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THE RAGING RIVERS.

DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF THE FLOOD IN THE STATE.

Columbia's New Water-Works Completely Demolished—Serious Damage to the Canal and Other Public Property—Gloomy Reports of Great Losses to Farmers.

COLUMBIA, May 21.—We have a deluge in South Carolina. No wonder can be felt that the rivers are furious and unmanageable, when it is learned that the rainfall here night before last, between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M., was six and ninety-one-hundredth of an inch. This is what the gauge of the signal service office registered, as the observer reports to-day. Dr. Jackson's smaller gauge was overflowed as reported yesterday.

Although the rain had ceased in this section the rivers continued to rise, and great uneasiness was felt here last night as to the fate of the two bridges which connect Columbia with Lexington County—the one over Broad River, above the city, and the other over the Congaree, opposite Columbia. Fears were entertained also for the Canal. A large force of convicts worked yesterday to build a "protection embankment" at the upper end of the Canal, and made great progress. They were stopped at sunset, leaving the bank five feet higher than the water was at the time. It was unfortunate that they were not kept at work all night to insure the safety of the work, because what they had done proved to be useless. Manager Anderson, of the Canal, was unfortunately sick in bed and could not direct the force as it should have been directed.

This morning alarming rumors were circulated on the streets concerning the bridges and the Canal. Shortly before 11 o'clock a representative of the News and Courier went down to the Congaree bridge to begin a canvass of the situation. A large number of vehicles were found collected at the Columbia terminus of the structure, having been employed to convey sight-seers to the spot. Many ladies were among the visitors. The sight which met the eye was wild and thrilling. At the ferry crossing, just below the bridge, the river at its ordinary level is 250 yards wide. Now a foaming mass of water fully 500 yards in width hurried downward toward the coast.

The water had spread all over the lowlands below the bridge, carrying destruction with it. The ferry approaches and Pearce's granite quarries were submerged. A negro house on the Columbia bank near the brigeman's quarters was submerged to the eaves of the roof. A walk across the bridges furnished excitement enough to stir the most sluggish blood. The swollen stream was a seething mass of tawny water, speckled with debris of all kinds. Huge logs, uprooted trees, boxes and trash were hurried down the torrent at a speed which could not be less than ten miles an hour.

The water covered the great granite buttresses of the old bridge, about five feet below the flooring of the present structure. It raged against these piers, swirling around them in huge eddies, many yards in diameter, which boiled like melstoms. The tumultuous yellow water, breaking into foam every second, the black shapes of trees and logs dancing and whirling down the current or being momentarily arrested by the blockade of the debris which formed about some of the piers, formed a strange contrast to the bright sunshine overhead and the pretty dresses of the ladies who, undismayed by the aqueous saturnalia, looked from the bridge upon the rare spectacle.

The river at noon had risen two inches since 10 A. M. Opinions differ as to whether this flood is greater than the famous one of 1852. The bridge is built upon piers superimposed upon the piers of the bridge of that year. It is five or six feet higher than the old structure, which was submerged in that year. Old observers say that the river is three feet lower than it was then, but other experienced judges dissent, and it does not seem probable that the first statement is correct, as the water was at noon within five feet of the flooring of the bridge. All agree that it is higher than it was during the noted freshet of 1855.

The Canal was full of water, and leaving the bridge still supreme above the flood, a visit was made along the bank to the Penitentiary and the upper works of the Canal.

Superintendent Lipscomb of the Penitentiary was in great distress about the ravages of the freshet. He considered the losses great, but could not estimate what the damages to the Canal would be.

At 10 o'clock last night the protecting embankment at the upper end of the Canal had broken, and from an empty reservoir that great ditch was suddenly transformed into a furious river. The outer bank, in anticipation of freshets, had been securely rip-rapped except where there was an old and naturally solid bank.

The water at noon filled the Canal to a depth six feet greater than the "working level" which would be used if it were complete and in operation. Besides, the current in the channel was infinitely more rapid than it would be under any circumstances were the Canal finished. Well, the flood having entered the Canal raged through it and played havoc with the inner bank. By an unfortunate circumstance the most valuable section of the river wall just above the city water-works received the fiercest attack of the current.

On the river at this point the obstruction made by the remnant of the dam of the old Geiger mill—pulled down to make clear the path of the Canal—turned the river current against the Canal bank, and at the same time some huge

boulders of granite, still remaining in the Canal bed, turned the Canal current against the same section. Now, this section was really an island which had been adopted as the river wall of the Canal. It had a group of tall pine trees upon it and was the site of the new water-works. It had braved all former freshets and made a high embankment, three times as broad at the top as the Charleston Battery. But not being rip-rapped, and being infringed upon by two previous streams, it soon began to melt away.

At 9.30 this morning the first breach was made and the waters of the river and Canal met. The boulders in the Canal still turned the current upon the lower section whereon the water-works were located, and gradually the bank was eaten away, the red clay dropping in huge masses into the boiling water as the island was undermined. When the representative of the News and Courier reached the spot shortly after noon, the break in the Canal bank was a hundred feet wide and the island was melting up like loaf sugar in a bubbling tea cup.

By noon dozens of hacks and buggies had concentrated upon the Geiger mill hill overlooking the island, and one or two hundred people were watching its rapid disintegration. Messrs. Hennies and Boucher, photographers, had a camera on the hill and took several good views of the picturesque scene. Ladies in numbers occupied the carriages and took mental impressions. Alderman W. B. Lowrance, chairman of the water-works committee of the city council, climbed partly over the Canal on the water mains and swam from the point where they were submerged. He reached the island, made a reconnaissance and returned with news that the works were doomed. Cheers greeted him when he emerged from the water. A dozen big pine trees on the island had been washed down. Only three were left and those were deep in the water. Bets were made as when the water-works would go.

At 1.10 P. M. the island had been dissolved as far down as the porch of the upper building containing the engine and part of the porch was swept away. By 1.40 P. M. the roof of the porch fell in. 1.55 the main door of the building was burst by the force of the water and the structure began to settle. Five minutes later, the current having caught the outward wall, the building toppled over and went down with a crash. The roof had a cupola, and as it sailed majestically down stream with this cupola rising from its centre and the smoke-stack of the engine still projecting from the top at an angle of forty-five degrees, it bore a marked resemblance to a turret monitor with a big pivot gun on deck. In this shape it bore down on the Congaree bridge, and the people from the commanding eminence, watched for the collision. Luckily the monitor had no ram. The turret struck the bridge and was knocked to pieces, and the disabled craft went jolting harmlessly down the Congaree. The sensation was over and the crowd thinned out.

During the entire afternoon the hacks were very busy conveying sight-seers to the Canal bank. The second house containing some pumping machinery, was reached later in the day, and was lodged bodily against some sunken trees in the stream. A third structure, the last on the island, was this evening partly protected by a concrete reservoir, but will probably disappear by morning with the rest of the island. The destruction of the water-works is a great blow in the city. They cannot be replaced for \$10,000, and besides the valuable and convenient site they occupied is being obliterated. The old water-works, upon which Columbia must now rely, cannot furnish more than a third of the water now consumed in the city, and here we are at the beginning of the heated term with a water famine in prospect.

The status of the Canal is this: There are five crevasses, one at the upper terminus of the earth work, another opposite Cemetery Hill, the water-works crevasse, a fourth at the great waste weir, and the last opposite the Penitentiary wall at a point where the old water wheel used to be. They are constantly widening, and none seem to be less than a hundred feet wide. The newer earthwork on the inner side of the river wall is washing out very fast. The riprap on the river front is holding out, but as far down as the waste weir there is no telling what will be left besides those rocks.

The city bridge across the Canal at the water-works is gone. It cost about five hundred dollars. The bridge over the Canal opposite the penitentiary has also been washed away. The preliminary rock work for the river wall extending about two hundred yards above Cemetery Hill, is safe and solid. Its presence is marked by a broad streak of foam. Engineer Lee, who accompanied the Reporter along the Canal, estimated at 2 o'clock that the damage to the Canal was equivalent to about five thousand dollars, two-thirds of which was represented by labor, as the washing was of earthwork, not more than 10 per cent. of which was represented in this case by cash.

But the loss must be much greater than that now. It cannot well be estimated accurately until the waters subside. The banks of the Canal were raised everywhere, except at the upper terminus, to a height five feet greater than the highest water mark previously known, and the altitude has proved to be ample. They were so massive that it seemed to many a waste of labor so to make them. The disaster to the Canal resulted simply from the absence of a sufficiently high temporary dam at the upper terminus. During the latter part of the day the river has seemed to be stationary, and as the Congaree and Broad River bridges are still several feet above the flood they will doubtless withstand it. Others disasters may be

in store for the Penitentiary.

A hundred convicts are at the Seegers place in the lowlands below the city and forty are at the Aughtry place in the same section. These plantations are being operated by the Penitentiary. They were reported to-day to be water-bound, and Superintendent Lipscomb was organizing a boating expedition to ascertain their condition. This evening two guards arrived from these farms and reported that they thought the convicts were safe, but that the inundation was great. They could not tell what the fate of the crops would be. It is certain that there will be great loss in the cotton and corn fields.

The Walker brick yard, above the Penitentiary, and operated by that institution, was abandoned last night and is overflowed, involving a loss to the institution of 300,000 bricks. The Penitentiary tract, in Lexington County, is inundated. Two hundred cords of wood have been carried away, and the crops of oats and corn are ruined. It is impossible to estimate the extent of the losses of the planters and farmers in the Congaree bottoms below the city. Great numbers of the cattle and hogs have been drowned and many fields have been washed out. Dead animals have been floating down the Congaree all day. The negroes on various plantations have had to seek refuge on the roofs of their houses.

Accurate details are lacking. All in all, the flood has been as disastrous to this section as any which ever preceded it and the reports of losses will grow as communication with isolated points is resumed.—News and Courier.

BIG TIMES IN GEORGIA.

Gordon and Bacon in Joint Discussion—Hot Words and Threatening Violence.

EATONTON, May 17.—Who asserts it lies, who insinuates, it lies, who repeats it after hearing me to-day lies—that I ever resigned any public trust, in peace or in war, when my services would benefit my people or country, and when I was physically able to serve, and let him come who dares to defy.

That was Major Bacon's manly and significant reply to-day to Gen. Gordon's insinuating inquiry if he had not resigned from the Ninth Georgia regiment, as adjutant, when his country needed his services.

During the delivery of this bold rebuke of an unworthy insinuation Major Bacon looked Gen. Gordon fully in the eyes and shook his finger at him. The sensation it produced caused a hush over the audience that marked the significance of that stern rebuke. Even Gen. Gordon seemed impressed by his nonchalant air vanished. The day was signalized by several other notable incidents. Among them was Gen. Gordon's serving indirect notice on Major Bacon that he proposed if necessary to run a bolting or independent campaign.

Dr. R. B. Nisbet introduced both Gen. Gordon and Major Bacon. In presenting the former he made a stump speech of some length in favor of the old soldier, which was a surprise to even his friends, as the chairman of a joint discussion is presumed to say nothing leaning to any candidate.

Gen. Gordon recited his American speech, firing a few shots with which he had been loaded at Atlanta on Sunday, and using a fuse of rhetorical flourishes to set them off. The burden of his song was that Bacon is a chronic candidate, declaring that he had been a standing candidate for so long the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

When Nisbet rose to introduce Bacon, he said the Major was one of Georgian blood and an honorable man, who had as much right to run for governor as either Gordon or the speaker, and as often as he pleased. This unhappy reiteration of Gordon's chief point was cheered. Major Bacon, with flashing eye and voice as if choked with indignation, spoke in spirited terms to the chairman's reference to his right to run as often as he pleased. Nobody disputed the proposition, but it was a question of taste as to the chairman's logging it in.

Dr. Nisbet jumped up excitedly, and would not sit down at Major Bacon's bidding, but proceeded to say he would leave it to the people present to say if he had reflected on Major Bacon. He had used the expression "right to run as often as he pleased," out of extreme courtesy, as Gen. Gordon had pressed Major Bacon so hard on that point.

Major Bacon said if the gentleman had offered it out of courtesy, he could only say he was not used to such "courtesies."

"Then you have not been accustomed to associating with gentlemen," interjected Nesbit.

"To that I reply in forbearance of severer language, that I am accustomed to the society of the gentleman's own blood in my home city," responded Major Bacon with perceptibly suppressed emotion and with courageous forbearance.

Continuing, he said: "I ask before I proceed that some impartial person be appointed chairman, or at least that such a one be made keeper of the time of our limited speeches."

A friend of Major Bacon's then took the time. While this was going on two of Dr. Nisbet's sons, who had pushed their way through the court house to the rear where the platform was, the audience being on the green, swore that "that man Bacon should not speak here." Instantly as they neared the door leading on the platform they were seized and forced back.

After several minutes excitement order was resumed and Bacon proceeded with his criticism of Gordon, whom he fairly roasted over the fire of logic in the crucible of truth.—Augusta Chronicle.

The recent freshet has been very destructive to property all over the State.

CHOOSING FOUR BISHOPS.

AN HISTORIC EVENT IN THE METHODIST CHURCH SOUTH.

The Election Witnessed by an Immense Congregation—Dr. Duncan, of South Carolina, Receives the Great Compliment of being the First New Bishop Chosen.

RICHMOND, May 18.—This was the great day of the present session of the General Conference; 11 o'clock A. M. to-day was the time that had been set for the election of Bishops. Centenary Church where the Conference sits, was crowded to its utmost capacity. Expectation was on tiptoe, and the members were getting restive, as the routine business was being transacted. When the time arrived, Bishop Keener, who presided to-day, called the Conference to join in singing and prayer. He next stated the order of the day and the mode in which the election was to be conducted. There were 242 votes cast at the first ballot, each delegate (lay and clerical) voting for four persons. The vote was very scattering, as is not unfrequently the case upon first ballots, where there are no nominations, and nominations were of course not to be thought of. I think as many as 85 persons were voted for. Galloway received 79, Hendrix 74, Duncan 68, Fitzgerald 63 and Key 62. These were the highest, and it was evident the four Bishops would be chosen from among these. As 123 votes were necessary there was no election. This ballot, with counting in open Conference, consumed nearly three hours. The second ballot was taken in the afternoon. Only 243 voted, and 122 votes therefore were necessary to elect. Duncan received the highest vote, 152; Galloway the next, 136, Hendrix 122. These were declared elected. Key received 105 votes and Fitzgerald, the editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, 86 votes. It was clear that one of these two would be elected as the fourth Bishop upon the third ballot, which proved to be the case. The next ballot elected Key. This completed the great work of the day. A brief sketch of the new Bishops will be in order.

The Rev. W. W. Duncan, D. D., was born December 27, 1839, in Mecklenburg County, Va., graduated in Wofford College, S. C., in 1858, and joined the Virginia Conference in 1859, where he preached very acceptably, and was much beloved as a pastor. In 1875 he was elected professor of mental and moral science in Wofford College. This position he has filled up to the present time. In his capacity of "financial secretary" of this institution he has traveled extensively and preached in every part of South Carolina. He developed considerable preaching power and gained great popularity. His election by such a flattering vote to-day was a substantial proof that Dr. Duncan's reputation had reached beyond the narrow confines of his own State. Bishop Duncan is in his best years, of robust physique, and doubtless will do good work for his church.

Dr. Charles B. Galloway was born in Cosciusko, Miss., September 1, 1849, and was educated in the university of his State, entered the Mississippi Conference in 1868, and was engaged in regular pastoral work till 1882, when he was made editor of the New Orleans Christian Advocate. He is probably the youngest Bishop the Methodist Church has had.

The Rev. Eugene Russell Hendrix, D. D., was born in Fayette, Missouri, May 17, 1847, graduated at the Wesleyan University in 1867, and at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1869; joined the Missouri Conference in 1869, served on missions, stations, and in the presidency of Central College, Missouri, holding the latter position since 1878. He accompanied Bishop Marvin in his travels round the world in 1876 and 1877, and upon his return published a volume giving an account of his tour.

The Rev. Joseph Stanton Key, D. D., was borne July 18, 1829, graduated from Emory College, Oxford, Ga., in 1848, entered the Georgia Conference in 1849, and has been in the regular work of the Methodist itinerancy ever since, filling missions, stations and serving as presiding elder in districts. He is a member of the South Georgia Conference. He was appointed delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London, and the Centennial Conference in Baltimore, but was providentially hindered from attending either.

A MADMAN'S SUICIDE.

Terrible Leap From a Train of a Victim of Sunstroke.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 19.—A shocking suicide occurred Wednesday afternoon on the Short Line Railway near Glencoe Station, forty miles from Louisville. The fast passenger train from Cincinnati was running round a curve at the rate of forty miles an hour when a tall fine looking man about fifty years old, who had been sitting on a seat with two other men, sprang to his feet with a mad shriek and dashed to the front door of the coach. He stood for a moment on the platform of the coach, and then, with another shriek, plunged headforemost into space. He struck the side of the deep cut through which the train was passing and rebounding, his body rolled under the wheels of the flying train. The train was stopped quickly and the chastly remains of the fine looking man were picked from the track and placed in the baggage car. The suicide was E. F. Walker, aged forty-nine years, once a prominent and highly respected citizen of Louisville. He had been confined in a sanitarium in Cincinnati for several months, and was being brought to the Anchorage Lunatic Asylum, near Louisville. His madness was the result of sunstroke.

VICTIM OF A COACHMAN'S CHARMS.

The Grandniece of Commodore Vanderbilt Marries her Father's Groom.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Another coachman has secured for his bride the pretty daughter of wealthy parents. This event was all that was talked about in Tarrytown yesterday afternoon when it got poised about, although it was the intention of all the parties concerned to keep it a secret and not let it get into the newspapers. The lucky groom in this case is George Minton, the good-looking and gentlemanly appearing coachman of the Rev. J. B. Morse, and the bride Miss. Grace Morse, the twenty-two-year old daughter of the reverend gentleman named. She is tall and graceful, something of a blonde, and with a pretty face. She is a little taller than her husband, but the difference is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. Her mother is an old resident of Tarrytown, a niece of the late Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and a cousin of the late William H. Vanderbilt. She inherited a fixed income from the old Commodore's estate, and she and her husband, who is engaged in mission work on Blackwell's Island, have always lived in luxury. Their residence is a handsome brick mansion on Broadway, Tarrytown, in the most aristocratic neighborhood. Their house is in the centre of ample grounds, and is reached by a winding roadway, shaded by state-ly elms.

There had been no love-making or anything akin to it noticeable between the coachman and his young mistress, although the young lady, who is the eldest of three children—her sister Ethel and brother Howard being a few years younger—had often been out riding with no one but the coachman in attendance. It is supposed they improved these and such other clandestine opportunities as offered for their love-making.

It had not been decided by them that yesterday should be the wedding day, but the sudden marriage was brought about in this way: The coachman had taken Mr. and Mrs. Morse and the maid to the railroad station, where they took the 10.41 A. M. train to New York. Minton then returned to the house and took Miss Grace out for a ride. As they were driving along Broadway they met Henry Lyons, whom young Minton had previously asked to be a witness to the marriage. Lyons bade them "Good morning," and Minton asked him to get into the carriage, saying they were on their way to Father Joseph Egan's the rector of St. Teresa's Roman Catholic Church. Their banns had not been published as is required by the rules of that church, and as they desired the marriage to be kept strictly secret they had got the rector to apply for a dispensation from the Bishop to allow the marriage to proceed without that formality.

When the party reached the parsonage Coachman Minton jumped out of the carriage and went in. He soon returned and said: "It's all right; come right into the church." The three then went in, walking up the main aisle, and took a position directly in front of the altar. The only other witness to the ceremony which was then performed was a lady unknown to either bride, groom or Lyons. The bride was dressed in a slate-colored dress and a fashionable spring hat.

Mrs. Morse, after finishing her shopping in New York, took the 5.10 P. M. train to Tarrytown. When she heard of what had transpired during her absence she was prostrated with grief, mingled with anger and disappointment. It is said there was a scene in the house, but this could not be verified.

BLOODY FRACAS IN VIRGINIA.

Several Men Shot Down in a Street Brawl at Martinsville.

WASHINGTON, May 18.—Specials from Martinsville, Virginia, give the following history of the tragedy of which brief mention was made last night: Saturday night an anonymous circular was issued and posted up all over town. It seriously reflected on W. K. Terry, a young business man, and his father, the late William Terry, a prominent citizen. Monday morning Terry telegraphed for his two brothers, J. K. and Benj. Terry, living at Aiken station, twenty miles away. They arrived at 1 P. M., and after a brief consultation went to the printing office and demanded the author of the card. The printer told them it was Colonel P. D. Spencer, member of the Town Board, and one of the leading business men. Monday evening soon after the tobacco factories had closed for the day and the streets were filled with operatives returning from their work, the Terry brothers started in the direction of Spencer's factory. When about half way they were met by Spencer with his brother and several friends. W. K. Terry addressed a few words to Spencer, who told him not to shoot. Just then some one fired a pistol and the shooting became general. Forty shots were fired. W. K. Terry was shot from the rear, the ball entering near the spine and lodging in his right breast. Jake Terry was shot through the abdomen and fell dead. Ben. Terry was shot through the neck and in the body. Spencer was shot in the hip, and his business partner, Tarlton Brown, received two balls in the groin and is thought to be fatally wounded. R. L. Jones, a saloon-keeper; R. L. Gregory, a clerk at the Lee Hotel, and Sandy Martin, a colored mechanic, are all seriously hurt. The last two were hit by stray balls. The Terrys are well known and are members of an old family and occupy a high social position. None of them are married. Saturday afternoon W. K. Terry circulated a card ridiculing the tax bill passed by the town board, of which Spencer was a member, but this did not justify, in popular opinion, the card which followed it at night and which brought on the tragedy.

A CHAPTER OF HORRORS.

A MOTHER BUTCHERS HER THREE DAUGHTERS AND HERSELF.

Four Children Burned to Death—Attempted Murder and Suicide Near Savannah—Explosion at a Chemical Factory.

WHEELING, W. VA., May 19.—A terrible murder and suicide occurred in Lincoln County, this State, on Monday night last. Mrs. Margaret Donan, a widow, became insane from religious fanaticism, and imagined she had been called upon by the Lord to sacrifice herself and her three children to divine wrath. Early in the evening she threw herself upon her knees and spent several hours in wild ravings. She then arose, and arming herself with a large, sharp carving knife made her way to the room occupied by her three daughters, aged twelve, ten and eight years, cut the throat of each child, and then plunged the knife into her own heart. The bodies were discovered yesterday by neighbors, who state that the room was so bespattered with blood as to bear a very strong resemblance to a slaughter house.

AKRON, O., May 19.—The home of widow Mary Mooney was burned at midnight with four of her children. The widow was awakened by the flames, and taking the youngest child, aged two, in her arms, leaped from a window, telling the other children to jump after her. They did not do so, and perished in the flames. Mrs. Mooney and her brother-in-law were badly burned in endeavoring to rescue the children. The brother-in-law will probably die. The child which Mrs. Mooney had in her arms when she leaped from the window is the only one of the family unhurt.

SAVANNAH, GA., May 19.—In a quarrel between Captain Lowery of the British bark Lydia and Steward Horritzman at Doboy to-day Horritzman shot at the Captain, the ball grazing his hand causing a slight wound. The Captain fell and Horritzman thinking he had killed him turned and shot himself in the head.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 19.—Fire, preceded by a loud explosion, occurred in Franck's chemical factory, corner Seventh and Washington streets, Hoboken, to-day. Three men at work on the third floor were rescued after being badly burned and one was also injured by falling from a third story window. All three will probably die.

A PARIS TRAGEDY.

Sensational Suicide of a Bridegroom Under Unaccountable Circumstances.

PARIS, FRANCE, May 18.—A domestic drama with a tragic end has just made a great sensation in the busy quarter of the Faubourg du Temple. On Saturday a merry party met at a house in the Rue Saint Maur to celebrate the marriage of the daughter of a working tradesman and a respectable clerk. The bride was pretty and the bridegroom a steady, hard working man.

The young couple seemed deeply in love with one another, and the marriage bid fair to be a happy one. After dining heartily the wedding guest had a dance, and about midnight, when, according to the custom of the petite bourgeoisie of Paris, the bride had received the kisses of all present, she retired with her husband to her new home near by, her father promising to awake her about 12 o'clock the next day.

At noon precisely the father knocked at the door of the nuptial chamber and invited the young people to come to dejeuner with him. The husband, who was apparently in high spirits, accepted, but asked his wife to go on without him, promising that he would follow immediately.

Time passed, and 1 o'clock struck, then 2, but yet no sign of the bridegroom. Getting alarmed, the wife and her father went to look for him, she had just reached his house when a cab drove up, followed by a crowd of people. Dreading misfortune the bride rushed to the cab and looked in, and the next moment, uttering a cry of horror, she fainted.

On a seat in the cab lay the dead body of her husband, shot through the head. Beside him lay a letter, on which he had scrawled the following words: "I am resolved. I write this on the Boulevard de Sebastopol. I have hired a cab and hope I shall not miss my aim."

"Rue Saint Maur."

On a separate sheet he had added:—"Let them bury me quickly and cheaply, and let my mother and father-in-law break the news to my mother. Farewell."

No clew whatever can be discovered to the tragedy. The widow is beside herself with despair and has to be constantly watched lest, like her husband of a day, she should also commit suicide.

A CHARNEL HOUSE.

A Woman Found Dying in a Cabin With Six of Her Family Dead Around Her.

PAWNEE, KANSAS, May 20.—Two drummers driving from Grayson to Pawnee, Kansas, lost their way and finally came to a shanty. In it were two beds; on one lay a woman who looked like a living skeleton; on the other were the dead bodies of a man and five children. The woman could talk and told this story: "My husband, Howard Ballinger, had been sick a long time. Five weeks ago we very nearly out of provisions and I sent my son, twenty-two years of age, to Grayson to get some provisions. We waited and waited for his return, but he did not come. After a while the children got sick, and one by one the little ones died. My husband was the last one to go, he dying last night." The drummers had a lunch with them, and giving it to the woman, went out to find help. Several people from Grayson said that they saw young Ballinger in town, and he said he was going to San Francisco.