

## SHAFT PIERCES SKULL

Strange Accident Kills New York Hat Manufacturer

NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM

Instant Death the Fate of Samuel Cohen, Struck by Runaway Horse as He Was Entering the Subway—Women Faint at Awful Sight.

Impaled on a broken wagon shaft swinging by the side of a runaway horse, Samuel Cohen, fifty years old, a hat manufacturer of 201 Wooster street, New York city, was killed as he stood near the entrance to the subway station in Bleeker street. The shaft penetrated his forehead, completely tearing off the top of his head as if by an explosion.

A large crowd of men and women on their way home from work saw the



CAUGHT HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREHEAD.

singular accident and looked with horror on the torn head of the victim. Only a moment before they had seen the man standing near the subway entrance, all unconscious of the onrushing danger. He did not see the animal, with two policemen vainly trying to check its progress, dash straight at him. Cohen was about to enter the subway station when the horse dashed on to the sidewalk and the protruding shaft pierced his skull. The man had turned just as the horse was upon him.

The animal was attached to a wagon filled with boxes. Alexander Barris of 28 Rutgers street was the driver, and he was at Greene and Bleeker streets when the horse shied at a sheet of white paper lying in the middle of the street. It reared and dashed forward, and as it did so the kingbolt of the wagon broke, and the forewheels and side shafts became separated from the main body of the wagon.

The top of the wagon fell into the street, scattering the boxes. Barris clung to the reins and was dragged behind the wheels for half a block and then his strength gave out. He dropped the reins, and the animal plunged forward impelled by swifter strides by the bumping wreckage of the vehicle it was dragging.

When the horse crossed Broadway, Patrolman Joseph Allen of the traffic squad tried to seize the runaway by the bit, but was unable to do so. The policeman then clutched the axle that the animal was dragging and tried to throw the horse. He was unable to do so, but he kept his hold on the axle and shouted to persons in the street to keep out of the way.

The horse continued running east in Bleeker street, men, women and children scattering at its approach. It was about 6 p. m., and hundreds of working men and women were on their way home and the sidewalks were crowded. The clattering hoofs and the shouts of the policeman warned those on the sidewalks, however, and most of them sought refuge in doorways.

At Bleeker and Lafayette streets Patrolman Bracken, who has a record for stopping runaways, ran into the middle of the street and clutched at the head of the horse. The animal reared and then came crashing down on the pavement, the weight of the policeman having stopped its progress. Standing at the corner was Cohen. He was facing the direction opposite to the one in which the horse was coming, and was so engrossed in thought he did not hear the warning shouts of the policeman and others in the street.

Cohen turned around just as the animal reared, but it is doubtful if he knew he was in danger before he was struck. He died instantly, and as his body fell to the sidewalk women screamed hysterically and men turned from the sight.

The two policemen, after turning the horse over to several bystanders, lifted the man's body to the sidewalk and then informed the coroner's office of the accident. No one from the coroner's office came, however, to view the body, and for an hour it remained in the street. It was drizzling at the time, but as the coroner's office had not acted in the case, the policemen were not permitted to remove the body.

When finally permission to remove the body was received it was carried to police headquarters.

## AN ESCAPED LUNATIC

By MARTHA V. PEASLEY

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My brother Henry wrote me that he was going to bring his friend out to our country place for the week end. "He's a jim dandy, Edith," wrote Henry, "and I'm bringing him out purposely to introduce him to you."

About a mile from our place was the state insane asylum. Its proximity was a great disadvantage in that I was in constant dread lest some maniac should escape, come to our house and murder us all. An escaped lunatic had once come there when no one but a maid was in the house and had frightened her out of her senses.

About 5 o'clock one afternoon when I was just ready to go downstairs and out on to the piazza there came a ring at the telephone. I answered the call myself. It was from the asylum and was an inquiry as to whether we had seen or heard of one of the inmates who had left the grounds and gone in our direction. He had passed out with a suit case in his hand, telling the gatekeeper that he had been discharged and was going home. He was one of the most dangerous patients in the institution.

I replied that we had seen nothing of him and sincerely hoped we would not. Then I went out on the piazza and tried to think of something else. But I was unable to fix my thoughts on anything save a madman coming down on us. Every man who passed on the road a short distance from where I sat looked to me like a raving maniac. Finally I saw a man coming carrying a suit case. My heart went right up into my throat. I muttered a silent prayer that he might pass the gate. He did not. He stopped and looked up at our house. "He's the escaped patient," I moaned. "He's deliberating whether he'll come here or go on farther. Heavens, he's coming in!"

There was no man in the house, and I simply must meet him. I sat perfectly still while he came up the walk, my heart wildly beating. I had read stories of persons turning away insane persons by coolness and strategy, but I didn't find any coolness in myself, and, as for strategy, I was incapable of carrying on even an ordinary conversation with the man. By the time he reached the piazza I saw a wild eyed creature with fiery red hair and atmospheric disturbances similar to heat waves emanating from his finger ends. Indeed, had I looked at him through dancing water or an imperfect window pane he couldn't have appeared more terrible. He said something to me, but I had no idea what it was, except that it was a question.

"Go on," I said—"oh, go on! They're after you! I just had a telephone from them asking if we had seen you. As you value your freedom, go!"

He stood looking at me. Was he going to spring upon me or would he with that cunning often to be found in persons of his kind attempt to outwit me so that he could effect an entrance into the house and murder us all without our being able to call for help?

"You can't come in!" I continued excitedly. "Oh, go on! Don't stop a moment! You'll be captured. Please go!"

The man turned and, without a word, retraced his steps. I maintained my position until I had seen him out of the gate, then I staggered into the house, sank on a lounge, and that's the last I knew till I saw the maid sprinkling my face with water.

Ashamed of my weakness, I soon arose and by keeping smelling salts continually at my nostrils managed to get upstairs to my room. In the course of an hour the maid knocked at my door and said my brother had come. I was surprised at this, for he had written that he would be with us on Saturday afternoon, and it was now Friday. I was so ashamed of my terror at the approach of the lunatic—Henry had no respect for my timidity—that I resolved not to say anything about it. With the smelling salts in my hand, I went down into the living room.

Oh, my goodness gracious! Am I mad, or are my eyes askew? There, beside Henry, stands the maniac!

"What the dickens did you mean, Edith, by treating Mr. Trask as you did awhile ago? I missed the train, and he came on without me, only to be turned away by you. Were you crazy?"

"N-o-o, b-but I thought he was."

Henry was very angry, but his friend soothingly said that I doubtless had an explanation. I gave it. A sickly smile gradually overspread the features of both the men, and, as for me, I ran up to my room and locked the door, and they didn't get me out of it till the next morning. When I came down to breakfast Henry and Mr. Trask were waiting for me. Henry, who was still mortified at my reception of his friend, said by way of introduction, just as if we hadn't met before:

"Edith, this is Mr. Trask, whom I wrote you I would bring up with me this week. I assure you he is in his right mind and has no intention of murdering you."

"Yes, I have," said the other. "I'm going to pluck her heart out of her."

Now, wasn't that nice of him? Indeed, he turned the whole matter into a joke, getting Henry into good humor and making me feel less uncomfortable.

And he kept his word about plucking my heart out of me.

## GHOST MAKES SIGNS.

From His Grave Chinaman Appeals For Help.

SCARES HORSE GRAZER STIFF

Rescued at Last From Living Tomb, Unfortunate Son of Tzi Lung Is Confined In Temple Until He Proves He Is Not a Spirit.

A "ghost" that eats has thrown the towns of the Slangfu district, in China, into a commotion. The facts are remarkable. The thirty-year-old son of Tzi Lung, a schoolteacher, was thought to have died of typhus fever. His family being very poor, the body was placed in a frail wood coffin and buried



HE SAW A GAUNT WHITE ARM THRUST UP, only a few inches under the soil out side the western gate of the town of Slangyang.

A week later a man put his horse to graze on the spot. The beast found good grass near the grave and brought its foot down on the soil above the coffin, the lid of which was broken. In a little while the owner of the horse saw a gaunt white arm thrust up through the hole made by the horse's hoof.

Thinking the dead man's "ghost" was about to rise to avenge the insult offered in the breaking of the coffin, the watcher hurried up and began shoveling earth into the hole to keep the "ghost" down. A muffled voice expostulated and begged to be freed, claiming to be the living son of Tzi Lung. The watcher fled in terror to the town, where he told every one he met of what had happened. The "ghost's" father urged that the "ghost" should be left alone and not further disturbed.

A large crowd, however, went out of the city to view the wonder. The "ghost" kept begging most piteously to be let out. One man had courage enough to unearth the cover of the coffin completely and open it, allowing the "resurrected" man to sit up. Rice soup and wine were brought and ravenously devoured by the "ghost," still sitting upright in his coffin, imbedded in the earth.

Finally the unhappy "ghost" was released and confined in a temple until he could prove himself to be a living man.

Set Robin's Broken Leg.

About six weeks ago Hugh McGill of Lock Haven, Pa., noticed an old robin fluttering in the grass in front of his home. After some effort he caught it with his hands and discovered that one of the robin's legs was broken. Taking redrest into the house, he washed the bones, applied splints and carefully bandaged the leg. To his surprise the bones knitted, and soon the leg was found to be as good as ever. The robin was given its freedom, but in appreciation of the kind act it comes about the house many times every day and has become so tame that it will eat crumbs from McGill's hand. The bird has a nest in a nearby tree and on being called by McGill invariably flies to him.

Held Horses While Wives Fought.

A feud which has been existing between the wives of two prominent Frederick county (Va.) farmers for a number of years was settled, at least in part, on the public highway near Winchester when the women, driving with their husbands, met, leaped from their carriages and engaged in a fist fight. Both rolled over and over in the road and fought desperately, while their husbands stood in the shade and held the horses. The women fought until both were completely exhausted. The men then shook hands cordially, each taking possession of his respective spouse, and drove on.

Despondent Dog Hangs Himself.

A valuable bulldog belonging to John C. Reed of 27 Isbell street, Binghamton, N. Y., committed suicide by jumping up against a picket fence until he hooked his collar over one of the pickets. He then swung himself around until the weight of his body on the leather strap shut off his wind and he strangled. The dog had made a previous attempt to hang himself, but was found in time and taken from the fence, although he fought savagely while his owner unhooked his collar from the picket.

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