

A SPICY TIME

At the Charleston and Colleton Campaign Meetings.

LYON AND RAGSDALE

Both Offer to Withdraw and Leave the Field to Gen. Youmans. Ragdsdale Charges Lyon With Running Because Gen. Youmans Could Not Attend Meetings.

Eighteen candidates told the stories of their lives and their hopes in a hall at Charleston on Wednesday night. The crowd varied from about 300 males at the opening to half that many towards the close of the meeting.

Conspicuous in a front seat was Vincent Chico, known as the crowned blind tiger king of Charleston, who interrupted several of the speakers with questions relative to the dispensary.

Much interest was added to the meeting by the arrival of Senator Ragdsdale, candidate for the office of attorney general, who was not present at the opening of the campaign at St. George Tuesday, as it has been expected that he would vigorously oppose Mr. Lyon's views on the so-called "burning issue."

Mr. J. Willard Ragdsdale, of Florence, made his first speech as a candidate for the office of attorney general. He opened by remarking that when he determined to make the race he had done so under the belief that the office belonged to no man, that no one was entitled to claim it to the exclusion of others who sought it.

As for himself he would say that he did not ask for the office except so far as the people might elect to give it to him after weighing him in the balances. But, said he, if it must be said that any one deserves the office, I tell you to look at the distinguished services rendered to South Carolina by LeRoy Youmans, and every patriot must feel that if the office belongs to any one of us it belongs to Youmans. (Applause.)

But I take it that it is due to no one. The office of attorney general is not a political one. Whether or not a candidate stands for the dispensary should not determine the question. The office requires certain duties and he will prosecute if he tells you he will prosecute if he tells you he will prosecute.

I ask for no sentiment in this race. All I have a right to expect from you is a fair deal, and a fair deal is taken into consideration the integrity of the candidates and their ability. In the past you have endorsed me and I have tried to merit that endorsement.

I am a staunch supporter of the dispensary, because I believe it is the best solution. I am unconcernedly opposed to grafters. Whatever are my views as to the dispensary, no vote of mine will ever be done that will seek to protect a man who robs the state and appeals to me as a supporter of the dispensary under the belief that I would help him.

I stand for the unification of the dispensary and for pure elections. I have favored the investigation of the dispensary and I hold that it was the committee's duty to complete its work and report it to the legislature that appointed it. It is now too early to judge its work, and simple because my opponent has been prominent in the investigation as a member of that committee is a reason why you should vote for him. The sole qualification for you to apply is his general fitness.

Chairman Sinker read a letter from Attorney General Youmans announcing his candidacy, in which he told how his duties interfered with his participation in the campaign at present, believing that he ought to attend to them rather than look after his own interest in canvassing for votes.

ler said that it would be taken out of Mr. Lyon's five minutes if he did so, and it was agreed that Mr. Lyon should proceed with his speech.

Said he, just as our fathers years ago proclaimed and obtained for us the right of local self-government, I now come to lift my voice for that dearest right. I do not think the dispensary has accorded you that right. It has been forced on you improperly. When the people see that it is corrupt and rotten to the core, as I tell you it is, they will wipe it out.

It is corrupt. However our committee may be sturred, we have breached the walls and given you a glimpse of the rottenness within, and it is up to you to drive out the grafters. Our committee cannot prosecute. We have practically finished our work. I have a formal report to present, but the rest is very little.

My candidacy resolves itself into one thing: Will you uphold the banner that I have raised and assist me in my fight against graft or will you let them come out with their forces and trample you in the dust? The Waterboro meeting on Thursday was absolutely devoid of any special features except a continuance of the Lyon-Ragdsdale dispute about getting out of the race, but as yet nothing has come of it. In his speech Mr. Lyon did not refer to the matter of withdrawing, but talking about the corruption of the dispensary and said he ought to be elected so as he could prosecute the rascals that had been run down by the investigation.

Mr. Ragdsdale spoke next, saying that he did not put himself as the only man in South Carolina who could properly fill the office of attorney general. He was not the only man who could devise plans to bring about honesty in administration referring to the office he said if services entitled any man to it LeRoy F. Youmans should have it, but a man generally, ought not to be given it because of what he has done, but because of his character and ability. He had not entered the race to defeat Youmans. He withheld his pledge until he saw that Lyon would run. As to withdrawing he said Lyon had entered the contest against Mr. Youmans because he believed him physically incapable of making the canvass and thus expected to run without opposition. He had no desire to oppose Col. Youmans and would be willing to withdraw without any spring to his withdrawal and allow Colonel Youmans to be elected without opposition. He would do this if Lyon will. This was received with applause by the audience. Before Mr. Lyon could reply, time was called upon Mr. Ragdsdale and a recess was taken for dinner.

Several fines imposed for violation of the law. In the United States district court at Kershaw City Friday morning Judge Smith McPherson, of Rad Oak, Ia., passed sentence upon the seven defendants recently convicted in this court of making concessions and accepting and conspiring to accept rebates on shipments.

Judgments in the nature of fines were assessed as follows: Swift & Company, \$15,000; Cudary Packing company, \$15,000; Armour Packing company, \$15,000; Nelson Morris & Company, \$15,000; Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway, \$15,000. George L. Thomas, of New York, was fined \$6,000 and sentenced to four months in the penitentiary. L. L. Taggart of New York, was fined \$4,000 and sentenced to three months in the penitentiary. A fine of \$15,000 assessed against the Burlington covered all four counts, the aggregate amount of the fines in the seven cases totalling \$85,000. Appeals were filed in each case and a writ of execution was granted.

The bonds in the case of Thomas and Taggart were fixed at \$60,000 each. These two men appeared in court personally and upon being sentenced, promptly furnished the required bond. In the case of the packing companies and the Burlington no new trials for the packers, the Burlington railroad and Thomas and Taggart were allowed.

A Close Call. The disastrous wrecking of train No. 16, on the Columbia and Greenville line, due at Columbia at 10:45 o'clock, Saturday but which was several hours late, was narrowly averted at Abbeville Saturday night. The locomotive approach to the bridge over the Broad river at Abbeville was burning at the time the train swept over it, but fortunately the fire had just started, and caught five tiers were burning briskly along with the supporters just under them, the fire had not been in progress long enough to weaken the support sufficient for it to give way under the train. When the train had passed over the place some distance the engineer succeeded in bringing it to a halt, when the crew went back and extinguished the flames with water from the tubes set at intervals along the trestle. The bridge was fixed, it is thought, by an engine that had passed over it a short time before the passenger train came along.

China Settles. China Thursday signed a treaty accepting complete satisfaction for France for the massacre of six French Jesuit missionaries at Nanchang, Kiang Province. In February last China paid a \$200,000 indemnity to the mission and \$400,000 indemnity to the deceased missionaries' families, built a memorial hospital and punishes the ringleaders of the rioting. In addition posthumous honors, which the people of Nanchang demanded, will not be granted to the Chinese magistrates whose suicide was the signal for the outbreak. French gunboats in the vicinity of Nanchang will be withdrawn.

BRUTAL RUSSIA.

Massacre of Jews by the Officials at Bialystok Should

SHOCK THE WORLD.

Worst Cruelty Russia Has Ever Been Guilty Of. Jewish Father, Mother, Daughter and Son Lashed Together by Torturers and Beaten to Death.

The massacre of the Jews at Bialystok the first of last week must have been something awful. The correspondent of the New York American visited all parts of the town, taking evidence from both Jewish and Christian residents. Here is what he says: The massacre was essentially official. The police, military hooligans and the Black Hundred played subordinate roles in ever case. At a period when a mass of butchers occurred the police and soldiers either actively assisted or encouraged the butchers.

There are many authenticated cases of soldiers themselves perpetrating slaughter. In the Byare district, where the worst massacre occurred, the soldiers of the Gultsky, Sixty-third Regiment, accompanied by two officers, massacred seven Jews at Gepner's saw mill. Full details of this tragedy were given me by the surviving manager. When the soldiers were occupied with looting their victims sought refuge in a small wooden house on which at 6 o'clock on Friday evening the soldiers fired suddenly.

Many Jews of this district, especially girls, became insane. The officers ordered the inmates to come out one by one. Five of them were shot dead as they emerged from the house and six were hauled to pieces by sabres. One remained in the house, an old woman named Kautsch, seventy years of age, and the soldiers burned the house and she perished in the flames.

In other cases the soldiers were merely onlookers. In Souvoroff street a prosperous Jew named Podolchoff kept a leather workshop. The proprietor, his relatives, named Firstman, and six others were slaughtered. I inspected the dabbled with pools of blood and fragments of flesh and hair are sticking to the walls. Firstman was the first killed. He was shot by a gendarme named Schulz. Then the Hooligans stripped the corpses; carved pieces out of the breast and drove nails into the nose. Four frightened employes took shelter in an outhouse the Hooligans broke it open and beat them to death. The soldiers looked on, and the Hooligans were unmoved. The young son of the proprietor was saved by the soldiers who cried, "Enough; don't kill the boy!"

HOUSE OF HORROR. Outside the house I saw a youth wearing the blood-stained clothes of a slaughtered mother. In many cases "male families were exterminated." I visited a house in old Byare street occupied by Alsteln, a respectable teacher, who with his mother, daughter and two sons, were done to death by Hooligans under the command of a disguised police officer while soldiers were present. At first the soldiers fired into the house and a policeman ordered the family to save themselves in the fields. There after tying mother, son, mother and daughter together, they were beaten to death, the police meantime firing at random.

Two witnesses assure me that nails were hammered into the son's face before his death. In the field are pools of blood. Everywhere innocent children stand arguing beside these ghastly pools, talking about whom the slain belonged to. Next door lives a woman named Levin, with eight children, whose husband was carved to pieces in her sight.

Throughout town for two days the massacre continued. Finnish torture and mutilation of the corpse invariably followed the massacre with a heavy passive co-operation of authorities. In many cases the police tacitly authorized the butchery by ordering the Hooligans to spare particular individuals. I interviewed two persons who escaped by bringing the soldiers. One girl, living in Alexander street, after her father had been bayoneted, paid a soldier 20 roubles that he might be spared her self.

Both Jews and Christians agree that many disguised policemen were among the Hooligans. Most of the victims of the soldiers tried to defend themselves, but while the Hooligans broke down the doors of their homes, the soldiers looked on, and if a Jew defended himself or even appeared at a window they fired a volley, killing the defenders or driving them into the hands of the Hooligans. Concerning the Viadimirsky and Gultsky regiments, Jew witnesses affirm that Colonel Bukovsky directly encouraged the soldiers, crying: "Uoelie zhidkoff! at is, kill the Jews."

Torture before death repeatedly occurred, and mutilation afterward. In Nikolai street a woman had a crowbar thrust down her throat and teeth twisted. She finally was hacked to death with a hatchet and left to bleed to death. The hands of Byare tailor, were nailed to a table while he was clubbed to death.

A little girl whose body I saw in the Jewish Hospital had her leg sawed off while she was yet alive. Others were carved to death slowly.

In the yard of the Jewish Hospital, where eighty-six corpses were laid side by side, I saw thirty cases of mutilation. In some, noses were cut off. In others the ears were cut off. In many cases nails were driven into the face or skull. One old man had his eyes torn out.

A clerk named Bernstein was dragged from a train and battered to death. His body was afterward found in a field, handless, and with a sharpened stick driven into the stomach. The complicity of officials, soldiers and police has been established by uncontrovertible evidence, and will unquestionably be confirmed in the official report. St. Chepkin, a member of the Duma Inquiry Commission, has established that the massacre was not inspired from St. Petersburg, but by local officials, who believe that the Czar's government desired the massacre as a counterweight against the revolution.

I have established the fact that the massacre was planned days in advance. For instance, when the Jewish deputation on Tuesday asked a police officer named Sheremetieff for permission to lay a wreath on the grave of a murdered police master named Dergatoff, Sheremetieff cynically answered, "You'll get an answer on Thursday," which was the first day of the killing. Dergatoff was a clever and humane man, beloved by Jews and Christians. His murder by the Jew baiters gave his subordinates freedom to execute their plot.

LAI D TO THE GOVERNOR. The Governor of Grodno Province is equally guilty. He arrived Thursday evening and stayed only two hours. He did nothing to stop the massacre, and worse violence followed his visit. The appointment by the Duma of an investigating commission caused a cessation of slaughter. The small proportion of wounded to killed shows the impunity with which the murderers were allowed to finish their victims. Some of these were thrice killed by bullets, knives and cudgels. Every ravaged house I visited shows that the raiders were left in possession for hours. A remarkable feature of this massacre is the absence of outrages on the women. Though thirty were killed, there is no authenticated case of outrage discoverable. This is explained because the Hooligans and troops got their orders only to "kill."

The precise number of deaths cannot be learned. There are eighty-six dead now in the Jewish hospital and seven in the Christian hospital, but the corpses of those dragged from the train and killed were buried without being counted. The material destruction is enormous. In four important streets nearly every window, door and shutter is broken, except in the Christians houses. Many of the wealthier Jews escaped, owing to the iron gates of their court yards, but the soldiers fired through the windows. In one house I saw thirty rifle bullet holes in the windows, though there was nobody within save an old lady and a woman servant.

The houses into which the mob broke were literally destroyed. Even the wallpaper was torn down. The rioters stole everything portable; even children's toys were smashed. The heavy furniture and the unsmashable things were thrown out of the windows. The merchants' account books were burned, and only the bare walls were left.

In a bakery, where the owner was killed, the mob soaked the loaves of bread in a pool of blood, leaving behind an ironical note. In Levin's mill, where Christians and Jews work together, the mobbites cut the cloth and yarn belonging to the Jews leaving the Christian's yarn untouched. It is estimated that the loss will amount to two million roubles. The relatives of the victims have been deprived of everything and are afraid to re-enter the houses. They are begging in the streets of the town.

Den of Murderers. Near Butki, a Switzerland village in the Zuerich Oberland, the police have made highly sensational discovery. For a long time a remote farm house was occupied by a family named Oberholzer, consisting of two brothers and a sister. A few days ago, the authorities found cause to search the house. An immense quantity of stolen goods was found. A wall excited suspicion owing to its peculiar shape and when an opening was made a rough coffin was found with a female skeleton. Clothes still adhering to it. Its identity has not yet been established, but some awful crimes have been committed in the house appears to be now practically certain.

Packers Hard Hit. Official statistics compiled by the department of commerce and labor show how the agitation against the packers has damaged foreign trade. In January, before the revelation in "The Jungle" had gained wide publicity, the exportation of canned beef showed an increase of two million pounds over the previous year. February showed a falling off of 3,000,000 pounds. March showed fifty per cent decrease with a loss to packers of \$500,000. April shows a decrease of over March of 500,000 pounds. May showed a similar decrease. The exportation of fresh beef in April and May showed a slight decrease.

Deadly Electricity. Electric light wires are dangerous and the greatest care should be exercised in their erection to see that they are well put up. Over in Augusta, Ga., one night last week Mr. J. E. Carlton, a young man, stumbled into two electric wires on the corner of Cherry alley and Gardner avenue. His cries for assistance attracted the attention of those who lived near by, but all efforts to resuscitate him when he was finally out and pushed out from under the body and it was removed to a nearby house where he died.

AN AWFUL FATE.

An Arch Murderer Walled Up in a Living Tomb

AND LEFT TO STARVE.

A Velling Mob Sits in the Market Place and Watch the Building Up of the Walls Around the Slaying of Thirty-Six Young Women.

A cablegram from Tangier Morocco, tells how, with such details of fiendish cruelty that they cannot be fully realized, Mohammed Mesfawi, the arch-murderer of Marakesch, has been walled up alive. It was this same Mesfawi who was to have been crucified for his tremendous crimes—it is known that he murdered not fewer than thirty six young women—and who was saved from that fashion of execution by the outcry of the resident foreign officials. It would have been better had these same officials not interfered with Moroccan justice, for Mesfawi before he died underwent lingering torture compared with which crucifixion would have been merciful.

THE ARCH-MURDERER'S CRIMES. Mesfawi was a cobbler and public letter writer. Associated with him in his crimes was an old woman seventy years of age named Annah. Many girls of the city disappeared in the last days of April and the parents of one young woman traced her to the cobbler's shop. Annah was put to the torture and confessed. She told that the girls, who came to dictate letters, were treated to drugged wine and then beheaded. Twenty decapitated bodies were found in a deep pit under the shop and sixteen more in the garden.

Annah died under the torture and Mesfawi confessed. By an ancient Moorish custom he was condemned to be crucified. His crucifixion was set for May 2, but this form of punishment was given up because of the foreign clamor, and it was announced that Mesfawi would be beheaded. His death by the still more awful process of immurement shows that the Moroccan authorities "blinded the eyes" of the foreigners.

Mesfawi was kept in the Marakesch jail until outside attention was dulled, and then, on May 15, his torture began. Daily he was led into the market place and whipped with switches of the thorny acacia. The cobbler was stripped to the waist, and while two assistants held the victim's arms outstretched, the city executioner laid on the spiked rods.

Ten strokes were given each day and each stroke drew blood. The number of strokes was kept down because Mesfawi was an old man and the people of Marakesch had no idea of letting him die too easily. MOST MERCIFUL CRUELTY! After each flogging the cobbler's back was toughened and anointed with vinegar and oil, so that he might be fit for the next day's ordeal.

So the daily whippings went on, and when it was seen that despite all care Mesfawi was falling into exhaustion it was decided to carry out the supreme sentence. This was that he be walled up alive in the public market place.

The carrier who brings this news from Marakesch to Tangier asserts that the order of execution before the Sultan's own signature, and the fact that the sentence was carried out in the great square of the city and in full view of the populace shows that the officials of Marakesch knew the awful programme would not be interfered with.

The day of execution was set for Monday, June 11, that being the Marakesch market day. The news of the execution had been spread and the market place was thronged with thousands of Moroccans, who squatted in the blazing sunlight and waited for the ghastly show to commence. A death by walling up alive had not been seen in Marakesch for many years, but there was those who told others that victims had been known sometimes to live for a whole week, and so the good news spread, and the people brought their provisions and the caravanseries were crowded.

THE LIVING TOMB IS BUILT. Just outside the jail where Mesfawi was confined stands the chief bazaar. It has very thick walls and in one of these, facing the market place, two masons dug a hole six feet high, two feet wide and two feet deep. Mesfawi was very thin and these dimensions gave the doomed man quite a free space and some little air, for just as his fellow townsmen would not let him slip away by too much flogging, so they did not intend to smother him too quickly.

About three feet up two staples with chains were fixed in the back of the recess in the wall and two more staples with chains were attached. The purpose of these was to keep the victim erect so that he might not huddle down out of sight of the crowd.

Mesfawi had not been told of his fate and when he was brought out of the prison on Monday morning he thought he was being led forth to his daily whipping. As soon as he saw the expectant thousands, however, and heard their howls of hate he knew that his day had come. Then he saw the hole dug in the wall, and, being an old man, he knew what that meant. He had

taken his whippings with fatalistic fortitude, hoping he might die under the thorns, but when he was dragged toward the upright tomb he struggled with his jailers and screamed for mercy.

Screaming he was thrust into the recess in the thick wall, and, rearing, he was chained up. There he was left for a while, for there was plenty of time. The masons stood aside and the crowd struggled and fought to get in the front rank, scoffing in derision at the screaming old man and pelting him with the frightful filth and offal of the market place.

VERY DELIBERATE EXECUTIONS. Then the masons came forward and very deliberately laid on the first courses of the masonry. The stones and mortar rose to Mesfawi's knees and then the chief jailer came forward and gave him bread and water. The masons again stood aside and again the crowds jeered and belabored the victim.

So it went on, course by course, stone by stone, water and bread, until Mesfawi's screaming head was seen. The last stones were thrust in place and Mesfawi's living tomb was completed. But the crowd was not yet satisfied. Mesfawi was not dead, and the throng pressed forward and kept quiet to hear the muffled screams for mercy that came out of the wall. Every time Mesfawi screamed the crowd yelled.

Night came, braziers were lit, coffee was made and still Mesfawi screamed and the crowds yelled. Tuesday, June 12 came in, and the market place was as crowded as ever, and Mesfawi was still screaming for mercy. So it went on all day and all night. Only Mesfawi's screams were growing fainter. When Wednesday broke those close up to the wall reported that the dead alive was only moaning. Finally the moaning stopped and the crowd cursed Mesfawi for dying so soon, and the delayed business of the market was resumed.

So Hadj Mohammed Mesfawi expired his crime. The first news of the terrible offences of the cobbler of Marakesch came in a special cable to the New York American April 29. It was reported that Hadj Mohammed Mesfawi was to be crucified on Thursday, May 3, for an extraordinary series of murders. Twenty-six corpses of women had been found under the cobbler's shop, and ten in his garden.

All of Mesfawi's victims were mutilated with dagger cuts in order to stimulate fanaticism, and it was proved they had been murdered for money—most of it in trifling sums. The Koran provides crucifixion as the punishment for terrible crimes, and though that form of execution has not been used in Morocco for a generation, it was decided that the cobbler's crimes deserved that classical punishment.

The next news came in a cable of May 2, saying the execution by crucifixion would not take place. The rest of the story and its tragic denouement is told in the present dispatch. MURDERED HIS WIFE

And Then Ran Away With Another Woman. Charged with the murder of his wife and having made a complete confession of his crime to the local police, William Brasch of Rochester, N. Y., was arrested at Cleveland, Ohio.

With Brasch there was arrested Mrs. Mary Gilmore, with whom he is alleged to have eloped. The body of Brasch's wife was found in the canal at Rochester last Tuesday and suspicion was at once turned to her husband, who disappeared. Brasch confessed the murder to the local police, the later say, and told them that he killed his wife because of love for the Gilmore woman. The later is a widow about 23 years old.

Brasch told the police how he had lured his wife to the bank of the Erie canal, and buried her in. He said his courage failed three or four times, but finally he nerved himself and struck the woman a violent blow in the back with his fist. "When I heard the splash I ran away," he said.

"Yes I am William Brasch," he said to Police Chief Kohler. "I know what you want me for. I did it. I killed her because I loved Mary Gilmore. It seems to me I have always loved her. I didn't want to marry Roxanna, but I was forced into it, so I killed her. It was the only way I could get rid of her."

The three-year-old daughter of Brasch was with the couple when they were arrested in a rooming house. Both Brasch and the Gilmore woman will be taken back to Rochester at once. EVILS OF DIVORCE

At Los Angeles W. F. Ketring shot and probably fatally wounded his divorced wife and her niece, Miss Essie O'Day, at the home of the former early Thursday. Ketring had been separated from his wife for two years. Last night he asked her to return to him. She refused and Miss O'Day stepped to the telephone to call the police. As she did so, Ketring thrust the telephone from her hands and shot both women. A Dangerous Contrivance. That remains contraption the peek a-boob waist, described as a number of large holes perfectly surrounded by small threads, is one of the most delectable articles of wearing apparel devised by the dressmakers. It has probably triumphed more men into the coils of matrimony than the Della Fox curl, the Marcel wave, or any of the other weapons with which the gentle sex is wont to arm itself when on conquest bent.

POISON VICTIM.

Richard Tilghman, a Rich President of Philadelphia, Pa.,

TAKES FATAL DOSE

By Mistake in the Dark, and, Realizing His Mistake, Calls His Wife and Children, But Nothing Could Save Him. Phones Friends Good Bye.

A awful tragedy occurred at Philadelphia about ten days ago. Knowing that his life was to pay forfeit in a few hours for his fatal mistake in taking poison from a bottle in the medicine chest instead of the harmless drug that he sought in the dark, Richard Tilghman, a society man, clubman, member of the City Troop, a descendant of one of the original Maryland families and closely related to the Whelans and Lippincotts, made every arrangement that prudence or sentiment dictated before he died.

He first had hope that his life could be saved and waking up his wife in their apartments at the fashionable Lincoln, No. 1223 Locust street, and his daughter, fifteen years old, and son thirteen years old and told them what had happened. Mrs. Tilghman, who was Gabriella de Potstad, daughter of the beautiful marionette de Potstad-Fornari, at one time lady-in-waiting to Isabella, Queen of Spain, and the children did everything possible to aid husband and father in the efforts to save his life, but when they found that they did not make favorable progress, Mr. Tilghman directed them to telephone for a doctor.

The physicians fought hard to offset the effects of the poison, but had to admit that they had exhausted their remedies and that Mr. Tilghman would have to be prepared for the worst. He took their verdict philosophically and directed that a telephone message be sent to his brother in Bryn Mawr, summoning him to the Lincoln.

"Tell him to take an automobile, so that he will get here in time," said the dying man. "Send for the priest, and when it is all over take my body to the home of my brother, so that I may be buried from there."

Mr. Tilghman expressed his regret to his wife and children that he should have made such a fatal mistake, when they were going to sail from New York the next day for an extended tour of the Continent. Then, after he had told them of some arrangements that must be made, he had a telephone brought to his bedside, and called up many of his friends in the city, to bid them farewell.

The priest came and heard the confession of the dying man, and administered the last rites of the Church. Tilghman then asked his wife and children to draw near the bed, and while the physicians, one of them a friend from boyhood, withdrew to a corner of the room, he made his touching farewell to the little group that he loved above all. He told them not to worry, as it was a fate from which there could be no escape, and then he sank back in his bed, still racked with the pain which he had endured with such wonderful fortitude, and in a few minutes was dead.

Mr. Tilghman had spent the evening at a reunion and banquet of the class of '86 University of Pennsylvania given at the University Club. He had been in the habit of taking tablets when troubled with slight attacks of rheumatism, and when he returned to his apartments shortly after 2 o'clock, darkened his room and retired, before he remembered that he should have taken a tablet.

"After extinguishing the light," said Mrs. Tilghman, "he desired to take the little tablets, as he has been suffering lately from muscular rheumatism. Two bottles of the same size and shape were side by side, one containing antiseptic biocritite of mercury tablets and the other citrate of lialia, and in the dark he chose the wrong bottle.

"He placed two of the tablets in a tumbler of water, stirred them until they dissolved, then he took three or four swallows, before he noticed the error. By quickly drinking some tepid water, he produced nausea and thought that he brought up the entire contents of his stomach. Very soon, however, he was seized with cramps. Then he called me and explained the mistake he had made.

"Dr. W. J. Roe, of No. 1210 Locust street, was immediately summoned, but the antidotes administered and the washing out of the stomach failed to save his life, and he died a few minutes before eight in the morning. For six hours the physicians fought for Tilghman's life. After Dr. Roe had worked over the clubman for a while, they decided to send for Dr. Robert C. Lyonte, who had been a lifelong friend of the clubman. Then they all went to work together.

The dying man suggested a number of antidotes, all of which were tried without giving him any relief. The bookings for the European tour were cancelled by Lieut. Col. Tilghman, a brother of the deceased, last evening, and arrangements were made, in accordance with Mr. Tilghman's request, to take the body to the brother's house, where the funeral took place.