

TOWN POISONED

And Wiped Out of Existence by Modern Lucretia Borgia.

FAIR YOUNG FIEND

Poisoned Her Rich Old Husband So She Could Marry a Young Lawyer.

Whom She Also Poisoned. Then With Another Woman She Went Into the Wholesale Poisoning Business.

The village of Kneez, in the county of Tennessear, in Hungary, has been revealed to the world as a community of poisoners.

Within a year, it is estimated, one hundred persons have died of poison in this village of 1,000 inhabitants.

The imagination reels against at the condition of things that prevailed there, as now unveiled by officers of the law.

Husbands poisoned their wives, wives poisoned their husbands, parents poisoned their children, children poisoned their parents.

The poisoning habit had taken a permanent hold on these people. Whenever one person could obtain anything by the removal of another person was resorted to.

The cheerful cup of coffee handed to a husband by his smiling wife at breakfast time might contain the fatal dose.

Of native wine poured for him at supper after his long day's work in the fields.

The only resource was to poison the person you suspected of trying to poison you, and thus it came to pass that Kneez was filled with persons seeking to poison one another.

The arch poisoner was a woman named Martha Petrubany.

Petrubany was very slow dying, and his wife decided to hasten the process.

The Russian reactionaries are trying hard to bring about the dissolution of the second Douma.

Speaker Cannon and his party of congressmen were received with fireworks at San Juan, Porto Rico.

It is reported that Nicaragua plans to vary the usual Central American war by having a sea fight.

The consolidation of all of H. H. Rogers' railroad interests in Virginia and West Virginia has been arranged.

An attack by the Socialists on Premier Clemenceau failed, the chamber of deputies voting confidence.

President Roosevelt protested to the governor of California against the new anti-Japanese legislation in that state.

Patrons of the 18 hour trains between New York and Chicago are signing a petition for a slower schedule.

Secretary of the treasury Cortelyou decided to regard more the business interests than the stock speculation interests.

The Protestant Episcopal Church purposes to raise \$1,750,000 for missions as a thank offering for 300 years of Christianity in America.

Mrs. Fussell-Sage, widow of the New York financier, has set aside \$10,000,000 for what is to be known as the Sage foundation.

A boom has been started in New York to nominate Jesse R. Grant as democratic candidate for president in 1908.

Evans Colliester, a foreman, was instantly killed in the Belmont tunnel when his head was caught in an exhaust pipe and his lungs torn out by the rush of air.

The governor of Delaware places the machinery of the state in the hands of Dr. Marvin of Dover to investigate the mysterious disappearance of little Horace Marvin.

A second cousin and an adopted son of Mrs. Mary G. Eddy have been added to the plaintiff's in the suit to obtain control of her property.

Gen. Streeter announces that by agreement of counsel on both sides in the suit against Mrs. Eddy no further action will be taken until April 2.

The case against the Delaware Lackawanna and Western Railway Company, which is charged with granting sugar rebates, began in New York.

B. F. Yoakum, of the Rock Island Road said he favors even government control than the rate law gives, as security against adverse state legislation.

FINDS THE BABY.

But He Had Grown up and Drives a Hack

READS LIKE FICTION.

Big Dan Left the Home in Ireland and Went to Australia Many Years Ago, and Then Comes to America and Finds His Brother by Advertising in the Newspapers For Him.

Forty years have rolled by since the day big Dan Carrigan swung his baby brother Mike to a perch upon his shoulder, kissed him good-bye, and left the old homestead in Ireland to seek his fortune in the wilds of Australia.

So for a while he almost forgot little Mike in the old country. There were no letters from home to keep him in touch with the old times.

His life was severed from all that pertained to Ireland. All went but the brogue. Then the years began to tell upon Dan.

White crept into his hair. He was not so erect as in the early days. The solitudes of the bush country were conducive to dreaming.

Dan dreamed of little Mike, and wished to see him again. There had been a letter once from Mike, a little bit of a letter telling of his coming to America, and of being a coachman in Highbridge, the Bronx.

One day while looking over the plains over the backs of thousands of grazing sheep Dan suddenly resolved to seek his little brother.

It was characteristic of Dan to act quickly. That was less than a month ago. Dan is now in New York, and Thursday he found the little brother, a little brother no longer, but a big, hale man not unlike the sheep herder.

The meeting of the two after the lapse of forty years was affecting. An advertisement in the "Lost" column did it. On arriving in New York Dan had gone to the home of Mrs. Bella Volger, at 216 East 40th street, where his sister he knows in Perth Australia.

It was on the advice of Mrs. Volger that the big sheepman advertised for his brother. The method was not one to him, but he was willing to give the newspapers a chance to locate Mike.

Mike Carrigan was at breakfast Thursday morning with his wife and son at their home, 239 East 51st street, when a neighbor ran in with a paper in his hand and showed him the advertisement.

Mike did not wait to finish eating. He just grabbed his hat and left the house on the run. The son followed. They were breathless upon arriving at the home of Mrs. Volger.

"Have you a stranger here?" he asked, as Mrs. Volger appeared at the door.

"Why yes, and you look a lot like him," she replied.

"Let me see him, quick!" exclaimed Mike, and was led into the parlor, where sat the sheepman.

"Say, is that you, Mike?" Dan shouted, as the younger brother advanced with outstretched hand. With one spring Mike was upon Dan and had his arms about the sheepman's neck.

"And can my eyes be serving me aright?" said Dan, returning the hug with interest. There was more exclamations and excited questions. Then the two men began to cry. The emotion was too much for them.

Mike's son also began to cry, and Mrs. Volger, not wishing to be thought unsympathetic, cried too. "Oh, while nothing was to be heard in the room save sobs. The burst of emotion over, there was a wordfest as is only seen when two glib talkers from the 'Old Country' get together to tell the personal gossip of forty years.

Mike's story came first. He had left home ten years or more after Dan went away, had come to New York, and had become a coachman. He is still on the box, and now drives a hack.

He told Dan of the family history, of the death of their parents and of their sister. And then came Dan's turn to relate some chapters from his life in the wilds of Australia, where a man's life is not worth much to himself, or sometimes to his neighbor," as Dan expressed it.

His was the story of many another man who has chosen to live the life of a sheepman in a wild country. There was danger, plenty of it, and the hairbreadth escapes of the Irish adventurer in the bush were many.

He said that money was plenty there, but that to get it meant work. He became an expert sheep shearer, and shearing time was able to make \$100 a week, he said. Dan then made a confession. He used to look too often upon the wine when it was red, and his money went over the bars of many a saloon in Australia, from Sydney to Perth.

Sometimes when caring for the herds, Dan would not receive his pay for a year. Sometimes he would not see his boss, the owner of the herds, for two years. There was much solitude and few friends. Often his dogs and the sheep were his only companions for months and months.

But in spite of all that, Dan likes the bush. He will return there some day. But first he will go to Mexico, he says, and to Texas in order to see how they raise sheep there. Maybe there will be a Mrs. Dan Carrigan when he starts back to Australia. No, he has no particular damsel in view. But, according to Mrs. Volger, he is "looking around," and has a very soft spot in his heart for American girls.

Dan is a little ashamed of the fact that he is a bachelor, and apologizes by saying that he has not had time for courting.

When Dan arrived here he wore the usual outfit of a bushman—wide-brimmed sombrero, woolen shirt and heavy trousers. Mrs. Volger made him take them off and don more city-like attire.

Dan refused to sleep in bed. He has become so used to camping out that he cannot rest well unless rolled in blankets. He sleeps on the kitchen floor at the 45th street house of his hostess. One of Carrigan's peculiarities is the tea-drinking habit. He brought his teapot with him, and takes a little cup of it about twenty times a day. Otherwise he is on the water wagon, he says.

Refers to Fraud in Past Elections and Praises President Roosevelt and Tells Why He Escaped the Paralysis That Has Fallen On His Party.

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Has Been Delayed by an Unlooked for Tangle.

ACCIDENT OR SUICIDE?

Body of a Young Man Found in the Road

Not Far From His Home in the Neighborhood of Fort Motte Friday Morning.

Did he commit suicide or was he murdered? are the questions being asked in reference to Mr. Esie J. Bozard, whose dead body was found lying in the road, a short distance from his home, one mile from Fort Motte, about nine o'clock on last Friday morning by a small negro boy.

There is a mystery connected with his death that may never be solved. After breakfast on Friday morning he put the hands to work on the farm, and then left the house to go to the postoffice, which was his usual custom. This was the last time he was seen alive. Soon after his Bozard body was found as above mentioned.

He came to his death either by accident or he committed suicide. He may have been examining his pistol when it went off and killed him, or he may have put the pistol in his pocket and the finger that ended his earthly career. Nothing is positively known, but the general opinion seems to be that he committed suicide.

The ball entered near the temple and raged back and up, passing through his hair. He was scorched by the fire from the pistol, which showed that it was very near when it was fired. There was no trace or indication whatever of foul play. As it had rained only a few hours before, the signs of a struggle would have been quite easy of detection, had there been any.

If he did commit suicide no one knows any cause for the terrible act. It is true he was not in the very best of health and was at times despondent, but it is not thought that these things had much to do with the young man's taking his own life. There must have been some other cause for the rash act.

Mr. Bozard was twenty-eight years of age, and was a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge at Fort Motte for several years, and his courteous, gentlemanly bearing towards the public had made him many friends who were greatly shocked when they heard of his sad death. He left a father, one sister and one brother, who are all in the city of Columbia.

Young Bozard was a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge at Fort Motte, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. He was a young man of good habits, and his death is a mystery that is hard to understand. If he committed suicide, he must have become unbalanced for a time. Apparently he had no such intention when he left his home a short time before.

The State League.

Guy Gunter is Working to Get Up Good One.

The State says Guy Gunter, representative of the South Carolina State baseball league, is now traveling over a prospective field with a view of organizing a new circuit this year.

There will be six towns in the league as per plans which will include Spartanburg, Sumter, Orangeburg and Guy. It was much enthusiastic over his prospects of affecting an organization.

The clever athlete goes about from city to city armed with the following letter to the mayors of the six different towns which he presents after a short talk about municipal affairs and town politics.

Sumter, S. C., March 12.

I am Sir: This will introduce you to Mr. Guy Gunter, of Sumter, S. C., who is associated with us as manager of the Sumter baseball team. Sumter was foremost in the organization of the South Carolina league last season. While the league played the full number of games last season and was quite a success, we believe it will be much better to take part in this season, and any assistance that you may be able to give in the way of getting the people of Spartanburg interested will be greatly appreciated both by Mr. Gunter and myself.

W. B. Bultman, Vice President S. C. State Baseball League.

How about Camden, Darlington, Georgetown and Manning. Are they to be left out in the cold? If the smaller towns want to have ball the league must be arranged, as they cannot get money enough from the receipts to run an expensive one.

Hardly the Cause.

Writing on "Race Suicide" in the North American Review, Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick declares that the increased cost of living shows directly in the decrease of large families. Large families, as were common in the early days of the republic, the writer believes will come when the cost of living is substantially reduced. This argument is not limited in scope to the mere matter of feeding the babies that arrive, but looks as well to the time when they cease to be babies and have the wants of boys and girls—the education, the clothing and the various social advantages which will set them up in life.

She says America does not relish the prospect of bringing up sons and daughters to compete in the markets with labor brought over in the steerage. American parents are probably not different from the parents of other races, but they hold one trait that is of vital importance in this connection. American fathers and mothers want their children to have a better chance in life than they themselves had. To insure this they first get the corn or the price of it stored up, and the scarcer the corn the slower they are about multiplying mouths to be about.

There are other reasons for small families beside those assigned by Mrs. Herrick. Some of the richest people have only one or two children, while many poor people have large families. "Race Suicide" has about ruined New England, and it will ruin the South if it ever takes the same hold on us that it has on the people of that section.

No doubt young Marshall who now fills a dishonorable grave was started on the downward road by reading trash, blood and thunder literature. His sad fate should be a warning to all boys and young men who throw away their time reading trashy books and papers or loafing about the streets.

It is reported that Thos. W. Lawson cleared up millions in the panic in the stock market last week.

That Will Help Out The Saw Mill People.

MANY MAD DOGS

Menaces the Farmers of Upper Spartanburg County.

Mad dogs are on the rampage in the upper section of Spartanburg County and the farmers are living in constant fear of their children being attacked and bitten by the rabid dogs.

Farmers who live in the section of the county near Parris, who spent the day in the city, state that during the past few days a large number of dogs have gone mad. Ella Wall, a well known farmer, states that 3 dogs were bitten by one of the dogs in one day last week and as a matter of protection the dogs had to be shot.

Several weeks ago a mad dog passed through the neighborhood of Parris and attacked the dogs of several farmers. When the mad dog was bitten went mad and bit other dogs and in this way there has been a general epidemic of rabid dogs in that section. Great alarm is felt among the country people for fear that their families may be bitten.

A Great Mistake.

We heard a young man remark not long since that "the world owes me a living." It is hoped for that every man's good that he'll get that notion out of his head. It's a mistake, a great mistake. He never entertained a more foolish idea nor one which will bring him a smaller measure of respect. The world owes the young man nothing; but instead he owes the world and society an active, noble manhood. A steady, honest energy which will enable him to associate with decent men and women in a true manliness of character that will make his friendship valuable and his presence and companionship desired. The boy should contribute to society's happiness and welfare the grace which comes through study, toil and honest thought.

Why It Didn't Pay.

It does not pay to advertise say some merchants who have done but little of it and that without keeping it up. The incident of the boy and the pump illustrates the matter very well. The boy was sent after a pail of water. He poured in the priming and poured out as much as he poured in. Then he stopped to rest and the pump started pumping and resting he concluded it did not pay to pump and quit in disgust. The merchant who does not believe in advertising does not believe in the value of the thing he is advertising. He advertised a few weeks pumping. He advertised a while and allowed the people to forget him and his business before he advertised again and then concluded that advertising did not pay.

Oil Poured on Him Catches Fire and He Burns to Death.

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Finced Fifty Two Dollars by Town Council of North

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