THE BARNWELL PEOPLE.

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A GREAT AIRSHIP

Makes a Half Hour Excursion Among the Clouds and

LANDS FROM WHERE IT STARTED

Thousands at the Exposition Witness the Ascent and Descent of the Baldwin's Successful Flying Mahine.

After flying in every direction, with the wind and against it at a height of 2,000 feet above the Cascades, in sight of thousands of cheering, enthusiastic spectators on the World's Fair grounds one day last week, A. Roy Knabenshue, of Toledo, in command of Thos. S. Baldwin's airship, the California Arrow, brought it to anchor at the place whence he started, as neatly and as accurately as a train runs into a station. In all he flew 3½ miles.

Knabenshue started from the Aeronautic Concourse at 3.37 p. m., and returned at 4.05 p. m. On the return trip the airship sailed slowly over the exact spot from which it had risen 28 minutes previously, and glided about 100 feet further west, where it settled gracefully to the ground.

CARRIED OFF IN TRIUMPH.

The descent of the Arrow was the signal for a great demonstration Hundreds of eager hands were upstretched to grasp the frame of the flying machine, which, with its navigator, was carried around the concourse on the shoulders of shouting men. Hats were thrown in the air, and when Knabenshue called for three cheers for his home town they were given with a will, and another round followed for Knabenshue and Baldwin.

The successful flight followed a day full of discouragement. Baldwin and Knabenshue had worked for twenty six hours, without sleep, to prepare for the flight. The first attempt to ascend with Baldwin in command, ended disastrously. The Arrow fell to the ground and broke a blade of the propeller.

FLIES LIKE A BIRD.

In half an hour that had been repaired, and with Knabenshue in command the airship was cast loose. It rose slowly and easily, its prow directed toward the west. When, at a height of twenty-five feet Knabenshue turned the rudder and the aerial craft, answering to its helm, pointed south and continued its flight without interruption.

Khabenshue at that time was not high enough to clear the aeronautic fence, and as he rapidly approached it, the crowd held its breath, fearing that the craft would be dashed against the barricade, and the aeronaut injured or killed. But Knabenshue waving his cap to assure those who were following his every move, moved toward the rear of the airship. The Arrow pointed its prow upward and, answering the pull of the propeller, soared lightly over the fence and rapidly gained an altitude of 1,000 feet.

CHANGES COURSE AT WILL.

Knabenshue again changed the direction of the craft and passed over the crowd in the course, amid, or rather far above, rousing cheers The "chug, chug, chug" of the motor could be plainly heard and the rays of the sun glistened on the polished blades of the propeller, making a halo around the prow of the flying machine. After proceeding about half a mile westward Knabenshue turned the airship about and again passed over the concourse, at the same time increasing his altitude until he was 2,000 feet above the earth.

Sailing first to the northeast and then to the southeast, occasionally making complete turns, Knabenshue continued in a generally easterly direction until over the Cascades, the centre of the World's Fair grounds and about a mile and a half in a direct line from the point of starting.

GOES AGAINST EIGHT MILE WIND.

At about that time the barely perceptible breeze that had been blowing from the west, increased to about eight miles an hour, and veered to the north. In order to return to the starting point it was necessary for Knabenshue to breast this breeze. It seemed that his first effort to turn the airship from a course before the wind was unsuccessful, but Knabenshue, after trying to turn to the left, swung the rudder sharply in the other direction, and the Arrow came into the wind, staggered a moment, and then gaining power, sped toward the concourse at a speed that caused the spectators to cheer and toss hats in the air. The demonstration was observed by Knabenshue, who leaned far out and waved an empty ballast bag in reply.

Without deviation, the California Arrow continued on in the teeth of the breeze, gaining speed and rushing toward the concourse in an imposing manner. When within a few hundred feet of the concourse, Knabenshue moved forward in the car, the Arrow pointed downward and sailed toward the ground without any slackening of speed.

ALIGHTS GRACEFULLY.

Knabenshue entered the concourse from the east at a height of 200 feet, and slowing the speed of the motor, directed the airship over the wooden frame that had supported the Arrow before the flight, and alighted gracefully within 100 feet of the dock.

After Knabenshue had assisted in housing the airship in the aerodrome, he was introduced to President Francis, of the Exposition; Mayor Wells, of St. Louis, and many World's Fair and city officers. Knabenshue's mother and wife, who had arrived from Toledo Tuesday, just in time to see the flight, were present and added to the young aeronaut's happiness by joining their praise to that of the distinguished men.

Knabenshue had only praise for the flying machine he had directed. His own share in the achievement was secondary in his eyes to the manner in which the California Arrow had supported the claims of the inventor.

PROFITED BY EXPERIENCE.

"There was not a moment," he said, "when I did not have complete control of the airship. It needed but the slightest pressure on the helm to change the direction of the vessel, and the old 'Arrow' responded to every demand that I made on it. I also profited by the lesson I learned on the first flight, and when I found that the motor was working smoothly and evenly, furnishing all the power necessary for such a demonstration, I let well enough alone and did not attempt to increase the speed of the motor, for that was what caused the motor to break on my trial last Tuesday.

"The mechanical part of the airship worked perfectly. The gasoline motor did not miss an ignition and the revolutions of the propeller were steady and powerful. I am not sufficiently experienced to estimate the speed at which I moved, and I was too busy at the time to make any calculations.

DELIGHTFUL SENSATION.

"The sensation was most pleasant. I did not have time to think about danger. In fact there was no real danger. An operator of the Baldwin Arrow needs only to have an average amount of nerve, a little experience as an aeronaut and he can make a successful fight."

Captain Baldwin was extremely optimistic regarding the future of his airship.

"I had about determined to leave St. Louis," he said. "Now I shall not be content to leave before I have had several trials for that $100,000 prize. Knabenshue went up with instructions not to go far from the aeronautic concourse and to bring the ship to the ground after a trial of half an hour. He came within two minutes of obeying my instructions to the letter.

"I am now convinced that I have a wonderful airship, and we shall give daily exhibitions of varying lengths to convince the people of the world that I am right."

"A PATRIOT OF PATRIOTS."

This is What a Western Paper Terms General Lee.

"The greatest geneneral of his age and the finest gentleman of the South" is the tribute that one not of the South himself has paid to the memory of the leader of the Confederate armies. For years, against the greatest odds that ever man had to fight against, suffering from the greatest privations from which ever soldiers suffered, marching through devastated country, without food, without sufficient clothing, with the knowledge that their cause was almost a lost cause already, with the thought that after it was over, no matter what the outcome, they would have nothing but ruined homes to which they might return, the soldiers of Lee followed him through a series of battles whose like was never known in the history of the world, uncomplainingly, never questioning the wisdom or the integrity of their leader. Never in the history of wars have soldiers loved a general with the same trust and loyalty with which the soldiers of the Confederacy loved Robert E. Lee.

Like many other generals of the Southern side, Lee was a graduate of West Point. He had been appointed lieutenant in the engineering corps and had served along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers before the Mexican war.

During this war he was assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. Scott as chief engineer and for his gallant conduct in its battles won promotion by successive grades to the rank of colonel.

When the Virginia Convention on April 17, 1861, passed an ordinance of secession Lee resigned his commission in the United States army immediately. It was upon this day, April 20, 1861, that he wrote:

"The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, by a long struggle, has been drawn. Though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State.

"With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty as an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword."

Noble, great-hearted, ready to serve his State when his State called as he had been ready to serve the country when the country had needed him. Robert E. Lee is one of the most heroic of a band of heroes. Doing his duty as he saw it before him, suffering for the cause in which he believed, undergoing hardships of every sort, enduring the contumely of those who thought they could read his conscience for him, Lee may well be considered by North as well as by South a patriot of patriots.—Chicago Journal.

KILLED BY OUTLAWS.

Refused to Give Up Money and Was Shot Dead.

Four heavily armed outlaws from the Hole-in-the-Wall country held up and robbed the First National bank of Cody, Wyo., Wednesday, and after shooting and killing Cashier Frank Middaugh, of the bank, had a running fight with cowboys and hunters and escaped into the Rattlesnake mountains, where they are being pursued by half a dozen different posses. A battle is imminent. The Hole-in the-Wall gang are noted as the most desperate outlaws in the west and the Cody posses are determined to wipe the bandits out of existence. "Buffalo Bill" himself is enroute from Omaha in a special car, having with him a party of titled Englishmen and two of his Sioux Indian scouts and has telegraphed orders for horses to be waiting his party at the depot. He will take the trail in person immediately on his arrival.

Just before the close of the bank Wednesday afternoon a party of four roughly dressed men rode up to the First National bank in the heart of the town and across the street from the Irma, "Buffalo Bill's" hotel. Three men dismounted and entered the building, the forth remaining outside to guard the horses. As soon as the outlaws entered the bank one of them covered Cashier Middaugh, who was the only occupant of the room and demanded the cash from the vault.

Instead of complying Middaugh grabbed a revolver and made a game fight for life and money, firing several shots even before the outlaw leader could fire at the banker, but Middaugh was excited and his bullets went wild, while the single shot sent from the outlaw's gun passed through the bankers brain and he died instantly.

One of the posses, led by Sheriff Jeff Champion, overtook the outlaws at dusk, 20 miles southwest of Cody, and a battle ensued in which Champion had a horse shot under him but was uninjured. The bandits obtained fresh horses at a ranch nearby and escaped.

HURLED TO DEATH.

Mine Carriage Fell Thirteen Hundred Feet Killing Ten People.

One of the most appalling mine accidents in the history of the Wyoming valley for many years past occurred at No. 1 Auchincloss shaft, operated by the Deleware, Lackwanna and Western Coal company at Nanticoke, at an early hour Wednesday morning by which ten men were hurled to instant death and three seriously injured. The men were mostly all upon the mine carriage to be lowered to the workings below.

The signal was given to the engineer, who began lowering the men. The carriage had gone but a few feet when the engineer lost control of his engines, owing to the reverse levers failing to work, and the carriage, with its load of human freight, ten in all was dashed beyond the Ross vein, landing nearly 1,100 feet below the surface and from there they were precipitated 300 feet further into a sump.

Those who may not have been killed outright were without doubt drowned in the sump, which is fully 50 feet deep with water.

Up to 8 o'clock Wednesday night no human aid could reach them and every man on the ill-fated carriage has been given up by the mine officials as lost.

The victims, who were miners and laborers, all resided in Nanticoke and most of them leave families. They were Poles or Slaves with the exception of one named John Kemper.

Intense excitement continued to prevail about the mouth of the shaft Wednesday night. Women and children are running about crying and moaning for those who are at the bottom. There are fully 75 miners and laborers in the mine dragging the sump for the bodies and it may require two or three days before any of the dead can be recovered.

A Great Sensation.

James Hendrix, aged 22, one of the most prominent young men of Montgomery, Ala., was found dead early Wednesday morning on the roof of the American National Bank Building with a set of burglars' tools lying near him. He was killed while trying to cut an electric wire. The police are making every effort to ferret out the mystery which surrounds the death of Hendrix. Hendrix was dressed in his militia uniform and his citizens clothes were found at the armory of the Montgomery Grays. A complete set of burglars tools was near him, and on Hendrix's were nitro-glycerine, dynamite, fuses, a glass cutter and a pistol. The coronor's jury returned a verdict of death by electricity. The friends of the dead man are astonished beyond expression. Hendrix was very prominently connected.

Painfully Injured.

Dr. W. E. Pelham of New Berry received the sad news Thursday morning that his son, Mr. Chas. P. Pelham, had been seriously injured in a runaway accident near Asheville, N. C. It seems that Mr. Pelham was thrown from a buggy against a crosstie and his skull fractured. Details are lacking, but it is said that Mr. Pelham has regained consciousness. Mr. Pelham is traveling for the well known drug firm, Parke, Davis & Co., of Baltimore. He has many friends here who hope that his injuries are not so bad as reported.

STORY OF LIAO YANG

Battle Notes from a Correspondent's Diary.

INCIDENTS OF GREAT STRUGGLE

Graphically Described by an Eyewitness. Spectacles of the Wounded and Dying.

Mukden, September 18.—From the diary of one of the Associated Press correspondents with the Russian army is taken the following notes on the battle of Liao Yang.

August 28.—Returning from the funeral of Gen. Routkowsky, I met a whole train of ambulance carts filled with wounded, two or three men in each. The band of the Primorsky Dragoons also passed me going to join the reserves. Troops were moving along every road, officers and orderlies galloping in every direction. All and everything that must be with the reserves was flowing towards Liao Yang in groups and parties, small and great, like little streams flowing into a river. To the rear of house, high in the heavens, hangs the captive balloon, with three officers watching the enemy. There is something uncanny about the immobility of the enormous sphere—something fantastic and monstrous. No news as yet from the field of battle. Two Japanese, one a trooper, have just been brought in prisoners. The trooper wears a very dignified air, like most of his countrymen. The other is a pitiful sight, entirely naked, covered with bruises and scarcely alive.

11 A. M.—The fighting has ceased. It is the Japanese custom to give their men a rest from 11 2 to every day. They are clever and mean to fight in comfort.

6 P. M.—At three o'clock a fierce bombardment recommenced, lasting till this hour. At times the firing was so severe that it was even oppressive. One of my friends has just returned from the batteries. He says that it is perfect hell there. Riding through the town, I met a number of stretchers covered with sheets and under them were the wounded. A sad spectacle.

AN UNACCUSTOMED ROAR.

7 P. M.—The cannonade continues. This constant and unceasing uproar, although somewhat dulled by distance, singularly depresses one. To-morrow will decide the fate of Liao Yang. The cannonade stopped late at night. The first large convoy of wounded came in after dark. It was sad to hear the groans and sighs in the darkness. Many of the wounded succumbed before reaching the ambulance.

August 29.—I was awakened very early by an unaccustomed roar. At first I could not understand what was happening and only after carefully listening I understood that a terrific bombardment was going on in the outskirts of the city. Hurriedly dressing myself I went out on the porch. Here the firing could be heard much plainer. The boom of cannon came now fast, now slow; sometimes they combined into one prolonged thunderous roar from which the very atmosphere shook. At six o'clock in the morning a number of carts entered the yard to remove our things to the train. By half-past seven nothing remained in our rooms.

Are we going to leave Liao Yang or not? That is the question which fills our minds, and the roar of the cannon grows stronger and stronger, just as if a monstrous drum was being unmercifully beaten. Beyond the quarters of the staff arises a little hill which is covered with spectators hungrily watching the bursting shells on the heights outside the city.

To the southwest beyond the village of Showshanpou where the first army corps is fighting, the firing is particularly intense. The entire slope of the mountainous ridge is picturesquely defined against the sky line. Little clouds of smoke dot the sky above it. Despite the flaring sunlight, it is quite easy to distinguish the flame of artillery discharges. Sometimes they seem to run along the ground like will-o-the-wips, sometimes when the enemy is firing volleys, a whole flock of cloudlets and flames is seen above the hill tops. It looks as though nothing could live under such a pandemonium.

FLY WIDE OR FALL SHORT.

One cannot realize that the vast majority of the projectiles fly wide or fall short. Sometimes it happens that a couple of hours frightful cannonade will only kill ten or twenty men, but sometimes, alas, in 15 or 20 minutes there is a mountain of dead bodies.

Being condemned to immobility we stand here and watch the spectacle through our field glasses. The captive balloon rises a little to our left; it rises and then stops as if overcome by the grandeur of the sight. I have often seen a captive balloon rise above a pleasure ground, but never did it cause such an impression upon me as here amidst the movement of armed hosts and to the accompaniment of demoniacal cannonading. Everything seems to be changed, even here, since yesterday. There is something majestic in the air and in the faces of all present. Everybody feels that something grand and unusual, something that is going to influence future history, is transpiring. Alongside the headquarters staff at the foot of our hill, the commissariat officials and their subordinates are hurriedly removing documents. Similar work is going on all round at the various other staff and commissariat offices. In the distance alongside the railway station locomotive engines are puffing and blowing and railway carriages are strung out in enormous lines. A part of the stores have already left and we can hear the creaking of the commissariat wagons.

THE WOUNDED.

At two o'clock the first transport of wounded arrived. The severely wounded are placed by ones and twos in the two wheeled ambulance carts, with a canvass cover. Those less severely wounded are placed by threes and even fours. Others are supported by the hospital attendants and those slightly wounded are dragging themselves along unaided. For the first time since the war began I saw such a gathering of wounded and was struck by the quietness prevailing amongst them. Neither shouts nor groans were to be heard except now and then when the rough two wheeled carts which would cause a strong man some qualms, gave a particularly severe jolt, then one would hear pitiful exclamations: "Oh, Lord, have mercy!" "Mother of Heaven, I can't stand it."

"Contrary to their laudable practice of suspending operations till two in the afternoon, the Japanese, on this day, broke their rules and continued to bombard us for all they were worth. The unceasing roar of artillery made one dizzy. There was no getting away from the horrid din. It pursued one everywhere. By three o'clock the sky over clouded and rain began to fall. The ground, which had not yet dried from the previous downpour, soon became converted into a veritable bog, over which the ambulance carts creaked, splashing mud, on their way back to their position for a further batch of wounded.

September 1.—At six o'clock this morning Kuropatkin, accompanied by all his staff, left to ride around the positions, and meanwhile his train was brought on the main line and proceeded first to the station and afterwards, when the commander had returned and entered his carriage three verst from Liao Yang, the train was drawn on to a siding.

On riding through the town just before the departure, I stopped near the church. A sad picture presented itself to my eyes. On the other side of the enclosure, in a tiny hollow, lay ten corpses placed side by side and covered with sheets from under which one could see their feet, looking hideously dirty, covered with black earth. Some of them still wore their boots, but the majority were barefooted. The aged priest and his deacon with a few choristers selected from the non-combatants, were hurriedly reading the burial service. While the service was being read over some of the corpses bearers were hastily bringing others and unceremoniously flinging them on the ground.

PLACING SIEGE GUNS.

Up to two o'clock in the afternoon the Japanese left us alone it was said that they were placing siege guns to bombard the city. Our armies retreated beyond the lines of forts and took up very well entrenched positions. Indescribable tumult prevailed at the railroad station, trains were rapidly formed, loaded with wounded, with artillery ammunition, with commissariat stores, and hurriedly forwarded. The refreshment room at the station was thronged mostly with reserve officers and commissary officers as well as doctors and sisters of mercy, all hurrying to satisfy their hunger as no one knew when he would next have a meal.

The hum of many voices filled the air; the noise was literally deafening. Suddenly, just at two o'clock, the well known hissing sound of a shell was heard above the station roof and the projectile burst alongside the building. An awful crash for the moment obliterated all other sound; then came the rattle of falling glass and stone, the crowd rushed hither and thither—a piercing shriek rent the air; it came from a sister of mercy who had been struck by a splinter as she was crossing the platform. She fell covered with blood. Then came another shell bursting a little to the side near the water tower; a third fell beyond the station at a spot where the foreign military attaches lived. The bombardment of Liao Yang had begun.

Along the whole length of the railroad from the Red Cross Hospital of the George's Sisterhood stretched a line of tents where lay the wounded, whom it had been impossible to place in the railway carriages. Here they were dressed, sorted out and entrained. As the carriages were filled up the trains moved off one after another, northward. The sun was westering, night was at hand. In some places fire broke out; some stores which had not been removed were burning. Shots re-echoed discharges of artillery was to be seen on all sides. The flare of innumerable discharges of artillery was to be seen here and there. Above everything glowed the flames of the fire and the heart was filled with the bitterness of a vague affront. Only now could I to some extent realize what our ancestors had felt in leaving Moscow, since the abandonment of such an insignificant and even foreign place as Liao Yang causes a heartache. Today it is still in our hands, but tomorrow or at latest the day after, the Japanese will enter.

ALL NIGHT LONG.

All night long the Japanese poured a stream of shot and shell into Liao Yang, centering their fire upon the spot where stood the headquarters of the commissariat depots. The latter, however, had almost all been emptied. This senseless, futile bombardment racked ones nerves. "What are the fools wasting their ammunition for?" muttered a spectator beside me. "Whom are they shooting at? Nothing but empty air and empty houses. Evidently they don't know what to do with their shells."

It must be true that the Japanese have an inexhaustible supply of ammunition if they can squander it so wildly. It is to be supposed that they derive an esthetic delight from listening to the sound of their own guns.

Late in the evening we were told that on the following day, September 2, Kuropatkin would leave his train, which was going straight on to Mukden and that he and all his staff would march with the army.

September 2.—About six o'clock in the morning a convoy of Amour Cossacks drew up around the commander's carriage where a brilliant staff was assembled. The commissariat trains had already left and were stretching in a long caravan towards the village of Chanstun, where they were to bivouac.

After half an hour's conference in Kuropatkin's carriage the first to come out was Gen Sakharoff. He looked robust and cheerful; his face breathing energy. Summoning his orderly officers, the chief of staff quickly gave them his instructions and then lightly jumped into his saddle. He is a splendid horseman.

Immediately behind Sekharoff came Kuropatkin, walking with slow, decided tread. "Good morning, Cossacks," rang out his cheerful greeting. "We wish good health to Your High Excellency" came the reply The commadder mounted his horse and the whole cortege moved off.

CAROLINIANS IN OFFICE.

Mighty Few, Compared With Some Other States.

A bulletin has just been issued by Director North of the census office on "The Executive Civil Service of the United States," and shows that there were 25,675 persons employed by the government in the District of Columbia on July 1 1903. These figure do not include two or three thousand clerks, engineers, laborers, etc, employed by the government of the District of Columbia.

Virginia is the only southern state which seems to have its share of government employes, which is due, no doubt, to the close proximity to the capital. On July 1, 1903, the government had employed in the city of Washington 1,119 persons who claimed the state of Virginia as their legal residence. North Carolina had 445 South Carolina, 290, and Georgia 519 It would appear from these figures that South Carolina has been slighted in the matter of government appointments. South Carolina's quota of government 65 per cent exhausted, and at the present time it is a comparatively easy matter for young men and women from the Palmetto state who stand high upon their state registers to get appointments in Washington.

A great many of the Eastern states have exhausted their quota, and in Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania New York and one or two other states applicants are not permitted to take a large number of the civil service examinations for the reason that those states already have more appointments than they are entitled to.

Although the residents of the District of Columbia are not allowed the rights of citizens of states, such as the right to vote, they get their full share of government jobs. One-fifth of the people employed in the government service within the district were either born in Washington, or have since made it their home. The exact number of government employes whose legal residence is in the District of Columbia is 5,348. New York state has the next largest number, 2,206.

The department of state employes the smallest force of clerks of any of the great government bureaus. The entire number is but 113. Virginia has six representatives in the department ruled over by Secretary Hay; North Carolina, three, and South Carolina none. The department of agriculture employs more persons than any other branch of the government. Under Secretary Wilson there are 4,115 clerks, scientists, gardeners, laborers, etc. There are 59 South Carolinians; 79 North Carolinians, and 138 Virginians working in the department of agriculture.

There are 4,048 employes in the department of the interior. Virginia is represented by 156 clerks, etc., North Carolina by 79 and South Carolina by 37.

About two-thirds of the government employes in the district are men, the exact figures being 13,793 men and 6,882 women. In regard to the charter of the work of the 25,675 persons upon Uncle Sam's pay roll, the bulletin shows that 8,877 are engaged in clerical work; 3,319 in professional technical or scientific occupations; 558 in executive duties; 2,248 are doing mechanical work; 8,266 are sub-clerks and laborers, and 1,107 are messengers, chad women, and the like.

The table in regard to ages of the employes presents some interesting figures. A larger percentage of the clerks are between 30 and 40 years of age than any other period. There are 6,979 government employes between 30 and 39 years of age. There are 3,000 between the ages of 60 and 79.

Student Arrested.

A dispatch from Newberry to The State says George Singleton, a student of the colored State college at Orangeburg, was arrested there Thursday for the theft of a bicycle from Maj. Shelly about eight weeks ago. Singleton had purchased his ticket and checked the wheel when arrested by Policeman Carter. Singleton protested his innocence but was retained.

WINSTON FLOODED.

Reservoir Gave Way, Causing Loss of Nine Lives.

NINE OTHER PERSONS INJURED.

A Dam Holding 800,000 Gallons of Water Broke in the Heart of the Twin City Causing a Great Flood.

A reservoir of the municipal waterworks, located near the centre of Winston, N. C., broke at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning, causing the loss of nine lives and the injury of four or five persons.

The dead are:

Mrs. Martin Peeples.

Mrs. Vogler.

Mrs John Poe and 12 year-old daughter.

Mrs. Southern.

John Southern.

Miss Octavia Bailey, aged 20.

Lucile Malone.

Carolina Martin.

The two last named are colored.

The injured:

Martin V. Peeples, both legs broken. Walter Peeples, injury to back. Gilley Jordan, slightly bruised.

These are at the hospital. D. L. Payne, a traveling man of Greensboro, may recover, though his condition prevents his removal to the hospital now.

The north side of the reservoir, which is 30 feet high, tumbled over, falling upon the home and barn of Martin V. Peeples. There were about 800,000 gallons of water in the reservoir, and the mad stream rushed northeast to the Southern railway cut and thence to Belos pond, a distance of a half mile. Four tenement houses were washed several hundred yards.

D. L. Payne, injured, said he was awakened by the crash and thought he was being swallowed by an earthquake. "I cannot describe my experience while I was floating on the mad, rushing stream of water," said Mr. Payne, after his removal to a house near the place where he was found.

There were several miraculous escapes. A colored man and his wife, named Davis, after their house was turned over, floated upon the stream of water on their bed to the railroad junction, a distance of 500 yards. He lodged upon a heap of rubbish and walked out without a scratch.

The Winston aldermen met Wednesday morning and made arrangements to bury the dead and care for the injured.

The Winston reservoir was built in 1881 by a company composed of 60 citizens. Ten years ago it and the entire water plant was sold to the city. Soon thereafter ten feet was added to the height of the reservoir, which was full of water when the collapse came. The city has just had a large stand pipe completed. It is full of water and the town is prepared to supply every demand.

Despite the early hour, the news of the disaster spread over the city in an incredibly short space of time, and within 30 minutes between 500 and 1,000 people surrounded the spot. An hour later the entire city was aroused and excited. Before the extent of the damage was known, and while it was thought that perhaps the members of the Peeples family were the only ones who had lost their lives, cries of distress were heard farther down the street.

The thousands of gallons of water that flowed from the reservoir formed a pond in the vicinity, and it was thought that several people might have been drowned in this. The city council met and decided to drain the pond in order to recover any bodies that might lie beneath the water.

The reservoir was situated about five blocks from the centre of the business district of the city and was surrounded by a number of residences and several small stores. It is understood that the structure had been condemned, but the city authorities had failed to remove it.

Murderers Executed.

Mr. Pearson, United States minister to Persia, has cabled the state department that he has emphatically reiterated his unequivocal demand for the just and proper punishment of those responsible for the murder of Mr Larabee, the American missionary. Mr. Pearson also reported that he had just been told by the minister of foreign affairs who received his information from the crown prince, that six of the accessories to the murder, while endeavoring to escape, were killed Thursday afternoon by Persian forces and that the remainder of the gang is being actively pursued by the military. By way of retribution for Larabee's mutilation the Persian military commander had two of the ring leaders decapitated and their heads exposed on bayonets.

Killed at Hot Supper.

At Charleston an inquest was held Thursday over the body of James Green, colored, whose body was found last night in a well on Anson street. It was shown that at a hot supper on Sunday, Green had entered the room and put the inmates to flight. Charles Hayes, who was [illegible] that night was the man, who striking an axe, struck the blow which caused Green's death. It did not appear, however, who placed the body in the well. Hayes denies that he [illegible] He claims that he struck [illegible] in self defense. He was committed to jail for trial.