

TRACY SUICIDED.

The Tragic End of the Daring and Desperate Outlaw.

HE WAS HUNTED AND CHASED

Over Four Hundred Miles and Was Surrounded in a Field Where He Killed Himself.

HIMSELF.

Harry Tracy, the notorious outlaw, who with David Merrill, escaped from the Oregon penitentiary at Salem on June 8, after killing three prison guards, killed himself early Wednesday morning after being wounded by the rifle of one of a posse in pursuit.

Tracy was surrounded in a wheat field near Fellows, a station on the Washington Central road about 50 miles west of Spokane Wash. Word was sent back to Davenport, the county seat and a large number of armed men hurried to the scene.

The posse under Sheriff Gardner opened fire on the outlaw, and one bullet pierced his right leg between the knee and thigh. About 20 minutes after being wounded he showed himself with one of his revolvers and his body was found Wednesday morning after daybreak.

The revolver with which he killed himself was grasped tightly in his right hand.

After baffling the officers of two States, after a wonderful flight of nearly 400 miles across Oregon and Washington Tracy was hunted down by four citizens of the little farming town of Preston and a lone deputy sheriff.

Sheriff Gardner and posse arrived in time to guard the wheatfield through the night but the work had already been done.

THESE GET THE REWARD.

The posse that will share the reward made up as follows:

C. A. Straud, deputy sheriff; Dr. F. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, attorney; J. J. Morrison, railway section foreman and Frank Lillenger. These men armed to the teeth set out from Preston Tuesday afternoon about 2 o'clock.

They were working on the information of a youth who had been forcibly made the companion of the Oregon convict for over 24 hours at the ranch of L. B. Eddy on Lalle Creek, about three miles south from Fellows, a station on the Washington Central railroad. The party made all possible haste in getting to the ranch.

When within a few hundred yards of the farm they encountered farmer Eddy morning in one of his fields. While engaging him in conversation they saw a man issuing from the barn door.

"Is that Tracy?" asked one of the party.

"It surely is," replied Eddy. The party separated. Lanter and Smith accompanying Eddy in the direction of the barn while the other two men swung around to the other side.

Two of the man-hunters stepped behind the barn on a slight eminence, from which they could watch everything that went on and Eddy continued on up to the door.

Tracy came from the barn again and began helping his host unhitch the horses. He carried no rifle and turned sharply to Eddy and said: "Who are those men?"

"I don't see any men," said Eddy. Tracy pointed out the two men. Eddy informed his companion who the men were and the outlaw made a leap for the barn door.

The pursuers stepping a bit closer, commanded "hold up your hands."

The outlaw jumped behind Eddy and thus placed the farmer and his horse between himself and his pursuers. He commanded the farmer to lead his horse to the barn and remained under cover moving toward shelter.

When near the stable his horse broke and dashed inside. He quickly reappeared rifle in hand and started on a dead run.

Turning on the two men nearest him, the desperado fired two shots but without his usual luck, neither bullets taking effect.

Without waiting for further firing Tracy made a dash down the valley leading south from the barn and headed for the brush.

OPENS A FUSILADE.

In an instant the man-hunters were in pursuit, firing at him. Coming to a rock Tracy dodged behind it, and resting his gun on the rock began a fusilade. Eight shots in all were fired by the outlaw, none hitting his mark.

Seeing he was not succeeding, he bolted for a wheat field close by. At the edge of the field he stumbled, falling on his face, and crawled into the grain on his hands and knees.

It was growing dark and the pursuers not daring to move in closer darkness they waited in the place and waited for daylight. In the meantime Sheriff Gardner, with Police men Stauffer and Gemmerin, Spokane, Jack O'Farrell, of Davenport, and other reinforcements, had arrived on the scene and they went into camp around the field during the night.

Shortly after Tracy disappeared a shot was heard from the direction of the wheat field. No investigation was made, however, until the morning. As soon as dawn came an entrance was made into the wheat field.

TRACY'S DEAD BODY was found lying amid the grain, with his face turned toward the sky. His left hand, thrown over his head, held a revolver, which had inflicted the death wound. The thumb of his hand was on the trigger of his pistol.

His right hand, thrown across the lower part of his body, firmly grasped the famous rifle. Death was inflicted by the famous rifle held close to the forehead. The top of his head was badly shattered. Two bullet wounds on the left leg showed the cause of the man's dependency. One shot had broken the leg between the ankle and the knee; the other cut the tibial artery, which of itself was sufficient to cause death.

It is believed that both of the wounds were received after the convict was shot in the back for the first time in the wheat field. The fugitive had taken a strap and buckled it tight around his leg in an attempt to stop the bleeding. Despite the tightly fastened strap, the bleeding continued

IN EVERY DAY LIFE

Occur Those Tragedies Which Most Appeal to the Heart.

An Augusta special to The State says: The Charleston train arriving in Augusta at 7.15 Tuesday morning was a veritable hospital for women, and out of this fact has developed a most pathetic story.

Two of the women were met in the depot by relatives and taken away to be cared for at their homes, while the third was left to the mercy of the cold world.

Surrounding the railroad people believe that there was some intention of getting the poor woman off the hands of the people who were formerly caring for her. When the train pulled into Blackville a Mrs. Hagen was placed on the train by two unknown parties and given a ticket to Augusta.

At that time she was in a condition entirely too weak and sick to travel over such attendants, but was left alone as the train pulled out from Blackville. The journey was too much for Mrs. Hagen and she gradually began to weaken, though all care possible was given her by the train crew.

When the train pulled into the union station at Augusta Capt. Tanner, the station master, was notified of the woman's condition and immediately did what he could to care for her until some one arrived to take the responsibility.

Mrs. Hagen was so weak and sick from the trip that she could not talk in an intelligent manner. Finally, however, she made Capt. Tanner understand that there would be no one at the depot to meet her and she could give no account of friends or relatives that she had in Augusta.

Capt. Tanner, in the tenderness of his heart, was touched and set about doing all possible to make the ill woman comfortable. He had a couch and pillow brought from his office and placed in the waiting room where the woman was removed from the train.

Dr. Hyde was immediately summoned and gave what attention he could. As soon as she had been sufficiently revived to be moved again Dr. Hyde wrote out a certificate of admittance, summoned the ambulance and sent her to the city hospital, where she is at present. No information could be gained as to her relatives so that they could be notified.

AMERICAN CHILD SLAVERY.

Lady Florence Dixie Writes to President Roosevelt.

Lady Florence Dixie, poet, novelist, explorer and champion of woman's rights, has sent to The World a copy of an open letter she has written to President Roosevelt on "Child Labor in America." The letter is dated at Glen-Stuart, Scotland, July 16, 1902, and begins:

"Dear Mr. Roosevelt: You are a man and I am a woman. You are president of the republic which call itself 'the land of the free' and I am but a free lance, wandering over my country, the earth, and seeing everywhere and on all sides barbarities tolerated and sanctioned by laws that you realize it."

"May I draw your attention to one of these barbarities? It is the shocking and inhuman toleration of child labor in America in which children do more than infants do for long, long hours daily and nightly in order to live the pockets of those bloated monstrivities called millionaires, who have become such on the daily drudgery of the poor, in which thousands of children of tender age are included."

"Think of it! While you are resting in a comfortable bed, and those you love are enjoying the luxury of rest, while millionaires are strutting and puffing about in fine linen and in insufferable atmosphere of snobbish pomposity, thousands of mere mites are toiling hard all day, and some all night, in mills and commercial shambles of the poor where the millionaires hatch their golden hoards. Do you realize it?"

Lady Florence scoffs at the idea of this being a land of the free when child slavery so exists. She asks the president to speak out like a man and down slavery as Lincoln and the North put down negro slavery. She says the country which tolerates the child slavery is "an imperial humbug."

By the way, Lady Florence has published two pamphlets which also might be of interest to President Roosevelt. They are entitled "The Horrors of Sport" and "The Mercilessness of Sport." She is a fine shot and an excellent advocate of the man fashion of riding for women.

The Inventor of the Match.

The first match was the product of the ingenuity of John Fredrick Kommer, who early in the nineteenth century was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Tolbenesberg in Germany. He invented the lucifer match while in his gloomy dungeon. The German government forbade the manufacture of matches on the ground of public policy, because some children playing with them had caused a fire. Kommer was ruined by Viennese competition when he was released from prison and died a pauper. Up to 1862 the Vienna manufacturers controlled the match business of the entire world.

"Steeple Jack" Killed.

Daniel Barry, a daring climber, known as "Steeple Jack," fell 96 feet while working in the city hall tower at Philadelphia, on Wednesday, and was instantly killed. Barry had placed electric lights around the hat brim of the statue of William Penn, which caps the city hall tower, 540 feet above the pavement, and occasionally would lower himself over the edge of the hat and hang in mid-air by his hands. When he met his death he was engaged in the prosaic occupation of painting the interior of the dome.

Refused to Pardon.

The governor Wednesday finally acted on the petition for the pardon of Dr. Maxcey Lee, who killed his father in Darlington county in 1899 and was sentenced to life imprisonment. A strong effort has been made to secure a pardon for him, but the governor, after going over the matter carefully, refused to interfere with the sentence of the court.

THE OLD CONFEDS.

Remnants of the "Thin Gray Line" Meet at Greenville.

SPONSORS AND MAIDS THERE.

The Address of Welcome Was Made by Gov. Mauldin and Responded to by Gen. Carville.

The Greenville correspondent of The State says under date of Aug. 6, the annual reunion of Confederate veterans is in full blast here. The stores and offices on Main street are prettily decorated and the side walks are crowded with men who wore the gray.

Two thousand five hundred veterans have registered their name and it is safely estimated that there are four thousand five hundred veterans and visitors in the city. Homes have been provided for all and at a late hour tonight the streets are deserted. The number is augmented by the arrival of every train and tomorrow it is predicted the city will be crowded.

The first session of the South Carolina division of Confederate veterans was held this morning in the auditorium of Chocoma college with several thousand delegates and veterans in attendance. Every seat on the lower floor of the building was occupied by veterans, while several hundred occupied seats in the balcony.

The speakers of the occasion occupied seats on the rostrum together with the following: General Zimmerman Davis, Dr. B. H. Teague of Aiken, Jas. Armstrong, Mayor C. C. Jones, Col. Jas. A. Hoyt, P. T. Haynes, S. S. Crittenden, Gen. A. H. Dean, and Rev. A. P. Taylor of Greenville.

The following sponsors and maids of honor were also seated on the rear of the stage: Misses Agnes Miller, maid of honor; Miss Annie Muller, sponsor for Camp A. Burnett; Miss Carrie Gresham, sponsor, and Miss Bessie Richardson, maid of honor for Camp Manning; Austin; Miss Edith Lyles, sponsor; Miss Gertrude D. Epperson, sponsor, and Misses Aida E. Winn and Christine McKagen, maid of honor for Sumter camp; Miss Eulah Lane Roper, sponsor, and Miss Mary Hampton McMillan, maid of honor for Camp Henegan, Marlboro county; Miss Catherine Deal, sponsor for Cherokee regiment.

After the convention was called to order an earnest and fervent prayer was delivered by Rev. E. S. Taylor, pastor of the Buncombe Street Methodist church.

General Carville then introduced Hon. W. Mauldin, who delivered an address of welcome on the part of the local veterans.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

"Mr. Chairman," Gov. Mauldin said in part, "Veterans of the army; Representing the reunion committee and Camp Pulliam and the Confederate veterans of that community I am here to greet you in their name, to extend to you their warmest salutations and to welcome you to their hearts and homes. There could not stand upon the soil of this mountain country men representing any cause or any interest who would be more gladly received or whose presence would appeal more directly to our affections, our sympathies and our admiration, than the Confederate soldier. He stands under the banner of the history of the world and by his heroic conduct in war and in peace he challenges the criticism and admiration of all time and all ages. His was an unselfish and patriotic war. He fought not for aggression or conquest but for the God-given right of freedom and civilization. Because he knew he was right he contended for five long years against the northern armies and the mixed hordes of Europe, when our armies were fought to a frazzle and our resources exhausted he laid down his arms and resumed in a manly spirit his obligations to union restored by force rather than by surrender his honor. He never admitted that he was a rebel, but contended then and contends yet that he was obeying the action of his State, the sovereign. Since last you met here the thin gray line has grown thinner and thinner. We obtain no recruits; they have gone to join that ever increasing army on the other shore of eternity. But a few years and we, too, will have joined that army and pass away in the evening shades. Let us, therefore, draw closer and closer together. Cherish the memory of the past and unite in all laudable efforts to promote the comfort of our comrades. Representing the government of this picturesque spot of earth, where the rigors of winter are never known and the balmy spring zephyrs are seemingly always ours:

I come this morning bearing to you and through you to every member of your command a message from more than ten thousand soldiers. We have just heard the ringing message given and thus within our city we know there is a great army of men each clothed in the glory with which he has fought and each crowned with the plaudits of a civilized world. Within every southern heart the beautiful splendor of his gallantry and manhood grows brighter as each beat marks the progress of time. To the Pearl of the Piedmont we bid you welcome. If you are charmed by the cordiality and the love of the people, if you feel in the very air you breathe the holy influence of her churches, schools

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

That is What a Neighbor Says About Dr. W. H. Zimmerman.

Mr. Editor: I noticed in last week's Edgefield Chronicle an article signed J. W. Brooks, admonishing the people not to vote for a wicked man. He concludes by saying: "I think the people would make a wise choice by voting for Talbert or Heyward." A stranger to the other candidates would infer from this article that Talbert and Heyward are the only christian gentlemen in the race. I do not wish to be understood as opposing in particular any one of the candidates; but I feel sure that if we all take Mr. Brooks' good advice to vote for the best and ablest christian gentleman in the race, Dr. W. H. Zimmerman will be our next Governor.

I have known Dr. Zimmerman for more than thirty years, and I regard him as not only the purest man in the race, but one of the purest and most conscientious christian gentlemen I have ever known. He is not given to going about wearing religious gatherings with long-winded, noisy Sunday-School addresses, so strangers may not know much about him; but his near neighbors (one of whom I have been for twenty years) will gladly testify to the sincerity of his religion as proven beyond question by his beautiful, unpretending, consistent christian life, which daily speaks for him more eloquently than all the speeches that could be made. In his community he has always been a leader in every good cause, and is a pillar in his church both financially, mentally and spiritually. He has been a leader in providing good schools for his community, and has often insisted that those not financially able to attend should do so at his expense. As a physician, I dare say he has done more charity practice than any man in the State—and has done it so quietly, cheerfully, and unobtrusively, as to remain one of the Master who went about healing the sick.

As a farmer, he has always been abreast with the times, giving his community the benefit of his painstaking research and experiments. As a neighbor, I have never one time known him not to do as he would be done by. As a man, he is simple in taste, quiet in manner, sympathetic in feeling, courageous in action, successful in business, temperate in habits, and irreproachable in character.

He is no politician. If he comes to have stood to the underhand tricks of some politician, he could have held a high and paying office long ago. He is a patriotic statesman of no pure type to compromise his integrity for the sake of the highest office in the gift of the people. He has been identified with the public life of his county and State for more than twenty-five years, and during the whole time there has never been a shadow cast on his spotless records, yet he has never held a paying office but once. Brother Christians and Democrats, now is the opportunity of your lives to reward this good man's consecration to the making him Governor. By so doing, you will honor not only him, but yourselves and your State. In him we would have a Governor who would always be on Sunday in his church pew, and on all other days in his office, attending to his lawful business. You will have in him a Governor whom the most refined lady can approach at any time and feel benefited by—his presence. He will never be financially enriched by public office, for his pockets will never be soiled by bribes, whiskey rebates, etc. As to his executive ability to fill the office, a lifetime of painstaking performance of both private and public duties, and the rare combination of tact, common sense, and good judgment which has always marked his successful career, prove beyond doubt that in him we would have a governor of whom the whole State might well be proud.

Jehn Galloway.

A HIGHWAYMAN KILLED.

But His Pals Blew Up a Car and Got a Pile.

A daring and successful train robbery occurred at Mardus on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad, five mile north of Savannah about midnight Wednesday. The fine vestibule passenger train of 11 coaches—Conductor Emerson in charge—was flagged at the little station, and six masked men boarded the engine. The engineer and fireman obeyed the imperative orders and the robbers at once uncoupled the engine and express car from the train and ran them a quarter of a mile up the track.

They then blew up the express car with dynamite, ran the engine north a distance of a mile from Kanover and the locomotive becoming dead the robbers abandoned it and escaped. One of the highwaymen was killed being shot above the eye and also in the leg. He met instant death while in the engine and his body was dumped to the ground by his companions as they sped away.

The express messenger boy claims to have done the shooting. The dead was done quickly the trainmen and passengers making no defense. Six sacks of money were secured but the amount is not known. The passengers were not molested. There was no way of telegraphing news of the hold up and a flagman walked back and gave the alarm. A special train of citizens and several policemen at once proceeded to the scene, but as the track runs along the Mississippi and the country is adapted to successful fight the robbers easily escaped. The work is evidently of experts as they went as it coolly and methodically.

"Explosions were required to complete the destruction of the safe and car was badly wrecked. The robbers were eight in number all masked. They evidently were railroad men, one being a good engineer. Messenger William Bye fired five shots at the robbers, but without avail and an attempt was made to blow him in his car. The bandits had arranged to ditch the entire train of nine heavily laden coaches had not the signal to stop been heeded. Several passengers in the buffet car including the porter were held prisoners during the struggle.

Four explosions were required to wreck the safe. It is thought the robbers were killed by a comrade by mistake. The body was put on the tender and run up the track a short distance and then thrown in the weeds.

A Foul Assassination.

Isaac Finkelstein, whose crusade closed the eight gambling houses in Des Moines, Iowa, two weeks ago, was murdered in that city Wednesday night, near the alley on Walnut street. He was on his way home, less than a block and a half away, when a man stepped out of the shadow of the alley and struck him a blow over the head with a heavy stick. Finkelstein fell to the ground. Four men less than a block away saw him fall and ran to assist him. He was dead when they arrived, his skull having been crushed. Beyond the bloody stick which lay beside the victim, the only clue to the murderer is a report that a little after the time of the murder one unrecognized man was overheard to say to another: "I killed the—," and at another time one man was heard to tell another: "Keep your mouth shut."

The murder is supposed to have resulted from Finkelstein's action in prosecuting the gamblers. He did not object to public gambling, but wanted the city to receive a revenue from it, he said, and when the police arrested his skull having been crushed. Beyond the bloody stick which lay beside the victim, the only clue to the murderer is a report that a little after the time of the murder one unrecognized man was overheard to say to another: "I killed the—," and at another time one man was heard to tell another: "Keep your mouth shut."

Killed by Lightning.

During an electrical storm, accompanied by a heavy rain, William North, a contractor, of Harriarrn, Tenn., accompanied by five workmen, sought shelter in an unfinished building. Lightning struck the building, killing Charles Daniels and rendering the entire party unconscious. Two members of the party are expected to recover.

Cool and Breecy.

A Pennsylvania preacher recently asked the men in his congregation to remove their coats, and when they had done so he remarked that they looked more comfortable. If a man can't wear a coat in church most people will think that he had best stay away

WEATHER AND CROPS.

Cotton is Opening Freely Over the Entire State.

The following is the weekly bulletin of the condition of the weather and crops issued last week by Director Bauer of the South Carolina section of the climate and crop service of the United States weather bureau:

Nearly normal temperatures prevailed throughout the week ending Monday, August 4, with an average for the week of about 81 degrees, and a maximum of 97 degrees at Darlington on the 30th, and a minimum of 63 degrees at Liberty on the 30th. There was a slight deficiency in sunshine, with much cloudiness during the afternoons. The wind were generally light except for a local high wind in Laurens county that did slight damage.

Showers occurred on every day of the week in some part of the State, heaviest over the eastern and western portions, where also it was most general, but some heavy local showers in the central counties. The greatest local amount was 4.70 inches at Beaufort. Although it fell over a great portion of the State there are still a great many localities that are suffering from drought. The rains were, for the most part, local in character, and the dry spots are confined to any particular section, but are found in nearly every county.

Old corn is ripening rapidly, and fodder stripping has become general. Later plantings, especially bottom land corn, look promising where enough rain was received, but are suffering for moisture, and doing poorly in places. In a few localities the corn crop is the best in years.

The general condition of cotton was but slightly improved even where the rainfall was copious, owing to the prevalence of rust, shedding and blooming to the top. The plants are generally small, but are well trellised. Cotton is turning yellow on sandy or light soils, and shows signs of early maturity. Cotton is opening freely over practically the whole State, and some has been picked. The first bale for season was ginned at Blackville on August 1st. The first bales were ginned in former years as follows: 1901, Aug. 17; 1900, Aug. 6; 1899, Aug. 4; 1898, Aug. 9; 1897, Aug. 2; 1896, July 28; 1895, Aug. 20; 1894, Aug. 15. The present season is, therefore, the second earliest since 1894.

The weather was favorable for currying tobacco, and this work is nearly finished at many points. The condition of rice is very promising with plenty of fresh water for the last flooding. Upland rice is a poor crop. Sweet potatoes are doing well, where showers according to the forecast so take their condition from the rainfall. Gardens are generally poor. Fall truck is being planted and is coming up nicely. Turnips are being sown. Late fruit is inferior.

COMING OF MILLENNIUM.

Alleged Prophecy of an Infant Near Warsaw, In Russia.

"In one year's time there will be a great war between the world powers, and in three years we will witness the coming of the millennium."

This startling prophecy, it is declared, was a short time ago made by a male child only three months old born in a small village near Warsaw, Russia, says the Washington Star.

Mr. S. Berian, a Seventh Street merchant, recently received a letter from his father in Russia relating the incident. According to the letter the mother left the home for a few months and told her seven year old daughter to look after the babe.

For some reason the little girl became frightened and began to cry, when, according to the letter, she was startled to hear the three-months old baby address her plainly with the words: "Don't cry, mamma will be back soon." This unexpected speech from such a source scared the girl still more, and she ran out of the house in search of her mother, to whom she related the incident. The mother immediately went in to the baby and began questioning him, and finally the boy spoke again and said: "Send for the rabbi."

The rabbi was immediately called and several of the neighbors who had noticed the excited state of affairs about the house also dropped in to ascertain the cause of the commotion. When the rabbi entered the room where sat the prodigy the baby refused to speak until he and the rabbi were left alone, and when the room had been cleared, it is said, he gave utterance to the prophecy mentioned previously.

A few days after Mr. Berlin received his letter with the story of the wonderful child another gentleman in Washington received a letter from a different party relating the same incident as that told in the first letter. It is said that the prediction has created great consternation among the Jews of Russia, as, naturally, it was calculated to do.

Several Hebrews told a reporter for The Star that, according to the Torah, the millennium is due in about three or four years, and they seemed much impressed by the reports that have come from Russia. They consider this prophecy as a verification or remainder of the approaching reign of the Jews. The destruction of the Mahometan and anti-Christian king, and the restoration of the seed of Abraham to the favor of God, they say, are all that is necessary to the introduction of the millennium.

Will Get a Large Vote.

Hon. B. L. Caughman will get a large vote in Horse Creek Valley in his race for Railroad Commissioner for the farmers and factory operatives know that for eight years he has stood by them in the General Assembly. His victory in the "Jim Crow Car" fight should cause his election, especially as Edmund Deas, the negro Republican State Chairman, says that the negroes must fight this law. As Railroad Commissioner Mr. Caughman will see that this law is carried out, as well as all others for the people's good. We hope he will win.—Horse Creek Valley News.

Killed in an Accident.

Two engineers and several laborers were killed Wednesday afternoon in a collision on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, two miles south of Rhoads, Iowa, between a fast freight and a work train. Twenty laborers were injured. Seventy-eight laborers were on the work train, going at full speed on a reverse curve. The accident is attributed to disregard of orders and signals.

TWO BOATS COLLIDE

And Three Lives Are Lost. Several People Severely Injured.

NO SPECIFIC CAUSE KNOWN.

The City of Venice, Valued at \$175,000 Went Down Within Fifteen Minutes After Collision.

As a result of a collision on Lake Erie between the steamer City of Venice, ore laden, and the steamer Seguin, a steel lumber vessel, of Kondeau, Canada, Tuesday night, the City of Venice was sunk and three lives lost, while several other persons were more or less seriously injured.

The cause of the collision is not known. There was no fog whatever and the night was fairly clear. The lights of the City of Venice were burning brightly. To this the crew and passengers all testify, saying they could see the lights on the Venice as she was sinking.

The second mate of the Seguin, W. A. Lavigne, who was on watch, refuses absolutely to give any information in regard to the way the accident happened. "The less said about it, the better," was the only statement he would make.

It was shortly after midnight when the accident happened. The City of Venice, laden with 3,600 tons of ore, was bound to Buffalo, while the Seguin was going north to Perry Sound from Ogdensburg. On board the Seguin all were asleep save the second mate, W. A. Lavigne, and the watchman who was with him in the pilot house. The first mate of the Venice, Sullivan, was on watch aboard the boat that went down. The first that was known of anything had happened was a terrible crash by the boats coming together.

The Seguin struck the Venice fairly amidships and plowed its way half way through the boat. The crew and passengers aboard both boats heard a tearing of timber mingled with calls for help from those already in the water. Those who were asleep rushed on deck and there was a frightful panic for a time. The Venice, which had been split almost in two, was sinking rapidly. Captain Broderick of the Venice ran on deck and immediately caught the men to man the life boats. The members of the crew who had not been hurt rushed to his assistance and in five minutes they had the boats in the water. Several of the men fearing that the ship would sink before they had an opportunity to escape threw themselves overboard. They were later picked up by the life boats from the Seguin. The City of Venice went down in very deep water in less than 15 minutes after the collision occurred. After standing for an hour the Seguin headed for Cleveland with the survivors, arriving there early Tuesday.

The City of Venice was a wooden vessel, 301 feet long and 42 feet beam. She was owned by the McCraw Transportation company of Bay City, Mich., and valued at about \$175,000. She was commanded by Captain Broderick. The Seguin is an iron vessel 207 feet long and 34 feet beam. She is owned by J. B. Miller of Perry Sound and commanded by Capt. J. B. Sims.

THE MATE'S STORY.

First Mate Sullivan of the City of Venice, who is lying in a critical condition at the Marine hospital, at Cleveland, Ohio, related slightly Tuesday afternoon and made a statement regarding the collision.

"I was on the night watch," he said. "It was something after midnight when I first saw another boat ahead. It was still some distance away, but I blew the whistle to signal the boat. She did not answer, but I thought that it was strange, but as she was some distance away I made no attempt to get out of the way. All our lights were burning and there was no fog, so I don't see how they could have helped seeing our vessel. When the boat was considerably closer I whistled again, but still there was no answer. I was then frightened, and signalled still another time. I saw that we were not seen; at least there was no attention paid to our signals, and the boat was bearing directly down upon us.

"I then attempted to get out of the way and veered the ship diagonally in her course, hoping to escape with a slight rub the collision that I began to see was inevitable. She was even nearer than I supposed, however, and going at a fast rate. Suddenly the bow loomed up high above us and there was a sickening crash and then for a moment I scarcely realized what had happened. I was thrown from my feet by the jar, and the pilot house crushed and piled on top of me. I felt a terrible pain in my back and chest and then I was swept overboard with the pilot house."

Sullivan was picked up after being in the water a short time. Including the crew and passengers there were about 25 persons on the City of Venice.

Cut a Whale in Two.

Capt. Neilsen, of the Norwegian steamer Tjomo, which arrived at Baltimore, Tuesday, from Sydney, C. B., reports that his vessel cut into a school of whales when southeast of St. George's bank, off Nova Scotia.

As many as a dozen of the monsters could be counted at a time from the vessel. One of the whales in attempting to cross the bow of the steamer and nearly cut in twain. The shock of the collision stopped the vessel momentarily, but she sustained no damage. Capt. Neilsen estimates that the dead Leviathan was 80 feet long.

Killed His Daughter.

Whilst stooping over his ten-month-old daughter to kiss her good-bye, at Baltimore, on Tuesday, a revolver slipped from the pocket of Charles H. Thornton and fell to the floor. The weapon was discharged and the bullet instantly killed the child. The grief-stricken father was released by the police after witnesses corroborated his version of the accident.