

ALMOST A FIGHT.

Mr. Lyon Says Major Black Threatened To Kill Him.

M. J. BLACK'S SIDE.

He Says Lyon Is Mad Because He Is Not Allowed to Run the Dispensary and Is Trying to Dam His Private Character By Unfair Means and Methods.

There was quite a sensation in Columbia on Friday morning when it became known that Mr. Lyon, a member of the legislative dispensary investigating committee, had stated to the full committee that Major Black, a member of the State Board of Control, had that morning used very violent language towards him, and then turning on him and "blowing him up" on the spot. We publish what Mr. Lyon says below.

We also give Major Black's version of what makes some damaging statements about Mr. Lyon's nosing about and prying into private matters in his efforts to damage his (Black's) private character because he would not allow Lyon and Christensen to run the dispensary to suit themselves.

MR. LYON'S STATEMENT.

"Mr. Chairman, there is a matter come up Friday morning that I deem it my duty, through myself, to call to the attention of this committee. I also will state that the part of it that affects me personally I do not consider, but that part of it that affects the welfare of our committee I do consider, and I deem it important to the final practical determination of our investigation that it be brought forward to the attention of this committee.

"This morning in coming from my room, which is above the hotel, over the store of Girardeau & Marshall, I was stopped by Mr. Solomon, who is the agent of the Big Creek Distilling Company, of Savannah, Ga. He was talking to me about some accounts which the committee has held up. These are accounts due by the dispensary. We have had some conversation about this matter before and he renewed the conversation there and wished me to give him some definite information about when we could reach it.

"As I was standing there talking to him, Mr. Black, of the dispensary board of directors, appeared before me. I really could not state from what direction he came. I could not say whether from the front or rear. I was talking with my conversation with Mr. Solomon. Mr. Black's face showed decided anger and he used some very insulting language towards me. He said that he understood that I had been spying out on him—on his private life—and things of that kind, and that it was his purpose to kill me on the spot.

"I do not care to use any of the particular language he used on that occasion, but he said that he had a notion then and there to shoot me and blow me up on the spot—to use his expression. That I was in his company and person that I do not know to have seen before. My recollection is that there was a person of color, red mustache and a blue suit. While he was making his remarks against me and daring me to investigate his affairs he also used very violent language against Senator Christensen, which I suppose was in the nature of a retort to me for attending such a person about the streets.

"I remarked that there were three of them there; that I did not care to discuss the matter with them; that I was investigating the dispensary and expected to continue to do so. He was so impetuous, though, that I scarcely had an opportunity of putting in a word, and believing that he intended to make an attack on me and put my hands against his person that he intended to do violence, I turned and walked back to my room, and he used some very unpleasant epithets towards me and told me that I might go and arm myself.

"I returned to my room and shortly afterwards returned to Wright's Hotel. As I passed the Columbia Hotel I did not see Mr. Black or the gentleman with him. I presume, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Black exhibited, or attempted to exhibit, a letter from Manning, which I understand was from Mr. Black's former home—Waterboro it was. I found it necessary to go to Waterboro a few days since for the reason that I had heard—and I can recognize the difficulties that it is likely to place in—Mr. H. Evans that Mr. Black and Mr. H. Evans had been parties to bringing a member of the General Assembly who lives in the town of Waterboro. I do not know the facts in that case. I had some information along that line and I went there to get some additional information in regard to the matter. That was the object of my visit to Waterboro, and I presume that Mr. Black has been informed by those of whom I inquired there of the purpose of my visit.

"I wish to say this: That I did go to Waterboro for the purpose of investigating Mr. Black and Mr. H. Evans and this member of the General Assembly, whose name I do not care to mention, as I do not think it is proper, as he is not a party to this transaction. I want to say this, that so far as I am individually concerned I shall continue to investigate Mr. Black and Mr. Evans, and anyone else who is on there and if it is necessary to be blown up in this matter Mr. Black or somebody will have it to do."

WHAT MAJOR BLACK SAYS.

After learning what Mr. Lyon

GAME TOO LATE.

After Being Caught In His Rascality Thackston

BECOMES PENITENT

And Curses Out the Dispensary Law, Charging it With Making Him a Grafter. Dispenser Allsbrook Has His Letters Read to The Public.

The Legislative Dispensary Investigating Committee resumed its sittings in Columbia last week. Among the witnesses examined was T. F. Thackston of Spartanburg, who seems to have been a star witness. He is reported to have said after the committee had examined him and made him confess that he was guilty of several rascalities: "I know I wish I had never seen a dispensary, because it is the greatest curse we have ever had on the State. I am sorry I ever got my hands stained with it. Well I have never known a man that had anything to do with it that the people did not think less of him."

Thackston is not the first man that has become penitent after being caught up with. His deliverance on the dispensary is simply a new version of the old saw, that no rogue ever gets out of a bad draw with a good opinion of law. As long as he was not detected in his sharp practices he said nothing, but just as soon as he is caught up with he blames the law for making him a grafter. The truth of the matter is Thackston was a grafter before he became a dispenser. All he wanted was an opportunity to put his grafting talent to use and it came when he was made a beer dispenser. He would have done the same thing in a bank or any other place of trust. A dishonest man is a dishonest man.

Mr. J. D. Allsbrook, the dispenser at Manning, was also put through a course of investigation, but he seemed to have had a bad memory as he could not remember many things connected with his office. It was pitiable to see this man dogging and insisting that he could not remember; that he could not deny or could he affirm that he had asked for pay because he was a dispenser. To the very last he could not recollect and then finally Mr. Lyon pulled out him three letters, which were read as follows:

THE ALLSBROOK LETTERS.

Manning, S. C., November 13, 1905.

Duffy's Malt Whiskey Company, Rochester, N. Y.—Dear Sirs: Your letter of November 6 is to hand, and in reply will say the advertisements are pasted, as you indicate in your letter, at six different places, all of which, I think, are very good, but this will accomplish nothing unless you can get the county dispensers to handle the goods.

I am dispenser here, and have been handling D. F.'s Malt Whiskey ever since I have been dispenser, but it is hard to get it at times—and besides, if you want the goods sold, communicate with the county dispenser of each county and let him know what he may expect, if anything, for special courtesies.

It is an old proverb, as true as Holy writ: "Whose bread I eat, whose song I sing." The county dispensers order what they want, and sell what they get. A hint to the wise is sufficient—and this is given confidentially.

I have sold during the past twelve months about 80 cases Duffy's Malt, but have not had any shipped me since last August.

Since receiving your letter of Saturday 11th instant, I ordered several cases, but do not know if the goods will be shipped me or not. I shall expect to hear from you again in the next few days, and expect to continue to sell some of your goods. Yours very truly,

J. D. Allsbrook, Dispenser.

Manning, S. C., November 28, 1905.

Duffy's Malt Whiskey Company, Rochester, N. Y.—Dear Sirs: Since writing to you on the 13th instant I have secured a few cases of your whiskey and have sent in an order for more, which I hope will be shipped to me, but would like to hear from you at once before placing my order for the Christmas holidays. Yours very truly,

J. D. Allsbrook, Dispenser.

Manning, S. C., December 12, 1905.

Duffy's Malt Whiskey Company, Rochester, N. Y.—Dear Sirs: On November 10, we sent you statement, showing 65 cases your goods sold. On November 15 we received 15 cases, and on the 29th 20 cases more, which stock is being rapidly sold. We can handle the goods alright if the proper quick pro quo is forthcoming.

The case of goods was received today in good order, and we desire to express to you many thanks for thus remembering us during the Christmas holidays.

With best wishes for you and yours, and with greetings for the season, we are, yours truly,

J. D. Allsbrook, Dispenser.

WHO SHOT HER?

A Lady Assassinated While Asleep in Her Bed

BY UNKNOWN FRIENDS

Circumstantial Evidence Against a Negro Under Arrest and Confined in Jail for Safe Keeping. The Woman's Husband Also Under Suspicion.

The Augusta Chronicle says Mrs. E. S. Wilson of Beaufort Island was shot at 2 o'clock Thursday morning and fatally wounded that she died some hours afterward. Bill Lumford, a colored man in the Richmond county jail, with circumstantial evidence pointing to him as the murderer. Tom Williams, another negro, is locked up under suspicion, as an accomplice in the crime. The case was worked up by Detective Howard of the Richmond county jail.

At the time of the tragedy Mrs. Wilson was sleeping in her bed, alone, in one of the rooms of the house. Her husband, Mr. Wilson, was in another apartment. At about 2 o'clock the night watchman called and wide the door of a pistol shot. Mrs. Wilson lay on her bed in a pool of blood, scarcely breathing.

Early in the night Mr. Wilson had seen a strange negro loitering around his premises. Having asked the man his business and received no satisfactory answer, he drove him off the place. He believed that this negro was Bill Lumford, and that he returned to his home and indignation ran on the beach. As soon as the news of the shooting was heard from Mr. Wilson's neighbors, a party of friends and neighbors to accomplish the capture of the guilty party.

The trial was warm, and it led, apparently, to Bill Lumford. The traces of the man who wore rubber shoes were followed without a break from the Wilson place to the Carolina side of the Hamburg bridge. Detective Howard, following other clues, had arrested Lumford. The prisoner's shoes were taken from him, and Detective Howard personally went across the river to see whether or not they fit the tracks. So far as could be ascertained in the road, they did.

The impact of the rubber heels was deemed circumstantial evidence. To make assurance doubly sure, the shoes were given to Mr. P. B. Page, a friend of Mr. Wilson's, who first brought the news of the tragedy to Augusta, and Mr. Page will attempt to still clearer impressions made in the case about the Wilson place. Up to a late hour Mr. Page had not reported the result of his experiments.

Other minor but important points pointed to the same center. Bill Lumford and Tom Williams are Spartanburg county negroes. After the arrest it was stated that they had the appearance of a negro woman named Meta. Meta herself declared that they had separated her from the middle of the night and that she herself, accompanied by her husband, had been all night across the river at some negro family gathering or wake. Her story was corroborated.

Pardonable, responsible parties are reported to have seen two negroes whose description corresponds to that of the prisoner, crossing the Hamburg bridge in the gray dawn of the morning, their clothing covered with mud. It is said that Mrs. Wilson would be seen to identify the negro, when he passed off his place, to a late hour Thursday night. Mr. Wilson did not come to the city, nor did he get ascertained at what time he would arrive.

The members of the family gave the following account of the tragedy: When the shot was fired, Mrs. Wilson jumped from her bed and screamed "I have been shot. Somebody has killed me!" and ran to her husband's room, where she fell. She afterward became conscious, and stated that she had no idea who shot her; but she was asleep at the time. Later she lay in a semi-conscious state and lingered until Thursday night, when she died.

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MEASURES OF THE CALLING AND ILLUSTRATIONS THEY WIELD.

Governor Hoob, of Kansas, says there is no better index to a town than its newspaper.

ROOH ON EDITORS.

Measures of the Calling and Illustrations They Wield.

Governor Hoob, of Kansas, says there is no better index to a town than its newspaper. If it is well printed, attractive in its make-up, reliable in its news columns, strong in editorial comment, but above all liberal in advertising patronage, depend upon it, nine cases out of ten that town is an enterprising, up-to-date town, but if the paper looks shabby, depend upon it the town is shabby, for a newspaper is every where and always a town's best mirror.

Brethren of the country press, I exhort you. You are the real rulers of the town. Your pen is the ruler of the world just the same. Local politicians may affect to despise you, but they actually dread the publicity of your columns vastly more than they will admit. The influence and power of the old horse paper can not well be overestimated. It enters into the very warp and woof of the children's lives and unconsciously molds much of their character. To my mind there is no more desirable, no more enviable occupation than that of the country editor. To own his own plant, to have a medium for the expression of his honest views, to lock up his office every evening and to be able to go home and keep company with his family and with his books, to return next morning to the office to meet the people whom he serves, to jot down the thoughts that occur to his mind, to hear of the struggles of his exchanges and get in communication with other editors, to perform the thousand and one little duties that come to him every day, to be a power in his community, to be his own boss—to my mind, this is the ideal life, more to be desired than the most exalted political station.

FELL FROM CAR.

Hon. J. E. Tindal is Fatally Hurt in Columbia.

Hon. J. E. Tindal, secretary of state when Tillman was governor from 1890 to 1894, died in the Columbia hospital at 4 o'clock Thursday morning from injuries he received at midnight by falling from the running board of a crowded street car on Main street Columbia. The Record says one seems to know just how the accident occurred. Mr. Tindal was on his way from Clemson college, where he has been a trustee for many years, to visit his daughter Mrs. Dr. E. G. Quattlebaum, living on Blount street. He fell from the car as it was moving rapidly between two streets a few blocks beyond his destination. The car driver says he had signaled to get off and that the gentleman had stepped off at the next crossing when Mr. Tindal either jumped off or fell off with his grip in his hand. Passengers standing near him were not able to figure out how the accident occurred, so sudden and unexpected was it. He fell with the back of his head striking the macadam and died without regaining consciousness. Mr. Tindal was a cautious man, and those who know him do not think he either stepped off the car with the wrong foot or attempted to jump from it. He was carried to the fruit stand nearby, and from there his son-in-law accompanied him to the hospital.

Mr. Tindal was staunch Baptist and a power for good in his community. He was a fine soldier, serving through the entire Civil war. Mr. Tindal was a loving and lovable man in all circumstances, and much of his life was spent in the interest of his neighbors and friends. He was eighty years of age.

Many Houses Burned.

A dispatch from Cabot, Oat., says fifty-seven houses are burned and a dozen others are wrecked as the result of the forest fire which swept through the northern part of the town Saturday. As it passed the Ontario powder company's dynamite magazine, seven tons and a half of dynamite exploded within 50 feet of the main portion of the town, tearing buildings from their foundations and spreading ruin in all directions. Only one fatality is so far reported.

New Bishops.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which recently met at Birmingham, Ala., has elected three new bishops as follows:

Dr. Seth Ward, assistant missionary secretary of the church.

Dr. James T. Tipton, Sunday school editor.

Hung Him.

A Columbus, Miss., dispatch says George Younger, a negro, who shot and killed William Estor, a well-known white citizen last Saturday while the latter was a member of police, was taken from jail at that place Wednesday night by a mob and lynched.

AWFUL DISEASE

THE WHITE FLAG OF GREATNESS OF ALL CALAMITIES.

Greater Than by Quakes Flood and Fire.

"The great calamities that have befallen part of our country within the memory of those past middle life," said he, "namely, the Chicago fire, the Charleston earthquake, the Johnstown flood, and the San Francisco earthquake and conflagration, brought the world to its feet with shrieks of money and relief. Everybody gave, and wealthy men gave most generously. Everybody gave on faith, moreover, without personal knowledge of the conditions existing in those places or of the manner in which the money would be expended. Everybody agreed that help was needed, and everybody was willing to help."

"All of these calamities combined are not as great as the calamity of tuberculosis to our country every year. The loss of life in a single year by tuberculosis is fifty times greater than it was in all those calamities. The amount of suffering from tuberculosis for a single year is greater than the total suffering in those calamities. There was not a form of human suffering or misery precipitated by those calamities which is not duplicated many times over every year by tuberculosis.

The only item smaller is the money valuation, and that loss from tuberculosis was stated by Dr. Flick to be more than \$50,000,000 annually.

Continuing, Dr. Flick said:

"Could the disastrous influence of tuberculosis upon any community be presented to the public in a concrete form in the manner in which, for instance, the San Francisco earthquake was presented; could all the consumptive sufferers be marshaled into line and their suffering thus be presented to the world at a glance, the response for the amelioration of that suffering would be as generous as that which the world has just witnessed for California."

Dr. Flick asserted that the strength of the association lay in the fact that its ambition to eradicate consumption could be gratified. He advocated the establishment of hospitals, sanatoria, convalescent farms, public dispensaries, where the poor could be served, and the scientific care of the afflicted in their own homes. He criticized the medical schools that turned out graduates unacquainted with the best methods of combating the disease.

In referring to the great international conference of the associations of the world engaged in the crusade against consumption, which will be held in Washington in 1918, Dr. Flick recommended that the national association should establish permanent headquarters in Washington, and that its invitations to the associations of other countries should bear the seal of the approval of the United States government. The governments of France and Germany, said he, actively participate in the work of the associations in their respective countries.

Dr. Flick deplored the fact that so few clergymen, professional or business men were taking an active interest in the work. To create more widespread interest he advocated the establishment of a lecture bureau, providing speakers to visit every part of the country and disseminate knowledge of how to successfully combat the disease.

The report of the executive committee told of the growth of the association and of the methods that had been employed in spreading knowledge of the manner to fight consumption. Exhibitions pictorially depicting the nature of the disease and outlining methods to be followed by those suffering from it, which have been given in several cities, were attended by over 150,000 people in the last year. The committee recommended that smaller exhibits be arranged that will visit the smaller cities and towns during the ensuing year. The committee also reported upon its success in securing the cooperation of the Y. M. C. A., the National Federation of Labor, and other associations in the crusade.

The emblem of membership to the national, state, and local association was declared to be a double red cross.

Nearing the End.

Terrible predictions concerning what will happen to this poor old earth during the next twenty-five years were made at a prophetic and S. cond Advent conference last week in London and while they differed somewhat in details, they all agreed that the end of the world is at hand, they were not quite sure whether the final catastrophe will come on May 2, or April 9, 1931, but they are quite sure that one of these dates will prove to be the right one. There can be no doubt that the world has nearly outlived its usefulness, the prophets declared. The wars and earthquakes which have afflicted it recently are proof positive and all that is required to fulfill the prophecies is the coming of anti-Christ, who is somewhat unkindly identified with Napoleon.

Fatal Explosion.

John Saunders was instantly killed and seven other men were more or less injured by an explosion of dynamite on the Tidewater Railroad Friday evening near Roanoke, Va. Crisford Saunders was removing the dynamite from a hole when the explosive went off. Among the injured are: Allen Harris, leg broken, cut and burned on face and body; J. W. Barry and E. Ferret were slightly hurt.

Fatal Explosion.

A special from Derringer, La., says J. B. Johnson was killed, A. Keating fatally injured and several others slightly hurt by a dynamite explosion at a railroad camp twelve miles from here Friday afternoon. The men were out at target practice with rifles, when one of the bullets struck a four hundred pound pile of dynamite, causing a terrific explosion. The camp was destroyed by fire which followed.

TOLD TO MURDER

Her Cruel Uncle in a Dream Says Woman

ON WITNESS STAND.

She Said That She Was Subject to Hallucinations, a Voice Commanding Her to "Kill Him" Dreamed She was in the Presence of God.

In New York last week Josephine Terranova took the witness stand in her own behalf at her trial on the charge of having murdered her aunt. The defendant said that she came to this country when eight years old, going to live with her uncle and aunt the Baggios. She is an Italian girl who told one of the most awful tales of depravity and the part of her uncle and aunt, whom she finally killed for the great wrong they had done her.

"I didn't go to church or to school," she said, "for seven years after I came to America. My aunt and uncle would not let me. I wanted to go. I did everything, washing, scrubbing, everything and sometimes there were ten, eleven, sixteen boards in the house."

"Do you remember one winter morning when you were about eleven and a half years old?" she was asked.

The girl replied that she did; that her aunt had taken her to the uncle's room that day. "That is what I am on trial here about," she added. "As the girl told of her uncle's treatment of her, she said that she was a witness to the girl's testimony in giving her testimony saying that she was ashamed to speak it."

She said that her aunt had forced her to obey her uncle and had beat her, breaking a stick during one of the whippings, and making the witness so sick that she went to bed. The girl said she was never permitted to play with other children and was forbidden to talk English or associate with the boarders in the house. She said she wanted to go to her mother, but was not permitted to.

The witness said that her husband was led to suspect what her relations with her uncle had been, because of a remark which the latter made. She declared that her uncle's mistreatment covered a period of about six years and that it continued up to and including the night after her civil marriage to Terranova. She told of the circumstances which led her to kill the uncle, Gaetano, and her aunt, Concetta. She said that her husband after listening to her confession, told her that she was no longer his wife and thereupon left her. She remained alone during the following ten days, she said, to the influence of hallucinations in which her uncle appeared. Whenever he appeared a voice said "kill him." Each night, the witness continued, she would dream or imagine that she was in the presence of God and there again she would hear the words "kill your uncle."

At the end of ten days, the girl said she went to her mother's house and was turned away. Then the mysterious visits became more insistent, calling her to buy a knife and a revolver and kill. When armed on her way to their house for this purpose, she said she had crossed herself three times and prayed to know whether she was doing right. She confronted her uncle, calling him "traitor," and he replied: "You are an outcast."

"She remembered little of her attack," but asserted that she began to stab when her aunt came between her and Gaetano. She did not remember which one struck first. Under cross examination the witness said she had been unable to run away from her uncle's treatment, as she desired to do. Her aunt, she said, had told her that there was no harm in her relations with her uncle. Justice Scott, who is hearing the case, questioned the girl as to the voices she claimed to have heard, and she told him that they came like a ringing in the ears.

Dried Beef Horse Meat.

Officers of the secret service at Manila have been engaged in an investigation of the alleged killing of diseased horses for food purposes. They found that the practice existed in several places between Manila and Calcutta, the product having been sold in the form of "dried beef." Instructions have been given from Washington, which will enable the operators of the information division to break up the practice, to break up the business, has been submitted to the war department. The constabulary officials at Manila have taken prompt action and what promises to be effective, action in the matter.

Fatal Trolley Collision.

One man was killed and nearly seventy old soldiers were injured, but none fatally, in a collision on the Lafayette road, Ind., battle ground electric trolley Friday. Both cars were crowded with veterans attending the annual encampment of the G. A. R. The collision occurred at a switch. One car was coming south to the city from the battle ground, filled with veterans, and the other was outward bound, carrying old soldiers to the battlefield. Charles Ryndebush, mortally injured, was in the south-bound car, was killed. M. O. Farmer, the conductor, was slightly hurt. Both cars were demolished. Twelve doctors were summoned and the injured were brought to the city in special cars and taken to St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

BACKS UP MEETING.

Two Georgia Farmers Shoot Each Other to Death.

Special Message to the Augusta Chronicle.

A special message to the Augusta Chronicle says resulting from bad blood, which has existed for some time, Joe Hasty, a farmer, who lived about two miles from Chipley, Ga., was shot to death in a pistol duel at that place Wednesday at a political meeting, and Sam Irving, who shot Hasty, was killed a few minutes afterward by a crowd who gave chase as he ran from the scene.

The first shooting occurred on the outer edge of a grove where an audience was listening to a speech being made by Hon. Hike Smith, candidate for governor. The crowd immediately left the grove and Mr. Smith was compelled to discontinue his speech, being unable later to resume.

It is stated that the bad blood which existed between Hasty and Irving was due to an alleged debt of fifteen cents. The two men met at the political gathering and renewed the quarrel when there was an exchange of heated words. The town marshal intervened and smoothed the difference over for a time, but shortly Hasty and Irving came together again and began to shoot. Almost with the first shot fired Hasty fell to the ground mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes.

No sooner had Hasty fallen than Irving ran and was pursued by a number of people from the audience. Immediately there was a fusillade of bullets, and before Irving had gone three blocks he fell dead from his wounds by some one in the party of pursuers, who is not known.

There were about 65 shots fired during the excitement. Two spectators, standing on one side of the audience, were hit by stray bullets and slightly wounded.

KILL THEIR BABIES.

Horrible Story of Human Sacrifice to Imaginary God.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg, Russia says the most atrocious crime that has occurred in Siberia since the famous case of the brothers Kaleshnik, is about to be investigated in Tobolsk. Seven peasants of the neighboring village of Kbulniks and three women are about to be put on trial on a charge of sacrificing a number of children in order to appease the wrath of an imaginary god of pestilence. The Siberian plague had destroyed the villagers' cattle year after year. The village was reduced to poverty, and many of its inhabitants were obliged to migrate to the towns.

A local quack, who earned a living by making children "invulnerable to the evil eye," advised the muzziks that "until blood" had been shed and the church raised upon it, the village would continue to be visited by pestilence and be hinted—even worse horrors. The panic-stricken peasants understood this to mean that a church should be built upon a foundation of human beings, as was done by their ancestors in heathen times.

A man named Glezinoff offered to sacrifice one of his seven children, and his example was followed by the local blacksmith. The two children were killed at night and a rude wooden chapel hurriedly built over their remains. When the story became known the muzziks from a neighboring village raided the culprits' homes, burned them down and nearly killed the murderers.

Unique Sentence.

Probably the most unique sentence ever imposed by a court of law in Kansas, says The Kansas City Star, was ordered in the case of Joe Star, who was charged with the murder of Herr, who was before Police Judge Herr on the charge of being drunk. Transfer is an old offender, and when he was brought into court Judge Herr fined him \$5 and ordered that he be confined to his bed for a week. Marshal Horath took Transfer home and put him to bed and the culprit's family was instructed to notify the court if Transfer showed a disposition to leave the bed before the week was out.

Jumped Too Soon.

To avoid a wreck which did not occur, Scott Gillespie, of Somerset, Ky., a locomotive engineer, jumped from his locomotive on New River bridge, fatally injured and several others slightly hurt by a dynamite explosion at a railroad camp twelve miles from here Friday afternoon. The men were out at target practice with rifles, when one of the bullets struck a four hundred pound pile of dynamite, causing a terrific explosion. The camp was destroyed by fire which followed.