

LOST HIS LIFE.

A Brave Fireman's Sacrifice in Effort to save Woman.

A FATAL HOTEL FIRE.

Many Leaped to Their Death. Eight Persons Killed and a Number Injured While Fleeing From the West Hotel in City of Minneapolis.

At Minneapolis, Minn., eight persons dead of suffocation or of injuries sustained in leaping from a "fire proof" hotel building, a score of persons injured and a building damaged \$25,000 by fire, smoke and water in an epidemic of the revised ravages caused by a disaster which befell the West hotel, Hennepin avenue and Fifth street, Wednesday, throwing seven hundred guests and employes into a panic.

The dead: Fire Captain John Berwin, fell from the fourth floor to the Fifth street sidewalk while attempting to save a woman's life.

W. G. Nichols, Minneapolis, suffocated in his room on sixth floor.

Thomas Sumnerville, Springfield, Mass., salesman for Atkins & Co., suffocated in his room on sixth floor.

J. E. Wolfe, Northwestern agent for Sperry & Alexander company of New York, suffocated in room.

Clinton B. Lamme, New York, traveling man; suffocated in his room.

J. B. Peisner, New York, traveling man, jumped from the seventh story.

Mrs. M. E. Hodges, Minneapolis, jumped from seventh story.

Wm. Black, New York, suffocated in room.

The fire was confined to the elevator shaft and the two top floors in one corner of the building, but a dense smoke pervaded everywhere and the wild excitement which followed the first alarm hurried people into halls and out on window ledges in a frantic attempt to save themselves.

The fire started in a packing room on the first floor near the elevator. The wood in the elevator shaft caught fire and burned like tinder. A sheet of fire 20 feet wide mounted the shaft to the seventh story, carrying an immense volume of smoke which frightened the guests out of their senses and started a panic.

The smoke spread to most all parts of the hotel, causing many persons to lose their way in the confusion. Five persons were found suffocated in their rooms after the fire was out.

Capt. John Berwin of a hook and ladder company, having broken open a window on the seventh floor which he had reached by means of a scaling ladder; stumbled onto the body of Mrs. Emilie Barlow, an aged woman who he strapped the unconscious form to his back and started down the ladder, when midway between the seventh and sixth stories, the strap broke, bending over to balance the body for a moment, he then leaped at the risk of his life, and the woman to ward a protruding ledge on the floor below. Apparently being revived by the fresh air by the shock, the aged woman grasped the projection and held on. Later she was rescued. But in throwing the woman to safety, Capt. Berwin lost his balance and fell to the pavement. He was instantly killed.

J. E. Wolfe, 50 years old, traveling representative for Sperry & Alexander, wholesale hardware merchants of New York, met a horrible death. He was burned in his room and the condition of the furniture indicated that he had fought the flames until the last. All the clothing had been torn from the bed and it was apparent that the man had sought to smother the flames which eventually consumed him.

The excitement was so intense that J. B. Peisner of New York and Mrs. M. E. Hodges of Minneapolis, who were on window ledges near an alley, not being encouraged by the crowd on Fifth street, leaped from the seventh floor to the pavement. Peisner's clothes caught fire and he tumbled, burning, through the air. He struck a railing near the Hennepin avenue side of the hotel and was out in two. There were many thrilling rescues from the top floor.

ASSAULTED A CHILD.

Young Newberry Negro Charged With a Heinous Crime.

A dispatch from Newberry to the State says Clarence Butler, a negro about 17 years old, was brought to jail there Wednesday night by Sheriff M. M. Buford, charged with felonious assault. The victim is a negro child, about 7 years old, daughter of Louis Jesse, living on the plantation of Mr. Jno. B. Spearman, near Silver Street. The crime is alleged to have been committed on Tuesday evening of last week about 5 o'clock. The child was in the house alone. Her cries were heard and some of the people on the plantation hastened to her rescue and saw a man running from the house. The child at once told the story of the assault and it was as said that an examination corroborated her statements.

Mr. Spearman telephoned to sheriff Buford, and yesterday, with a warrant issued on the information of the father of the child, by Magistrate Cannon Blease, he went in search of his man. He found him at Saluda Oldtown Wednesday evening and brought him to jail here.

Sheriff Buford is being congratulated today on the swiftness of the capture. To the promptness and skill with which he has always discharged the duties of his office, as in this case he attributes the good order of the day, and the infrequency of serious crimes.

WANTED A BOY.

GIRL CAME INSTEAD AND THE FATHER GOT MAD.

Used Violence On His Unwelcome Child and is Held for Trial.

Stephen Heinbold, of New York, twenty-eight years old, was up before the court recently on a charge of assaulting the baby girl that came in place of the boy he desired so much.

Mrs. Heinbold, a pleasant faced, matronly young German was in court with the baby. She said they had been married three years and have a comfortable home at 987 S. Second avenue. The husband is an upholsterer and earns from \$18 to \$30 a week.

The woman said their marriage was a love match and that their home was a happy one until the birth of the second child, five months ago. The firstborn was a girl. The father was disappointed because the baby was not a boy. His wife consoled him by saying the next child might be a boy.

"Stephen was a good husband," as kind and loving as a man could be, and I saw that he was greatly troubled about a son," said Mrs. Heinbold. "I told him that I learned a professor at Berlin said that you could have a boy or girl by eating certain kinds of food, and I asked him to get me those things that are mostly what the professor called 'carbon'ous."

Then began the experiment which it was hoped would bring a heir to the Heinbold household. Mrs. Heinbold had egg nudgein at breakfast. A luchen she devoted herself mostly to pumpernickle and charlotte russe and at dinner she ate schwebrod until her appetite craved for a change of diet.

The parents were hopeful of success until early in May they were disturbed by the published opinion of Director Smith of the central Park manager, who said that from his observation of the animals in the Park he believed that sex could be predicated by the hydrocarbons which predominate in a boy. Peanuts were good for that. Bread and cakes and such things contained albumen and predisposed to females.

The Heinbolds saw that they had been working the theory upside down. The food Mrs. Heinbold had been eating was considerably albuminous and favorable to another girl. After they got over their disappointment she started on the Smith theory and had peanuts for dinner, luncheon and breakfast.

Early in August the second child was born. When the family doctor told the father that it was a girl the news was received without rejoicing. According to the woman's story, he became moody, seemed to lose interest in his family and would not care for the second child as he had the first.

After a while he would scowl every time his eyes happened to fall on the baby. The baby was christened Stephen, after his father, but he was never heard to mention the name. He continued to hang over all his wages at the end of the week to his wife, but she began to treat her coldly and she understood that the cause of the whole trouble was that the baby was not a boy.

She went to the court and complained that her husband had struck the baby in the face with his fist, and she was afraid he might do it some serious injury. The case was turned over to Agent O'Connor of the Children's society to investigate. O'Connor made an investigation, arrested the husband, and he and the woman told the story to Magistrate Whitman in court. Mrs. Heinbold said that the blow from the man's fist made the baby's nose bleed and blacked its left eye.

"Was he drunk?" asked the magistrate.

"No, he doesn't drink. His habits are good in everything else, except that he can't bear the sight of the baby," she replied.

"That's a very pretty baby. He ought to be proud of it," remarked the court as he looked at the unwelcome infant that the woman held in her arms.

The blue eyed fat infant smiled up at his honor.

"What do you want me to do with your husband?" The magistrate asked.

"Something must be done to change his mind before he gets worse. It's all because the baby was not a boy," she responded.

Heinbold was asked what he had to say. He said he did not strike the child with his fist.

The woman said she had money enough to get along without her husband for a time, and perhaps if he was locked up for a while he would become reconciled to the girlhood of the baby.

"I'll hold him in \$300 bail for trial in special sessions," announced the magistrate.

The man had no bondsmen handy and was locked up.

To Biennial Sessions. The joint Legislative Committee appointed to look into the alleged illegality of the proceeding under which the "biennial sessions" amendment to the constitution was adopted by the legislature two years ago and ratified by the people at the general election in 1894, Thursday submitted its report. In this document it is set forth that the constitutional exactions and requirements were not observed in the enactment of this joint resolution, and the joint committee recommends that the whole transaction be started anew and that the matter be again submitted to the people for ratification. This will postpone biennial sessions of the Legislature a few years.

Mangled by Train. At Erie, Pa., Frank Hineman and John Marast, employees of a local mail house, were instantly killed at German street crossing of the Lake Shore railroad Wednesday morning. The men stepped from one track to another in front of a passenger train. Their bodies were horribly mangled.

HOME FROM WAR.

Startling Scenes Enacted in the City of Moscow.

I was passing the empty university last Saturday morning. Minute snow was falling through the air before a bitter wind, but it thawed as it fell and people went slopping through the filthy puddles, in galoshes, as it is fashion here. Training in disorder through the dirt and wind, mixed up with the market people and the little open droshkies that dash up and down the streets like our handoms, came a string of soldiers slowly making their way westward.

They had just passed the booths where the butchers and other loyalists slaughtered the students. They had reached the point where the Cossacks shot blindly into the procession, and had accompanied the funeral of the student Bumann. There they halted because the cross road in front was blocked with traffic and a few passers by began to look at them curiously.

They were not to be called a column, nor were they organized as an advance party. They were not organized at all, but a few cavalry came first, their hairy little horses throwing up a steam into the wind; then a few infantry, not more than a battalion, I think, covered with filth, their uniforms torn and patched, some in low caps like our own men, some in high furry caps matted with mud and which followed a rambling line of carts, and it was the sight of the men stretched inside them with their hands and feet which showed to us what they really were.

They were the soldiers returning from the war—the van of the great ruined army coming home. At least they had completed the 5,000 or 6,000 miles of their journey through the Siberian plains and were alive in the heart of their own country. And this is how they were received.

The municipality had intended to arrange some sort of festivities at the station. They had intended to give little presents to the men—shoe laces and cigarettes, I suppose, and little decorations for the officers with the inscription: "To the Defenders of the Country."

Whether those festivities were ever held and those little presents given I cannot say. The papers had announced that the soldiers would begin to arrive on Sunday. The government took care that they should arrive on Saturday. The presents may possibly have been rushed out in carts to meet them, though it would be more like the Russian officials to re-said the offerings of their patriotism for themselves.

But so little interest was taken in the whole thing that the evening papers continued to announce that the army would begin to arrive next day, and as far as I can discover no further notice of any kind was taken of the defenders of the country. So they drifted westward of the dirty streets and disappeared into their barracks.

The reservists among them appear to have been dismissed at once. At all events the crowds of beggars who with threats and curses violently demand the milk of human kindness up in the streets have been increased by many tattered creature who limp about in tresses of disreputable uniforms, and as they pass the people say "A soldier from the war."—Moscow Correspondence New York Sun.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

A Man and Woman Commit Suicide in Raleigh.

A special dispatch from Raleigh, N. C., says a sensational double suicide was discovered there Monday afternoon, in which a man of some prominence and well known and a woman of easy virtue figured. The man was William H. Hood, who for a number of years was deputy register of deeds of this city and county and whose father was register of deeds until his death, about five years ago. The woman was a resident of "East Raleigh" and was known among her associates as "Violet." She had been in Raleigh but a few months and her family name has not yet been definitely learned.

Mr. Hood, who held a position with the leading department store here, had been drinking heavily for the last few days. On Saturday night he and the girl, who was apparently between 20 and 25 years old, went to the house of an old colored woman. This afternoon the bodies of the two were found there and nine empty laudanum vials revealed the means used by the suicides.

Hood left an invalid widow and a child. It is stated that the widow would not permit his body to be taken to his home after she learned the circumstances of the suicide. Hood was a man who had many friends here and in other states, and disposition seems to have been the sole cause of his ruin and death. Three months ago he was treated in an institution for the drink habit.

Showdown on Rural. Postmaster General Cortleyou in his report outlines a policy of stricter adherence to the legal regulation of rural mail routes. Most important to rural route patrons is his intention to "discontinue without delay any route where it is found on inspection that because of a lack of appreciation of the service the expenditures involved are unwarranted," and the announcement that where patronage is insufficient to warrant a daily delivery substitution will be made of a every-other-day service. Not every route is appreciative and two many patrons look upon the service as something to which they have the same general right as they have to receive mail at a postoffice. The \$14,000,000 deficit has brought the government to the conclusion that there is little sense in spending the people's money on those who do not appreciate it.

Shot Him Dead. Herbert D. Ashdown, a collector, was shot and fatally wounded in a restaurant in Troy, N. Y., on Monday night by Mrs. Jennie Parkott, who was crazed with jealousy because he was soon to marry another woman.

WOMEN WANTED.

Granite City Ill., Has Too Many Old Bachelors.

"God give us men!" cried Post Holland in lofty vein; but what Granite City wants is women.

In this flourishing Illinois town which had a population of 6,700 according to the census of 1900, and which now claims 10,000, there are ten men to each woman.

The majority of these men are bachelors—particularly the business and professional men—and as a consequence more than half of the houses in Granite City are rooming and boarding houses.

While there has been no formal movement to induce an influx of women the marriage blem men of the town would be much obliged, to say the least, if desirable members of the fair sex would place themselves within reaching distance.

The young bachelors of the town are so busy making money—and there is hardly a one of them who does not rake in from \$5 to \$10 a day—that they have no time to go courting at a distance; yet they would prove themselves the marryingest lot of men in the country if they only had a chance.

Over at Alton there is Myron Begg, the friend of Roosevelt, who is bragging against race suicide as hard as he knows how; and as the echoes of his exhortations reach the ears of the lonesome young bachelors at Granite City they are as sad as sad can be.

Even some of the city officials cannot get wives. They are City Attorney Maurice Sullivan and City Clerk George Furnish, for example.

Arch Crimmons, to whom clerk, is in the same lonesome category. Ex-mayor J. B. Judd was forced to go out of office last spring still unwedded, though not unwilling.

The Wife as a Banker. Women are savers rather than spenders. And when they spend they spend to good advantage. A dollar in a woman's hands goes twice as far as a dollar in the hands of a man. If you want to save money let your wife be the banker. This is for the workman, whether he labors with his hands or toils with his brain. This is for the married man and for the man about to be married. It is for men in every case of life. It is the best advice for the average man everywhere. Give this a trial during the present year upon which we have just entered and see if you are not better off at its beginning.

Cheated the Gallows. Booker Glass, a negro confined in Selma, Ala., for the murder of K. E. Allen, a young white man, and sentenced to hang January 19th; cheated the gallows in a daring dash for liberty Tuesday, in which he was shot to death by deputies. The negro fled off his manacles with a shoelace and tried to wrest a revolver from a guard. Two men were required to overpower the negro and one deputy shot him at the risk of the other's life. The dead negro was named for Booker Washington. Tin dinner plates were found folded over his heart when the body was examined.

Sensation of Falling. The sensation of falling down a precipice is one that few persons have had an opportunity of recording. Prof. Albert Heim, well known geologist, has been able to describe the experience to the Swiss Alpine Club, and relates that he was not troubled in breathing and felt none of the paralyzing terror that so often overwhelms victims of sudden catastrophe. He felt perfect tranquility, though remarkably quickened mental activity. Old memories were reviewed and then his ears were filled with soft musical sounds, and consciousness was lost as the ground was struck. There was no pain nor sensation of shock.

Many Killed. A cablegram from Tokio, Japan, says that on the 4th instant an explosion set fire to a mine at Akita, on the main island of Japan, and that 101 persons lost their lives.

THE ONLY REMEDY THAT CURES RHEUMATISM TO STAY CURED.

GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

RUBBING DON'T CURE.

Rheumatism is an internal disease and requires an internal remedy. RHEUMACIDE "Gets at the Joints from the inside," and that is the reason it Cures after all other remedies have failed. Rheumacide sweeps all the poisonous germs and acids out of the blood and "Makes You Well All Over." These pains are danger signals, warning you of a disease that threatens the entire system. Headaches, Pains, Bad Taste in the Mouth, that "No-Account" feeling indicate that you need

Rheumacide

REMOVES THE CAUSE OF THE PAIN

Cured 80-year-old Mrs. Mary Weiborn, of High Point, N. C., after she had suffered 20 years. Cured her 70 years old daughter, Mrs. Methodist minister, of Reisterstown, Md. Cured John F. Ellis, of More, after Johns Hopkins Hospital had completely failed. Cured James Wilkes, of Dillon, S. C., after he had been in bed three years and had been drawn up against his back. Better get a bottle from your druggist at once. Sample bottle and booklet FREE if you send 5 cents for postage.

Dear Sirs: I was laid up last November with Rheumatism in my feet and ankles, but after taking four bottles of Rheumacide I have not been bothered since. I tried every old kind of liniment and was under two doctors, and all I tried had the same result, until I got Rheumacide. Now, I am pleased to say, it has not been necessary for me to take any medicine for Rheumatism since February last. Everybody that I recommended it to has had the same results.

Yours very truly,
P. RANAGAN, Manager,
Quincy Industrial Co-operative Society.

Early Cabbage Plants Guaranteed to Satisfy Purchaser



EARLY JERSEY CHARLESTON SUCCESSION AUGUSTA SHORT STEMMED
WAKEFIELD LARGY FLAT BUTCH
The Earliest Wakefield The Earliest Flat Butch Largest and Latest
Cabbage Grown Second Earliest Head Variety than Succession Cabbage
PRICE: 1 to 4 m. at \$1.50 per m. 5 to 9 m. at \$1.25 per m. 10 m. and over, at \$1.00 per m.
R. O. S. YOUNG'S SEED & S. C. My Special Express Rate on Plants is Very Low.
I guarantee Plants to give purchaser satisfaction, or will refund the purchase price. I guarantee to give the purchaser satisfaction, or will refund the purchase price. I guarantee to give the purchaser satisfaction, or will refund the purchase price. I guarantee to give the purchaser satisfaction, or will refund the purchase price.

WM. C. GERATY, BOX 86, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Do You Need a Doctor?

If You Are Sick You Should Consult Only an Expert. Do Not Allow Yourself to Be Treated by Just any Doctor. You can Consult the South's Most Expert Specialist About Your Disease Free.



Dr. Hathaway is without doubt the most expert, reliable and successful specialist in the South to-day. He has been established longer than any other specialist and has built up a practice larger than that of any specialist in the United States in his line of treatment. Not only is he an expert, but an honest, conscientious physician. He has always conducted his practice in an honest, upright manner and you can consult him with perfect confidence.

Itching Piles.

Cure to stay Cured. Tannopiline Ointment is a certain and quick cure for blind, itching, bleeding and protruding piles. The first application gives instant and complete relief, and a cure speedily follows. Not an experiment, but a remedy tried and tested without a failure in hundreds of the worst cases.

TANNOPILINE OINTMENT is sold with an absolute guarantee. Our confidence in this remedy is unlimited. Hundreds of voluntary testimonials to its wonderful virtues. Easy and convenient to use. Upon being applied it exerts a cooling, healing and astringent effect that takes away every evidence of discomfort at once. Cost a little more than many so-called "Pile Cures," but worth many times the difference. Price \$1.00. Guaranteed satisfactory to every purchaser.

AT DRUG STORES. Or by mail of the Murray Drug Co., Columbia, S. C.

Ludden & Bates

=Piano Club=

100 Pianos, 100 Members.

\$287

To club members—for the new scale \$100 Ludden & Bates. Pay \$10 at first then \$8 monthly. No delays. Pianos shipped promptly. Our Guarantee—Warranted for a life time.



Positions BANK DEPOSIT \$5,000

GUARANTEED BY A BANK DEPOSIT \$5,000. R. R. Fawcett, Notes Taken 800 FIFTH COURSE, GEORGIA-ALABAMA BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.