THE BATESBURG ADVOCATE.

VOL 1. BATESBURG, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1901 NO 47

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Twenty Men Are Dead and Twenty-Seven Injured,

THE BUILDING DEMOLISHED.

The Horrors of Fire Were Added to the Suffering of the Imprisoned Ones.

Twenty men are dead, ten of them unidentified and so terribly burned and blackened that identification is almost impossible and 27 other men are lying in the various hospitals of the city suffering from terrible cuts and burns and other injuries, all results of the explosion of one of the boilers in the Penberthy Injector company's large plant at the corner of Abbott street and Brooklyn avenue, Detroit, Mich., at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday of last week. Following are the dead:

R. Bryant, monitor hand.
A. E. Hoffman, lathe hand.
Joseph Coffey, lathe hand.
A. E. Miller, lathe hand.
Eugene Bertram, lathe hand.
Edward Burtsch, lathe hand.
Charles Marvin, lathe hand.
Patrick Malloy, carpenter.
J. Frye, aged 24, tester.
Ten unidentified bodies.

In addition to the 27 injured in hospitals, a dozen or more of the employes who suffered comparatively slight injuries, aside from the shock, were taken to their homes.

Twenty five men and boys have not as yet been located either at their homes or at the hospitals. The ten unidentified bodies account for ten of these, and the officers of the company say that they feel positive that the major portion of the remaining 15 are by tonight at their homes. Tonight a great force of men is searching the ruins by electric light and the work will not be stopped until every foot has been examined.

THE FACTORY.

The Penberthy Injector company's plant occupied half a square at the corner of Abbott street and Brooklyn avenue. It was composed of two brick buildings, separated by a 16 foot alley. The rear building, in which the boiler was located and which was completely destroyed, was three stories in height, 50 feet in depth and 100 feet wide. The boiler room was located at the northwest corner of the building or the first floor. In this building the finishing and brass manufacturing department was located on the second floor, and the third floor was devoted to the foundry. It is impossible to tell exactly how many men were at work in the various departments of this rear building when the explosion occurred but the officers insist that the number was not over 85. There were four boilers in the plant, two horizontal ones which furnished steam for the engines and two vertical boilers which were used solely to test injectors. It was the horizontal boiler which was in use this morning which let go and caused the awful loss of life.

WITHOUT WARNING

The awful crash came without the slightest warning. Those in the front building said it seemed like the concussion of an immense cannon. The roof and floors of the rear building bulged upward and then crashed down with their heavy loads of machinery and foundry apparatus. Walls, roof and all dropped into a shapeless mass of debris. Windows in houses for a block around were broken by the concussion, and flying bricks filled the neighboring yards. A dense cloud of dust arose, and as it settled, and was succeeded by denser clouds of smoke and steam, agonized cries began to come from the heap of tangled wood, metal and bricks. Those who were only partly buried frantically dug themselves out, and then as energetically turned to digging for their comrades who were buried deeper.

FLAMES BROKE OUT

almost immediately and the horror of fire was added to the suffering of the imprisoned ones.

A fire alarm was turned in and quickly responded to. Calls were sent out for all the ambulances in the city and they were hurried to the scene. Pending their arrival, neighboring houses were turned into temporary hospitals, and those physicians who were in the vicinity eased the sufferers as much as they were able. The first ambulances on the scene were totally inadequate to carry those who had already been extracted, and express wagons and similar vehicles were pressed into service.

As soon as the gravity of the accident was realized calls for additional firemen were sent in, and the apparatus came flying to the scene from all parts of the city. While part of the firemen turned their efforts at the fire, which was burning fiercely in the centre of the wreck, the greater number of them seized axes and crowbars and began prying out the victims who could be seen or whose faint cries were audible.

The department of public works was notified of the horror and immediately sent all its available men and horses to the scene.

In a comparatively short time, all the laborers who could work to advantage were feverishly throwing and pulling the debris out into Brooklyn avenue, where it was loaded into wagons and carried off.

The floors and roof had fallen at an angle and formed a sort of huge corner, under which the fire burned fiercely. Not until the firemen had chopped through this, did their streams begin to have an appreciable effect on the flames.

The suffering of those who were buried beneath were later mutely testified to by their charred and blackened bodies.

"HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Engineer Riley was among the first to be taken out of the wreck. His escape was little short of miraculously. When the boiler let go he was knocked to the floor and one of the smaller testing boilers was blown over his prostrate form in such a way that one end rested on some debris high above him, thereby forming a shield that kept the falling timbers, bricks and machinery from crushing him.

The escaping steam, however, burned him frightfully. After his arrival at Grace hospital, Riley's first words were: "How did it happen? The engine and boilers were all right."

CRIES FOR HELP.

Gradually the rescuers worked their way downward through the pile. By this time there were no cries or groans to aid them, for the flames had destroyed those unfortunates who were not killed by the explosion or the fall. But the work of rescue continued with unabating haste. When a heavy beam or piece of shafting was encountered a team of horses was brought in and the piece of wreckage hauled to the street. Stretcher bearers stood beside the rescuers and took away the burned and blackened bodies. A vacant house adjoining the factory was converted into a temporary morgue. Here the bodies were placed in coffins and taken to the nearest morgue. In several cases the charred corpses were so hot when recovered that they could scarcely be handled by the undertaker and his assistants.

The front building of the plant sustained comparatively little damage, considering the tremendous explosion within 16 feet of it. All the windows, of course, were broken and some of the machinery was slightly injured by the automatic extinguishers which were set as by the explosion.

There were a dozen girls among the employes on the four floors of this building and there was something of a panic among them, but nobody was injured.

THE PROPERTY LOSS

according to Secretary George W. Childs, is about $180,000. The firm carried $70,000 fire and some boiler insurance, but how much of the latter Secretary Childs could not state.

Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers have been started.

Nothing is known as yet about the cause of the explosion. The boilers had been recently inspected and the engineer was known as one of the most careful and capable men in the city.

The firm will resume business as soon as possible in temporary quarters, already taken.

He Will Land.

The Washington correspondent of the News and Courier says Senator McLaurin was among the list of callers at the White House Wednesday. He was accompanied by Col. T. C. Crenshaw, former chairman of the railroad commission of Georgia. They talked by special appointment, and had a long confidential talk with President Roosevelt late in the afternoon after the other visitors had been disposed of. Colonel Crenshaw, it will be recalled, is a Democratic Protectionist, and also an expansionist, along the McLaurin lines. Before President M. Kinley died Colonel Crenshaw was an aspirant for a federal appointment and it is understood that he was promised an office of trust in Cuba. Wednesday's conference was due, it is said, to an expressed desire on the president to meet Colonel Crenshaw and talk over the political situation in Georgia. Neither Senator McLaurin nor Colonel Crenshaw are disposed to repeat what occurred during their talk with the president, further than to say they had a very satisfactory interview.

Epworth Orphanage.

The Epworth Orphanage has lost the superintendent who has been in charge since the establishment of the instution in 1895, the Rev. George Henry Waddell, who entered the Methodist conference in 1885. Mr. Waddell has been forced to resign on account of ill health. The little children at the orphanage have thus lost a true and tried friend, one who has been a father to them and one whom they all love devotedly. Tuesday night the annual meeting of the Epworth board was held and that body elected Mr. Waddell financial manager of the orphanage. To succeed him as superintendent the Rev. Whitfield Brooks Wharton, now serving the church at Prosperity, in the Cokesbury district, was elected. The board received the annual reports of the institution, which were gratifying, and attended to considerable business.

Killed Them Both.

A tragedy characteristically Parisian was committed in the heart of Paris Thursday. At the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines, and the Place Del Opera, husband shot his faithless wife and her lover in full view of hundreds of people. The opera square was filled with promenaders at lunch time, when a cab drove across the square, followed by a man running. A policeman regulating traffic, stopped the cab in front of the Cafe de la Paix, enabling the pursuer to overtake it, when the man drew a revolver, thrust it through a window of the vehicle, and fired twice, killing the woman who was inside. The man in the cab, the woman's lover, opened the other door and tried to flee but the husband sprang after him and blew out his brains before the spectators could interfere. Then the husband approached the policeman, handed him the weapon and surrendered.

A Great Success.

The new Holland submarine torpedo boat is the wonder of all naval men. It was given a trial Friday at Green Point, L. I. It is named the Fulton. Shipbuilder Nixon says it is "a great steel fish, in which are used all of the mechanical developments of the past few years and over whose movements a man exacts as perfect and instant obedience to his will as if the fish had brains." In his opinion a harbor defenced by two such boats could not be bottled up as was Santiago.

Married Three Wives.

James R. Richardson, a white man, who lives in Augusta and works at a brickyard, has been arrested in that city charged with bigamy. Two of his wives were South Carolinians. He deserted them and married a third wife a Georgia woman. He married them all within the past few years, deserting them successively. All the wives are now after him and he is in deep trouble.

WOMAN MURDERED.

A Dark Deed Committed in the County of Oconee.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART

By a Mob Who Was Tearing Down Her House. Six Men Arrested and Now in Jail.

As the result of the killing of Mrs. Rachel Powell alias Thomas, Sunday night week, six young men are now in Oconee jail. They are John Hudson, Money Hudson, Tom Hudson, George Hudson, Rowland Robertson and Jack Sentnell. The first three were arrested the Monday morning following 25 miles from the scene of the crime toward the Georgia line. The others were arrested Wednesday after the inquest near Salem. A crowd went to Westley Powell's Sunday night week about 3 o'clock and began to tear the house down.

After they had torn most of the roof off and his chimney down to the ground Powell then came out and found four men all of whom he recognized as the Hudson boys. He made the best fight he could and knocked Money Hudson down with piece of plank. At this juncture his wife, a woman of 50 years, came out and was shot in the heart and death followed instantly. Mr. Powell says he believed there were others near the house but he could not recognize them. Three of the Hudsons left and passed through Walhalla about sunrise Sunday morning. At the inquest Mr. Powell swore that he had knocked Money Hudson down and that he had given him a black eye.

When this statement was made Powell had not seen Hudson and did not know that he was in jail. Hudson shows the black eye. Drs. Bell and McKinley held the post mortem and found the ball to be one from a 38 calibre pistol. The Hudsons had two pistols when arrested, one a 32 calibre, and the other a 38. Mrs. Powell leaves five children. The place of the killing is 17 miles north of Walhalla on Keowee river. Westley Powell and Rachel Powell alias Thomas under indictment in this county for living in adultery. The Hudsons are the sons of John M. Hudson, a Confederate soldier, Robertson is from North Carolina. Sentell lived on Keowee river. This is said to have been the second woman ever killed in Oconee county and the affair is deeply regretted. The case against all the accused [illegible] in jail is believed [illegible] strong one.

WHICH WILL WIN.

Struggle Between Combinations of Governors and Railroads.

Profound interest is felt in the threatened struggle between the combination of governors of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Washington and the great railroad combination composed of the Great Northern, Northen Pacific, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroads.

The governors of the foregoing states are interested in preventing a combination of only two of the roads in question, namely, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. These roads are parallel lines, and traverse the states which it is expected, will take steps to have the railroad combination declared unlawful.

This railroad combination is the biggest trust in the world. It represents capital amounting to $1,082,000,000—$64,000,000 more than the United States Steel corporation, known as the billion dollar trust.

It is by no means certain that the governors can agree upon the course that ought to be pursued in fighting the railroad trust. It may be that all of their states haven't laws prohibiting the consolidation of parallel lines by railroads. If they haven't, and they expect to have such laws enacted, the chances are that they will suffer defeat. The railroads are powerful and influential and have friends in the legislatures.

The struggle to defeat this great combination of capital, the greatest the world his ever known, will attract the attention of the entire country, and it may become a factor in the question as to whether the government shall take control of interestate railroads, to the extent of supervising their rates—Savannah News.

A Queer Marriage Custom.

The Scandinavian bridegroom gives his betrothed a prayer book and many other gifts, which usually include a goose. She, in turn, gives him, especially in Sweden, a shirt, and this he inevitably wears on his wedding day. Afterward he lays it away, and under no circumstances of state or poverty will he wear it again while alive. But he wears it in his grave, and there are Swedes who earnestly believe not only in the resurrection of the body, but in the veritable resurrection of the bethothal shirts of such husbands who have never broken their marriage vows. The Swedish widower must destroy upon the eve of his second marriage the wedding shirt his first wife gave him.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Lucky Missionary.

It is owing to an odd twist of fortune that P. H. Anderson, of Kansas, is now a millionaire, instead of a poor country school teacher. He applied for a certificate to teach school and was turned down. Then he went to Alaska as a missionary. During his ministrations there he discovered a gold mine worth $1,000,000. He sold out, came back to the states, married a nice girl, gave a fortune to a school, and is now on a tour to Europe with his bride. Except for his failure to get a teacher's certificate he would no doubt now be drilling the "three R's" into thick heads in Kansas.

TWO HEROINES.

They Face Burglars and Put Them to Flight.

St. Louis women are not afraid of burglars. In the past twelve months no less than a score of cases have come up where young and timid girls have struggled desperately with burglars to retain their property in thrilling encounters with desperadoes.

The burglar frequently chooses the time of day when the women of the house are most likely to be out shopping or calling. Miss May Kelley, a pretty 17-year-old girl, was brutally beaten in a fight with a negro burglar at her home on Thursday afternoon, but by heroic resistance she saved her diamonds and other jewels, valued at $1,700.

Miss Kelley had been downstairs reading until afternoon when she went upstairs to dress for a matinee. When she stepped in the door of her room a negro dealt her a blow on the face. She fell, but was on her feet in a moment, and seeing that the negro held her box of jewels she seized a window shade and struck him a blow across the face, which staggered him and made his nose bleed.

THREW HER ARMS AROUND HIM

He dropped the box and the jewelry was scattered over the floor. Picking up a costly ring he attempted to run downstairs. But the girl threw her arms around him and struggled with all her might to make him drop the ring. Tearing himself from her grasp he struck the girl a blow in the eye which again sent her to the floor. Then he kicked and beat her until he supposed she was unable to rise.

As he crept down the stairway the bruised, bleeding and half-conscious girl staggered to her feet and struck him. He turned and, with an oath and a threat to kill her, struck her between the eyes. This time the girl was knocked unconscious, but the members of the family came hurrying into the hall just in time to see the negro dash through the door and up the street.

LEFT WITHOUT BOOTY.

In the last struggle with the girl the man dropped the ring, and did not have time to recover it. Miss Kelley is ill in bed, with her face and body badly swollen and bruised, and the neighbors say they will lynch the negro if they can find him.

Mrs. M. Hoffman and Mrs. George R. Hoffman sisters, entered a grocery store Thursday night while three desperate men were holding up the proprietors and rifling the store. Revolvers were thrust in the faces of the two women and they were told to back up against the wall. They did so, smiling at their unusual position, and one of them told the burglar not to press the pistol so closely to her cheek, that it [illegible] like a [illegible].

KEPT COOL AS CUCUMBERS.

This angered the fellow and he told her to keep quiet or he would blow her brains out. While the robbery proceeded the two women were as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and when the three men finished their work and left the store they coolly attended to the shopping which had brought them out.

Mrs. Theresa Bucher, 60 years old, saw two burglars in the act of robbing a house on St. Louis avenue Thursday afternoon and frightened them away, pursuing them for several blocks, "crying stop thief," and forcing the two men to do their utmost to get away.

A Sensible View.

Of what benefit to Booker Washington and his work is this empty and arduous round of banquets and parlor functions? Wherein does it profit him or the cause he has at heart that he figures in Hartford or Boston drawing rooms, sits at luxurious tables—even at of the President himself—and gives his time to what we call "society?" Those people really see in him nothing more than a caprice. He has become a fashion, a fade, with men who have no more comprehension of his real value to the country than they have of the political conditions in Saturn. They are merely putting him on exhibition, glorifying themselves by a patronage of one who is worth more to humanity and civilization than any dozen of them. And the end of it can be only the cancellation of Booker Washington as a potent factor in the social questions. He and his race will be the victims of this stupid and mischievous folly. He will be shorn of his usefulness and influence. He will strut his little hour on the tinsel stage and be cast away when the idle fancy shall have run its course.—Washington Post.

A Failure.

Prohibition in Maine is a dead letter, but is a convenient form of hypocrisy. Occasionally there are movements to repeal the self confessed sham. State Senator Vickery, announcing himself as a candidate for the Republican comination for governor, declares that "a license law for Maine is better than the iniquitous system which is now in vogue." Himself a total abstainer, and without any sympathy with the saloons, he is yet convinced that if the state should license the saloons the morals of the people would be improved.

Will Be Built.

The Seaboard Air Line petitioned the city council of Charleston for an extension of the franchise which was granted two years ago. The extension was granted, conditional on the work of construction of the Chattanooga, Augusta and Charleston railway beginning within three months. The prospects for the building of the railroad are bright. It is said that the decision to construct the railroad rests with General Manager Barr, of the Seaboard Air Line, who is now considering the advisability of the construction.

Fired Upon from Ambush.

A special from Winston, N. C., says: During a raid in the northern part of Stokes county, Revenue Officers Joseph Petree and James Preddy were fired upon from ambush by moonshiners. Petree was shot in the right hip and Preddy in the right leg. The injuries of the former are the most serious. The officers returned the fire but were unable to locate the men who made the assault upon them. Four stills and several thousand gallons of beer were destroyed by the officers.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

Jealous Girl Tried to Kill Her Lover and Herself

ON A CHARLESTON STREET.

They Went to Charleston from Buffalo, New York, and the Man Deserted the Young Woman.

Miss Sarah Hines, a pretty young woman, who came here from Buffalo several weeks ago with her sweetheart, Chauncey Stillman, attempted a double crime last Thursday by shooting Stillman and herself. The sensational affair occured at the corner of Calhoun and Coming street about 6.45 p. m. Neither Mrs. Hines nor Stillman was seriously wounded. The young woman is in the city hospital, suffering, a pistol-ball wound in her head, which she inflicted herself after shooting Stillman in the neck. Stillman had his wounds dressed at the hospital immediately after the shooting, and was discharged at once. The pistol used was a very light weapon, of only 22 calibre, which fact doubtless accounts for the slight wounds inflicted.

The shooting was the sequel to a love affair between Miss Hines and Mr. Stillman. They came here from Buffalo together, and the young lady claims that they were engaged to be married. After arriving in Charleston the young lady engaged board at 10 Wragg square, where she conducted herself with propriety, and won the respect of every one in the household. Stillman rented a room over John Manuel's fruit store, 85 Coming street, corner Calhoun street.

The lovers had been in Charleston but a few days when Stillman began paying attention to another girl. Miss Hines could not bear the thought of being jilted and planned to kill her sweetheart and then end her own life. Procuring a pistol, she waited at the corner of Calhoun and Coming streets Thursday afternoon for Stillman, who soon approached, accompanied by a young woman his new flame, and Miss Hines opened fire on her lover. She fired three times, but only one shot took effect, the ball entering the young man's neck. Stillman ran into Manuel's store. Miss Hines then placed the weapon to her forehead and fired, and at the crack of the pistol she fell to the sidewalk. The bullet inflicted only a flesh wound. She was taken to the hospital in the ambulance, together with Stillman.

Miss Hines stated to her friends that she intended to kill Stillman and that he wanted to die. Stillman was arrested by the police, but, there being no charge against him, he was released.

It is probable that the police department will make out a case against Miss Hines after she is dismissed from the hospital for firing pistol shots in the city limits. Stillman will not prosecute the young woman for attempting to take his life. Stillman is an electrician and has been working at the exposition grounds.—Charleston Post.

AN UNUSUAL CASE.

Two Young Men of Laurens Under a Dark Cloud.

We learn from The State that there was great excitement in Laurens on Wednesday. During the night previous Mr. Clarence E. Babb had shot and seriously wounded a young man named Sullivan who was caught in a lady's house between 12 and 1 o'clock.

Mr Babb was awakened by screams and jumped out of bed and, without making any attempt to dress himself, grabbed his pistol and ran out into the yard. The screams came from the home of some most estimable ladies nearby, and Mr. Babb saw two men hurl themselves out of a window. Barefooted and in airy attire he gave chase. For four hundred yards he pursued one of the fleeing negroes, as he supposed they were. He fired three shots, none taking effect. Finally the man pursued stooped as if to pick up a rock and a bullet from Mr. Babb's pistol caught him in that part of the body nearest Mr. Babb. The wounded man fell and rolled under a house. Mr Babb stooped and as it was a moonlit night, saw the party roll over and over to the far side of the house. By the time the wounded man emerged from under the house, Mr. Babb had intercepted him. The dazed fellow did not know which way to turn until Mr. Babb hailed him. Great was the captor's surprise to find that he had been pursuing a white man.

The latter could give no account of himself, and would not disclose the identity of his partner, who escaped although other neighbors were on the scene with shotguns by the time Mr. Babb brought down his man. The whole thing seems to be shrouded in mystery. If the wounded man was drinking he did good sprinting for a man in that condition. Burglary can be the only plausible excuse suggested. It is said that feeling against young Sullivan was bitter at first, but there was no danger of violence being done him. His father is a dispensary attache and is well connected. The boy's wounds may not be of a dangerous character.

Had not this boy been brought down in his flight, some poor darkey might have been hanging to a limb—as an example. Mr. Babb was quite a hero. Getting up on a cold night and running barefotted, across cotton patches and over rocks, requires endurance. He fell once and nearly denuded himself. His torn apparel was blood stained and he might easily have been taken for a wounded man rather than the one whom he shot.

Dead in a Tree Top.

W. J. Vann, a white man 50 years old and married, was found dead in a tree top by possum hunters Thursday night. He bought morphine and strychnine the day before, saying he had family troubles and was going away so that no one would ever hear from him.

THE WAYS OF SIN.

A Defaulting City Treasurer Commits Suicide.

After being offered an evening newspaper which said his books were under examination by expert accountants, Stuart R. Young, city treasurer of Louisville, Ky., Wednesday evening went to the rear of a warehouse at Sixth and Nelson streets and committed suicide by shooting himself behind the right ear with a pistol.

A great sensation was created late Wednesday afternoon when the last edition of one evening paper appeared with a story, in substance, that accountants were at work on the books of the retiring city treasurer, Stuart R. Young, and that it was reported that discrepancies had been found in his accounts. Immediately the friends of Mr. Young began to look for him, not believing the reports. Shortly after 6 p. m. Mr. Young was seen at the ladies' entrance of the Louisville hotel on Main street, where he lived with his bride of a few months. Two newsboys who knew Mr. Young, ran up and said: "Mr. Young, don't you want a paper? Its got your picture in it."

One glance at the double-column headlines told Mr. Young why the paper had printed a double column picture of him. Instead of entering the hotel he walked down Sixth street towards the river, the newsboys following him on the other side of the street. Just after passing Nelson street Mr. Young turned off between some boxcars. The boys feared to follow him any further and returning to the Louisville hotel described Mr. Young's actions to "Kid" Johnson, a hackman, whose stand is in front of the hotel. Johnson was acquainted with Young, and going in the direction given by the newsboys finally found Mr. Young lying face downward in the cinders, his right arm under him. Seeing a bullet hole behind Mr. Young's right ear, Johnson turned the body over. Then he saw the pistol in Mr. Young's right hand. Life was extinct. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment under orders of the coroner for an inquest.

Stuart R. Young was 35 years old and one of the most prominent men in Louisville. He was a graduate of Princeton university, a son of Col. Bennett H. Young, a prominent lawyer and former Confederate soldier of Louisville, and brother of Lawrence Young of Chicago, president of the Washington Park Jockey club. He married last July Miss Bessie Wymond, one of the most beautiful women in Kentucky, and daughter of L. H. Wymond. Four years ago Mr. Young was elected city treasurer and under the law was ineligible for reelection, his successor having been elected on Nov. 5.

HE WAS SHORT.

Beyond the statement made last Wednesday night to major Grainger by one of the expert accountants that discrepancies amounting to $23,000 had been found in the books of the former city treasurer, Stuart R. Young, who committed suicide last evening, nothing definite is known as to how the accounts stand between the city and its former treasurer. When asked for an authoritative statement tonight one of the accountants said that beyond the amount mentioned Wednesday night he had absolutely no idea as to what the alleged shortage is. He added that the accounts would require two weeks to go over the books of the treasurer's office. During his four years' term as city treasurer, Mr. Young handled $11,600,000. It became known today that several of Young's friends have heard reports about the condition of the former city treasurer's accounts before newspaper publication was made of them, had arranged a tentative plan to secure any aid for him that might be needed. Their plan was frustrated merely by the fact that yesterday afternoon they were unable to find Young. Wednesday morning Young asked for his revolver at the Louisville hotel, where he lived.

Held Up and Robbed.

Mr. J. W. Perry of the Bell Telephone Company, was held up at the point of a pistol by two men and robbed last Tuesday night about 12 o'clock on the corner of Queen and Logan streets while on his way home from the office. The men suddenly set upon him, covering him with a pistol and gagging him to suppress a cry for assistance. His pockets were searched and $1.10 was taken from him. The highwaymen were young white men but the manner in which they went about their work showed them to be thoroughly abreast of the times in their profession. The city is rapidly filling up with a vicious element whose character is stamped on their faces, and it would be a good move on the part of the police department to enforce the vagrant act. Every man who has no visible sign of support should be sent to the chain gang. The railroads report that tramps from all parts of the country are moving in this direction and the movement should be checked.—Charleston Post.

In a Silver Car.

Juan Garcia and Manuel Alterveries, Mexican hoboes, who were beating their way to San Antonio Tex., were arrested by Federal authorities of that district on the charge of breaking into a loaded freight car. The car which the two tramps entered forcibly to get a free ride on the Southern Pacific railroad was loaded with silver bullion to the amount of $125,000, which was being shipped to the Guggenheim refinery at Perth Amboy, N. J., from the smelter at Monterey. The tramps were unaware of the valuable cargo on which they rode until they had almost completed their journey, when they were taken into custody by officers. None of the bullion was stolen.

Schley Cheered.

Rear Admiral Schley, who with his wife, arrived at Philadelphia, as the guest of Col. A. K. McClure, was the centre of an enthusiastic demonstration at the Broad street station of the Pennsylvania railroad when the Washington express rolled into the big train shed. More than a thousand persons were congregated in the station to see the admiral and when the train the crowd set up [illegible] The people massed around [illegible] was with much difficulty th[illegible] opened a passageway for [illegible] the station.

A NEW EDITOR.

Dr Richardson Elected Editor of the Advocate Over Dr. Willson.

Rev. W. R Richardson, D. D., has been elected editor of The Southern Christian Advocate. This, no doubt, will be a surprise to the Methodists of South Carolina. Rev. Jno. O. Willson, D. D., has for seven years been the editor of this periodical and his personality has become a part of The Advocate.

The Columbia State says when Bishop Galloway announced Friday morning to the Conference that the election should be held Dr. Willson's friends were confident that he would be reelected. On the first ballot Dr. Willson received 95 votes, Dr. Richardson 74, Rev. E. O. Watson 39 and Rev. R. E. Stackhouse of Pendleton 23; total 235, necessary to a choice 118. On the second ballot there were 243, necessary to a choice 122. Dr. Willson and Dr. Richardson detracted from the strength of the other candidates and Dr. Richardson led by 15 votes. The return was—Richardson 117, Willson 102, Watson 15, Stackhouse 8. On the third and final ballot Watson and Stackhouse received two votes each and L. F. Beaty one; Richardson 133, Willson 102.

While the tellers were counting the votes, Bishop Galloway invited Bishop Duncan to preside. The latter was informed by Rev. S. H. Zimmerman that he thought that some laymen had voted who were not entitled. These laymen were members of boards of trustees, etc., but not properly members of conference. The bishop stated that if any such had voted, they could withdraw their ballots, but none were withdrawn. The result would not have been affected.

Dr. Willson was visibly affected. He walked to the edge of the pulpit, beside the Bishop's desk, and said with trembling voice that at the call of conference he had unwillingly taken up this work, and unwilling does he put it aside. He had not sought it in the beginning, but had begun to love the work. However he would in manly spirit receive the dictum of conference. "All that I ask of you, bishop, is to send me to the poorest charge with the most miserly salary in conference, that I may show to my brethren that the shafts which have been directed at me have been unjust." He spoke with feeling of the mortification which he had suffered on account of things which he did not particularize. He ended his statement by renewing his pledges of fidelity to his conference and to God. At which there was a responsive "Amen" from all over the church.

Humor in Census Figures.

There is considerable amusement in some of the census tables, and jokes are going the rounds over the fact that Chicago has more hogs than New York, but that New York leads in the raising of goats. Pennsylvania beats all other states in the number of mules, which fact is mentioned in relation to its factional politics. The figures show that the variety of animals in this country is practically complete, and that New York has its share—in fact, it is hard to say what can not be found in the great American metropolis. It has Wall street, and it has farms, which are conducted at a profit. It has every race in the world and more representatives from every section of the country than any other city. It is a big town, so jammed with interest that one could live a lifetime within its boundaries without finding out one-half of its facts.—Leslie's Weekly.

Quite a Covey.

Two old hunters were swapping yearns and had gotten to quail.

"Why," said one, "I remember a year when quail were so thick that you could get eight or ten at a shot with a rifle."

The other one sighed.

"What's the matter?" said the first.

"I was thinking of my quail hunts. I had a fine black horse that I rode everywhere, and one day out hunting quail I saw a big covey on a low branch of a tree. I threw the bridle rein ower the limb and took a shot.

"Several birds fell and the rest flew away.

"Well, sir, there were so many quail on that limb that when they flew off it sprang back into place and hung my horse."—Sunny South.

To Beat Gorman.

Maryland Republicans have a plan to send Isidor Rayner the chief counsel for Rear Admiral Schley before the court of inquiry, to the United States senate. Ex Senator Gorman won the Maryland legislature in the late election by a majority of nine votes, on joint ballot. Rayner is a Democrat, like Gorman, but the Republicans say if they can get ten Democrats to vote for Rayner they will all vote for him and elect him over Gorman. It is anything to beat Gorman with the Republicans, and some of the leaders are busy with the plan to get enough independent and anti Gorman support for Rayner to defeat Gorman in that way. They hope to be able to work it out.

Jumped Into the Sea.

Frank E Keilbach, who is supposed to have jumped overboard from the steamship Chattahoochee on route from Savannah to New York, was prominent politically and socially. He was a son of well to do parents and had himself accumulated considerable property. He was 37 years old. For seventeen years he had been connected with the office of ordinary in that city, and was ordinary pro tem for several months. On account of a recent change in the office he lost his position of chief clerk, which seemed to prey on his mind; not that he needed the salary, as he was independent of the pay, but because he imagined his long services were unappreciated.

A Great Invention.

Mr. Santos Dumont, who has won fame as an aeronaut, having obtained the Deutsch prize for doubling the Eiffel Tower in his balloon, is now talking about crossing the Atlantic in that conveyance. He says the crossing of the ocean in a balloon is only a question of multiplying the capacity and powers of his present airship. It is probable that it will be a good while before he will undertake such a perilous voyage.

DISASTROUS WRECK

Two Engines in a Head End Collision.

APPALLING LOSS OF LIFE.

One Whole Train Burned. The Engines Completely Wrecked. Misunderstanding of Orders. 100 Killed.

One of the most disastrous wrecks in the history of the Wabash railroad, or any other Michigan road, occurred at Seneca, Mich., a small way station about 70 miles southwest of Detroit, between 7 and 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night.

Train No. 13, an immigrant train, with two engines, westbound, collided, under a full head of steam, with train No. 4, eastbound, about one mile from Seneca. The result was that five or six coaches on the emigrant train were crushed and its load of human freight were sent into eternity in a moment, while one coach on train No. 4, which consisted of a parlor car, was also telescoped and four dead bodies have been taken from the ruins.

It is not known how many people there were on the emigrant train, but the number of dead and injured will be anywhere from 60 to 150.

The people on that train were caught like rats in a trap and crushed. Then the wreck caught fire and those who were not instantly killed were slowly roasted to death and none of the few spectators who hastily gathered from the farm houses nearby were able to afford aid. The whole emigrant train was soon consumed by the flames and every person on that train, it is reported now, was killed.

Farmers residing along the track rushed in on the blazing mass to rescue those whom they thought might be alive. The bodies hauled out of the wreck were taken to nearby farm houses, which are filled with dead, and a large number of injured were taken to a hospital at Peru, Ind.

Along the track, long lines burned bodies lie covered with blankets, presenting a grewsome sight. It may be possible that the exact number of killed or who they are will never be known. At present it is impossible to get anything resembling a list of the injured or dead from Seneca.

It is said here that the accident is the result of a misunderstanding of orders. It is reported in Seneca that No. 4 should have waited at Seneca station and No. 13 should have taken the siding. This was not done. Then the crash came. The next result is that one whole train, No. 13, is burned; the engines completely wrecked and the baggage car is crushed into kindling wood.

The Boer War.

President Roosevelt's absence from Washington on a brief holiday saved him the embarrassment Sunday of hearing a pro-Boer sermon at the Dutch Reformed church which he habitually attends. The preacher was the Rev. Hermann von Broekhuizer, formerly pastor of the principal church at Pretoria, and chaplain of the volksraad. He took up arms for the Boer cause and when captured by the British was exiled. Coming to this country, Mr. Broekhuizer has been raising money for the relief of the Boer women and children but not with any great success. Sunday night this Boer preacher described the situation in South Africa in all its horrors. "I appeal to you, the people of the United States," he said, "to raise your voice in protest, and when you do, it will mean the liberty of South Africa. The cause of this war, which has practically devastated an entire nation is the glamor of gold in the Johannesburg gold fields. Chamberlain and those associated with him see nothing but this gold, but we of South Africa can say with Bismarck: 'South Africa will be England's grave.' England has been pouring men into Africa for two years, and we are still unconquered. Rhodes said in the Cape Colony parliament: 'The two black spots in South Africa must be made red,' and they are being made red, only it is with the blood of the Englishmen, and they cannot much longer stand the drain."—The State.

Death of a Minister.

The Pickens People's Journal, of last week, says: "At the Methodist parsonage on the morning of the 22d inst., Rev. C. E. Wiggins fell to sleep. Since 1854 he has preached Christ to dying men and women, and the cloudless sky of an eternal day must have met his vision as he entered through the gates to be with his Lord. For many months past he had suffered the life of an invalid, and in the face of all that skillful physicians and home's loved ones could do, he gradually weakened and died. Entering the South Carolina Conference in 1844, he remained in its bounds for a time. He then joined the Holstein Conference and for some years was stationed in North Carolina and Virginia. Afterwards he again became a member of the South Carolina Conference, and as a superanuate of the Conference he died in his seventy third year. His remains were carried to Hampton county for interment. He was the father of Rev. W. E. Wiggins who is pastor in charge of Easley and Bethesda circuit." Mr. Wiggins was well known in this county, and the news of his death will be received with regret.

The South's Vote.

Dispatches from Washington says that renewed efforts will be made by Representatives Olmstead of Pennsylvania and Crumpacker of Indiana, during the coming Congress to secure a reduction in the congressional representation of Southern States. President McKinley stopped a similar attempt at the last congress by announcing he would not sign the bill. The plan is a hobby with Henry C. Payne, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee. The advocates of the reduction expect a hard fight, but are hopeful of ultimate success. The attempt will start a most bitter factional fight and will renew the bitterness and strife which prevailed just after the Civil War.