# The Manning Times.

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## HOTELS BURNED

### And Many Guests Turned Out And Had to Leave.

## AT OLD ORCHARD, ME.

**Two Lives Lost and Five Persons Injured in Conflagration at Old Orchard, Maine—Soda Tank Explosion Blows Man's Head Off—Visitors Compelled to Leave by Lack of Accommodations.**

Two lives were lost and five persons were injured, three seriously, as a result of the fire which swept through Old Orchard, Maine, Thursday night, causing a loss estimated at $800,000.

The dead:

Philip Partridge, 24 years old, of Pittsburg, Pa., struck by Boston & Maine train at Kennebunk and killed while on way to fire.

Unidentified man, killed by explosion of soda tank; head blown off.

The injured:

Rev. Rufus H. Jones, pastor Trinity Episcopal church, Saco, Me.; M. T. Morrill, Salem, Mass.

Unidentified man, probably fatally hurt by tank explosion.

Samuel Emerson of Old Orchard.

Miss Alice Minard, severely bruised by being thrown from carriage at Kennebunk while on way to Old Orchard with Philip Partridge, who was killed.

Seventeen summer hotels, 60 cottages and a score of buildings occupied by stores were destroyed.

The explosion which caused so many injuries occurred in Horgan's drug store on Old Orchard avenue. It is believed that the fire started from an overturned lamp in the annex of the Hotel Olympia. The total insurance on the burned property, it is understood, will not exceed $150,000.

The water supply is getting very low and it is feared the residents may suffer from the lack of water.

As a result of the fire the season at Old Orchard is brought to an abrupt close, as only one large hotel, the Old Orchard, remains. All trains including several extras, were packed with persons leaving the shore.

The people who were driven from the hotels were compelled to spend the night on the beach.

### TRIED AND FINED BY PHONE.

**Wyoming Man Satisfied Justice Over Wire, Saving Journey.**

Tried, found guilty, and sentenced over the telephone was the unique way in which Miles Fitzgerald satisfied justice at Cheyenne. Judge W. P. Carroll, of that city, has just finished this cases, saving at the same time a trip of fifty miles over the mountains for the principals in the proceeding.

Albert Bristol and Fitzgerald, of Bear Creek, had a fight and Bristol called by telephone and asked for a warrant for Fitzgerald. Judge Carroll granted the warrant and telephoned Fitzgerald to come in for trial.

Fitzgerald replied that he was too busy, and asked that a hearing be given him over the phone. Arrangements were made, attorneys obtained by both men, and the case came to trial, the lawyers appearing before the court in Cheyenne, while both men remained at the ranch.

Testimony was heard over the phone, and then both lawyers made their plea. Judge Carroll fined Fitzgerald $15, and he agreed to mail a check for the amount.

### SHOULD BE SWUNG.

**Negro Boys Charged With Assaulting Colored Girl.**

At Annopolis, Md., Leroy Haste, aged seventeen, and James Harris, eighteen, both colored, were committed to jail, without bail, by Justice John N. Davis, the charges being assault upon Lottie Brooks, fourteen years old, of the same race. The offense is alleged to have been committed on the night of July 4.

The girl is employed in the home of one of the professors at St. John's college, and was returning from her work. She testified that she was seized by the colored youths while she was in a lonely section of the town, and that she was assaulted by both.

At the hearing the girl positively identified both of the accused. Both denied every statement. A number of persons, however, testified in corroboration of certain points of the girl's story. The girl is neat in appearaance and decidedly above the average in intelligence.

### KILLED BY LITTLE FALL.

**After Climbing to Dizzy Heights for Twenty Years.**

The New York American says "Steeplejack" Bill Anderson, after 20 years of climbing to the top of the loftiest towers and most dangerous flagstaffs in New York, with never a slip nor fall, was killed by a pretty little drop of six feet the other day.

It was an odd end to a steeplejack's career. Bill laughed when he tackled the six foot job. It was to paint a pole on the roof of the Hotel Belmont. The pole base if only a tall man's height above the roof. Bill ran up the short ladder like an ordinary citizen would run upstairs.

But as he turned to call to an assistant he lost his balance for the first time in his life, and plunged head first to the paved roof. He died in a New York Hospital ambulance from the results of a fractured skull.

### HEROIC GIRL DROWNS.

**She Tried to Save a Boy But Both Perished.**

Miss Edith Gregor of North Attleboro, Mass., and Clyde Morrison, the eight-year-old son of James Morrison of Fairmouth, Mass., were drowned in a small pond Friday after a heroic effort by the young woman to save the boy.

The lad fell in and Miss Gregor plunged after him. Before assistance could reach her, she sank with the boy tightly clutched in her arms.

## GENERAL SUMTER.

### A Monument to His Memory Unveiled at Statesburg.

**Mr. H. A. M. Smith, as Orator of the Day, Delivered Historical Address of Great Interest and Value.**

The monument to General Thomas Sumter in the cemetary at Statesburg, where this Revolutionary soldier and early American statesman lies buried, was unveiled on Wednesday of last week in the presence of a large gathering of South Carolinians and with interesting and brilliant exercises. The little town of Statesburg was more lively Wednesday than at any time of its history and the occasion will be notable in the annals of Sumter county.

The Charleston contingent, including the regular troops from the artillery post at Fort Moultrie, accompanied by the band, arrived early in the morning, coming by way of the Atlantic Coast Line on a special train which was run to Seale's Siding, from which point the troops, three hundred in number, marched and the other members of the party rode to Statesburg. A number of people came to Claremont on the Southern railway, and were conveyed from that station to Statesburg.

At 11 o'clock the procession was formed in the grove of the Gen. Sumter Memorial Academy, and marched from there to the cemetary, the regulars leading with their band, and followed immediately by the Sumter Light Infantry with the Second Regiment band of Sumter, the whole gathering of people following the military.

Arriving at the grave the invocation was pronounced by Rev. H. H. Covington, of Sumter, and the monument was unveiled, the cords releasing the draperies being pulled by Mrs. J. Herbert Haynesworth and Miss Beatrice Sumter, great-great-granddaughters of Gen. Sumter, the bands playing stiring military airs.

The procession then reformed and the whole assembiage returned to the grove, whence it had started, there to carry out the program of the exercises.

The chairman of the monument committee, Col. J. J. Dargan, called the gathering to order and introduced Gov. Ansel as the presiding officer of the occasion. The Governor made a brief address on assuming the chair. Hon. Richard I. Manning, of Sumter, then introduced former Gov. A. J. Monatague, of Virginaa, who delivered a most interesting and eloquent address.

The orator of the day, Hon. H. A. M. Smith, of Charleston, was presented by Hon. Marion Moise, of Sumter, and delivered an extended and admirable address.

He reviewed the services of Gen. Sumter, recounting his military exploits which won him the title of the "Gamecock" from his admiring British foes, and his services as a statesman in the Legislature of South Carolina and in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States.

Mr. Smith's address was a most valuable contribution to the history of the State and is probably the most complete record of the life and services of Gen. Sumter, which has ever been prepared.

After music by the bands, following the address of Mr. Smith, Gov. Ansel read a letter from President Roosevelt, written for the occasion, paying tribute to the services of Gen. Sumter.

### BOYS HAVE "BLACK HAND."

**Admit Threatening to Kill Youth Unless Mother Paid.**

Charged with attempted blackmail and with sending threatening letters through the mails, two fifteen-year-old boys were arrested early Wednesday morning by Acting Captain O'Day, of the East Twenty-second St., station, New York and sent to the Children's society for safe keeping until their cases can be tried in the Children's court.

The boys gave their names as Peter Boyle, of 241 East Twenty-first street, and Palmer Murcha, of 229 East Twenty-first street. It is charged that these boys, who were dragged out of bed by the police shortly after midnight, had written a threatening letter to Mrs. A. C. Schupp, of 204 East Twenty-first street, demanding $100, and threatening to "take away your son and kill him" if the money failed to be forth-coming when a "man with a green necktie and a white cap" passed her stoop on the night of Saturday last.

The letter read as follows:

"Dear Madam: If you don't give $100 to a man with a green necktie and a white cap who will pass by your stoop tonight at 10 o'clock, your son will be taken away and killed.

"Beware."

The boys admitted to the police that they were guilty.

### ENDS HIS LIFE.

**After Telling His Children to be Good to Mother.**

Only a few minutes after he had cautioned his two daughters always to be good to their mother, Henry Francel, forty-eight years of age, a painter, of No. 55 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street New York, ended his life by swallowing carbolic acid.

His daughter Belle, twelve, and Etta, eight, thought his remarks strange, and called their mother. When she arrived, Francel assured her he had only a short time to live.

Then he went to the bathroom and took the acid. He was dead when the doctor arrived. Business troubles are given as the motive.

### LIGHTNING SPLITS TONGUE.

**Man Strangely Mangled by Bolt From the Sky.**

In the midst of a terrific electric storm, Bird Blackburn, a prosperous farmer of Hanover county, Va., was struck dead while loading his cart.

Blackburn was in his cornfield, about 200 yards from his home when he was killed. His tongue was split, both jaw bones broken and his neck and chest badly burned.

Leander Blackburn, a son, was on the cart a few feet away. He was not even stunned.

## WATSON'S PLAN

### For the Farmers to Protect Their Best Interests.

## SAYS HE WILL HELP

**In the Fight and Urges Nacional Policy for Organization—Says Farmers Should Work Along Lines of the Old Farmers Alliance—Thinks the Movement Will March Steadily On.**

At White Oak camp grounds, near Thomson, Ga., Hon. Thomas E. Watson was the guest of honor of the Farmer's Union. He addressed an audience of some 1,000 or 1,200, including people of five counties, McDuffie, Lincoln, Wilkes, Columbia and Warren. They had met under the auspices of the Farmer's Educational and Co-operative Union. . . . . .

The burden of Mr. Watson's address was that the Farmer's Union must have a national scope, a national creed national principles and a national purpose.

"The Farmer's Union is going to declare the same principles and make the same fight attempted by the old Farmer's Alliance, and in that fight I am going to help," he said.

He is convinced that the time has come when this organization, embracing in its membership 1,200,000 farmers, cannot be held together by the restricted plans and narrow purposes which now prevail.

In beginning his address Mr. Watson said:

"In 'Memoirs of General Sam Dale,' who was one of the officers in charge of the Indians that were being removed from Alabama and Georgia, we are told in a most touching way of the love those red men bore this beautiful land.

"General Dale relates that not only the women and children heartbroken wih grief at having to give up their homes, but that the warriors themselves were utterly unmanned. Stoical braves who would have died under torture without a groan broke down and cried like children when the United States soldiers came to march them off to the West. General Dale says that after the Indians had been collected and started on their long journey, they would return, each right, to their homes, to see them once more. This was kept up until the camp was pitched forty miles away.

"In all the wide world the stars of 1831 looked down upon no sight more pitiful than that of these children of the forest, stealing out of camp at night to walk back twenty, thirty and forty miles, to get one last look at the humble cabins which had been their homes.

"But who need wonder that the Indians loved this Southern land? Where did the smile of God, on Creation's morning, rest more radiantly than upon this marvelous clime of the green field and cloud-topped mountains, of shadowy forest and verdant valley, of dimpled lake and rushing river?

"The red men loved it—loved it with all their simple hearts.

"They loved it well enough to fight for it. They never gave it up until every battlefield upon which they could muster an army was red with their blood.

"But they lost their homes, nevertheless—why? Because in the subtler combat of mind against mind they were no match for the whites. The pale face deceived his red brother. when the Indians were the strongest, and when at length the whites were the stronger, the red men had to give up their homes.

"Brethern of the South! Will you learn nothing from the past? Have you no eyes to see what is going on? Do you not realize that in the war of wits you are losing ground? Will you never understand that national policies and laws can be so shaped as to give all the advantage to one class or one section? Is it impossible for you to learn that special privilege always lives at the expense of the unprivileged—is a deadly parasite that will sap the live of the noblest tree?

"Use your eyes. Look about you. See things as they are. Where is the bulk of the wealth of the nation?

"In that portion of it which nature did the least for—New England? How did bleak, barren New England come to be so rich? She made the laws to suit herself, and these laws took the prosperity of the South and West and gave it to the capitalists of the East and North.

"Who owns your railroads? The North. Your mills? The North. Your banks? The North. Your mines? The North. There isn't a merchant, banker, miner, manufacturer, farmer or railroader in the South that doesn't have to depend on the North for money. Yet the most of that money was made in the South and West. The financial currents which flow West and South from Iew York, first flowed in New York from the South and West. Practically none of that wealth was created in New York.

"Consider the laws which the manufacturers of the North have made for themselves. These capitalists are protected from outside competition; they monopolize the home market; they form a trust to dictate output and price, and they sell their goods abroad cheaper than at home.

"What is the result?

"They are making yearly a net profit of $2,800,000,000, which is two billions more than 8 per cent upon the money invested.

"Think of it! After allowing themselves a clear income of 8 per cent upon their investment, they compel the consumer of manufactured goods to yield to them a yearly tribute of two thousand millions of dollars!

"Thus every man, woman and child in America is taxed about $25 per year to give special privilege to the manufacturer. On every family of five, this is a crushing burden of $125 per year—and it is nothing more than shameless, heartlesss confiscation."

In speaking of the effect of this system Mr. Watson said:

"Under this diabolical system of national taxation, John D. Rockefeller, worth his $5,000,000,000, pays no greater sum toward the support of the national government than many a two-horse farmer pays. Under any decently fair system of taxation, Rockefeller would pay five hundred thousand times more taxes to the federal government than are paid by a farmer who is worth one thousand dollars. But, under the policy, the farmer may pay more than Rockefeller—the tax not being paid upon income, or accumulated wealth, but upon the amount of manufactured articles consumed.

Thus the literal truth is that our national government does not tax wealth at all. It allows the rich the benefit of special privilege which not only exempts them from national taxation, but permits them to tax the unprivileged."

In speaking of the part the farmers' Union should play, Mr. Watson said.

"The Farmers' Union is but the reincarnation of the Farmers' Alliance The new order takes the place of the old. The prophet dies, but the word lives The flag which one brave standard bearer drops from his dying hand another catches up and carries on.

"And so, under the blessings of the Most High, the Farmers' Union will march on, until it plants its victorious banner on the walls which the Farmers' Alliance was not permitted to storm.

"Rome was not built in a day. 'Try, try again,' is the watchword of all progress, individual or collective."

## GREATLY SHOCKED.

### The Odd Experience of a Philadelphia Woman.

**Turned on Light and Found Burglar to Be a Man From Whom She Had Been Divorced.**

To be confronted by the form of a crouching burglar, to fire at him, and then to flash up the light and find herself face to face with a man from who she had been divorced in California, such was the dramatic experience of Mrs. Richard Smith, of 327 West York street, Philadelphia, Thursday.

It happened at about 3 o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Smith's husband is a traveling man at present on the road. She was sleeping in her house with her three children.

Awakened by the noise of someone moving about in her room, Mrs. Smith saw the shadow of a man's figure near the bedroom. Reaching under her pillow, she drew out a revolver, and, raising herself on the bed, fired. The bullet crashing into the doorjamb and a man's voice yelled:

"Don't shoot!"

Mrs. Smith reached to the side of the bed and turned a switch that flashed up the lights. She saw the face of a man standing in the doorway. She gave a scream as she recognized the features and dropped her revolver. Whether or not the man recognized her, she does not know. As he saw her drop the pistol he made a jump for the stairs, cleared them in three or four bounds and bolted from the house.

Mrs. Smith summoned the police by telephone, and when they reached her house, told her story. She declared positively that she recognized the man as William Benson, about forty-five years old, and that the shock of recognition made her drop the pistol. She told the police that she was a California girl and had married Benson in Sacremento. He was, she asserted, the black sheep of a well-known family, his father having been a wealthy "Forty-niner" and his brother today being a well-known citizen of the California city. She declared Benson had been convicted of highway robbery in California. Under her divorce from him she had married her present husband, who is a well-known resident of the northeastern section of that city.

Mrs. Smith was completely unnerved by her experience. "Now that he knows where I am, I am afraid he will come back and murder me, as perhaps he actually sought me out to do me harm," she told the police. "I had put him completely out of my life and to encounter him in such a dramatic matter is terrible."

The police of the Fourth and York streets station say they think that Benson was not aware of the identity of the resident of the house which he entered. "It was just an accident that he should have broken into the domicile of his former wife," the police say.

They are working on the theory that he is the man wanted for jail-breaking by the authorities of California. They have sent out a general alarm for the man with his description. A police guard is being kept on Mrs. Smith's house in case the intruder should make any attempt to return.

### OUTRAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

**The Daughter of Wealthy Farmer Assaulted by Fiend.**

A special dispatch from Salisbury, N. C., to The News and Courier says the sheriff of that county, number of official officers and a posse of citizens are scouring the surrounding country for a negro who Thursday made an attack upon Mrs. D. W. Tesler, daughter of one of the wealthiest men in this county. It is a foregone conclusion that the black man will be lynched if caught.

Mrs. Tesler was on her way to visit a neighbor, when the negro accosted her at a small creek near her home. He took a bottle containing a pungent liquid from his pocked and ordered her to drink it or be killed. Mrs. Tesler took the bottle and started to run, screaming for help at the top of her voice.

The black brute pursued and caught her and threw her into the creek. Mrs. Tesler made her way out of the water only to again fall into the clutches of the negro, who took her to a house some distance from the road. She found her way home in an exhausted condition six hours after she had left. She is unable to say what occurred after the negro took her to the house near the creek.

### COUNTY COURT.

**Again Voted Down in Richland County by Large Majority.**

The election for the establishment of a county court in Richland county was defeated by an over-whelming majority Thursday. The same proposition was defeated two years ago and was brought up in a different form this time, by a special act of the last legislature.

## TRUNK MYSTERY.

### Of Monte Carlo Solved at Last by Confession

**Of the Man and Woman in Whose Possession it Was Found Over in France.**

The authorities of France were confronted by a perplexing problem in a trunk mystery, unearthed in Marseilles, some ten days ago. Mr. and Mrs. Goold, an elderly couple were traveling with the dismembered body of a woman in their trunk and her head and feet in a satchel, were subjected to a process of "cooking" in the hope that they would tell about the crime. The woman is French, the man English, and the murdered woman, a Swede.

Finally Goold broke down and confessed to the magistrate. He related coolly all the details of the horrible crime. He alone had slain the woman, he declared, and it was he who cut up her body, although his wife helped him pack it away in their baggage. After this had been done they both agreed to journey to Marseilles, where they planned to cast the body into the sea.

Mrs. Violet Goold also confessed her part in the crime. She said her husband had promised to give Emma Levin the sum of $100, but she demanded $100 more. To this Mr. Goold objected, and said he would not pay the extra hundred. Thereupon Emma Levin abused him. Referring to what happened next, Goold, in his confession, says:

"I had been drinking, and becoming angry I seized a hunting knife and buried it in Emma's back. She fell dead. The next day I dismembered the body with a saw and a knife, and placed the torso in a trunk and the head and legs in a valise. I only stabbed the woman once. The other wounds on her body must have been caused by packing her in the trunk."

Referring to his family, Goold said his grandfather was a baronet and his father an Irish magistrate. He said he had at one time served secretly on the Irish Land Commission in Dublin. In 1893 he moved to Montreal, where he says he made a fortune. He then went to Holland, and later moved to Monte Carlo. Mrs. Goold corrobrated everything her husband said.

The murder was unearthed by accident. Blood oozing out of a trunk at the Marseilles railroad station attracted the attention of a porter. He summoned the police and the old people were arrested after an inspection of their baggage. It contained the body of a woman. The head and lower parts of the legs were missing. These were carried in a hand bag. Mr. and Mrs. Goold said the murder had been committed by a man named Burkes, who escaped, and that they were taking the body to London, England, to bury it without causing any commotion at Monte Carlo.

The victim proved to be Mrs. Emma Livey, a Sweedish woman, widow of a rich Jewish trader of Stockholm. She had been residing at Monte Carlo for some time and had been an associate of the Goolds, at whose invitation she went to their home on the afternoon of the murder. She was never seen afterward alive. Within three hours she had been killed, cut to pieces and packed in a trunk and made ready for shipment.

A niece who returned home to find her aunt and uncle ready for a trip to England, says she sat on a trunk and chatted with the aged couple for some time and that she noticed a strong scent of lavender water, for which her aunt accounted by saying she had upset a bottle.

Death was caused by a deep stab in the breast. It is not believed by the police that the old man was able to inflict the wound [illegible] at the elderly couple were able to do the cutting unaided. For these reasons, it is believed, there is a third party in the case. Robbery was evidently the motive for the crime. Jewels known to have belonged to the dead woman were found on Mrs. Goold's person.

### KNOCKS PREACHER DOWN.

**An Unfortunate Difficulty Between Residents of Gainesville, Ga.**

At Gainesville, Ga., as the result of a dispute in the Arlington hotel shortly before noon Friday, J. H. Hunt, a prominent banker and hotel proprietor, knocked down Rev. J. A. Bell, pastor of the Baptist church.

Mr. Hunt used his fist, planting such a hard blow that the minister fell to the floor in a semi-conscious condition. Mr. Bell claims he was badly hurt.

The difficulty between the two men is said to have been the outcome of the prosecution of J. Austin Bell, a son of the minister, by Mr. Hunt. The son was fined $50 at the last term of the court on the charge of disorderly conduct at the hotel.

The Arlington hotel, where the difficulty occurred and where the son is said to have been disorderly, is owned by Mr. Hunt, who is a wealthy resident.

### BRIDE AT SEVENTY.

**Marries Man Thirty Years Younger Than She Is.**

A grand mother, and nearly seventy years of age, Mrs. Mary Louth, a former resident of New York, became the bride of William H. Becker, a blacksmith aged 40 at New Castle Conn.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. George T. Alderson. Mrs. J. Auld and Mrs. George Gill, daughters of the bride, were matrons of honor, and Harry B. Leuth, son of the bride, was the best man.

After the wedding reception the couple departed for Niagara Falls, as happy as though in their teens.

### SAVED THE GIRL.

**But Plunged to His Own Death in the Lake.**

A dispatch from Seattle says D. C. Shriver, a book keeper in the Pirget Sound National Bank, was drowned in Lake Washington, Friday night in an attempt to prevent the canoe in which he and a girl companion were boating from capsizing. She reached for a lantern behind him and tipped the boat, when Shriver, seeing the danger, plunged overboard to prevent its capsizing. His efforts were successful in saving the girl's life, but he himself was drowned.

## BRUTAL MURDER

### A White Man Killed by a Negro at Summerville.

## KNOCKED HIM DOWN

**And Beat Him to Death With the Bar of a Store Door, While the Proprietor of the Store Apparently Looked On Without Raising His Hand to Prevent the Brutal Murder of an Unarmed Man.**

A dispatch to The News and Courier says Mr. Robert H. Graham of Summerville was assaulted between 8 and 9 o'clock Saturday night by Luke Chisolm, colored, and died at 7 o'clock Sunday morning without having regained consciousness. The assault occurred at the store of Mr. E. R. Smith, in Stallsville. Chisolm it appears, became offended at a remark made by Mr. Graham, and knocked him down, kicking him after he fell to the floor and then beating him into unconsciousness with the bar used in fastening the front door of the store.

Mr. Graham, who was a son of the late Judge R. F. Graham, a brother of Dr. W. F. Graham and a stepson of Dr. R. A. Muckenfuss, of Summerville about 8 o'clock Saturday night to go to his home in the southwestern limits of the town. About half an hour afterwards he entered the store of Mr. Smith, in Stallsville. When a little later, Luke Chisolm, walked into the store, Mr. Graham, according to the evidence, Graham extended his hand to him saying: "This is a white man's hand and I am going to carry you home," or words to that effect. Thereupon Chisolm, it is alleged, somewhat insultingly replied, "You are drunk," and knocked Mr. Graham down, struck him with both fists and also kicked him.

Mr. Graham and the negro scuffled on the floor and then tumbled out of the front door. One of the witness said he "heard the bar of the door fall out, saw Luke Chisolm grab it and heard him hit Mr. Graham with it."

The proprietor of the store, seeing the parties standing at the door when Chisolm entered and talking together, was under the impression that the meeting was friendly, and turning away to attend to a customer heard some one shortly after fall, and looking backwards found Graham on the floor, saw Chisolm strike him twice with his fist and kick him in the side.

Mr. Smith called upon Chisolm to desist, but Chisolm ran round towards the door, got the bar and struck at Mr. Graham, and in a few seconds they rolled out from the store into the highway opposite. Mr. Smith then closed the door and a few minutes after went out and found Mr. Graham lying face downwards in front of the store. He then went over and notified Mr. Robert I. Limehouse, who lives nearby.

Mr. Limehouse had the injured man immediately removed to his house, and medical assistance was sent for. Dr. J. Julian Carroll, upon arriving and examination, found a contused wound of the left eye, apparently produced by a fist, and a wound about two inches in length on the right side of the head behind the right ear. This wound extended through the scalp and the inner and outer tables of the skull, producing a compound fracture. There was also a fracture at the base of the brain superinduced by the force of the blow.

Chisolm, after the assault and while his victim was lying at the door of Mr. Smith's store, endeavored to have Mr. Smith let him in, stating that he wished to talk with him. Mr. Smith replied that he had closed and would not open again that night. Mr. Graham's assailant soon after this left the Brailsford plantation about three mile from Summerville, where he was living, and during the night was taken into custody by a party of citizens who went there for that purpose. While bringing him back to Summerville it is stated that Chisolm declared that Mr. Graham had cursed him and struck him, and that he (Chisolm) struck him back, kicked him and after they had rolled from the store, hit him twice in the head with the door bar.

Magistrate Richard Cook, acting as coroner, empanelled a jury of inquest, with Mr. William T. Mackay as foreman, which, after hearing the facts related substantially above, and the testimony of Dr. Carroll, rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a blow or blows on the head, inflicted by a bar in the hands of Luke Chisolm.

During the day there was some rash talk, but intelligence and a desire that the law should hold sway prevailed, and Chisolm was committed Sunday afternoon to the county jail at St. George to await trial at the Court of Sessions in October. Chief Waring and the county officials were fully alert to the exigencies of the situation.

Mr. Graham was a man of many excellent traits of character, intelligent and kind hearted. He leaves a widow, the daughter of Mr. L. C. Boyle, of St. Paul's Parish, and several children.

### FIVE PERSONS KILLED.

**Boarding House in Chicago Collapses With Fatal Results.**

At Chicago five persons were killed and eleven were injured, three seriously, early Friday by the collapse of a two-story frame building at No. 55 Fry street, occupied as a boarding house. Four of the victims were instantly killed and the fifth victim died a few minutes later in a hospital.

The bodies of the dead were taken from the ruins by policemen and firemen, who risked their lives in the work, being compelled to crawl upder the building to reach the victims.

The dead: Mrs. Annie Nosal, 35 years old; Kate Nosal, six-year-old daughter; John Nosal, 20-months-old son; Albert Stehm, 33 years old, boarder; Annie Marswaranski, 22 years old.

## TELLS OF KOREA.

### Pity Of Senator Stone Rises at Crushing Of Nation.

**Marquis Ito Rules By Force—Emperor and Father Prisoners in Palace—Reckoning is Certain.**

Senator William J. Stone, of Missouri, who spent a week at Seoul, Korea, investigating the Korean situation, was received in audience by the Emperor, and the Marquis Ito chaperoned him. Senator Stone, summing up the situation, said to a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat:

"From a Korean standpoint the situation is pathetic. For the first time in my life I have seen the mailed hand of a foreigner lay ruthlessly over a conquered people. One Emperor has been forced to abdicate to make place for a weakling. Both are held in practical imprisonment by their conquerors.

There is an armed Japanese force about the palace, and Koreans are denied the right of access or communication with the palace, all but the suppliant ministers doing the bidding of Marquis Ito, and who dare not show themselves in the streets of Seoul without a Japanese guard.

"No man, Korean or foreigner, can have an audience with the Emperer except by permission, and in the presence of Marquis Ito. The Emperor and his father are prisoners in their own palace and the Marquis Ito is the real ruler. The Government is a despotism of foreigners, upheld by military force.

"The people of Korea are overawed, intimidated and subdued, and well they may be, for he who rules them is as ruthless and as arbitrary as a savage and is supreme

"It is pitiful to note the hopelessness and helplessness of this unhappy people. No American could witness this tragedy without a feeling of profound sorrow for the victim, but unhappily, in view of the Philippines, the American protest is silent from an international standpoint.

"The purpose of the Japanese is to appropriate Korea and make it a gateway for encroachment upon China. The Chinese policy of Japan is one of territorial and commercial aggrandizement, and this policy is carried forward with a ruthlessness unexampled in modern times. Right is based on might, while the world looks on indifferently.

"But history is being made here, which, in its ultimate and intended consequences, is far beyond the confines of this country and involves far more than the destiny of this unhappy Empire. Some day there will be, and must be, a reckoning."

### LEAPED FROM TRIAN..

**A Prisoner Hurls Himself Out of a Car Window.**

The Augusta, Ga., Chronicle says passengers coming in on the Georgia Railroad train on Thursday told of a grim tragedy which occurred half way between Dearing and Sawdust, and for which the railroad authorities nor the officer in charge were in any way to blame.

A negro prisoner was being carried to Augusta by Sheriff Perry of Columbia county. The man was handcuffed, and sat on the inside of a seat, by the side of the officer. While the vestibule passenger train was bounding along at forty miles an hour, and with no word of warning whatever, the negro leaped from the window of the coach, and was hurled to the ground eight feet below.

The nearby passengers were horrorstricken. Many on the same row with the negro and his prisoner looked far out the window to catch a glimpse of the rash prisoner, and a few saw his body strike the ground with terrible force, bounce once or twice like a ball and then the negro is said to have fallen limp, on his side, as if his neck had been broken by the fall.

### CHILD KILLED.

**Auto Went Over Embankment Seventy-Five Feet High.**

As a result of an automobile accident near Susquehannah, Pa., Helen Brush, aged 6 years, was killed, and three others seriously injured. The machine which was owned by Harry Brush, went over an embankment 75 feet high and plunged into the Susquehanna river.

The car was occupied by Mr. Brush his daughter who was killed, Francis Griffin and Thomas Boylan. Brush was held in the automobile; the two girls were thrown out and hurled against trees. Boylan jumped from the car when it began its descent.

Brush was caught in the steering gear and had a leg broken. He went into the river with the car but was rescued by boys who were swimming.

### INSANE FROM CIGARETTES.

**Boy Tries to Do Himseslf Harm and Is in Hospital.**

Excessive cigarette smoaking has made a raving maniac of "Buck" Glover, nineteen years old, whose home has been with his parents on Glasgow street, Portsmouth, Va. He is now confined in the hospital ward of the Portsmouth jail.

The young man has been acting strangely for several days, but it was not until Wednesday that he became violently insane. He tried to do himself bodily harm, and to prevent this the police were called in.

In a moment of calm he consented to accompany the police to the jail, but on the way he became so violent that it was necessary for the police to overpower him.

### HUNG HIMSELF

**Because His Mother Told Him to Behave Himself.**

Ah Meadville, Pa., Raymond, the twelve year old son of Hermon Whitman, a farmer, hanged himmself because his mother scolded him.

While returning from the hayfield with his two brothers, the children began throwing dust at each other. They were told to "behave and go home."

Raymond went into the barn, climbed up on the hay beam, wrapped a rope around his neck and jumped off. His neck was broken by the fall.

## BAFFLE POLICE.

### Captain Schneider Says Spook's Mystery is a Puzzling One.

## CAN'T CATCH THEM.

**These Invisible Being Chase People From Their Houses—The Members of One Family Flee Clad Only in Their Night Clothes—The Ghosts Bombards Houses With Bricks and Stones.**

"Spooks" aren't afraid of policemen. At least, those that have been haunting Brown street, in Georgetown, D. C., are not. Despite the vigilance of Capt. Schneider and his officers, of the Seventh precinct, they continue night after night their weird and ghost-like tricks. The police are unable to stop the showers of gravel and stones, which appear to be the favorite means of manifestation of these materialistic ghosts; nor are they able to discover whence they come.

With renewed vigor these invisible being visited their wrath on the helpless and terrorized denizens of Brown street Thursday night, and the visitation was one that will never be forgotten. The colored people, who are the principle victims of the spookish malevolence, were thrown into a panis. The police are utterly mystefied, and the musty records of Georgetown's ancient times do not shom a situation quite so strange.

The ghosts temporarily suspended bombardment of the outside of the dwellings Thursday night and sought to play pranks in several of the houses, where the occupants were hidden some of them in closets. The family of "Spike" Hampton fled into the streets to get out of the way of a ghost, which, they claim, was stalking from one room to another.

The Hampton family say that hideous sounds were heard in the house shortly after dark. While Hampton was half asleep, he declared, a figure, clothed in white stood at the foot of his bed. He screamed, and the object dissapeared. The whole family a few seconds later noticed a weired specter as it flitted about the rooms, and the hurriedly escaped in their night clothes.

Policeman Young, who has led the ghost hunt and who was stationed with several other policemen near by, braved the horrors of the situation and invaded the house. But no ghost was found. While Young was in the house, however, the beings made their presence manifest by turning loose a fusillade of bricks and stones. They rattled against the side of the house, and a brick, going through a window, fell at Young's feet. The policeman captured it for anaylsis. It was a sure-enough brick and had all the appearances of one made from this earth's clay.

"Aunt Jane" Bolding, as ex-slave, who lives at 3218 Brown street, declared no ghost could make her run, and sat all evening on the front of her porch, defying the onslaughts made all around her. The other occupants of her house made their escape and sought the protection of the police, who are as much baffled as ever.

The ghost mystery is as puzzling as ever asd the police are completely outwitted. The best sleuths in the precinct have tried to fathom it, and have squads of policemen who have been nightly detailed in the block, were last night augmented by scores of fearless citizens, who claim that they are not superstitious. They witnessed with their eyes and ears things that they had not heretofore given credence.

The colored folks adhere religiously to the belief that the spirit of old "Mike" Catos, a daring and notorious figure in that part of Georgetown 20 years ago, has returned to haunt some of his neighbors, whom he hated and distrusted.

Another thing that strengthens the ghost theory in the minds of the residents of Brown street is the established fact that the houses on the thoroughfare were all built of brick dug out of vaults is an old grave yard, which is within a stone's throw of the haunted place.

"I have been on the police force twenty-five years," said Capt. Schneider to a Post reporter, "and I have never struck a puzzle like this. My men have worked like trojans to solve the mystery, and have failed. Every night since these strange beings started their trouble, about a week ago, from ten to twelve officers have been detailed on the roofs of houses, in trees, in chimneys, and every other conceivable place, and have found absolutely nothing that will explain these manifestations. If it isn't ghosts I don't know what it is. At first we thought the pranks were those of a clever midnight culprit, but this supposition no longer holds ground. We haven't given the case up, and expect to fathom it before we stop."

### RISKED PRISON TERM.

**To Make His Sweetheart Believe He Was Rich.**

At Des Moines taking the chances of a long term in prison and discovery by his sweetheart that he was not really a young millionaire, Robert Stevens has been stealing automobiles to take the young woman for drives.

The thefts continued with regularity and apparently the police were helpless until they discovered a bunch of sweet peas in an empty machine.

In the bunch was one of a peculiar shade, which it was found was grown only in one garden in the city.

Stevens was shadowed for several days by the detectives until the other night when he was arrested.

### IMPALED ASLEEP.

**Somnambulist Walks Out and Rolls Upon Fence Pickets.**

Edward Hornsley plunged 40 feet to his death during a somnambulistic wandering at Mahanoy, Pa., for his body was impaled on a picket fence.

The young fellow walked through the third-story window of his home and dropped headlong to a kitchen roof then rolled off upon the sharp prongs of the fence.