

FATAL MISTAKE OF FRIENDS.

Killed While Trying to Help Catch Grave Robbers.

A trap laid by Harfield G. Conrad, one of the wealthiest men in Montana, and his brother, in which hoped to catch the men who last year stole the body of Harfield's son from its grave in a cemetery at Great Falls, resulted Wednesday night in the killing by the Conrad's of Joseph Hamilton, former sheriff of Cascade county, a friend who was assisting the brothers in their plan to capture the grave robbers.

Recently Conrad was notified his child's body would be returned to him if \$1,500 was left beside a lantern he would find burning at a lonely spot on the Fort Benton road. Making up a "dummy" package, the Conrads proceeded to the place in an automobile. Hamilton was to follow on horseback and take the grave robbers by surprise.

Coming to a point where a light was burning some distance from the road they dropped their package of money and proceeded on their way. About a mile farther on they found the lantern burning by the roadside and realized they had made a mistake.

Returning to get the package again, they saw stooping over a figure of a man, who straightened up with a gun in his hand as they approached. Both Conrads opened fire, the man dropping at the first shot. Investigation disclosed the fact that they had killed their friend Hamilton.

DONATION TO WINTHROP.

Peabody Committee will Recommend \$90,000 for Winthrop.

Greenville, May 17.—On returning this morning from New York city, where he attended a meeting of the Peabody educational board, Ex-Gov. M. F. Ansel announced that the committee had agreed upon a plan to be submitted to the full board at the November meeting, looking to the final distribution of the funds of the board, and that the committee will recommend a donation of \$90,000 to Winthrop College at Rock Hill, the amount to be used in the erection of buildings on the campus of the institution. No announcement was made by Mr. Ansel as to the amounts recommended for other States, but it is understood that \$40,000 was set aside for the State of Georgia.

Mr. Ansel is South Carolina's representative on the Peabody board, associated with him being Theodore Roosevelt, Hoke Smith, Andrew Carnegie and George Foster Peabody and others.

Of the Peabody education fund \$1,300,000 is for distribution this year among 14 Southern States, a large part of which will go to the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville.

Strictly Family Affairs.

Dan Donnelly, the public service inspector who looks after traffic at the Four Corners during the day, encounters all sorts of experiences with travelers. The following is one story he relates:

"A lady leading a daintily dressed little girl of perhaps five or six years mounted the platform of a Broad street car. There was an air of aristocracy about them; but it was an aristocracy that had evidently seen better days, for there were signs of wear about the tips of the gloves the lady wore, and the little tot's shoes were beginning to show the effects of travel.

"The lady dropped a five-cent piece into the fare box and took hold of her daughter's hand to lead her into the car.

"Pardon me lady," questioned the conductor, "but how old is your daughter?"

"A look that contained a mixture of subdued surprise and haughty reserve covered the ticket taker for an instant and then the little silver purse came out from the muff again. "I prefer to keep my family affairs to myself," she said as a second five-cent piece rattled into the box."—Newark Star.

Dr. George W. Walker Dead.

Augusta, Ga., May 17.—George W. Walker, D. D., president of Paine College for Negroes, and widely known Methodist minister, died here to-day, aged 60 years. He was a native of Marion, S. C., and a graduate of Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C., in 1883. When the Methodist Episcopal church of the South, decided to have a school in which to train negro teachers and preachers, Dr. Walker volunteered to undertake the work, and he was made president of Paine College, which position he has held ever since. The negro men at the school will be active pall-bearers, and the white Methodist ministers of the city will be honorary pall-bearers at the funeral to-morrow. Bishop Warren A. Candler has wired that he will attend the funeral.

KILLED BY MOLTEN TAR.

Boy Set on Fire by Blazing Pitch, Which Hardened in His Tissues.

A blazing can of molten tar, accidentally kicked into his face by another boy, brought extreme suffering and quick death to Peter Phellen, 11 years old. The boy died at St. Francis hospital. For seven hours after the accident, which occurred in front of 431 East 142nd street about noon, the youngster lay unconscious under the unavailing treatment of the hospital surgeons. Slowly the tar ate into his flesh, and as it became cool hardened in the tissues, making recovery impossible.

In an anteroom in the hospital the boy's parents awaited the result of the physicians' efforts to save his life. It was thought best not to let them see their son, because of the condition of his scarred body. When one of the surgeons at last told them that the child was dead, Mrs. Phellen went into hysterics.

With three other boys—Alfred Gliss, Alfred Stephens and Gerald Eckroth—all of whom live in the apartment house with him, young Phellen was playing in the street. One of the boys came on the pot of tar, tossed it into an ash barrel on the sidewalk. The youngsters borrowed matches from a passer-by, and soon had the can blazing finely. Delighted, the four boys danced around the flames, which mounted higher and higher as the heat became more intense.

The fire at last reached such proportions the boys began to fear a policeman would be attracted, particularly as they had set the tar pot on a flight of stone steps, so they decided to extinguish the blaze. Running up the stairs to step above the blazing pot, one of the boys kicked the can, intending to knock it into the street. The pot bounded into the air then dropped bottom up on young Phellen's face. As the blazing black liquid flowed across his cheeks, over his shoulders, and down his whole body, Peter stood still, screaming with pain and terror.

"My eyes! My eyes!" he cried, and began running up and down aimlessly as the tar sank through his clothing into the skin.

So frightened were the other boys at the plight of their comrade they fled, crying for help. Attracted by the uproar George Goss rushed downstairs, caught Phellen in his arms, and ran with him to St. Francis. There the burned boy, who by that time was unconscious, was laid on the operating table, and Drs. Switzer, Perald and Richards worked hard over him to the moment he died. The coroner was informed, and directed the police of the Alexander police station to investigate. It was found the pouring of the molten tar on Phellen was wholly accidental.—New York Press.

Denies Petition of Glass Company.

Sustaining the action of the old State dispensary commission, the new commission last Wednesday signed an order dismissing the petition of the Carolina Glass company of Columbia for the return of about \$21,000 taken over in Richland county. The commission also refused to reconsider the Carolina Glass company case.

Following the session it was stated by B. F. Kelly, secretary of the commission, that the commission had not named an attorney to take the place of the firm of Anderson, Felder, Rountree & Wilson, of Atlanta, but that an attorney would be named at the next meeting of the commission, which has been called for May 29.

The claim of S. W. Scruggs, of Spartanburg, for \$4,000 alleged to be due for services rendered the old commission was not considered by the commission. The claim will come up for consideration at the next meeting.

May Appeal Glass Case.

Following the refusal of the dispensary commission to return \$21,000 taken over by the old commission in Richland county, announcement was made by attorneys for the Carolina Glass company that the case would be appealed to the United States supreme court, or that a suit for the above amount will be filed against the members of the former commission. It is expected that a definite announcement will be made as to what action will be taken in a few days.

Lyon Requested to Proceed.

Columbia, May 17.—The dispensary commission this afternoon requested Attorney General Lyon, in a formal resolution, to proceed with the case against the Richland Distilling Company, the concern that the old commission said was indebted to the State in the sum of \$672,801.37.

The Richland Distilling Company's property here was seized several months ago by order of the commission following a decree obtained from the courts. The property here is estimated as being worth about \$30,000.

A PITIFUL STORY.

Little Girl Slave Escapes from the Fiends.

One of the most pitiful instances of the white slave traffic ever brought to light in Atlanta is the case of little Nettie Lewis, a girl in knee dresses, who until six months ago lived on a farm near Winston-Salem, N. C., says the Atlanta Journal. Since then she has been traveling about the country, she says, supporting two parasites, from whom she attempted to escape innumerable times, only to be caught, brought back, cruelly treated and forced to continue her life of shame for the gain of her master and mistress.

The girl has been held in the matron's ward for the past three days, while the Atlanta detectives have been trying to apprehend the man and woman, who brought her to this city. Theri efforts have been futile and apparently both have escaped from the city.

Here's the girl's story as she told it in the matron's ward: "Six months ago a woman, whom I have known as Cassie Cobb, and her friend, H. M. Burt, asked me to slip away from her home for a few days' trip to Charlotte. Cassie is from a small town in South Carolina and Burt is originally from Aberdeen, N. C. I had known them only a short time, but I was tired of staying home and wanted to see Charlotte.

"Since then I don't know where we have been—all over Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia. They traveled as man and wife and I was Cassie's niece. They forced me to go out on the streets and make money for them. They would always take my money away from me as soon as I got it. Burt said he was a horse trader, but really he didn't do a thing and the money I made provided the three of us with clothes, board and railroad fare.

"Sometimes I would try to get away, but they would always catch me. Burt told me that he would kill me sooner or later if I kept trying to escape. Both of them cursed me, and I was terribly afraid, because I knew that Burt would really kill me. I have seen him beat Cassie terribly time and time again, and one time, when he knocked her down with a chair, he accidentally struck me during the fight."

The girl was brought to police headquarters by the proprietor of a local hotel. On Saturday night she was sent out to the street by a woman, it is alleged. Instead of going back to the Neal house, where the trio had been stopping, she went to the Cannon hotel. There she met a married woman to whom she told her story.

The woman kept her in the room with her during the night and the following morning informed the hotel proprietor, who suggested an appeal to the police. The girl went to police headquarters voluntarily, and will remain until the authorities find a way to send her back to her widowed mother, or until they capture the man and woman.

A Wrong Impression.

As a train left a certain station the following sign was displayed in the buffet car:

"No intoxicating liquors will be served while the train is passing through North Dakota."

They had been rolling through that interminable State a long time, when the Women's Christian Temperance Union delegate from the east came into the car for her dinner, casting her eye out of the window upon a somewhat changed landscape, she remarked to the waiter:

"Are we still in North Dakota?" "No, ma'am," answered George alertly, with a hospitable grin, "what'll you drink, ma'am?"—Housekeeper.

A weary guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called, the morning after his arrival, by the colored man-of-all-work.

"See here," he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called? I want to sleep!"

"I know, sub, but dey've got to hab de sheets, anyhow. It's almos' eight o'clock, an' dey's waiting fo' de tableclof."—Everybody's Magazine.

Will Enforce the Law.

The merchants of this county will be interested in the State agricultural department's efforts to enforce more strictly than heretofore the feed-stuffs act. Commissioner Watson is sending out a notice to the merchants in the State, calling attention to the necessity for strict enforcement of the law. During the first year of its operation, Commissioner Watson has been disposed to be somewhat lenient, but he announced recently that hereafter seizures will be made in all cases where the facts justify the taking of spoiled grain or grain that does not come up to the standards.

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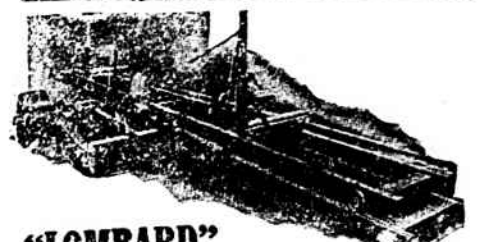
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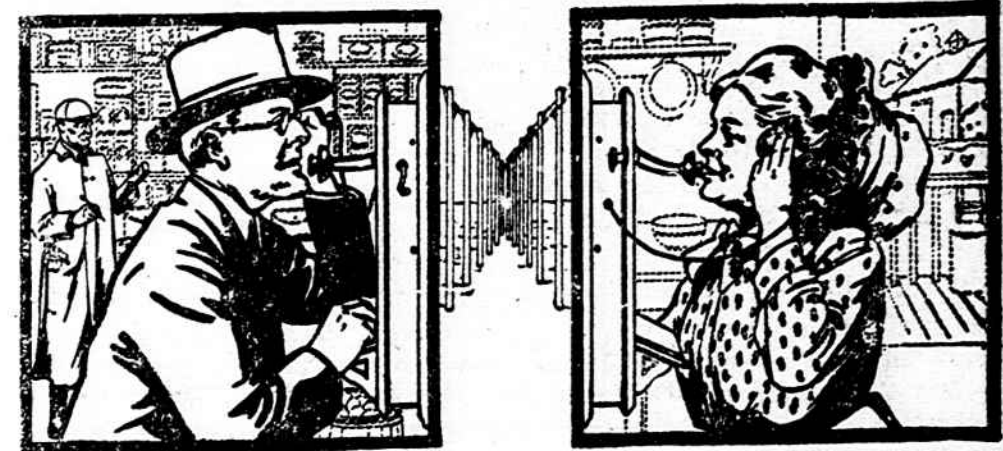
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