for Murdering His Young Wife.

CASE WAS FOUGHT HARD

The Jury Which Was Composed of Farmers Sought Divine Guidance in Reaching Verdict—Prisoner and His Attorney Gives Notice of Their Intention to Appeal.

Twelve Virginia farmers knelt at dusk Friday night in the obscurity of the small jury room of Chesterfield court house, praying fervently that they might pass judgment aright on Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., indicted for the murder of his wife. Grimly determined they arose a moment later and silently, one by one, recorded a unanimous verdict of guilty.

Pausing in solemn contemplation for 58 minutes, weighing carefully the meaning of their decision and once more on bended knees beseeching divine assistance that they might not err, they filed into the hushed stillness of a crowded court room and with startling suddenness, 12 voices instead of the usual one of the foreman, spoke the solemn word "guilty." It was almost a shout.

The spectre of death which stalked the Midlothian turnpike July 18, last, when the life of Mrs. Louise Owen Beattie was taken away with the single report of a shotgun, stared hard at the young husband and, ready to claim its victim of electrocution on Friday, November 24th, next. But the prisoner returned the gaze unswerving and unafraid.

The court of appeals to be sure, will be asked to grant a writ of error and a new trial. Young Beattie, cognizant of the legal weapons yet at his disposal, did not surrender. Instead he consoled his broken down father, white-haired and wrinkled, and comforted him as he whispered, "I have not lost yet, father."

Unusual as has been the tragedy and the grousing stage where it occurred, the 12 jurymen did not hesitate to admit to their friend that they stood in judgment not only over the cold-blooded murder but upon his marital infidelity as well. It perhaps was the dramatic climax of Virginia justice which in the last half century has swiftly sent to death such famous murderers as Cluvelius, Phillips, and McCue.

At the close of a powerful argument by L. O. Wendenburg, the voluntary assistant of the Commonwealth in the case, the suspense was felt not alone in the court room but in Richmond where thousands of people waited the outcome.

The jury had for eleven days heard evidence, for two days speeches, but the words of Wendenburg rang in their ears as they left the court room to find their verdict.

"Let that man go free!" he cried. "What! Let that man go free! Why the motherhood of Virginia, the womanhood of this nation, will shudder in terror as the security of its life is threatened. Let this man go free! The man who basked in the degraded sunshine of another woman while at his home a young wife nursed his child?"

"Gentlemen, I merely ask you in the name of justice to do your duty."

Mr. Wendenburg concluded his address a few minutes after 5 p. m., a brief respite was given the jury, and at 5:28 o'clock it began consideration of the case. For 58 minutes they were together in deep consultation, a jury of farmers, who each morning sang hymns, and strove to forget the story of dissipation, with its filthy chapters as related day after day on the witness stand. What had been generally predicted was true—their minds were well made up before they left the court room. W. L. Burgess, a square jawed man with an earnest face, was elected foreman. They batted and it was no surprise, they afterward declared, that all voted for conviction.

They prayed that they might not take a life in vain, and they opened their consciences to one another for nearly an hour, so that they might go back to the court room firmly convinced of their duty and of one mind.

In the court room sat Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., the sporting page of a newspaper spread before him. But he did not read long. He folded the paper and concealed his face in it. Those who sat near the young man of iron nerve observed a twitching of his lips as though murmuring a prayer as he sat with closed eyes awaiting the return of the jury. He raised his head for a moment, dropped the paper and again began reading. Then he whispered a few words to his father and brother. It was for them he felt and to them he counseled cheerfulness.

It was nearly dark in the court room when the jury returned. Three oil lamps gave meagre lustre to the scene. Sunset's red rays still streaked through the windows. On every sill rested a telegraph instrument and operators tensely waited for the announcement of the verdict. Masses of upturned faces stared at the jurymen. Famous jurists looked down, too, from fly-specked paintings. In the minds of the crowd remained the thought of the powerful speech of the prosecutor and his denunciation of the man who exchanged the glow of virtue for passion's feeble taper.

THEY OPPOSE TAFT

CAMPAIGN LAUNCHED FOR SENATOR LA FOLLETTE.

Democrats Will Carry Minnesota if the President is Renominated, Said One of the Speakers.

Senator La Follette found an ardent champion and President Taft an avenging insurgent in Congressman Lenroot of Wisconsin at a banquet of Minnesota Progressive Republicans at Minneapolis Thursday night. The Wisconsin congressman and Prof. C. E. Merriam, of Chicago, late Republican candidate for mayor of that city, were the principal speakers, although State Senator Ole O. Sageng, of Ottertail County, "La Follette man" stood in the lime light long enough to say that a "clean Democrat in all probability would carry Minnesota if Taft were renominated."

The banquet formally opened the La Follette campaign in Minnesota for the nomination for president on the Republican ticket.

"The United States senate for years," said Congressman Lenroot in the course of his address, "has been looked upon as the very citadel of special privileges."

Having paid exalted tribute to Senator La Follette as a constructive statesman and an indefatigable foe of "the interests," the speaker said:

"Great progress has been made, but it has been under difficulty."

Here he arraigned President Taft for alleged unfaithfulness to the people.

"Since March 4, 1909," he said, "it has been difficult to tell who was the president of the United States or where he should be placed."

"Elected as a progressive Republican, President Taft chose a reactionary cabinet. Before election he condemned reactionaries and espoused the Roosevelt policies. After election he appointed Ballinger and retired Garfield and Pinchot. Every progressive Republican in the senate and the house incurred his displeasure, and Aldrich and Cannon became his advisers."

"He then attempted to punish the progressive Republicans in the house and senate by depriving them of all control over federal patronage. This act conclusively shows how little conception the president has for the character of the progressive Republicans and what they are fighting for. If any progressive Republican had been coerced by this attempt of the president he would have been a traitor to the country."

The court asked the prisoner to rise. He drew himself up calmly and waited.

Have you gentlemen agreed on a verdict?" asked Judge Watson.

"We have," said Mr. Burgess, the foreman.

The prisoner had confidently expected a hung jury, nor acquittal nor conviction. The court requested the audience not to manifest its approval or disapproval, whatever the verdict. "And what is your verdict?" asked Judge Watson turning again to Mr. Burgess.

"Guilty," answered Burgess, but his voice was swelled by the shout of 11 others. Unversed in the law or forms of murder trials the jurymen had not specified what degree of murder. Asked what degree, Mr. Burgess answered simply, "guilty as indicted." Under Virginia practice murder is presumed to be second degree unless otherwise specified. It was incumbent on the jury to fix the degree so Judge Watson addressed the jurymen to confer again on the point and seven minutes later they conferred this time with the verdict of "murder in the first degree."

The prisoner stood erect and motionless. His face, in color yellowish green throughout the day, was immobile.

The light of the lamp cast a dreary shadow on his upturned chin as he faced the jury. His eyelids sagged but did not blink. In steady gaze he fastened his eyes on the faces of the 12 men who had pronounced his punishment as if to penetrate their minds and determine the reason why.

It was not a resentful expression, however, and when the court asked if the prisoner had anything to say he answered: "I have nothing to say." Then he sat down.

The perfunctory motions for a new trial were made by counsel for the defense. The usual granting of permission even to argue the point was denied, as Judge Watson, in a stern voice declared that all rulings of the court were on comparatively unimportant details and in no way could have influenced the verdict. A stay of execution of 90 days was granted, however, in order to give counsel an opportunity to apply for writ of error when the court of appeals meets in November.

Perish in Collapse.

The restaurant connected with the Eldorado, the largest theatre in Nice, France, collapsed Friday night burying a number of Italians in the debris. Late that night 11 dead and 16 severely injured persons had been taken from the ruins, but it was feared more persons still remained beneath the wreckage. It is said the building in which reinforced concrete was used was being hurried by the contractors, who were liable to a heavy fine for each day they exceeded the contract time for finishing the structure.

LONG TIME CONVICT

JESSE POMEROY BEGINS THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR IN CELL.

Fiendish "Boy Murderer" Has Spent More Time in Lonely Confinement Than Any American Prisoner.

Jesse Pomerooy, whom criminologists and penologists regard as one of the most desperate abnormalities of the age, began the thirty-fifth year of his life sentence in solitary confinement in the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown Friday.

No other prisoner ever served so long in solitary confinement in the United States. Pomerooy was sentenced when he was sixteen years old to pass his life alone in a cell. He had killed 2 children after torturing them; he had subjected other children to sufferings which only a fiendish mind could devise.

Very recently it was represented to Gov. Foss, by pitying women, chiefly, that he had become tractable, perhaps repentant. The Governor was told that Pomerooy had educated himself in prison, that he reads books from the prison library nearly all day long, studies law assiduously and writes excellent English.

Governor Foss, of course, would not pardon the convict whom his keepers feared. But the Governor was inclined to end the "boy murderer's" solitary confinement—to permit him to mingle with his fellows within four walls, to have religious consolation in the prison chapel, and to breathe air in the yard.

At the very moment that Governor Foss was in this merciful frame of mind Pomerooy was planning to escape, as he had done before often. His keepers discovered in his sleeve an ingeniously made tool in the form of a bit of bit-stock. It is believed that he intended to bore holes around the lock of his cell and thus gain the corridor.

The prison officials said it would have been impossible for Pomerooy to escape as a guard is posted outside his cell all day and night. When other prisoners are in their cells in the day time the doors are left open; the door of Pomerooy's cell is closed when any one passes through the corridor.

FOUGHT SHARKS FIVE HOURS.

Saved His Life With Knife, But Was Badly Scarred.

After five hours in the sea facing death from sharks and drowning, Andy Anderson, a Danish fireman from the British steamship Melton, was picked up 200 miles off St. Vincent in the West Indies by the steamship Nelsensmest, which arrived in Galveston, Saturday.

Anderson fell overboard from his vessel at 4 o'clock in the morning, without being seen. Determined to make a desperate fight, he stripped off his clothing but saved his knife. He soon found that sharks were after him and he had to fight for his life. Knifing the fish, Anderson, an expert swimmer, managed to keep on the water until 9 a. m., when the look-out on the Nelsensmest, which had run about forty miles off its course, sighted the man in the sea. He was picked up and taken aboard, and was found to be literally scarred from head to foot with wounds inflicted by the fish. He lost consciousness when taken from the water, but now is little the worse for his terrible experience.

At one time he said he fought a large shark for twenty minutes, that seemed five hours, and stabbed the man eater twenty times before the shark gave up the fight. After each struggle Anderson would rest by floating until attacked again.

WOMAN RUNS GAMING HOUSE

Minneapolis Society Ladies Lose Large Sums in Resort.

At Minneapolis, Minn., an ultra fashionable gambling house has been closed by the police, after running for several weeks, during which time hundreds of women have been squandering their time and money in the place.

A highly respectable society woman of the city ran the place. She was successful in her enterprise and the curb at 723 Nicolet avenue was constantly lined with limousines and the town cars of the rich women. All sorts of games were played, the police say, a general raid would have been made, but for the select quality of the customers of the place.

The closing of the house was caused by the wrath of an irate well-to-do grocer of the city, who discovered that his wife had dissipated a large portion of his bank account in the beautifully furnished rooms at 723 Nicolet avenue. The owner was "brought up on the carpet" immediately, and closed the doors of the establishment to avoid trouble with the police.

Cause of Pellagra.

The Buffalo gnat has been fixed upon by Henry Garman, a government bacteriologist and entomologist, as the cause of pellagra. Just how the great communicable disease is not known, but scientists believe they are on the right track and eventually will find a cure for the disease. The Buffalo gnat exists in great numbers all through the South.

ATTACK PURSER

Big Ape Furiously Fights Officer on the Deck of the Steamship.

CLINGS TO MAN'S NECK

Sneaking Up Stealthily, Orang-Outang Leaps on Man, and Is Strangling Him When Aid Comes.—Brute's Skull Crushed Before Its Paws Can Be Loosened.

The New York World says an orang-outang four and a half feet tall, whose arms reached down to its ankles, made a savage attempt to choke the life out of Purser Peddy of the British freight steamship Pathan on the voyage which ended Saturday, when the vessel docked in South Brooklyn. The fierce brute relaxed its strangling hold on the purser's neck only when it was killed.

The Pathan touched at several ports in the Far East, and in the cargo she took on were boxes and crates containing wild animals. In a crate was the orang-outang, fierce but silent, seemingly brooding on revenge on those who had torn it from its jungle in Borneo.

The Pathan steamed through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean, then ran into a gale on the Atlantic soon after passing Gibraltar. As she pitched and rolled the crate prisoning the orang-outang was thrown across the hold and smashed. The anthropoid ape found itself at liberty.

More silently than ever moved human assassin, the great monkey crept to the deck, where the purser was standing. Stealing up behind him, the ape sprang on him.

"The first I knew that the orang had escaped was when its big, hairy paws closed around my rck," said Mr. Peddy Saturday. "I had just time to yell for help when the brute clutched me so tightly that it shut off my mind. Second Officer Wilcox and some of the crew rushed to my rescue, but before they could reach me the orang had thrown me on the deck and was strangling me."

The instant Mr. Wilcox reached the deck he had grabbed an iron bar and brought it down with all his strength on the orang-outang's head. Even such a terrific blow did not make the monkey relax its hold. Making fierce noises and snapping its bared teeth it held on until Mr. Wilcox threw it in its skull with the bar. We threw its body overboard."

The purser said his throat was badly bruised and cut by the orang's paws and nails and was sore for days. Besides, the attack was so sudden, so demonic, that he suffered from shock for awhile.

HARD BATTLE WITH LIONESS.

Wrist Broken and Arm Dislocated, Man Hard Pressed.

Battling with a mountain lioness and her two cubs, after one wrist had been broken and his arm dislocated, C. C. Garnett, a timber contractor, of Cheyenne, Wyo., fought with the beasts until Charles R. Smith, his assistant, came up with a rifle and killed the mother lion, the two young ones escaping into the mountains.

The fight took place in the mountains near Estabrook. Unexpectedly Garnett came upon the lioness, playing with her cubs. Before he had time to prepare himself for the attack, the animal sprang at him. Her first blow broke the wrist of Garnett's right hand, and the second tore his shoulder, as well as dislocated his arm.

But with his left hand he managed to draw his revolver and fire several shots at the angry beast. Garnett's assistant, Smith, was close by, and hearing the sound of the struggle, ran to the rescue and killed the lioness.

ATTEMPT TO WRECK TRAIN.

Obstruction on Track Between Latta and Dillon.

A bold attempt was made to wreck a through passenger train on the short cut division of the Coast Line Wednesday night at or near the Buck Swamp siding, between Latta and Dillon, where about six years ago Train 86, the Palmetto Limited, north-bound, was completely wrecked. The switch light had been put out and a log chain was found wrapped around the rail and fastened to the ties. Had any of the trains hit the obstruction they would have been derailed and wrecked. At that point all trains usually speed along at about fifty miles the hour. The obstruction was found by the switch tender, he having noticed that the switch light was out and went to relight it. The Coast Line officials have ordered all trains to reduce speed and for engineers to run slowly between Dillon and Latta until further orders, and to keep a sharp lookout for obstructions on the track.

Stranded Steamer Saved.