

BURIED ALIVE

Three Weeks in a Mine and Finally Rescued

GIVEN UP AS DEAD

Thirteen Miners Came Out of the Earth Like Ghosts. Entombed Men Ate Bark, Hay, Oats and Pieces of Decomposed Horse Flesh.

Thirteen men were brought up alive on March 29 from the Courriers coal mines, in France in which twenty days previous a terrible explosion of gases entombed and destroyed nearly 1,300 miners. Five days later another, who had been since in his underground captivity came out.

For twenty days the thirteen endured terrible sufferings, supporting life by gnawing the bark from timber supports, eating bits of food that had been left by their dead comrades, hay, oats and the partially decomposed carcass of a horse. From the lack of water they were reduced to shocking extremes. The intense cold led to their sufferings.

They came to the surface haggard, eyes sunken, terribly exhausted, barely able to walk and with hardly enough strength left to describe their experiences, yet with the exception of one in surprisingly good health. Groping in the dark day after day, stumbling over bodies of their fellow workers, never giving up hope and supporting their courage by the belief that the mine authorities were working for their rescue, they made their way finally to an open shaft in a remote part of pit No. 2.

A salvage party was at work in pit 2 when the thirteen men broke through a distant gallery and staggered toward them. The superstitious miners, believing it impossible that the thirteen could be live men, were terribly frightened. Some of them threw down their tools and ran. Others recovering their nerve, went quickly to the help of the thirteen, who were weeping and laughing from the joy of their escape.

FRIENDS WILD WITH JOY

The rescued men were brought to the surface in the elevator. It was difficult for the mine authorities even with the assistance of the gendarmes that had been summoned to help in preserving order to restrain the crowd which rushed for the rescued men and attempted to embrace them and force food and drink into their mouths. The men's eyes had been so long accustomed to the gloom of the mines that they were blinded temporarily by the glare of the sunlight. They were eager to talk, and every one of the survivors had his own story to tell of the sufferings they endured. They all declared that they owed their lives to one of their party, a miner named Nemy, who from the first took charge of the party. Nemy told the story of the twenty days imprisonment modestly.

When the explosion occurred he said, he sought refuge in No. 3 gallery, believing that he would have a fair chance there of escaping the gas. He was without a light and often stumbled over corpses as he groped his way to the gallery. Once he remembers he scrambled through at least fifty bodies. Finally he reached the end of the working and heard voices. He went in the direction of the voices and came upon a party of his comrades that were sheltered in a remote niche. There were twenty of them at the time. Later on seven wandered off, and nothing more was heard from them.

THEY FIND A DEAD HORSE

Nemy, from mere force of character took the leadership. He got the party finally to a sort of stable where the mules of the mine had been kept. While they were making their way to that stable they tore from the gallery timber supports in the galleries. When they reached the stable they found a quantity of oats, a measure of carrots and portions of food that had been intended for the lurches of mule men who had perished in the explosion. There were thirteen mouths to feed and even the resourceful Nemy found it difficult to restrain his famished followers. The decomposing body of a horse was found near the stable, and it was cut to pieces. Some of the men ate it. Others could not.

There were times when some of the party became nearly insane from suffering, but in every case, the men said, Nemy calmed them, encouraged them and infused into them something of his own dauntless spirit. They had only a little water at the very first, and the little was soon exhausted. It was the lack of water that so intensified their sufferings. To relieve their thirst they were compelled to resort to measures which cannot be described. They had plenty of matches but curiously enough they did not attempt to make a light and endured the darkness all the while.

RESCUED AT LAST

Nemy said that he was confident all the time that efforts were being made to rescue them, but they were doing all they could for themselves. Nemy had a general idea where they were and gradually led the party to a gallery, near pit No. 2. They broke through this gallery, and it was Nemy himself who first appeared to the astonished salvage men in the pit, shouting, "I am bringing twelve with me."

Nemy was taken to the hospital, and his wife came to the bed where he was lying. She was dressed in deep mourning, having given him up for dead for two weeks. Nemy looked at

her a long time before he spoke. Then he pointed to her black gown. "For whom are you in mourning?" said he. "Not I, your husband, that is certain."

Nemy will it is said be rewarded for his coolness and courage with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Five days after the appearance of Nemy and his twelve companions a rescue corps was working in pit 4 when one was touched on the shoulder by a man, thin and black, as if his skeleton was framed with coal.

"I AM SAVED."

It was Augusta Berton, who said faintly: "I am saved, thank God!" Berton was raised to the pit's mouth and hurried to the hospital. His wife who greeted him as one risen from the dead, was permitted to be with him for a short time.

Berton was in better condition than the thirteen other miners rescued March 26. Strange to say he thought he had been in his living tomb only eight days.

He thus described his frightful experience, which he had sought to end by killing himself. "I was working with my cousin when an explosion occurred, and we became separated. Alone I groped about in the dark, trying to find an outlet. I found a dead horse, but could not eat its flesh. Then I found some lunch bags which had belonged to men who were killed, and I lived on the food I found in them and drank from puddles. I suffered from the cold and took clothing and shoes from the dead. I also found three watches and a pocket watch.

At one time I gave up hope and tried to commit suicide by opening a vein, but it didn't bleed much. I slept ten times and tried to count the days estimating that eight days had passed since the explosion."

DESTRUCTION OF SAN JOSE.

An Earthquake Disaster That Has Been Overlooked.

On the morn of the San Francisco earthquake the city of San Jose was practically destroyed in the business center, and more than one-half of the homes in the residence section was so damaged or destroyed that repairing will be beyond question. Fifteen lives were lost and the property loss is more than \$8,000,000. Five thousand persons were rendered homeless and destitute, and many rich and prosperous mercantile firms were reduced to beggary.

The handsome and massive brick building of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Patrick, costing more than \$150,000, situated at Santa Clara and 9th streets, was a ruin. Two blocks away the San Jose High School, a five-story building of brick and stone erected at a cost of \$90,000, was a pile of debris.

I was along 1st, 21, 31, Market, Santa Clara and San Bernardino streets that the greatest ruin—the entire main building and its wings having collapsed at the first shock.

Late on Wednesday afternoon many of the saloons closed, and two hundred special policemen and deputy sheriffs were sworn in to assist the regular police and military in preserving law and order.

Killed Himself.

At Harlem, Ga., Mrs. Tom H. Dunaway committed suicide late Thursday night by taking strychnine. She was at home with the family, and went in the next room, and returned in a few moments and calmly said: "I have taken the dose I've wanted to for some time." In less than twenty minutes she was dead. She was fifty-five years of age and had been in bad health for two or three years, which is thought to be the cause of her rash act. She had on several occasions threatened to kill herself, but they thought she was joking. She is survived by a devoted husband, eight daughters and three sons. She will be buried at the Union Baptist church cemetery Saturday morning at 10.30.

Shot Him Dead.

A special from Groesbeck, Texas says: While being conveyed to jail in the custody of two officers, a negro whom it is alleged assaulted the daughter of J. A. Estland, a farmer of Delta, at an early hour this morning, was taken from the officers by the arrival of the girl's father. When E. arrived and rode up he ordered the crowd to stand back, and emptied both barrels of his shotgun loaded with buckshot into the negro, killing him instantly. There is no excitement.

Three at a Birth.

The Greenwood Christian Appeal says: Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ballington of Gilbert, S. C., have three most interesting children—two boys and a girl. We give below their names, ages and weight: Esie, three months, weighs 11-2 pounds; Bessie, three months, weighs 12 pounds; Lessie, three months, weighs 12-1/2 pounds. It will be seen that these three bright and sprightly young Methodists are triplets. Mr. and Mrs. Ballington are the recipients of much congratulation.

Shot in Back.

Farley Gallops, 30 years of age who resides five miles north of Oussetts, Ga., was brutally assassinated near his home Thursday morning. Gallops and a companion had gone turkey hunting, and some one came within thirty feet of him and fired his back full of buckshot.

It is stated that he would be dead before he could reach him. The party who fired the shot was not identified, but was seen running.

DARK SECRETS

Of Chinatown Revealed by the Late Earthquake

WAS HOME OF CRIME.

The Place Was Furrowed With Numbers of Underground Tunnels, Which Had Been Seen by F. W. White Men.

Many Prisoners Were Held or Murdered.

Not until the earthquake shook the rickety houses to the earth to be destroyed by fire did the authorities of San Francisco realize what manner of place was the much-advertised Chinatown, the mecca of all tourists in California, the spot in which 25,000 Chinese lived like so many prairie dogs, says the New York Herald.

When the high winds which came after the fire blew the ashes away, the yawning mouths of tunnels which the police had long suspected, were revealed. Entrances to these passages were so carefully hidden that only the leaders of the gangs, who used the lamp dungeons for places of meeting or to plot the death of a victim—the same room often acting as the execution taken once the market man was taken below the level of the street—knew.

One of San Francisco's alert detectives, said to be the best-posted man in Chinatown, stood at the corner of Barbary alley and declared: "For years I have been trying to expose the tunnels, which I knew to exist under this Chinese city. What goes on down there one can only conjecture, but it is a thousand times worse than the sins and vices which are practiced by those Mongolians in the streets and gambling houses you can see from this corner. Girls in the bloom of youth are smuggled over the Canadian border, brought here in the night, and confined in dungeons, perhaps never to look upon the light of the sun again, although they may live for years."

Very few white men have visited the underground passages, certainly none of San Francisco's police force, for every man in the department was watched when he entered Chinatown and the surveillance did not cease while he remained there. Secretary Tsing, a prominent member of the Chinese aristocracy, stationed for political reasons in the Chinese legation at the capital of Peru, was a member in high standing in a society of considerable political influence in China, with a powerful branch in San Francisco. He took two white men to the theatre in Chinatown and boastfully declared that the real secret of Chinatown had never been revealed. He conducted the men to the rear of the stage, slid a secret door back, and motioned for the men to follow him.

For one hour, stooping until their backs were strained, the men silently followed a guide, to look upon a complete new Chinatown, the tunnel leading past rows of doors to dungeons, against the bars of which some unfortunates pressed their faces, to jump back from the glare of a flickering miner's light which Tsing carried.

Under the Chinese city were hundreds of women and children. These victims mingled in glad refrain or echoed the gloomy murmurs of some who were suffering. Huddled in groups about a small fire, made from balls of coal dust which Chinese prepare, were merchants who had returned from their shops on the street level to these holes in the wall to plot and invent. The odor of opium was nauseating. The revelation of feeling was repeated when the street was reached after climbing a flight of stairs to the kitchen of the chop-juice joint, the breath of foul air even in this hole was refreshing.

Hundreds of men went to their deaths each year in Chinatown with out an inkling of the tragedies being known to the police. It was easy to bury the dead under the tunnels, 100 feet deep in Chinatown. Members of gangs marked for death left friends behind, men who refused to complain to the local authorities, but who, instead sought revenge themselves in the same fiendish manner that death had been meted out to their fellow members.

For years battle waged. Scores and scores were killed, even in the streets until the citizens of San Francisco threatened to organize a vigilance committee and wipe Chinatown from the face of Frisco. This had its effect. The war was carried below the streets, where dying men could scream in agony and not be heard. The slave traffic has enriched many Chinese, suave merchants who led simple lives above the street, but who retired to the subterranean passages and their slave marts to put upon the block the newest arrivals from the slave market in Canton.

Gambling has always existed there. The gamblers composed the bad element. They fought for one another's gold, committed murder to obtain means with which to enter games of chance, and slept away their daylight hours in a bunk somewhere down below the street, steeped in the lumes of opium, a sordid mass of humanity until nature awoke the brain to life.

There never will be such a Chinatown in San Francisco again. These people will be sent to a district far from the heart of the new city, where they will be under such close surveillance that practices of the past will be stopped when they begin. Provision will be made to suppress the gangs for all time, if this can be accomplished.

No one will ever know how many lives were lost in Chinatown. It is a moral certainty that men overcome with opium, the slave women in their dungeons and many a helpless wretch

unconscious from morphine were killed when the tremor of the earth toppled the buildings down to be consumed in a short time by the fire.

Citizens who have visited the remains of this plague spot were astounded at the catacombs which lay exposed. It is improbable that any attempt will be made to reach the bodies of Chinese victims. Earth will be thrown into the yawning abyss, burying for all time the victims of the disaster and blotting out forever the sites of these dens of vice and horrible chambers of sin.

AFTER TILLMAN'S SUALP.

Said Railroads Will Try to Defeat Him for Senate.

A letter from Washington to the Columbia Record says the first gunshot of opposition to Senator Tillman's re-nomination to the senate came Wednesday in a letter from Detroit, in which it is stated that the railroad men have been suggested from time to time as possessing the necessary requirements, etc., the railroads have been watching him, and keeping track of the fight he has been making for better rates since the senate bill was turned over to him to manage. It is not suited the railroads of the country. These gigantic corporations, looking ahead in the future, see that he is making trouble for them. They have agreed that they cannot stand for this, and he has been notified, that "wiring" out by wet towels and "towel" with dry towels placed about the patient's neck and wrists from behind until the patient falls over semi-conscious (sometimes with soap in the mouth) is not an ancient practice; that a "convulsion" has been used at times; a somnambulism; refractory patients are said to be placed in a reclining position, fastened, hand, foot and neck, and so that no movement is possible except to roll the eyes around a circumference of the ceiling, and thus left for hours.

"Kicking and cuffing by attendants for failure to obey orders or do work properly, or for taking an extra spoonful of beans at table, etc., is illegal. An incident is told of an attendant, disturbed at night by a somnambulist, striking him down, and carrying him home in a bandage for several days in consequence; and of another attendant breaking a patient's leg in disciplining him.

"There are different ways of training a horse—but one attendant made the statement that he was instructed to make patients fear him as he would a horse, and he commenced doing so on his first day on duty, by knocking a patient down and knocking him, and then he had no trouble with that one.

"Many other like occurrences are reported, but these are more than sufficient, if true, to present a vivid contrast to the methods of gentleness and sympathy carried out in other institutions."

Many attempts have been made recently by inmates of the hospital to cure the services of attorneys to effect their releases, such attempts having invariably been followed by brutal and inhuman treatment. One case in point is that of an old man named Willis who was not insane and wanted to be released. On this case the committee says: "The Willis case is no doubt exceptional; this is a brief of its history. An old man, but vigorous of body and intellect, was prevailed upon to deed valuable property to a relative. He was drugged in New York, taken 1,000 miles to a soldiers' home at Milwaukee, Wis., from there to St. Elizabeth; there regarded as insane, and his statements taken as proof positive of "paralytic mania." He was punished in the hospital for his attempts to secure legal release; his pension of \$50 per month for the hospital; his pension of \$50 per month for life as an old employee of Arnold, Constable & Co., commuted and released by the relative to whom he had deeded the property for a cash payment; he is now penniless and friendless, and his prospects for escape from life imprisonment from among the insane are exceedingly small.

"A woman, believing this man's story secured a writ of habeas corpus for him and the case came before Justice Wright, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. He held the commitment unconstitutional and illegal, and said one might as well argue that a policeman could be authorized to arrest a citizen, charge him with murder, pronounce him guilty, and hang him to a lamp post." Willis was then discharged after having been held in the hospital two years and was sent out without one penny.

"In the Shafer case, it appears he was too religious to suit the taste of an official in the hospital ward at the city and county insane asylum, and so staying prayerly with the sick inmates; his refusal caused immediate transfer to St. Elizabeth. There he showed signs of insanity, but his requests for discharge were refused and his release by habeas corpus resisted. Finally he managed to have his case brought into court and he was found perfectly sane in every respect and ordered to be discharged.

There are about 500 indigent patients at St. Elizabeth's, and these, the committee says, are confined in the bull pen.

"The bull pen is a triangular enclosure of about three acres, of which about one-half is occupied by buildings. It is surrounded by brick walls and high palisade fences, through which the inmates can be seen tramping wearily back and forth like caged animals, or sitting listlessly waiting the bell for meals. Some have been there for a decade or over. One old soldier in this pen stated that he was treated as well as any old dog shut up in a back yard with water to drink and a tough chunk to gnaw on; if he did not attempt to dig out, or jump the fence, or howl at the moon, he was left alone and kept out of trouble."

Physically Perfect.

The New York American says: Apollo, if alive Thursday, would have to share laurels as a physically ideal man with John F. Logan, aged twenty-five of No. 83 Taylor street, Brooklyn. He, in his examination for membership in the Greater New York police force. This is the second time in the history of the Police Department that a candidate has been pronounced physically perfect, the case being all the more remarkable in that only one other applicant in 30,000 examined has come within fifteen per cent. of it. Prospective gambler in Canton.

Laid to Rest.

Admiral Paul Jones' body, brought from Paris, where it had lain buried for nearly a hundred years, was placed in Bancroft hall, Annapolis, on Tuesday amid imposing ceremonies, including a speech by the president of the United States.

BADLY ABUSED.

Horrible State of Affairs in a District Hospital.

CRUEL TREATMENT

Of the Defenceless Patients of a Government Institution in the City of Washington. People Not Insane.

Confined in the Bull Pen, A Typical Case.

An investigation of St. Elizabeth's hospital, Washington, D. C., the home of many afflicted government employees, army and navy officers and members of the marine corps, by the house committee on the District of Columbia, has disclosed a horrible state of affairs.

Speaking of the discipline at this institution, the committee in its report says: "It would appear from complaints and statements made to us that straight-jackets, handcuffs, etc., are in frequent use; that the 'feeding' tube has been upon occasion thrust down the throat as a method of discipline, as well as of alleged necessity; that 'wiring' out by wet towels and 'towel' with dry towels placed about the patient's neck and wrists from behind until the patient falls over semi-conscious (sometimes with soap in the mouth) is not an ancient practice; that a 'convulsion' has been used at times; a somnambulism; refractory patients are said to be placed in a reclining position, fastened, hand, foot and neck, and so that no movement is possible except to roll the eyes around a circumference of the ceiling, and thus left for hours.

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Much Killed.

Because he severed his connection with and refused to contribute to the Black Society, Antonio Sappo was shot three times at an Italian camp near Seymour, Conn., Thursday evening. Francisco Culpino, who did the shooting, robbed the dying man of \$500, which he had saved to bring his wife and children to this country. Culpino, who is eighteen years old, terrorized the whole camp and threatened to shoot any one who attempted to detain him. He boarded the 6:15 o'clock train and escaped, and it was two hours later before any of them dared inform the police.

SERIOUS CHARGE.

THE LEGISLATIVE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE CRITICISED.

Machine to Defeat Senator Tillman.

Mr. W. W. Price, the Washington correspondent of the Columbia Record, sends the following to that paper: "The legislative committee appointed to investigate dispensary affairs is fast developing into a mere adjunct of the machine in South Carolina that is trying to defeat Senator Tillman."

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DEADLY TORNADO.

TWELVE TO FIFTEEN PERSONS REPORTED KILLED.

Many Injured and Missing in Bellevue and Stoneburg, Destruction Great.

A dispatch from Fort Worth, Texas, says a tornado has swept away the town of Bellevue and damaged the town of Stoneburg. Messrs. Messrs. received state that the town of Bellevue is totally destroyed, 12 or 15 persons have been killed, and many injured and missing. Fire is destroying the ruins caused by the tornado. A special train has been started from Bowie, Texas, 125 miles distant from the scene. Bellevue is a town of 1,500 inhabitants.

A dispatch from Bellevue says a tornado which swept through that place Thursday night destroyed everything in its path and as a result practically the entire town is a mass of ruins; only three buildings now standing. At least 11 persons are dead and a number are injured. The tornado was followed by fire which consumed the wreckage.

This report is being sent from the top of a telephone pole a mile from Bellevue, but it is as close as a wire can be had. The town of Bellevue consisted of over 200 houses. Among those who are known to have been killed are: R. L. Russell, wife and four children; A. D. Barr, Tom M. and W. W. B. candidate for county treasurer of Clay county; two members of the Gray family.

The seriously injured. Two daughters of N. E. Smith of Bowie; Mrs. Gault, Mr. Gray, and seven members of his family, two of whom have since died; Mrs. McGraw.

The whole business section of the town and all stocks of merchandise were destroyed. Among the business houses destroyed are Nelson and Spradley, McGraw, Ogatz & Bobbey's drug store.

A. D. Carr was caught in a building, mangled to death and his body is believed to have been cremated. The tornado was a mile wide and traveled over the earth for a distance of eight miles, leveling everything in its path; ruining crops and destroying all farm houses and barns on the way. This section is thickly settled and it will be tomorrow before there are complete reports of the dead. The fact that so few were killed is accounted for by the fact that practically every house was equipped with a storm cellar and people went to them as soon as they saw the tornado approaching. Those who had no storm cellars or who could not reach them were the ones who suffered.

Last winter many lives were lost in the same neighborhood by a tornado.

CUT TO PIECES.

Fell Between the Cars While Stealing a Ride.

A dispatch from Darlington to the State says: Emory Miller, a bright boy about 12 years old, met a horrible death here Saturday afternoon about 5 o'clock, when a shifting train near the cotton factory literally cut his body in two. At the time of the accident the little fellow was swinging on to a moving box car. Losing his grip, he fell sprawling on the track, where the life was crushed out of him by the wheels of the tender and big engine. The wheels of the train passed over the lower part of his body, cutting his figure almost in half, and when found a few minutes later his head and body were on one side of the track and his lower limbs on the other. One arm was also badly crushed.

Alert on foot and active in body, the boy was caught by car after car as they were shifting from the main track to the switch and had hardly more than leaped on this one when he met his tragic end. About three or four witnessed this awful death and it was not without warning from his elders that the deceased rode to the peril of his life. Emory Miller was the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Miller. His father is superintendent of one of the card rooms at the cotton mill in Darlington.

That which makes the death of young Miller peculiarly sad is the fact that his mother and others were making ice cream for a festive occasion when told of the unexpected and horrible death of her boy. A jury was drawn this afternoon and the body viewed. The inquest will not be held until Sunday.

Killed His Brother.

A dispatch from Homer says there was a sad tragedy at Gaddy's mill, a place about six miles east of there, Thursday morning. Two brothers, about 10 and 12 years of age, became involved in a quarrel, and the younger securing a shotgun fired on his brother at close range, the load taking effect in his back ranging upward and coming out just above the collar bone. The boy died two hours later. They are sons of Bryant, the man that killed Prevatt at that place several years ago, and after being placed in the penitentiary under a life sentence committed suicide by opening the jugular veins in his neck with a pair of scissors.

Cut To Pieces.

James M. Thompson was killed by Shirley at 24 Berean avenue, Atlanta Thursday night at 7 o'clock, being literally cut to pieces. Thompson was fearfully slashed and died in two minutes. The killing resulted from a quarrel between Thompson's son and Shirley younger brother. The older man took it upon himself and was passed and returned, and Shirley claims Thompson cut him first and that he then proceeded to use his knife.

Loved Tillman.

A dispatch from Washington says the fact has leaked out that Senator Tillman was invited to the White House last Monday afternoon to meet the French naval officers who were received by the President, prior to the Jean Paul Jones ceremonies at Annapolis, Tuesday. Senator Tillman did not accept the invitation.

A Burned City.

A map just published of the burned district of San Francisco shows an area covering 453 city blocks, 111 of which are south of Market street and 242 to the north end. It is estimated that the buildings destroyed will be in the neighborhood of sixty thousand.

HARD TO KILL.

Dr. Dean on Recent Slaughter of the Dajags

IN THE PHILIPPINES

The Doctor Missed Being at the Scene a Day or Two and Talks Interesting of the Fanatical Natives Who He Says Will Never Yield.

Dr. F. W. S. Dean, a young Greenville, who has a commission in the army, and who has seen a deal of fighting in the Philippines the past few years, was in Columbia a few days ago on his way home from the islands. Dr. Dean talked in an interesting way to the representative of the Record concerning the much-talked of battle of the crater of Jolo, where some 600 native men and women were surrounded by Uncle Sam's men and shot to death by direction of Roosevelt's pet, General Wood.

"I had just left Jolo at the time of the battle," said Dr. Dean, "but I know something about that so-called outrage. Yes; the women were killed along with the men, as they should have been killed. Those people were a band of American soldiers with their rifles pointed in that crater and sent word to Governor Scott desiring him and telling him that if he wanted anything of them that he knew where they were.

"It was a case of killing them or having our men killed. These people are Mohammedans and fight to the death. There is no conquering them, and the women fight the same as the men. A native will not hesitate when he is pushed to it to throw himself on a bunch of American soldiers with the certainty of death before him. He does not hope to get out alive, but he thinks that if he can kill one Christian he will go straight to glory. Those people don't surrender.

"The only way to pacify the islands is to exterminate the malcontents thoroughly. Things will never be straightened out down there unless there is a decided change in the attitude of the people of the States. It is as with the negro in this country. One section of the country pulling one way and the other the other way. There is too much politics in this Filipino business. And the strangest thing is to see Southern people taking sides with the natives. The Philippines should be sold or taken out of politics in some way.

"Our sentries are shot from ambush whenever there is an opportunity presented to these wild folk. It has been difficult recently to get guns to them here of late, but even now they come in and are brought promptly. A rifle worth \$200 in gold in this section does, but even at that price the natives got hold of them.

Filled His Teeth!

M. Labourrye, a dentist of Paris, was found insane and sent to the Salpêtrière for observation and treatment