A DREADFUL WRECK.

AN OPEN SWITCH CAUSES MANY DEATHS AND WOUNDS.

A Passenger Train Crashes Into a Freight on a Side Track-Horrible Circumstances Surround the Catastrophe—The Culpable Brakeman Makes His Escape.

KINGSBURY, Ind., Sept. 22.—Eleven persons lost their lives in a collision between a freight train and the Toronto and Montreal express on the Wabash railroad at this station at 5:30 o'clock this morning. A score of others are injured, many of whom will die. The freight was on a siding west of the depot and was bound east. The first section of the express train passed by on the main track at 5:25 a. m. It is said that the brakeman supposed that the freight train would now move, and ran back to open the switch. Before the cars had begun to move the section of the fast express came west at the rate of fifty miles and hour, and before the breakman could turn the switch, dashed into the side-track and collided with the freight train. The wreck was complete.

The list of the killed is as follows; J. H. McKenna, butcher, of Hyde Park Mass., Harry French, thirteen years old, member of Orphans Bell Ringers London, England; Charles Berbo, San Francisco; Miss Alice H. Rred, East Boston, Mass; Miss Nellie B. Tucker, Newton, Mass; Conductor James Culter, Engineer John Green, Ashely Ind; of passenger train; Warren G. Rider, of Phoenix, Ariz; P. Z Selle, Berlin, Germany,; Baggage Master Lyons, of the passenger train; James D. Roundy, La Motte, Iowa.

The injured are: Mrs. F. W. Burbank, New Orleans, La., sixty years old, arms and one leg broken, jawbone fractured, will die; William Adams, fourteen years old, London, England, member Orphans Bell Ringers, both legs broken injured internally, will die; Miss Hattie Hutchins, Phœnix, Ariz, bruised about head and injured internally, recovery doubtful; Fireman Barber of Ashley, on passenger train, leg broken and severely hurt. H. J. Vatkeney, fireman on freight train, burned and scalded about the head and breast, may die; Wm. J Haskins, 14 years old, London, England, compound fracture of right leg, left shoulder broken, recovery doubtful. Others less seriously hurt are: Edward Rush, 18 years old, London; Swain Canfield, Ironwood, Miss; Miss Lonfield, Ironwood, Mich.; H. W. Ryder, Phoenix. Arizona; G. S. Hodgson, Andover, N. H; Mrs. S. A. Seavely, Somerville, Mass.

It was the worst wreck the Wabash road has ever had. To add to the horrors, the boiler of the passenger engine blew up scattering human bodies and wreckage in all directions. The Toronto and Montreal express was due in Chicago at 7:15 and does not stop at this station. The freight train lay here on a side track to allow the express to pass. The passenger engine and the freight locomotive collided at full speed and the two machines lay jammed together, their boilers meeting end to end. The force of the collison drove the freight engine back against the box cars, completely demolishing the first three. The passenger engine was partially stopped by the collision and the baggage and smoking cars, day coach and one sleeper were telescoped. The rest of the coaches piled upon top of each other in a tangled mess of wood and iron. The steam escaped scalding the injured, who were unable to crawl to a place of safety.

News of the accident was received at headquarters of this division of the road at 6 o'clock, and Division Superintendent Gould and Trainmaster C. A. Limewell were brought to the scene with a wrecking crew. When they arrived, however, the citizens of Kingsbury had carried away the dead and wounded who could be removed. The Masonic hall was turned into morgue and drays and farmers' wagons were kept busy for two hours hauling the dead and wounded to the village, a mile distant from the depot.

There was two sleepers on the train "The Marian" and "The Kansas City," the former escaped injury, but the front part of the Kansas City was converted into kindling wood by the day coach which smashed into it. Two bodies were taken from the sleeper, those of Harry French, London, England, and Chas. Berbo, of San Francisco. The smoaking car was twisted into a heap of splinters and few of the passengers escaped death or injury. The day coach which followed was also entirely whecked by being hurled against the sleeper Kansas City.

Division Superintendent Gould admitted that freight brakeman, Hebert Thompson, was to blame for the accident. He turned the switch in the face of the freight engine and let the passenger train go on the side traick where the freight train was standing.

Conductor Perks was in charge of the freight train, and was in the caboose. He was not harmed. The engineer of the passenger train, John Creen, met an awful death. He had no time to jump and was thrown from his cab for ward clear over the freight engine, a distance of several car lengths. His conductor, James Coulter, was taken from beneath the wrecked smoking car with his spine broken. He died as soon as he was taken into the depot.

James B. Woakley and Henry Aaren, with a company of boys from Dr. Barnardos' orphanage in London, England, were aboard the train bound for Chicago. One of the lads, Harry French, was killed and several others were badly injured. One of them, William Adams, lies unconscious in the station and cannot recover. Mr. Woakley is also badly hurt. Physicians and surgeons arrived on the ground from all directions in response to the railway's summons' At 1 o'clock a special train came in from Peru and carried fifteen of the injured persons to Chicago. Trainmaster Tramwell was on the first section that passed Kingsbury in safety.

"It was all Thompson's blunder," said he, "I noticed that the first section signalled the waiting freight train that there was another train coming and it was answered two by the freight train, showing the signal was understood, yet Thompson, whom I have not seen yet, opened that switch. It was an awful blunder. This is the first life lost on this division of Wabash in six years."

Still Avoiding Roanoke.

RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 23—Hon. H. S. Trout, mayor of Roanoke, arrived in the city last night, but his presence here was unknown until to day as he failed to register at the hotel where he and his wife are stooping. He was called on by quite a number of newspaper representatives to-day, all of whom were anxious for the fugitive mayor to talk about the Roanoke mob affair. He positiyely declined to discuss the subject or make any statement for publication. Indeed he did not say anything concerning the lengthh of the time he proposed to remain in the city, when he expected to leave, or where he intended going. He denied an alleged interview sent out last night from Lynchburg.

TWO HUNDRED CONVERTS

Said to Have Been Secured at One Dollar Each.

AIKEN, Sept. 27.—There has always been a jealousy between the A. M. E. and the Friendship Baptist churches at this place. The Baptists were ahead in numbers and prided themselves on having only staunch members, who were rarely caught up with in mischief and were simon pure colored people. The Methodists were inclined to admit ginger-cake and even light tan members, and in fact the ginger-cake faction really dominated, and that perhaps accounts for some things which are had at their door. The Rev. Philips of the Baptist church, a preacher who can not read or write, decided not long ago that the church must recuperate and that some fresh life must be enfused After a consultation with his elders it was decided to have a missionary—and accordingly the Rev. Brown of Georgia was sent for and promised $1 per head for all converts.

Brown was evidently not averse to making money and he went at the work tooth and nail. Night after night he would threaten, scold, coax and objure the sinners. The church was lit up and crowded until late into the night and the "buckra" living in the locality adjourned to Chicago or Pittsburg for quiet and rest. The Methodists started a revival almost at once—but somehow their preacher was not successful—he was working by the day and their rival was getting a per capita and the difference was showing every night. As the hour grew later and after the missionary had shouted himself hoarse the sinners flocked to the mourner's bench and joined in the shouting hosts, calling others to come up and be saved.

One night, about three weeks ago, after a very successful haul (by the Rev. Brown) the congregation of the Baptist church went home, to be aroused an hour or two later by the cry of fire! and to see their church in flames. Holy smoke! they were mad. But it was no use—the church was reduced to ashes in a short time and the Methodists—so it was said—chuckled to think that their rivals had a set back. The Baptists declare that the Methodists applied the torch, but of course that remains to be proved. The Baptists could not be downed however and securing the use of the colored Odd Fellows Hall continued the meetings with even more fervor. As a result of the work of Bro Brown two hundred men, women and children were baptised last Sunday. It was a great event; factional feeling was overcome by curiosity and the town and surrounding country was pretty well represented at the dipping.

As early as six o'clock colored men women and children were seen to be gathering into the city from the suburbs. They came in wagons, carts and ancient carryalls; they were riding mules, donkeys, and even a stray ox or two had been pressed into servicer. The candidates for immersion robed in white gowns formed a solid column. The Rev. Philips led the procession and church members followed the converts—a miscellaneous crowd bringing up the rear. Arriving at Coker Spring it was found that a crowd had preceded the baptismed party. The hills about the pretty spring were alive with humanity. Hundreds of whites, attracted by curiosity, were here and every point from which the pool—a square hole in the ground—could be seen was occupied. When the ceremonies bega a there were probably five thousand people on the spot.

Bother John—as the Rev. Philips is familiary called by his flock—was master of ceremonies and Bro. Bob Hewit was leader of the choir. After an exhortation by the preacher a hymn was sung, led by Hewit. It was one of those shouting, wailing kind with a refrain.

"Pharohs hosts got drown—d
En de red sea."

The preachers went down into the pool and the baptizing began, the choir chanting in a melancholy but far reaching wail.

"Gwine to put on my long white robe,
Gwine to put on my long white robe,
I gwine to wai—at—gwine—to wai—at
Gwine to wait'till my Jesus come."

and the candidates, arrived in white came down into the water. The men were received first—possibly because they might change their minds if not gathered quickly into the fold. There were six-footers, black as ebony and half awed old men. The preachers grabbed them and put them struggling and sputtering under the muddy, ill smelling water. Up they came looking mad and likely swearing sottly. Looking like nothing so much as the proverbial drowned rats, they scampered off to a shed near by to reappear shortly in citizens dress.

The women's turn came next and they made considerable fuss, not unfrequently screaming and fighing the preachers when they were put under the water. They came up shouting "Yes, Lord," "Master," "I done walk with Jesus," "I been seen my master," etc. There seemed to be no end to the list, but the choir kept up the shout.

"Gwine to wait till my Jesus come."

and the water kept getting muddier.

The boys and girls were the last to testify to their faith by going under that green slimy water and they were handled with small ceremony. The preachers had become experts now and the youths were baptized in quick succession. And the crowd had waited. It was sweltering hot but the mauma's in their turbans stood quiet in the sun for three hours. The swells and society ladies of all colors from straw to gingercake kept in the outskirts and flirted and fanned and laughed.

The costumes that met the eye were as varied as on the Midway Plaisance I guess for the cotton field hand can get up fantastic especially in pickening time Here you would see a belle—coal black—with a white dress, shoes, gloves and parasol, next to her was a brown mauma with bright red turban, blue and yellow dress and no shoes. It was a sight to be remembered, this crowd with its surroundings, and its weird music. It was pathetic, romantic, amusing, I shall never forget it.—Charleston Sun.

Arrested.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Sept. 23.—Orville Duncan, brakeman on the first section of the Big Four train that was wrecked at Kankakee some days ago, was arrested on a telegram from officials at Kankakee early this morning and is being held at the station house. The Big Four officials are very much suprised at the arrest as it indicates that this company and not the Illinois Central is to be held responsible for the disaster. Duncan refused to talk further than to say that he did his duty to the letter. He denounced his arrest as a piece of spite work on the part of the Illinois Central officials.

A QUEER CASE.

The Antics of a Man Who Tried to Steal Another's Wife.

BRIDGEPORT, Sept. 22.—Dr. M. F. Boznich, who is now in jail in this city in default of $10,000 bail for assaulting Mrs. Theodoria Kerschenski, the wife of a well-known marketman, made application today through his attorneys for a reduction of the bail. Judge Wheeler of the Supreme Court refused the request. When Boznich came to this city from Brooklyn in last March he went to Kerschenski's house to live. Kerchenski has considerable influence in the part of the city in which his markets are situated, and Boznich soon secured a small practice. The wife of Kerschenski is young and very pretty, and the young doctor soon became infatuated with her. She was indiscreet on several occasions in last June, and Boznich took advantage of her fears and told her that if her husband knew what had happened he would probably kill her. Frightened, she continued to receive the attentions of the doctor. In vain Boznich pleaded with the young wife to leave the city with him. He wrote letters to her, often several a day, all of them full of expressions of his love. Part of one of them is:

"I have one God in heaven and you, my own darling, are my God on this earth. You must, you will fly with me. You are only a butcher's wife now, but with me you will be a doctor's lady. Meet me tonight on the corner, you know where. If you do not grant this request I will blow the world in pieces."

When Boznich came to this country from Russia, where he was educated, he went to Scranton, after his efforts to get Mrs. Kerschenski to elope with him had failed. The husband one day received a letter from Scranton. It said that his wife was a bad woman, and advised him to get a divorce from her at once. It was signed "Greenburger." The husband paid no attention to it. Later the wife received a letter from Scranton at the top of which was drawn a skull and crossbones. It commanded her to go away with the young physician, and that unless she did so some morning a little piece of dynamite would be placed at the door of her husband's home, and when he came out he would be blown into pieces. It was signed "Brotaer Nihilists." These letters and the continued threats of the physician kept her in terror. She feared that every moment her husband's life would be taken or something serious would happen to her. She stood it until the alleged assault. Then she told her husband, and prosecution followed. At one time the wife had about decided to follow the orders of the letters. She had several thousand dollars herself, and had planned to get a considerable amount belonging to her husband. Her courage gave way and she refused to go. It is now thought that the letters from Scranton were a part of a plan arranged by Boznich to frighten the woman into yielding to his wishes. The letters, however, are not in Boznich's handwriting. He refuses to say anything about the matter. He is a handsome man, 28 years old, and very close mouthed when under examination in court.

A Zulu Chief in Quod.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Sept. 27.—A squad of local policemen rudely interrupted the missionary services at the Zion Methodist Episcopal Church tonight, and put the speaker of the evening, a converted Zulu chief, under arrest. Bornco Moakegs is the name of the dusky man, whose confession, made at Police Headquarters in broken English to a New York Times reporter tonight, sounds like fiction. The charges against him are obtaining money under false pretenses and general misrepresentation. Several days ago the Zulu chief came to town. He visited the pastors of three of the leading churches and induced them to allow him to address their congregations and Sunday schools at various times. Today was missionary Sunday at most of the churches. He was a busy Zulu. He appeared at the Dwight Place Congregational Church; the Calvary Baptist Sunday school, the First Methodist Episcopal and Zion Methodist Episcopal churches, and in all told graphic tales of the beninghted condition of his brethren and their manifold needs. His addresses were given in the costume of his tribe, and were accompanied by Zulu songs. At his address before the Calvery Baptist Church something reminded A. L. Willis that he had seen him before. He looked him over carefully, and became convinced that the speaker was the same that had impersonated Tippoo Tib at Milwaukee early in the Summer. Mr. Willis notified the police, who took the imposter out of Zion Methodist Episcopal Church just as he was begining his missionary address. Consternation reigned as the Zulu chieftian was marched down the aisle in this flowing robes, with a sturdy patrolman on either side. At Police Headquarters he gave an account of himself. He said he was born in Africa and came to this country six years ago. He went to Gen Armstrong's Hampton Institute a year, he says, and then struck out for himself on general missionary work. He has been an itinerant since then, and has accumulated quite an amount of property. Last week, he says, he was robbed in New York by another religious talker. The four leading clergymen whom he victimized, the Rv. Dr. Terwell, the Rv. Dr. Poteat, the Rev. Dr. Williams, and the Rv Dr. Biddle, were subpoenaed tonight to appear as witnesses at the trial tomorrow. A subscription book containing the amounts various previous churches and clergymen have been victimized for was found tonight and will be produced in court.—New York Times.

A Careless Miner.

WILKESBARRE, PA., Sept. 21.—By an explosion of gas in the Lance Colliery No. 11, of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company at Plymouth this afternoon, five men were instantly killed and five others seriously but not fatally injured. The names of the dead are: David M. Jones, aged 52, contractor; Wiliam Jones, Wilkesbarre, rock miner; John Flannagan, 45, mason Wilkerbarre; Owen P. Jones, Plymouth, 55, miner, and Joshua Golightly, Plymouth, 55 All were married and leave families. The explosion was caused by a careless miner and his naked lamp. Golightly, who caused the explosion, was burnt to a crisp. The others were all killed by flying wreckage. The mine is badly damaged, but will not be obliged to suspend work.

Had Six Wives.

PETERSBURG, Va., Sept. 27.—Charles V. Decker of New York, who had two wives living in this State, one in Baltimore, and three in New York State, was today convicted of bigamy in the Hustings Court of this city and sentenced to eight year's imprisonment in the State penitentiary, the full penalty of the Virginia law.

BAD FOR BRUNSWICK.

A Startling Increase in the Number of Yellow Fever Cases.

BRUNSWICK, Ga., Sept. 27.—Eighteen new cases of yellow fever were reported today. The patients are: Jas Latham, Murray Furlow, Johnnie Bailey, J. B. Mock, Alfred Randall, two children of Mrs. Larentzsons. All the above are white. The colored patients are: Arthur Roberts, Annie Belle Jones, Berrie Everett, Alice Kelly, Harry Kelly Willie Kelly, Mary Gantling, Victoria Mills Alfred Mills, Willie Mills and Oscar Lamkin. There are now thirty-two cases under treatment, and about seventy cases of malaria, many of which are expected to develop into yellow fever. The sudden chilliness in the atmosphere and a strong east wind blowing the malaria off the rice fields towards the city, could be taken as the cause of the great increase of numbers. The same condition of affairs was noticed in the epidemic of 1876, and the history is repeating itself.

A startling increase in the number of cases may now be expected, but the mortality rate will be held down, if possible. Surgeons Murray and Faget expect a large increase in cases, but are now thoroughly prepared to properly attend the sick, and, with their directions observed by the patients, will lose few. The local physicans, J. A. Butts, J. A. Dunwoody, H Burdford, Robert Burford and Dr. Davis, are constantly answering calls, but are bearing up manfully under the terrible mental and physical strain, and will remain at their posts.

Surgeon Murray has Doctors Blair and West, two reputable colored physicians, constantly at work among the colored people, and they report suspicious and other cases nigh ly, in writing, to him the day following. Surgeons Murray and Faget visit the suspicious cases, and pronounce on them. None of the local white physicans receive any pay for their work from any one, and justly deserve the respect and sympathy of the people. Those who are able to pay doctors have refugeed, and every call they answer now is in the cause of humanity. To-day the health board commenced committee work in visiting immunes, and employing persons who would serve as nurses. This move is warranted by the sweeping progress the epidemic is now expected to make. At the rate the cases are multiplying under the atmospheric conditions, the hundred mark will soon be passed. Serious thought should be given this by the outside world, and relief furnished abundantly.

An average of 800 persons daily get three days supplies each at the commissary and it requires a vast amount of provisions to supply the hungry, suffering and deserving horde. Only widows and single women are fed gratis, and no rations are issued to any until the three days time limit expires. Ministers J. A. Thompson, Ed. F. Cook D. Watson Wynn and Perry are kept constantly busy issuing certificates, while five canvassers in differents wards hunt up the sick unable to send for physicians and suffering for want of food and inability to get to the commissary. Their neighbors run as soon as patients get down and leave them to perish. Such cases are cared for by the canvassers, who carry food and furnish a physician immediately. Instances are recorded during the epidemic, where before being discovered by the canvassers, who do their duty nobly and to the best of their ability, patients have suffered for hours without food or attention and relief reaches them too late to prevent death. It is a deplorable but true condition of facts, but with an increased force of nurses and canvassers, the occasion will be met, but supplies must continue to come. Medicine or delicacies are not needed so much as substantial provisions.

F. Joergers drug store has been made a relief medicine station and he personally attends to all their wants night and day. Fifty people have been seen there at one time getting prescriptions filled free. The situation here now is decidedly alarming, but is being met bravely by those remaining. Surgeon Geddings arrived today to consult Surgeon Murray about matters at camp Detention. There are 207 refugees there now, two officers and sixty-eight at the tents. There is no sickness except one consumptive.

A Lunatic and his Pistol.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27.—Five shots in quick succession echoed throughout the hall of the board of trade shortly after noon today while the floor of the exchange was crowded with operators A panic resulted, the operators rushing pell mell from the floor and tumbling over each other in their haste to reach the outer hall. The shots were fired by a middle-aged man, who had been observing the proceedings from a front seat in the extreme southern corner of the gallery. What immediately precided the tragedy is not known for those who had been sitting near him, fled for their lives. When the first shot was heard, the operators who looked in the direction of whence it came, saw the individual in question flourishing his pistol and endeavoring to pull the trigger of the weapon, which appears momentarily to have caught in his finger. He was still flourishing the pistol aimlessly when it discharged four times in rapid succession. Three of the five shots took effect. The injured are: Amri Bennett, a prominient operator and president of the board of Trade Insurance Company, who was sitting in the gallery, bullet in the neck, believed to be serious; Mrs. W. W. Lewis of Titusville, Pa., World's Fair visitor to Chicago, who was sitting in the gallery; C W. Rosewell, assistant chief operator of the Wetern Union Telegraph Company on Change, fractured jaw by a bullet. Before the lunatic could empty the remaining chamber of his revolver he was caught from behind by Tom Barrett, the floor officer of the board and a noted athlete, who threw him to the floor and pinioned his hands. He was then taken down to the private room of the executive committee of the board, shouting at the top of his voice: "I warned them before and they would not heed; I gave them plenty of fair warning." It has been learned that the man's name is Cassius M. Beldin, living on La Salle avenue on the north side. He is said to be a promient cattle dealer. Beldin was taken to the Harrison street police station, where he made a rambling and incoherent statement to the effect that he is under hypnotic influence; struggle for bread; saw his children sold on the board of trade; expected to see his soul sold there, today, and other things as equally disjointed. Beldin was cool and collected while talking. He changed frequently from the subject of hypnotism to his vagary about his soul being sold. He is about forty years old. After his talk he was locked in a cell.

His Sermon Offended.

LIMA, O., Sept. 25.—Rev. Mr. Mersfelder, Methodist minister, in his Sunday evening sermon at Spencerville denounced some hoodlums, who he said, disturbed his meetings. When he was leaving the church one of the offenders named Walther told him he must take back his remarks. He refused and was badly beaten.

ROADS ON THE FARM.

A Little Work in Bad Places Will Save Time and Money.

The subject of good public roads attracts and deserves a good deal of attention. It is a subject in which farmers have a greater financial stake than they have realized. While the roads remain as they are the farmers are constantly losing money by the delays and difficulties of getting their produce to market. If extensive repairs and reconstructions are attempted the taxes on farm property will be considerably increased. If the money paid for putting the roads in order is expended by people who understand making roads, and who are honest as well as intelligent, it will be profitably invested. Good roads cost but they also pay. We ought to have them.

To some extent the principles which are involved in making and maintaining highways also apply to farm roads. If no roads are provided or if the roads which are made are not kept in order, the difficulty and consequently the expense of moving loads to and from the barn is considerably increased. To provide and keep in order good farm roads will involve some expense, but the cost will be many times repaid by the increased facilities they afford for carrying on some of the important farm operations.

While every farm of much size needs one or more good roads over which the heavier loads should be drawn there are places which are in more urgent need of attention than are the farms as a whole. Wet, or stiff spots, and hill sides should have good road beds even if a general system of road making for the farm cannot immediately be adopted. It probably requires more than twice the power to draw a given load through one of the "mud holes" which are found on so many farms that it does to move it over a fairly good road. As for drawing a load up hill, every one who has had experiences teaming on an uneven farm knows that the power required is very much greater than is need on a level road. It not infrequently occurs that small loads must be drawn from the most distant part of the farm because there are one or two bad spots between that point and the barn. A little work on these spots would open a pretty good road for the whole distance. If fairly well done it would last for years, but it would pay to do this work if it had to be repeated every summer. It would save many long trips every season, would prevent much annoyances both to the team and to the driver, and would enable the farmer to push his work much more rapidly than he other wise can do. In some cases the hard pull comes at some points where ruts have been formed. Hence, there is not merely a great increase in the labor of the teams, but there is also a severe and an altogether unnecessary strain upon the wagons and carts. Many a wheel has been spoiled and a considerable bill for repairs has been incurred by means of those ruts. The delay and inconvenience caused by such a break down are always vexatious, and the expense involved is not always met with good humor. If the time lost in waiting to have the necessary repairs to the wagon made were used putting the road into good condition future losses and annoyances from this source might be avoided and occasion for the use of a good deal of very bad language would be prevented.

To make first-class highways over which thousands of teams are to pass every year requires a good deal of scientific knowledge. Such knowledge though valuable, is not indispensable in making farm roads. In order to keep it dry and hard the road should be a little higher in the middle than it is at the sides. Ruts should be prevented by forming as solid a road bed as possible and making repairs as soon as the least depression in the wheel track is observed. Where the road passes through wet ground the bed should be somewhat elevated and a trench should be made at each side for currying off the surplus water. Attention to these points, and to a few minor matters which will suggest themselves, will enable the farmer to make on his own land, roads which will fully answer all practical purposes.

Shot from Ambush.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 25.—Mr. Paul Wingard, a well known citizen of the upper portion of this county, reached the city yesterday morning with his clothing soaked in blood, which flowed from a wound in his body. He went to Dr. Taylor's office to have his wound dressed. He said he was driving along the public road coming to Columbia about 8 o'clock yesterday morning. When he had gotten some distance past his house some one, without warning, fired upon him from the bushes about twenty-five yards behind him. He said he knew he had been hit and could see the smoke. He had no weapon and drove up so as to get out of the assassins reach. The weapon was a shot gun. There were four bullet holes in Mr. Wingard's coat. Only one bullet struck him. It entered just under the right shoulder blade and ranged upwards. Dr. Taylor failed to find it with the probe. It is said that Mr. Wingard's life has been threatened, and his property has suffered by some hidden enemie's application of the torch.—State.

Fire in Florence.

FLORENCE, Sept. 25.—Florence narrowly escaped devastation by fire this morning. The fire originated in the Mansion House, which is in course of erection. This building, the Episcopal and Methodist district parsonage and several small houses were burned Others are badly damaged. The loss cannot yet be estimated. The fire is now under control.

A Bath in Boiling Water.

LANCASTER Pa., Sept. 22.—Maggie Missensawi, 13 years old an inmate of institute for feeble minded children at Elwyn, Pa., was intrusted to an elder girl, also an inmate, for a bath. Boiling water was used and Maggie was so terribly scalded that she died within two hours.

A Romance.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 22.—Dr. Pue of Waynesboro, Miss., arrived here Wednesday, and that night Miss Amelia Matthews of Scotland, registered at a hotel. They met Thursday for the first time. At noon they were married. Years ago Alderman G. West, of this city, came to this country from Scotland, bringing with him his family. Dr. Pue married his eldest daughter, who had left in Scotland a dear friend and schoolmate, Miss Matthews. A regular correspondence was kept up between them. About two years ago Mrs. Pue died, leaving nine children. Dr. Pue answered Miss Matthews correspondence to his wife. It soon became interesting, photographs were exchanged and in a short time they became engaged. Miss Matthews accompanied by her brother arrived in New York a few days ago and at once came here.

The Cholera.

HAMBURG, Sept. 23.—During the twenty four hours ended at noon today, fourteen new cases of cholera and one death from the disease were reported to the authorities here Of the fourteen cases, six were severe and eight slight. An analysis of the drinking water furnished the inhabitants of the city proves that it had been restored to a good condition.

Man-of-War Founders.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22—The steamship Prinz Welmelmt, from Port au Prince, brings news of the foundering off Cape Tiberon of the Haytien war ship Alessandre Pertion, with all of her crew, over 80 men, except one, and the Haytien diplomats en route to San Domingo to negotiate a treaty, Gen. Molini, Haytien examiner to Mexico, and M. Dejeans, Haytien consul general.

Pianos and Organs.

Now is the time to buy summer plan $25 cash balance November 15th 1893. Will buy a Piano at spot cash price $10 cash, balance November 15th 1893. Will buy a organ at spot cash price. See the list to choose from. Steinway-Mason & Hamlin, Mathushek and Stirling Pianos, Mason & Hamlin and Sterling Organs. Fifteen days test trial and freight both ways if not satisfactory. A large lot of nearly new and second hand Pianos and Organs at bargains. Good as new. Write for prices W.N. Trump, Columbia, S. C. *

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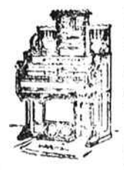

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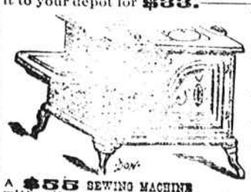

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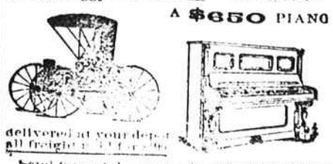

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