WILL SHE HANG?

This Is the Question Being Asked in Missouri

ABOUT MRS. MYERS,

Who Cruelly Planned Her Husband's Murder and Then Helped Her Paramour Carry it Out, The Cowardly Wretch Puts All Blame on the Woman.

Quite cheerful, her behavior beyond criticism, young Mrs. Aggie Myers sits in her cell in the County Jail at Liberty, Mo. Almost any other woman in her position would believe that she saw, written in letters of fire on the whitewashed walls that hem her in.

"This is your tomb. You murdered your husband, who trusted you. Here, in this cell, on June 29, you will be hanged by the neck until you are dead!"

But Aggie Myers, pretty and young, sees no such inscription; no such words ring in her mind's ears. She cannot believe that they will actually hang her, though she knows she murdered her trusting husband. She is a model prisoner always cheerful, obedient; she makes no complaints, has a pleasant word and smile for all who approach her, and sometimes she sings.

In another cell, not far away sits a plain-featured, ungainly, middle-aged man, who is morose and taciturn. It was with his help, for his sake, that Mrs. Aggie Myers murdered her husband. He, too, is condemned to be hanged on June 29, but he has no cheerful illusions on the subject.

THE WOMAN PLANNED IT ALL.

It is not a pleasant task to print the details of any crime, especially a crime so heartless, so incredibly cruel and bloody as the murder of Clarence Myers by his young wife and worthless Frank Hottman; but to find out, broadcast the story of such crimes, of the arrest and trial and conviction of the perpetrators, serves one of the purposes for which the law metes out punishment—a warning to all who are tempted to violate the law.

What is told here is substantiated by the records of the trial of Mrs. Aggie Myers and Frank Hottman.

Myers was an honest, sturdy young man, in every way the superior of Hottman. But the latter was a visitor at the Myers home and, by one of those strange freaks of infatuation which nobody can explain, he won the violent and reckless fancy of young Mrs. Myers.

From this time on the woman managed everything. Hottman was like wax in her hands, and she so managed that her husband suspected nothing. The Myers home was in Kansas City, Mo. In May, 1904, Mrs. Myers found her husband's presence so hateful to her that she received on plotting him out of the way. To this end she conspired with the weak Hottman. They finally fixed upon the night of May 11 to do the deed.

Together they planned all the details. Hottman fashioned a bludgeon out of the heavy end of a billiard cue with which to beat out the husband's brains as he slept. At a little past midnight Hottman was to knock at the back door of the Meyers residence, Mrs. Meyers was to admit him with his weapon, lead him to the room where the doomed man slept and make sure that his blows were fatal.

It so happened that night that Myers was in a wakeful mood. Mrs. Myers had to retire first before he would leave his book, put out the lights and go to bed. When in bed he tossed about uneasily, while his guilty wife listened feverishly for the rap of her accomplice.

It was less than half an hour before Hottman's rap was caught by the woman's quick ears that the husband appeared to have really gone to sleep She rose softly from his side, went to the door and opened it. The door creaked slightly.

"Aggie," sounded the husband's voice from the bedroom.

She quickly drew her accomplice into the room and closed the door.

"Be quiet; he's waking," she said. "Stay where you are."

"Aggie!" Both heard the husband's voice this time.

The woman hurried back to her husband's side. He was wide awake.

"Aggie, what were you doing?" he asked.

"I thought I had forgotten to fasten the kitchen door," she answered. "It's all right now; go to sleep."

SOOTHED HIM BACK TO SLUMBER.

While her accomplice cowered with his bludgeon in the outer room, waiting for her signal, the wife soothed her husband into slumber again—smoothed his hair, cooed into his ear—this woman who was thirsting for his blood

There was a dim light in the room, barely light enough by which to distinguish the outlines of objects. Mrs. Myers made certain that any one would be able to see the dark head of her husband outlined upon the white pillow. Her husband no longer stirred. Softly again she rose from his side. Still he did not stir.

Now she walked silently in her bare feet into the outer room and to where Hottman stood, not daring to move except by her direction and took him by the arm.

"Come," she whispered, "he sleeps now. I will remain with you. You will see his head on the pillow. Remember, your first blow must be sure!"

These things Hottman told at the trial.

Silently the wife led the man with the bludgeon to the side of the bed she had just left. She showed him the dark head outlined against the white pillow. Then, with one moment of womanly weakness in strange contrast with her latter behavior, she turned her face away.

Hottman struck with all his might at the dark head on the pillow. But there was no dying gasp from the husband's lips, as he anticipated. The bludgeon had glanced.

"Burglar!" shouted Myers, reaching out wildly and seizing the arm that held aloft the bludgeon. "Burglars! Aggie, where are you?"

STABBED HIM WITH HER SHEARS.

The two men were struggling over the bed on which Myers half reclined, blinded by blood that flowed from his torn scalp into his eyes. The spectacle maddened the woman, who knew that her husband was the stronger.

Silently she slipped around to the other side of the bed, snatching from her work table a pair of shears. Leaning over the bed so that her unfastened hair brushed her husband's face, she savagely plunged the sharp points into his body.

"Stop, Aggie! Honey, it's me you're stabbing. Here's the burglar on this side. I have him fast," screamed the doomed husband.

Breathing hard, the woman struck with the shears again and again. With a mighty effort Myers leaped from the bed and seized Hottman by the throat. Mrs. Myers, seeing that her husband, in spite of his wounds, was getting the better of her accomplice, tore a slat from the bed, rushed around to the other side, and rained blows upon the man she hated. Again he called out to her:

"You're hitting me, honey. Just leave us alone; I can manage him."

The husband had not the faintest idea of his wife's faithlessness. She knew this, and the thought increased her fury. Around the room and over the furniture the awful struggle continued. Myers was saving himself from Hottman's bludgeon, but he could not avoid his wife's blows with the bed slat. In the deep gloom of the room it was impossible for him to see that she was aiming these blows at him, and he never thought so.

And so this terrible, intimate combat in the dusk went on.

A bed slat is an awkward weapon Mrs. Myers could get in no effective blow with the cruse shears, save that Hottman was nearly overcome. In a moment her husband would understand their murderous plot, would have them both in his power and would learn of the terrible death was enacting.

BELIEVED IN HER TO THE END

She groped around and found her shears. Creeping noiselessly under the arm of the struggling man she aimed savagely for the heart of the man in the white night clothes—her husband.

"Oh, Aggie! Honey! It is I," he moaned a last time, and fell to the carpet, dead.

Hottman, trembling in every limb, fell over on the bed. Mrs. Myers drew down the blinds carefully and turned up the night light. The room was like a shambles—blood everywhere, on the bed, on the overturned furniture, on her nightdress. Hottman's cuffs, even his hat, were covered with blood.

The woman stepped over her husband's body to a dresser, found a pair of cuffs and motioned to Hottman to put them on in place of his own. She went to a closet and found one of her husband's hats. This she put on Hottman's head. Then she said calmly to her trembling accomplice:

"Go. Get to St. Joe before the police can arrest you."

Hottman fled.

Early the next morning neighbors found Mrs. Myers lying on the back porch of her home. She said that two negroes had attempted to rob the house and had killed her husband after a terrible struggle. She had crawled as far as the porch, seeking assistance, and then had fainted.

The police were summoned, and to them the woman added that certain jewels had been stolen. When they found these articles hidden in a bureau drawer they they arrested Mrs. Myers and began a search for her accomplice.

Neighbors told them of the visits of Hottman. Hottman was missing. He had followed Mrs. Myer's orders They traced him to St. Joe, thence to Hopkinsville, Mo., the former home of both himself and Mrs Myers and from there to Walla Walla, Wash., where he was arrested He was still wearing the hat and cuffs of the murdered man.

Being brought back to Kansas City, Hottman confessed everything in Mrs. Myer's presence. The woman laughed in his face, denying every detail.

The pair were tried separately. Hottman was speedily convicted and awarded the death penalty Mrs. Myers's case was continued half a dozen times. The final verdict was the same as in the case of Hottman. Both cases were appealed to the Supreme Court, where both verdicts were indorsed.

Then came, ten days ago, the sentence of both to be hanged on the same day—June 29—she in her cell, in the county jail, where she is confined at Liberty, Mo., for she will be the first white woman to meet that fate in the State of Missouri, where there is a strong sentiment against executing the death penalty upon a woman.

All hope for Mrs. Aggie Myers now rests in Governor Folk. But that hope is so strong in her that she is as cheerful as though the jury had believed all her denials of guilt. To interviews she says, with an easy smile:

"Hanging? I have never given the subject of hanging any thought. Why should I? I know that I shall never be compelled to die in that manner."

She is a strange woman—seems not to know the meaning of the word "nerves." She is the favorite prisoner in the women's ward, always the peace-maker in case of brawls and a great assistance to the matrons in maintaining discipline.

It is evident that pretty Aggie Myers has no [illegible] of being hanged, on June 29 or any other day, in her cell or [illegible]

W. F. K.

A dispatch from Charleston says the conviction and sentencing of William Marcus, a white man for the murder of his wife, has resulted in an examination of the records which show that it is almost almost 50 years since a white man has been hung in Charleston county. Strange to say the last white man hung was executed for wife murder, his name was White and he also killed his wife by stabbing her. He used a knife and not an ice pick as did Marcus. Another coincidence connected with the conviction of Marcus is that the last white man convicted of murder, although the plea of insanity secured a commutal by the governor, was also for wife killing, and the case was tried before Judge Aldrich who sat at the present term of the court.

The Happiest Home.

The home most endeared to the heart of husband and wife is that which has been built up bit by bit. A little now and a little later on, wherein each piece of furniture represents many loving acts of self-denial and personal sacrifices, and round which lingers the memory of the scheming and plotting the getting of it gave rise to, and of the pleasure when it was got. Ask the happy aged couple to whom prosperity has been the growth of years. They will tell you the happiest time in their lives were the first few years of married life, when, with mutual love and self-denying patience, they built up their little home and watched prosperity gathering around them.

GONE TO HIS REWARD.

REV. J. A. CLIFTON, D. D., DIES SUDDENLY.

He Was a Great Pulpit Orator and a Genial Lovable Man.

This community was shocked to hear of the sudden death of Rev. J. A. Clifton, D. D., at Marion, S. C., on Thursday afternoon. He was Pastor of the Methodist Church at that place and was one of the most prominent and lovable ministers in the State. Heart failure is assigned as the cause of his death, which was brought on by acute indigestion from which he suffered severely at times. The death of this good man created intense grief in Orangeburg among all classes, as he was universally beloved. He served St. Paul's Church in this city four years and left here last December for his appointment at Marion. During his four years residence here Dr. Clifton had endeared himself to all church people irrespective of denomination as well as those who were not members of any church. The intelligence of his death will carry sorrow to many who honored and loved him throughout the State. He was 61 years old, and was apparently hale and vigorous up to the time of his death. He was to have preached the funeral of Mrs. J. M. Williams, who died Wednesday at about the same hour that he was called to his heavenly home.

Jesse Alexander Clifton was the son of Capt. Jesse C. Clifton and Mary H. Clifton and he was born Sept. 26, 1845 After the usual home training and advantages of a common school, he entered the Ebenezer Classical school, where he was thoroughly trained. From here he went to the University of Virginia, where he received the instruction in the higher branches. Intending to enter the practice of law, he took the course in law at the University of Virginia, but the brilliant young mind that had been thus trained and developed was to be turned into other channels of usefulness and service.

He was converted under the preaching of the late Rev. Jacob L Shuford, joining the church at E. Bethel in Chester county in 1868. His conversion, which was in July of that year, at home in his room alone at the hour of midnight, was said to be a most powerful manifestation of the divine presence. In September of that year he felt that he was called to preach the gospel. In December, 1869, Mr. Clifton was received on trial into the South Carolina conference at the session held at church, he and George T. Harmon forming the class received.

His appointments have been as follows: Columbia circuit, 1870-72; junior preacher on Fairfield circuit with Rev. James P. Kilgo, as senior 1873; Batesburg circuit, 1874-6; Saluda circuit, 1877 8; Graham circuit, 1879 80; St. Matthews circuit, 1881-2; Spring Street, Charleston, 1883; Newberry station, 1884 5; Central church Spartanburg, 1886 9; Buncombe Street, Greenville, 1890 91; Bethel, Charleston, 1892 95; Abbeville station, 1896 7; Summerville station, 1898 1901; Orangeburg, 1901-5; and Marion, his last charge.

Dr. Clifton was married, Nov. 24, 1868, to Miss Mary E. Hicklin, daughter of Dr. W. J. Hicklin of Chester, Rev. Jacob L. Shuford performing the ceremony. The following are their children: Dr. Jesse A. Clifton, Jr., of Orangeburg, Mrs Mary C. Kelley, James S. Clifton, John Hicklin Clifton, member of the house of representatives from Sumter; Mrs. Josephine Camp, of Charlotte, and Mrs. Kate Maher Hill, of Aiken.

No man in the South Carolina conference had more warm friends than Dr. Clifton. As a preacher he possessed unusual powers. With a fine physique, an intelligent face, with oratorical talents, he was naturally an attractive speaker. As a lecturer Dr. Clifton was popular and often in demand. His helpful thoughts, clothed in a garment of sparkling wit and humor, rendered him an entertaining platform orator.

Dr. Clifton's popularity in the conference was manifested by the positions of trust and honor which were given him. He represented the conference as a delegate in the general conferece held in Memphis in 1894 and also at Baltimore in 1898.

A Genuine Revival.

The Baptist Courier says "the town of Arkwright, near Spartanburg, has just experienced a genuine and far reaching revival. Rev. W. P. Smith, pastor of the Baptist church and Rev. Mr. Pope, pastor of the Methodist church, began a union meeting on the night of May 13, which was continued until May 30, Rev. T. S Wright, of Spartanburg assisting the last week. Christians were revived, backsliders reclaimed, and many were converted, 47 being received for baptism by the Baptist church, and a number by the Methodist church. In addition to the meetings in the churches, prayer meetings were held in many of the homes, in which the new converts participated most heartily.

Girls Should Know

That the most excellent thing in woman—a low voice—can be acquired only by home practice.

That the girl everybody likes is not affected and never whines, but is just her sincere, honest, helpful self.

That true beauty of face is possible only where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful character.

That the home kitchen, with mother for teacher and a loving, willing daughter for pupil, is the best cooking school on earth.

And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a pure modest, true young girl—one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspiration and her sister's ideal. Be queen of your home. Reign supreme in the hearts of your husband and children.

A Barn Burned.

Mr. S. V. Hutchins, of the Cordova section, had the misfortune to lose his barn and contents by fire on Monday night. The barn contained about 150 bushels of corn, 8 000 pounds of oats, 600 bundles fodder, 15 bushels peas and all the provisions Mr. Hutchins and his son had. There was no insurance on the barn or its contents, and the loss falls very heavily on Mr. Hutchins. We did not learn the origin of the fire.

Democrat Elected.

Geo. E. Chamberlain, democrat, was re-elected on Tuesday governor of Oregon by a majority of about two thousand; but Jonathan Bourne, Jr., received the popular nomination for United States senator by 5,000.

LANAHAN DENIES IT.

Baltimore Whiskey Dealer Says He Bought No Representative.

The Baltimore American of June 8 contained a brief interview with S. J. Lanahan, the whiskey dealer, which is of interest in this State. The interview follows:

"Mr. Lanahan stated Thursday night at his residence, 205 Goodwood Garden, that the allegations that he had paid money for a representative in a dispensary office in South Carolina were utterly false. He said that for over a year his company had been losing business in that State, and of late it had dwindled to nothing.

"'I did meet Parker and Robertson several times in hotels in New York, but our conference was for nothing more than would come up at a meeting of mill directors. There was no money passed that I know of at any time that could have been mistaken for the purchase of a representative."

"Mr. Lanahan was asked if he would testify in Columbia, if his evidence was wished there. He replied that he assuredly would."

This interview relates to statements continued in the following dispatch to The American from Columbia: As the result of disclosures before the dispensary investigating committee, Governor Hayward Friday authorized the attorney general to prosecute H. H. Evans, L. W. Boykin and J. B. Towill, former members of the dispensary board, for malfeasance in office. The committee adjourned Friday and the action of the governor immediately followed.

"The investigation of State dispensary affairs has become highly sensational. Thursday night it was testified by Lewis W. Parker, manager of a large mill in this State, that S. J. Lanahan of Baltimore had confessed to him that, although he had paid a member of the dispensary purchasing board $1,500 he was unable to get any business, as the brother-in-law of the man in question represented another house. The statement was corroborated Friday by E. W. Robertson, a banker. It was brought out that the conversations with Lanahan occurred at a hotel in New York, where Parker and Robertson were attending a meeting of mill directors.

TOTALLY WRECKED.

Eleven Persons Killed and Five Injured by Explosion.

A dispatch from Lancaster, Pa, says eleven men were blown to pieces and five others were seriously injured by the explosion of a dynamite plant Saturday near Pequea, along the Susquehanna river. The dead are: Benjamin Gebhart, Benjamin Rineer, George Rineer, Fred Rich, Collins Parker, Charles Shiff, William Funk, John Beatman, an unknown man, two men, unknown, residents of York county.

All except the last two, lived in the vicinity of the dynamite plant. Five others were seriously injured. The accident was one of the most horrible in the history of Lancaster. The victims were literally torn to pieces, not enough remaining of a single body to make identification possible.

The cause of the explosion is not known. The two unknown residents of York county who were killed had just started to drive from the place with a load of dynamite. They had scarcely gained a distance of 50 feet when the plant blew up with a detonation that was heard 30 miles away. A great cloud of smoke covered the site of the factory and when it had cleared away there was not a vestige of the horses, wagon and men who had left the factory a moment before. The air was filled with debris, fragments of human bodies and pieces of flesh and limbs were found hanging to a tree nearly 100 yards from the scene of the disaster. People living near the factory rushed out of their homes and began the work of rescue, but there were few persons who had not been blown to pieces.

The plant consisted of a dozen buildings. All were blown to pieces except a remote structure in which several girls were at work, none of whom were injured. The plant was owned by J. R. McKee of Pittsburg. It was situated half way between Pequea and Martic Ford.

FLEW AROUND WASHINGTON.

Airship under Complete Control Navigated About the Capital.

The people of Washington, D. C. and surrounding country enjoyed a novel sight on Thursday. An airship, under complete control flying over Washington was the spectacle witnessed. Thousands turned out to see the novel sight and cheered the navigator as he skilfully directed the craft.

The ship started from a point three miles from Washington on the Virginia side of the Potomac and was steered directly for the Washington monument. The navigator, after twice circling the monument at a height of 600 feet, steered for the White House. He landed about fifty yards from the south portico.

Mrs Roosevelt was at the window when the descent was made and exhibited great interest in the strange looking structure. President Roosevelt was absent at the time. After remaining in the grounds a short time the navigator made another ascent, carrying his ship over three newspaper offices and then took a straight course down Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol.

The navigator passed over the Capitol south of the great dome and then circled around over the plaza on the east front, finally bringing his ship to the earth directly in front of the middle stairs of the Capitol. After remaining about a quarter of an hour at the capital the navigator started back to Virginia.

Killed By Lightning.

A dispatch from Prosperity to The News and Courier says during a thunderstorm Friday afternoon lightning struck the house of L. J. Lowman, in the lower part of Newberry County, and killed Miss Harman, a visitor, and it is thought that Lowman cannot live. The extent of the further damage is unknown. Several other persons in the house were severely shaken up by the same bolt.

Loses One Eye.

The Spartanburg Journal says Joe Jackson, son of W. T. Jackson, had a very serious accident a few days ago. While on his way to the ball ground he threw up a bottle and struck it with his bat. The bottle broke and a piece flying in his face made some very ugly cuts. He has had one eye taken out altogether.

THE SAD STORY

OF A YOUNG MAN WHO DIED A CONVICT.

And The Moral to Be Drawn From the Story of His Sad Fate.

Seldom in every day life does one run across a more tragic life story than that of the gentle Kentucky lad who died the other day at High Point, N. C., a road convict with a hole through his body to mark the path of a vengeful bullet from the guard's remorseless Winchester. He is spoken of as gentle, because, though clearly lacking in high moral purpose, he seems to have been brought up politely; and, besides, his dying breath was a plea for better treatment for his fellow convicts on the road. He was considerate of his companions in suffering, and all the recorded utterances of the dying boy stamp him as possessing more of the finer instincts of his race than some of his fellow-men who have been lucky enough to stay off of the chain-gang.

He was convicted of forgery in a North Carolina court under an assumed name, and sent to the chain-gang. He refused to divulge his real name, saying his parents were well to do people in Kentucky and that he did not want them to know of his waywardness and disgrace. He was an intelligent, bright young man and was no doubt, as he claimed, reared in a well-to-do home. After serving sometime on the chain-gang he made an attempt to escape, and was shot by one of the guards and mortally wounded. He was told that he was going to die and urged to tell what his real name was and where his folks lived in Kentucky, but he declined. He said he was reared in a gentle Kentucky home by indulgent parents, but would not reveal the name of his parents or where they lived. He died and carried his secret with him to the grave.

Taking it as true, says the Gastonia Gazette, that he was bred in a gentle Kentucky home, one wonders what is the secret of his downfall Was it heredity? Was it lack of a mother's nursing and a mother's prayers? Did this man sin or his parents that he was born to temptation like the rest of us and at last died a convict? Perhaps these things will never be known until everything else is opened to the ken of man and the angels, but there is one sentence of his last words that may serve to base a guess upon. "I was reared to everything I wanted," he said, and therein may have been the open door to all the ill that he could not conquer in his life's little way.

There are few of us who do not need the saving virtues which come to our characters from discipline—hard, austere discipline. Endure hardness as a good soldier, was the Apostle's injunction. Hardness is good when endured for the good it brings, and some hardness must be endured by every mother's son of us who would be more than a piece of drift-wood on a sea of sin There is training in it. And training always looks to the future, is always directed to an hour of trial, of peril, of triumph or defeat. The fair-faced little boy with merry eyes and loving ways and ever cheering laughter overflowing with good fellowship, tempts fond parents and admiring neighbors to gratify his every want.

Better not do that. Be good to him and deny him some things. The lad the guard's rifle killed had everything he wanted when he was growing up. And when the choice was presented to him of denying his pride or forging a check, he was weak on self denial and strong in the opposite direction. He had not been trained for the test and the whisperings of evil won the conflict. Temptations, trials, many perilous hours will come; woe to him who goes to meet them in his crude untrained strength; more woe to him who goes with his powers already dominated by evil influences! The Hebrew lad in the courts of Babylon was disciplined before the hour—he had thought of it, he had "purposed in his heart that he would not," and he didn't!

Our people are accumulating at a rate they have never before known the material things of life. Parents are better able than ever before to gratify every want of their children. But it is a good idea not to do it. Teach them to work. Occupied with their work, they forget many foolish wants, and that brain which, when idle, is the devil's workshop, becomes at once a trysting place for all of life's good angels. Teach the boy thrift, that is all right; thrift is a good word and the word represents a thing that is filled with self-discipline, self-denial. Teach him thrift, with honor to balance it, and one of these days some body is going to be proud of the boy. Mothers, don't fear to see your darling boys get their garbs mussed up at work.

Don't be afraid to have them come home at night hungry and maybe tired, too. An honest day's work has never yet hurt a boy, and if it takes enough of the snap out of him to keep him off the street at night and send him to bed early, you ought not to say, "Poor little fellow!" The rather you ought to say, "Hurrah for the day's work!" The snap will all be back the next morning. But if you pet and pamper and indulge and gratify because you have the means and because you are weak enough yourself to prefer the ease of gratifying them to the sterner path of resisting and training by the virtue of wise denial, then you have only to go far enough with it in order to find a heartache that nothing but Heaven can help.

Look into your little boy's fair, bright face and merry eyes, listen to the music of laughter in his sweet voice, and if you can do anything in the way of training—hard training, if necessary—to keep him from dying in a strange land, in strange striped garments, among strange people, his thirst growing greater as his wounds bleed more, his dry lips wet with cool drafts from the hands of pity smitten aliens, and from crying at the last, "The way of the transgressor is hard, hard, hard!"—if you can keep your darling little boy from a fate like that by discipline, by training however hard and stern, hadn't you better do it?

Murdered in His Store.

John E Grubb, postmaster and merchant at Aceton, Va., was murdered Wednesday night by unknown persons and his store was burned afterwards. The body of the merchant shows unmistakable evidences that he had been killed by a blow on his head before the building was fired. Robbery was evidently the motive. Several suspects have been arrested and bloodhounds were put on trail Thursday afternoon. Grubb was a union veteran, but had lived at Aceton for many years.

BLACK UNDER BOND.

He Makes Frank Statement and Waives Preliminary Hearing.

The affair between Mr. John Black of the dispensary board of directors and Mr. J. Fraser Lyon of the investigating committee, which began on Friday June 1. by a threatened attack by the former, was closed Wednesday by Mr. Black being placed under a peace bond for $1,000 and Mr. Lyon being dismissed.

The hearing yesterday was held in the court of Magistrate Moorman, having been postponed from the day after the trouble. It was set for 6 o'clock, but about 2 30 o'clock Mr. Black, with his attorney appeared before the the court and without any formality waived a preliminary hearing and simply left the disposal of the matter to the discretion of the court.

Mr. Black made a brief statement in which he said that he was anxious to avoid any further discussion of the affair and for that reason waived a preliminary hearing, and that while he, of course, did not want to be placed under a peace bond and had no idea of keeping the peace, he submitted the matter entirely to the discretion of the court and would furnish bond or not as the court decided. So far as he was concerned he said, the matter had passed over.

The magistrate announced that he thought it best that Mr. Black should be placed under a bond to keep the peace in the sum of $1 000, but that so far as he could see Mr. Lyon had done nothing for which he should be placed under bond. Mr. Black volunteered the statement that he agreed with the court that Mr. Lyon should not be placed under a peace bond. Mr. Lyon was not present.

Mr. Black immediately entered into the bond in the required amount with Gen. Willie Jones and Mr. J. P. Matthews as surities.

BRAIN LEAKS.

Wise Sayings by W. M. Manpin in The Commoner.

Saintliness is not surliness.

Hard sweats mean sweet rests.

The longest life is the one of which the most is made.

The fool measures yesterday's good time by today's headache.

The best place to feel for suffering humanity is in your pocket.

Satan would willingly contribute to a church divided against itself.

Its a poor fisherman that spends all his time digging for bait.

The man who needs advice is generally the most lavish in giving it away.

The man who is always regretting yesterday is not making preparation for tomorrow.

It isan angelic woman who can honestly welcome visitors at house-cleaning time.

The discoverer of the baby's first tooth makes Columbus look like the change out of a lead dime.

Some people take credit for charity when they give away something that is in the way around the house.

Falling into debt is as easy as falling out of a balloon. Getting out of debt is as as difficult as falling back into the balloon.

The best investment a young man can make is the performance of deeds in the present that will be the fond memories of the future.

Every time we read a love story in one of the big magazines we feel like getting a club and going after people who talk such stilted language as the lovers.

Wants a New Trial.

A dispatch from Macon, Ga., says John R. Cooper, attorney for J. G Rawlings and his sons, Jesse and Milton, secured the signature of Judge Mitchell of Lowndes superior court Wednesday to a bill of exceptions in an extraordinary motion for a new trial for Rawlings' sons and the fight for their lives goes back to the state supreme court. Twenty days ago Attorney Cooper filed an extraordinary motion for a new trail for Milton and Jesse Rawlings on the ground that the father had confessed to having hired Alf Moore to commit the terrible crime for which all have been sentenced to death. Judge Mitchell denies this motion and exceptions were taken.

Hidden in House.

Miss Josephine Sullivan was buried at Andersonville, Ga., Wednesday. Over forty-five hundred dollars were found secreted about her house. Over four hundred dollars in gold was in an old stocking and the balance in sundry places. Rolls of greenbacks found wrapped in old newspapers were undisturbed for many years. Fifteen hundred dollars laid for months in an old box in an outbuilding, covered with paper and grain sacks. Probably more will yet be found. Failure of a bank in Americus years ago and consequent loss was the cause of the woman's lack of confidence.

Falls Into Line.

A dispatch from Seattle, Wash., says William J. Bryan received the endorsement of leading Washington state democrats Wednesday, night the only qualification being that he must shed his free silver coat. The announcement was made by Senator Turner at a dollar dinner in Seattle, where 300 of the faitaful had assembled. Free silver is no longer an issue.

Died From Fright.

At Richmond, Va., the fashionable residence of Robert F. English was entered by a burglar early Wednesday morning. Mrs. English, whose room they entered, died from fright and her husband is nearly insane with grief. Mrs. English ran from her room calling for her husband. As he came from his room she swooned at his feet and died a minute later.

His Last Act.

J M. Fant, marshall of the town of Morriston, was stabbed to death Thursday by Gabe Priest. Just before breathing his last Fant drew his revolver and fired twice at Priest, wounding him, but not fatally. No details are given as to the cause of the trouble.

There are so many different kinds of prepared food stuffs on the shelves of the modern grocery, that it almost seems as if city folks must live out of pasteboard boxes. How thankful the farmer should be that he, day by day, gets his living fresh from the earth that bore it. No better place to live, in all the world, than on the farm.

We have often wondered why the baby just washed and newly dressed in its finest clothes would rather play with a lump of coal than a nice white pebble.

HOW BIRDS SOAR.

The Kite a Master of the Art of Soaring.

"In the summer of 1872 I was visiting on the Warm Springs reservation in eastern Oregon," says a writer. "The residences of the government employees were in a deep valley between table lands through which the water courses had cut deep canyons. I climbed up on one of these tables, the edge of which was in most places perpendicular for ten, twenty and more feet, and as I stood there in a strong breeze blowing against the face of the slope a small hawk came gliding along eight or ten feet above the edge and following the course of the edge, and he kept on until he was little more than a rod away from me. He seemed to be making no effort except a little balancing and turning in order to steer himself. The explanation seemed to me very simple. Just there at the edge there was a strong, sharply ascending current which enabled him to use wind and gravity against each other.

"In the autumn of that year I went to Fuchau, China, and there I found the city frequented by a species of large bird which we call a kite. It seems to be half hawk, half buzzard, in its build and habits. Its flight is heavy and awkward, its wings being too big for its pectoral muscles, and their tips are not pointed like a hawk's, but broad and square across. But it is a master of the art of soaring. There are in Fuchau two hills which lie square across the path of the afternoon sea breeze. Here toward the close of a breezy autumn afternoon a dozen or a score of these kites will resort and have a genuine coasting game.

"These hillsides are quite steep, and of course there results a strong, sharp upward current at the top. The kites come to the top and, starting from the eddy in the lee of the top, glide out into the uprushing current, wings balancing up and down and head and tail turning and twisting till they are in the heart of the upward current, and then they turn broadside to it and are borne upward and backward seventy-five or a hundred feet. Then they descend again into the eddy and again steer themselves out into the uprushing current. Throughout it all there is very little flapping of the wings."—Chicago News.

ERRORS IN ILLUSTRATION.

How Easily They Are Made In Hurry of Preparation.

"Perfection of detail," said the cartoonist, "is very rare in the making of pictures, whether they be painted on canvas by the great masters or drawn in line by men who illustrate the daily newspapers. It is the general effect that tells. There are few newspaper pictures—and I don't except my own—in which you can't pick some flaw from the standpoint of realism.

"In the hurried effort of the newspaper artist, who counts the minutes by the clock, there may be some excuse for this, but when we see a man carving a turkey left handed on the cover of a magazine we must agree that the artist has either been careless or else has employed a left handed model to pose for him, and the latter solution is scarcely probable.

"A fisherman landing a trout on a light rod with never a finger on the reel is quite a common mistake among magazine illustrations, and in the matter of costumes of various periods the illustrators are woefully lacking in information.

"To illustrate how apt we are to make mistakes," continued the cartoonist, "several years ago I drew a figure representing Cuba, emaciated, starving, a thing of skin and bones. The figure was half naked, and I tried to bring out all the horrible details—the shrunken limbs, the gaunt face, the ribs protruding through the skin and, above all, the hollow cavity where the stomach should have been. A friend of mine, a doctor, took me to task about it. 'Persons who are starving to death,' he said, 'may be abnormally emaciated in every other part of the body except the stomach. The abdomen in the advanced stages is expanded, giving the victim a grotesque appearance.' To substantiate this statement he showed me some photographs taken in India during a famine, and I was forced to admit that he was right."—Philadelphia Record.

Women In Venice.

In Venice, says the Ladies' Realm, the women of the lower classes accept tributes to their beauty from perfect strangers as a matter of course. It is considered not only proper, but polite, to compliment a passing maiden on the charm of her beautiful eyes or complexion. If one treads on the skirt of a pretty woman, one has only to say, "Pardon, beautiful girl," to receive the most dazzling smile and bow in return for the awkwardness. At cafes frequented by the people it is the custom for waiters to say when placing a chair for one of the women, "Take this seat, beautiful blond," or, "Sit here, lovely brunette," as the case may be.

A Woman Soldier.

Women disguised as men have often served as soldiers. The following inscription is on a tor bstone in the English town of Brighton: "In memory of Phoebe Hassel; born 1713, died 1821, aged 108 years. She served for many years as a private soldier in many parts of Europe, and at the battle of Fontenoy, fighting bravely, she received a bayonet wound in the left arm."

Although not yet perfected, the Majorama telephone bids fair vastly to extend the field of usefulness of the long distance telephone by rendering audible vibrations too faint to actuate the disk of the ordinary receiver or even the microphone instruments.

Perils of Fine Dress.

A peril of fine clothes was illustrated recently in Central Park says The New York American, when an aristocratic spaniel was slain by a distinctly ill-bred bull dog for no other reason than that the victim wore champois boots a blue silk blanket and a leather collar. The spaniel was disporting itself on the grass when the bull dog came along. One look was enough Calmly, dispassionately the latter fixed his teeth in the spaniel's neck, shook it a few times, seemingly more in pity than in anger, and then threw the limp victim against a tree It was dead. The only clue as to the owner of the spaniel was the initials "C. H." on the blue silk blanket.

REV. Sam Janes says Bryon will be the next nominee of the Democratic party and will sweep the country regardless of who the Republicans put up. He thinks the rascalities that have been brought to light has cooked the Republican goose.

If you put nothing into life you will always meet disappointment in trying to get something out of it.

A PUZZLING FEAT.

The Wonderful Corn Growing Magic of the Zuni Indians.

The medicine men among the Zuni Indians perform a feat at the annual "corn festival" which surpasses the famous mango growing trick of the Hindoo. Many scientists have been present to witness this strange ceremony, but have never been able to fathom the mystery of it.

In front of the southern opening of the medicine lodge a large square of clean yellow sand, carefully smoothed and packed, is spread. With a ceremonial arrow figures representing the Great Spirit, the earth, sun, sky and rain are drawn. There are also the symbols of the corn and a bountiful harvest. The indentations made by the arrow are then filled in with pigments, blue for the sky and clouds, black for the earth and chrome yellow for the harvest. The middle of the square is left vacant. This picture in sand painting is a most pleasing specimen of barbaric art.

The hour for the ceremony arrives, and at the right moment the medicine man comes forth from his lodge and takes a seat in the opening of the lodge, facing the sand square. The warriors and chiefs arrange themselves around the square according to rank. The ceremonial pipe is then filled and lighted, and the medicine man blows one puff in each direction of the compass and two to the heavens. He then makes an address, going over the past history of the tribe and the kindness of the Great Spirit and his care. He concludes with a prayer for the continuance of this favor.

The great moment has arrived. With impressive solemnity the medicine man thrusts the sacred arrow into the sand, withdraws it and places a grain of corn into the hole thus made. Carefully smoothing the sand over it, he resumes his seat, while the assembled chiefs smoke their pipes in stolid silence. If the Great Spirit condescends to answer the prayer of the medicine man—and he generally does—the corn will sprout and send up a shoot. After an interval of fifteen or twenty minutes the sand seems disturbed at the spot where the grain of corn was planted, and soon the slender green blades of the sprouting corn are seen above the surface. The plant continues to grow rapidly and naturally during the day, and by the next sunrise the silk and tassels appear. By noon the stalk and ear have reached full maturity and the ripening begins. Finally the blades and husks turn yellow and rattle when the wind shakes them. All this, we must bear in mind, has been done in thirty-six hours. On the morning of the second day the corn growing is complete. The medicine man now addresses the watchers who in company with him have watched the plant grow, for it is never left alone. With appropriate ceremonies he symbolizes the harvest by stripping the ear from the husks and placing the corn in his bag for future use. The stalk is pulled up by the roots and hung over the door of the lodge.—New York Herald.

No Holiday.

People have different ideas as to what constitutes a holiday—or a vacation. Mrs. Pettis had her own firmly fixed opinions on the subject.

"I don't count Thanksgiving or Christmas or Washington's birthday or any of those holidays," she said frankly to an old friend one day. "What I count a holiday is when Ezra and Jim and Bob and Liphlet go off up to the wood lot with their dinner and I know they won't be back till night.

"I'm not one to deny that men folks have their good points, but how a woman can call it a holiday when they're in the house calling for food by looks when they aren't by words is beyond me!"—Youth's Companion.

Food For Squirrels.

Most people who feed the gray squirrels in the big parks fail to realize that it is no kindness to give these pretty little animals such soft shell nuts as almonds, peanuts and chestnuts. Human beings who do not have to actually forage for food naturally enough feel that it is thoughtfulness itself to save the squirrels work. The fact is, however, that a squirrel's teeth grow so rapidly that, deprived of their normal use, they might even through their very uselessness become long enough to put this charming rodent of the trees in danger of starvation. Hickory, pecan and hazel nuts are the proper food to throw to the squirrels.—Brooklyn Life.

Where Was the Joke?

Mabel—Such a joke with Mr. Gayboy. We were out on the balcony between the dances, and he got the sleeve of his dress coat all over red paint from one of the posts that were just painted. Maud—And did you go near the post? Mabel—No. Why? Maud—Oh, nothing; only you have red paint all over the back of your waist.

Tearful.

The conversation turned on the effect produced on the emotions by pictorial art, when a man remarked, "I remember one picture that brought tears to my eyes."

"A pathetic subject, I presume."

"No, sir; it was a fruit painting. I was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head."

By Installments.

Youth—What do I have to pay for a marriage license? Clerk—Well, you get it on the installment plan. Youth—How's that? Clerk—One dollar down and your entire salary each