The Marlboro' Democrat.

"DO THOU, GREAT LIBERTY, INSPIRE OUR SOULS AND MAKE OUR LIVES IN THY POSSESSION HAPPY OR OUR DEATHS GLORIOUS IN THY CAUSE."

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ALMOST A FIGHT.

Mr. Lyon Says Major Black Threatened To Kill Him.

M J. BLACK'S SIDE.

He Says Lyon Is Mad Because He Is Not Allowed to Run the Dispensary and Is Trying to Dam His Private Character By Unfair Means and Methods.

There was quite a sensation in Columbia on Friday morning when it became known that Mr. Lyon, a member of the legislative dispensary investigating committee, had stated to the full committee that Major Black, a member of the State Board of Control, had that morning used very violent language towards him, and then rounding off things by telling him that he "had a notion then and there to shoot" him and "blow him up" on the spot. We publish what Mr. Lyon says below.

We also give Major Black's version who makes some damaging statements about Mr. Lyon's nosing about and prying into private matters in his efforts to damage his (Black') private character because he would not allow Lyon and Christensen to run the dispensary to suit themselves.

MR. LYON'S STATEMENT.

"Mr. Chairman, there has a matter come up Friday morning that I deem it my duty, though unpleasant, to call to the attention of this committee. I also will state that the part of it that affects me personally I do not consider, but that part of it that affects the welfare of our committee I do consider, and I deem it important to the final particular determination of our investigation that it be brought forward to the attention of this committee.

"This morning in coming from my room, which is above the hotel, over the store of Giradeau & Marshall, I was stopped by Mr. Solomon, who is the agent of the Big Creek Distilling Company, of Savannah, Ga. He was talking to me about some accounts which the committee has held up. These are accounts due by the dispensary. We have had some conversation about this matter before and he renewed the conversation there and wished me to give him some definite information about when we could reach it.

"As I was standing there talking to him, Mr. Black, of the dispensary board of directors, appeared before me. I really could not state from what direction he came. I could not say whether from the front or rear. I was intent with my conversation with Mr. Solomon. Mr. Black's face showed decided anger and he used some very insulting language towards me. He said that he understood that I had been spying out on him—on his private life—and things of that kind, and that it was his purpose to kill me on the spot.

"I do not care to use any of the particular language he used on that occasion, but he said that he had a notion then and there to shoot me and blow me up on the spot—to use his expression. There was in his company a person that I do not know to have seen before. My recollection is that there was a person in his company with a blue suit of clothes, red mustache and straw hat. While he was making his threats against me and daring me to investigate his affairs he also used very violent language against Senator Christensen, which I suppose was in the nature of a rebuke to me for attending such a person about the streets.

"I remarked that there were three of them there; that I did not care to discuss the matter with them; that I was investigating the dispensary and expected to continue to do so. He was so impetuous, though, that I scarcely had an opportunity of putting in a word, and believing that he intended to make an attack on me and in putting his hands about his person that he intended to do violence, I turned and walked back to my room, and he used some very unpleasant epithets towards me and told me that I might go and arm myself.

"I returned to my room and shortly afterwards returned to Wright's Hotel. As I passed the Columbia Hotel I did not see Mr. Black or the gentleman with him. I presume, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Black exhibited, or attempted to exhibit, a letter from Manning, which I understand was from Mr. Black's former home—Walterboro it was. I found it necessary to go to Walterboro a few days since for the reason that I had heard—and I can recognize the difficulties that it is likely to place us in—I heard that Mr. Black and Mr. H. H. Evans had been parties to bribing a member of the General Assembly who lives in the town of Walterboro. I do not know the facts in that case. I had some information along that line and I went there to get some additional information in regard to the matter That was the object of my visit to Walterboro, and I presume that Mr. Black has been informed by those of whom I inquired there of the purpose of my visit.

I wish to say this: That I did go to Walterboro for the purpose of investigating Mr. Black and Mr. H. H Evans and this member of the General Assembly, whose name I do not care to mention, as I do not think it is proper, as he is not a party to this transaction. I want to say this, that I do not know how the committee feels about a thing of this sort, but so far as I am individually concerned I shall continue to investigate Mr. Black and Mr. Evans, and anyelse who is on there and if it is necessary to be blown up in this matter Mr. Black or somebody will have it to do."

WHAT MAJOR BLACK SAYS.

After learning what Mr. Lyon stated to the board, which is printed above, Major Black said that he had never heard anything about the allegation that he said Evans had attempted to bribe a representative from Colleton. He said he was incensed at Mr. Lyon because it appeared to him Mr. Lyon was attempting to hound him down and blacken his personal character, because he had refused to allow Mr. Lyon to run the State dispensary to suit himself. When he went to the dispensary he found the institution a half million dollars in debt for whiskey for which it had no use. He had wiped out a large amount of this debt by forcing a number of houses to take back thier unsalable whiskey and had done this against the protest of Lyon and Christensen, which they telegraphed from the West. They wanted the whiskey kept to suit thier convenience. They also had been unable to force him to buy at a loss to the State, from firms they favored He had blocked their little game to force the board to buy from their henchmen and let them usurp the powers the Legislature had given to the State board.

When they found it impossible to get anything against his official record, to gratify their spite, they endeavored to blacken his personal character. He had a copy of the taking of testimony in Cincinnati, in which this attempt was made and in which they attempted to blacken Supreme Court Justices and Circuit Judges of this State by asking if they had received presents of whiskey or other things from a house he had once represented in a clerical way. Major Black said he had always tried to live a clean life and his official record as sheriff, mayor and in other capacities would show he had never done anything dishonest in his life. His character was his proudest possession and the best thing he could hand down to his children was a clean name. He had no intention of permitting anybody to blacken it to gratify their personal spite.

Major Black said the letter referred to was from his brother, H. W. Black Jr., of Walterboro, in which he said: "I am told Friday morning that Lyon, of the investigating committee, was here Saturday last. From what I can learn he is trying to find out something about a conversation Walker had with his wife over the long distance 'phone the night of your election." That conversation was a perfectly private conversation between a man and his wife, in which the former said he was glad that Black was elected, as he was his friend and had helped him and would help him with his personal influence in case he ran for solicitor. Major Black said this was a purely personal and private conversation, in which he had no part and when he heard that Lyon was inquiring into such matters it confirmed his belief that Lyon was willing to go any length to try and find some mud to put on his personal character

Major Black says he was perfectly willing for fullest investigation of his record as a public servant, but would never submit to an attempt to besmirch his private character. As a member of the State board he had not tried to please Lyon, but to do what was right, and Chairman Hay and Governor Heyward could both testify that he had consulted them and was earnest in his endeavor to know and do the right thing. Mr. Mobley, the clerk, had been sent to see Chairman Hay about some of the problems of the State board, and his advice had been taken.

Major Black said the board was willing to do anything for the investigating committee as a whole, but they were elected to run the State dispensary and were not going to turn over the running of the institution to either the whole investigating committee or a part of it. Finally, Major Black said: "When my personal character is assailed I am willing to die by it. I would rather go home to my family dead than go home alive, but robbed of my character."

Tried to Escape.

A dispatch from Greensboro, N. C., says John B. McMillan, 25 years old, who was convicted in that city for forgery and sentenced to two years imprisonment on the county roads was shot to death near there early Thursday morning, while making a sensational dash for liberty McMillan with four other convicts got away from the guards, who opened fire upon them killing Jesse Thomas, a negro, instantly, and mortally wounding McMillan. The latter was taken to the hospital at High Point, where he died several hours later. Before his death he admitted that his right name was not McMillan but Brent A Morey, the son of a prominent citizen of Lexington, Ky.

Corpse for Pillow.

At Jackson, Ky., Bill Griffin, a negro, shot Dr. Strong, another negro, and deliberately went to sleep with the corpse for a pillow. Griffin was beating his wife, and Dr. Strong answered her cries for help. As he entered the door Griffin shot him with a 44 caliber revolver, the bullet entering his forehead directly between the eyes. When the officers reached the scene Griffin was lying on the floor fast asleep, with his head resting on the corpse of his victim.

Anarchist Foiled.

Facts were made known Thursday of the attempt which was made Saturday last, during the ceremonies of the opening of the Simplon tunnel, at Domodossola, Italy, to assassinate King Victor Emmanuel. An anarchist, known to be dangerous, made the attempt and was only frustrated through the watchfulness of the detectives watching Victor. The anarchist was arrested and a long stiletto was found in his sleeve.

Body Found.

The body of a negro, Willie Jamison, was found on the tracks of the Atlantic Coast Line in the suburbs of Charleston Thursday morning. There is a suspicion of foul play. The man is thought to have been killed by some negro and the body laid on the tracks.

He Has Skipped.

A special to The State from Spartanburg says that W. W. Hughes of Union, who was found to be about $30,000 short in his building and loan accounts some time ago, has left that city, and will not be prosecuted.

CAME TOO LATE.

After Being Caught In His Rascality Thackston

BECOMES PENITENT

And Curses Out the Dispensary Law, Charging it With Making Him a Grafter. Dispenser Allsbrook Has His Letters Read to The Public.

The Legislative Dispensary Investigating Committee resumed its sittings in Columbia last week. Among the witnesses examined was T. F. Thackston of Spartanburg, who seems to have been a star witness. He is reported to have said after the committee had examined him and made him confess that he was guilty of several rascalities: 'I know I wish I had never seen a dispensary, because it is the greatest curse we have ever had on the State. I am sorry I ever got my hands stained with it. Well I have never known a man that had anything to do with it that the people did not think less of him."

Thackston is not the first man that has become penitent after being caught up with. His deliverance on the dispensary is simply a new version of the old saw, that no rogue ever felt the halter draw with a good opinion of law. As long as he was not detected in his sharp practices he said nothing, but just as soon as he is caught up with he blames the law for making him a grafter. The truth of the matter is Thackston was a grafter before he became a dispenser. All he wanted was an opportunity to put his grafting talent to use and it came when he was made a beer dispenser. He would have done the same thing in a bank or any other place of trust. A dishonest man is a dishonest man.

Mr J. D. Alsbrock, the dispenser at Manning, was also put through a course of investigation, but he seemed to have had a bad memory as he could not remember many thing connected with his office It was pitiable to see this man dodging and insisting that he could not remember; that he could not deny nor could he affirm that he had asked for pap because he was a dispenser. To the very last he could not recollect and then finally Mr. Lyon pulled on him three letters, which were read as follows:

THE ALSBROOK LETTERS.

Manning, S. C, November 13, 1905.

Duffy's Malt Whiskey Company. Rochester, N Y.—Dear Sirs: Your letter of November 6 is to hand, and in reply will say the advertisements are pasted, as you indicate in your letter, at six different places, all of which, I think, are very good, but this will accomplish nothing unless you can get the county dispensers to handle the goods.

I am dispenser here, and have been handling Duffy's Malt Whiskey ever since I have been dispenser, but it is hard to get it at times—and besides, if you want the goods sold, communicate with the county dispensar of each county and let him know what he may expect, if anything, for special courtesies.

It is an old proverb, as true as Holy writ: "Whose bread I eat, whose song I sing." The county dispensers order what they want, and sell what they get. A hint to the wise is sufficient—and this is given confidentially.

I have sold during the past twelve months about 80 cases Duffy's Malt, but have not had any shipped me since last August.

Since receiving your letter of Saturday, 11th instant, I ordered several cases, but do not know if the goods will be shipped me or not. I shall expect to hear from you again in the next few days, and expect to continue to sell some of your goods. Yours very truly, J. D. Alsbrook, Dispenser.

Manning, S. C., November 28, 1905

Duffy's Malt Whiskey Company, Rochester, N. Y.—Dear Sir: Since writing to you on the 13th instant I have secured a few cases of your whiskey and have sent in an order for more, which I hope will be shipped to me, but would like to hear from you at once before placing my order for the Christmas holidays. Yours very truly, J. D. Alsbrook, Dispenser.

Manning, S. C., December 12, 1905.

Duffy Malt Whiskey Company, Rochester, N. Y.—Dear Sirs. On November 10, we sent you statement, showing 65 cases your goods sold. On November 15 we received 15 cases, and on the 29th 20 cases more, which stock is being rapidly sold. We can handle the goods alright if the proper quid pro quo is forthcoming.

The case of goods was received today in good order, and we desire to express to you many thanks for thus remembering us during the Christmas holidays.

With best wishes for you and yours, and with greetings for the season, we are, yours truly, J. D. Alsbrook. Dispenser.

THACKSTON'S CHANGE OF HEART.

When the committee was in Spartanburg several months ago they worked Thackston for all they could and he swore that never a cent did he give any one for his job, never a cent did he get, and butter could melt in his mouth, but he now tells a different story because he knew the men behind the work had the documents on him. He 'fessed up to getting $550 from the Augusta Brewery with which to buy his job from the Spartanburg County Board and then that he kept the money he got to buy his job on this. The sub-committee had doubts, but the check and letter were conclusive that he got $550 from the Brewery, on the representation that he needed the money to buy his position and the brewery folks knew the tricks. They expected to pay $300 hence this letter:

"Yours of the 26th inst., received and regret to see this squeezing game going on. We thought three plunks would cover the bill, one each, however when you told me it would take five. I was ready to swallow the pill Now if you are able to sell as many as 12 cars of beer the first year, and we get your trade the second year if re elected, we will be satisfied to the one half pulk. We are ready to put up when you are ready."

Thackston utterly denied this several months ago and now Solicitor Sease will handle his case. He takes the position that the $550 was sent Mr. Becker and by Mr. Becker given him and that was his jurisdiction for saying he got no money. He insists that he used the fund himself, but added that he asked the brewery to help him with cash in his second election.

It is said that Allsbrook will be prosecuted too by the State.

HOCH ON EDITORS.

Pleasures of the Calling and Influence They Wield.

Governor Hoch, of Kansas, says there is no better index to a town than its newspaper. If it is well printed, attractive in its make-up, reliable in its news columns, strong in editorial comment, but, above all liberal in advertising patronage, depend upon it, nine cases out of ten, that town is an enterprising, up-to-date town, but if the paper looks shabby, depend upon it the town is shabby, for a newspaper is every where and always a town's best mirror.

Brethren of the country press, I exalt your station. You are the real kings and queens. Your throne may be a rickety chair and your scepter the stub of a lead pencil but you rule the world just the same. Local politicians may affect to despise you, but they await the appearance of your paper each week with fear and trembling. Evil doers may try to belittle your influence, but they dread the publicity of your columns vastly more than they will admit. The influence and power of the old home paper can not well be overestimated. It enters into the very warp and woof of the children's lives and unconsciously molds much of their character. To my mind there is no more desirable, no more enviable occupation than that of the country editor. To own his own plant, to have a medium for the expression of his honest views, to look up his office every evening and to be able to go home and keep company with his family and with his books, to return next morning to the office, to meet the people whom he serves to jot down the thoughts that occur to his mind, to tear off the wrappers from his exchanges and get in communion with other editors, to perform the thousand and one little duties that come to him every day, to be a power in his community, as he may be and usually is, to be his own boss—to my mind, this is the ideal life, more to be desired than the most exalted political station.

FELL FROM CAR.

Hon. J. E. Tindal is Fatally Hurt in Columbia.

Hon. J. E. Tindal, secretary of state when Tillman was governor from 1890 to 1894, died in the Columbia hospital at 4 o'clock Thursday morning from injuries he received at midnight by falling from the running board of a crowded street car on Main street Columbia. The Record says one seems to know just how the accident occurred. Mr. Tindal was on his way from Clemson college, where he has been a trustee for many years, to visit his daughter Mrs. Dr. E. G Quattlebaum, living on Blanding street. He fell from the car as it was moving rapidly between two streets a few blocks beyond his destination. The conductor says he had signaled to get off and that the gong had sounded for a stop at the next crossing when Mr. Tindal either jumped off or fell off with his grip in his hand. Passengers standing near him were not able to figure out how the accident occurred, so sudden and unexpected was it. He fell with the back of his head striking the macadam and died without regaining consciousness Mr. Tindal was a cautious man, and those who know him do not think he either stepped off the car with the wronk foot or attempted to jump from it He was carried to a fruit stand nearby, and from there his son-in-law accompanied him to the hospital.

Mr. Tindal was staunch Baptist and a power for good in his community He was a fine soldier, serving through the entire Civil war. Mr. Tindal was a loving and lovable man in all circumstances, and much of his life was spent in the interest of his neighbors and friends. He was earnly eighty years of age.

Many Houses Burned.

A dispatch from Cabolt, Ont., says fifty-seven houses are burned and a dozen others are wrecked as the result of the forest fire which swept through the northern part of the town Saturday. As it passed the Ontario powder company's dynamite magazine, seven tons and a half of dynamite exploded within 50 feet of the main portion of the town, tearing buildings from their foundations and spreading ruin in all directions. Only one fatality is so far reported

New Bishops.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which recently met at Birmingham, Ala., last week elected three new bishops as follows:

Dr. Seth Ward, assistant missionary secretary of the church.

Dr. John T. Tigert, book editor.

Dr. James Atkins, Sunday school editor.

Hung Him.

A Columbus, Miss., dispatch says George Younger, a negro, who shot and killed William Estor, a well known white citizen last Saturday while the latter was a member of posse endeavoring to effect the negro's arrest, was taken from jail at that place Wednesday night by a mob and lynched.

WHO SHOT HER?

A Lady Assassinated While Asleep in Her Bed

BY UNKNOWN FIENDS

Circumstantial Evidence Against a Negro Under Arrest and Confined in Jail for Safe Keeping. The Woman's Husband Also Under Suspicion.

The Augusta Chronicle says Mrs. Eb S. Wilson of Beech Island was shot at 2 o'clock Thursday morning and so fatally wounded that she died some hours afterward. Bill Lumford, colored, lies in the Richmond county jail, with circumstantial evidence pointing to him as the murderer. Tom Williams, another negro, is locked up under suspicion, as an accomplice in the crime. The case was worked up by Detective Howard of the Augusta city police.

At the time of the tragedy Mrs. Wilson was sleeping in her bed, alone, in one of the rooms of the house. Her husband, Mr. Wilson, was in another apartment. At about 2 o'clock the night winds carried far and wide the echo of a pistol shot. Mrs. Wilson lay on her bed in a pool of blood, mortally wounded.

Early in the night Mr. Wilson had seen a strange negro loitering around his premises. Having asked the man his business and received no satisfactory answer, he drove him off the place. It is believed that this negro was Bill Lumford, and that he returned. Excitement and indignation ran rife on Beech Island. As soon as the sad story was heard from Mr. Wilson's lips every effort was made by friends and neighbors to accomplish the capture of the guilty party.

The trail was warm, and it led, apparently, to Bill Lumford. The tracks of a man who wore rubber-heeled shoes were followed without a break from the Wilson place to the Carolina side of the Hamburg bridge. Detective Howard, following other clues, had arrested Lumford. The prisoner's shoes were taken from him, and Detective Howard personally went across the river to see whether or not they fit the tracks. So far as ascertained in the road, they did.

The imprint of the rubber heels was damaging circumstantial evidence. To make assurance doubly sure, the shoes were given to Mr. P. B. Page, a friend of Mr. Wilson's, who first brought the news of the tragedy to Augusta, and Mr. Page will fit them to the still clearer impressions made in the loose ground on the Wilson place. Up to a late hour Mr. Page had not reported the result of this experiment

Other minor but important points converge to the same center. Bill Lumford and Tom Williams are Spartanburg county negroes. After the arrest it was stated that they had spent the night in Augusta at the house of a negro woman named Meta. Meta herself declared that they had slept at her house from the middle of the night until morning. Investigation developed that Meta herself, accompanied by her husband, had been all night across the river at some negro family gathering or wake. Her story was discredited.

Furthermore, responsible parties are reported to have seen two negroes whose description corresponds to that of the prisoners, crossing the Hamburg bridge in the gray dawn of the morning, their clothing covered with dust. It is said that Mr. Wilson would be able to identify the negro whom he ordered off his place. Up to a late hour Thursday night Mr. Wilson had not come to the city, nor could it be ascertained at what time he would arrive.

The members of the family gave the following account of the tragedy: When the shot was fired, Mrs. Wilson jumped from her bed and screamed "I have been shot. Somebody has killed me," and ran into her husband's room, where she fell. She afterward became conscious, and stated that she had no idea who shot her; that she was asleep at the time. Later she lapsed into semi-consciousness and lingered until Thursday night, when she died.

The fatal shot was fired at so close a range that the flesh showed the powder marks. The bullet entered under the right shoulder, and ranged down to the left side, penetrating the diaphragm. It had evidently been fired through the oriface caused by a broken pane of glass. A board placed against the hole on the outside had been removed by the assassin.

SENSATION FOLLOWS SENSATION.

A dispatch from Augusta to The State says sensation followed upon sensation Thursday night and this afternoon in the Wilson murder tragedy. Shoes worn by the negro Lumford were taken to the scene of the crime during the forenoon and found to fit exactly the tracks around the house and through the ditch near the house. Lumford is still being held in jail there, but Mr. Wilson has not been to the city to identify him as the man seen late in the afternoon before the murder.

J. L. Brown, a brother-in-law of Wilson's was arrested in Augusta Thursday evening under the influence of liquor and held in jail for a time to prevent personal injury. The man declared he was on his way to Beech Island for the purpose of killing Wilson, whom he declared had killed Mrs. Wilson, saying he intended after disposing of Wilson to kill himself. After making this statement, and saying to show that he was in earnest, he drew a pocket knife and slashed his own throat, inflicting a shallow flesh wound.

NEWS FROM AIKEN.

A dispatch from Aiken to The State says it is said there that relatives of Mrs. Wilson have demanded the arrest of Mr. Wilson himself, whom they allege killed his wife. It is further said that these relatives charge Wilson with gross cruelty to his wife. They say that Wilson is a hard drinker and that several times while under the influence of drink he has beaten her unmercifully. A short time ago her brothers retaliated upon him by administering a sound thrashing. That the Wilsons were not a peaceful family seems to have been known by the neighbors generally. It cannot be learned here yet whether Mr. Wilson has been arrested or not. Mrs Eb Wilson was a niece of ex-Clerk of Court John N. Hankinson, who now resides at Whitepond. She was an estimable lady and highly regarded in her community.

BROKE UP MEETING.

Two Georgia Farmers Shoot Each Other to Death.

A special message to the Augusta Chronicle says resulting from bad blood, which has existed for some time, Joe Hasty, a farmer, who lived about two miles from Chipley, Ga., was shot to death in a pistol duel at that place Wednesday at a political meeting, and Sam Irving, who shot Hasty, was killed a few minutes afterward by a crowd who gave chase as he ran from the scene.

The first shooting occurred on the outer edge of a grove where an audience was listening to a speech being made by Hon. Hoke Smith, candidate for governor. The crowd immediately left the grove and Mr. Smith was compelled to discontinue his speech, being unable later to resume.

It is stated that the bad blood which existed between Hasty and Irvin was due to an alleged debt of fifteen cents. The two men met at the political gathering and renewed the quarrel, when there was an exchange of heated words. The town marshal interfered and smoothed the difference over for a time, but shortly Hasty and Irvin came together again and began to shoot. Almost with the first shot fired Hasty fell to the ground mortally wounded, and died in a few minutes.

No sooner had Hasty fallen than Irvin ran and was pursued by a number of people from the audience. Immediately there was a fusillade of bullets, and before Irvin had gone three blocks he fell dead from bullets fired by some one in the party of pursuers, who is not known.

There were about 65 shots fired during the excitement. Two spectators, standing to one side of the audience, were hit by stray bullets and slightly wounded.

KILL THEIR BABIES.

Horrible Story of Human Sacrifice to Imaginary God.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg, Russia says the most atrocious crime that has occurred in Siberia since the famous case of the brothers Kalaschinkoff is about to be investigated in Tobolsk. Seven peasants of the neighboring village of Kobulika and three women are about to be put on trial on a charge of sacrificing a number of children in order to appease the wrath of an imaginary god of pestilence The Siberian plague had destroyed the villagers' cattle year after year. The village was reduced to poverty, and many of its inhabitants were obligated to migrate to the towns.

A local quack, who earned a living by making children "invulnerable to the evil eye," advised the muzhiks that "until blood has been shed and a church raised upon it" the village would continue to be visited by pestilence and—he hinted—even worse terrors. The panic stricken peasants understood this to mean that a church should be built upon a foundation of human beings, as was done by their ancestors in heathen times.

A man named Glazmoff offered to sacrifice one of his seven children, and his example was followed by the local blacksmith. The two children were killed at night and a rude wooden chapel hurriedly built over their remains. When the story became known the muzhiks from a neighboring village raided the culprits' homes, burned them down and nearly killed the murderers.

Died of Rabbies.

A special to The Augusta Chronicle says, Bernard the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Buxton, of Girard, Ga, died at the Pastuer Institute in Atlanta about 4 o'clock Thursday morning. He was carried there for treatment for a mad-dog bite that occurred about a month ago. At the time the little fellow was bitten, no one thought the dog mad and little attention was paid to the wound. Wednesday the dog showed signs of the rabbies and his father carried him to Atlanta for treatment. His death was a sad shock to his parents who have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Unique Sentence.

Probably the most unique sentence ever imposed by a court of law in Kansas, says The Kansas City Star, was ordered in the case of Joe Transier, who was before Police Judge Herr on the charge of being drunk. Transier is an old offender, and when he was brought into court Judge Herr fined him $2 and ordered that he be confined to his bed for a week. Marshal Horath took Transier home and put him to bed and the culprit's family was instructed to notify the court if Transier showed a disposition to leave the bed before the week was out.

Jumped Too Soon.

To avoid a wreck which did not occur, Scott Gillespie, of Somerset, Ky., a locomotive engineer, jumped from his locomotive at New River bridge, one of the highest in the world, and was killed. John Colyar, the fireman, also leaped in the river, and is not expected to live. The men became alarmed when one of the trucks of the locomotive left the rails, believing it would fall from the structure, but it was stopped on the bridge by a second locomotive.

AWFUL DISEASE

THE WHITE PLAGUE GREATEST OF ALL CALAMITIES.

The Loss of Life by Consumption Greater Than by Quakes Flood and Fire.

"The great calamities that have befallen part of our country within the memory of those past middle life," said he, "namely, the Chicago fire, the Charleston earthquake, the Johnstown flood, and the San Francisco earthquake and conflagration, brought the world to its feet with offerings of money and relief. Everybody gave, and wealthy men gave most generously. Everybody gave on faith, moreover, without personal knowledge of the conditions existing in those places or of the manner in which the money would be expended. Everybody agreed that help was needed, and everybody was willing to help.

"All of these calamities combined are not as great as is the calamity of tuberculosis to our country every year. The loss of life in a single year by tuberculosis is fifty times greater than it was in all those calamities. The amount of suffering from tuberculosis for a single year is greater than was the total suffering in those calamities. There was not a form of human suffering or misery precipitated by those calamities which is not duplicated many times over every year by tuberculosis."

The only item smaller is the money valuation, and that loss from tuberculosis was stated by Dr. Flick to be more than $50,000,000 annually.

Continuing, Dr. Flick said:

"Could the disastrous influence of tuberculosis upon any community be presented to the public in a concrete form in the manner in which, for instance, the San Francisco earthquake was presented; could all the consumptives be marshalled into line and their suffering thus be presented to the world at a glance, the response for the amelioration of that suffering would be as generous as that which the world has just witnessed for California."

Dr. Flick asserted that the strength of the association lay in the fact that its ambition to eradicate consumption could be gratified. He advocated the establishment of hospitals, sanatoria, convalescant farms, public dispensaries, where the poor could be served, and the scientific care of the illoted in their own homes. He criticised the medical schools that turned out graduates unacquainted with the best methods of combating the disease.

In referring to the great international conference of the associations of the world engaged in the crusade against consumption, which will be held in Washington in 1908, Dr. Flick recommended that the national association should establish permanent headquarters in Washington, and that its invitations to the associations of other countries should bear the seal of the approval of the United States government. The governments of France and Germany, said he, actively participate in the work of the associations in their respective countries

In commenting on the membership of the association, Dr. Flick deprecated the fact that so few clergymen, professional or business men were taking an active interest in the work.

To create more widespread interest he advocated the establishment of a lecture bureau, providing speakers to visit every part of the country and disseminate knowledge of how to successfully combat the disease.

The report of the executive committee told of the growth of the association and of the methods that had been employed in spreading knowledge of the manner to fight consumption. Exhibitions pictorially depicting the nature of the disease and outlining methods to be followed by those suffering from it, which have been given in several cities, were attended by over 150,000 people in the last year. The committee recommended that smaller exhibits be arranged that will visit the smaller cities and towns during the ensuing year. The committee also reported upon its success in securing the cooperation of the Y. M. C. A., the National Federation of Labor, and other associations in the crusade.

The emblem of membership to the national, state, and local association was declared to be a double red cross.

Nearing the End.

Terrible predictions concerning what will happen to this poor old earth during the next twenty five years were made at a prophetic and Second Advent conference last week in London and while they differed somewhat in details, they all agreed that the end of the world is at hand, they were not quite sure whether the final catastrophe will come on May 2, or April 9, 1931, but they are quite sure that one of these dates will prove to be the right one. There can be no doubt that the world has nearly outlived its usefulness, the prophets declared. The wars and earthquakes which have afflicted it recently are proof positive and all that is required to fulfill the prophecies is the coming of anti-Christ, who is somewhat unkindly identified with Napoleon.

Fatal Explosion.

John Saunders was instantly killed and seven other men were more or less injured by an explosion of dynamite on the Tidewater Railroad construction work near Roanoke, Va., Friday evening Saunders was removing the tamping from a hole when the explosive went off Among the injured are: Allen Harris, leg broken, cut and burned on face and body; J. W. Berry and E. Ferret were slightly hurt.

Fatal Explosion.

A special from Derridder, La, says; J.B. Johnson was killed, A. Keeting fatally injured and several others slightly hurt by a dyramite explosion at a railroad camp twelve miles from here Friday afternoon. The men were out at target practice with rifles, when one of the bullets struck a four hundred pound pile of dynamite, causing a terrific explosion. The camp was destroyed by fire which followed.

TOLD TO MURDER

Her Cruel Uncle in a Dream Says Woman

ON WITNESS STAND.

She Said That She Was Subject to Hallucination, a Voice Commanding Her to "Kill Him" Dreamed She was in the Presence of God.

In New York last week Josephine Terranova took the witness stand in her own behalf at her trial on the charge of having murdered her aunt. The defendant said that she came to this country when eight years old, going to live with her uncle and aunt the Reggious. She is an Italian girl who told one of the most awful tales of depravity and the part of her uncle and aunt, whom she finally killed for the great wrong they had done her.

"I didn't go to church or to school, she said, "for seven years after I came to America. My aunt and uncle would not let me. I wanted to go. I did everything, washing, scrubbing, everything and sometimes there were ten, eleven, sixteen boarders in the house."

"Do you remember one winter morning when you were about eleven and a half years old?' she was asked.

The girl replied that she did; that her aunt had taken her to the uncle's room that day. "That is what I am on trial here about," she added. As the girl told of her uncle's treatment a woman spectator fainted. The girl hesitated in giving her testimony saying that she was ashamed to speak it.

She said that her aunt had forced her to obey her uncle and had beat her, breaking a stick during one of the whippings, and making the witness so sick that she went to bed. The girl said she was never permitted to play with other children and was forbidden to talk English or associate with the boarders in the house. She said she wanted to go to her mother but was not permitted to.

The witness said that her husband was led to suspect what her relations with her uncle had been, because of a remark which the latter made. She declared that her uncle's mistreatment covered a period of about six years and that it continued up to and including the night after her civil marriage to Terranova. She told of the circumstances which led her to kill the uncle, Gaetano, and her aunt, Concetta She said that her husband after listening to her confession told her that she was no longer his wife and thereupon left her. She remained alone during the following ten days, subject, she said to the influence of hallucinations in which her uncle appeared. Whenever he appeared a voice said "kill him." Each night, the witness continued, she would dream or imagine that she was in the presence of God and there again she would hear the words "kill your uncle."

At the end of ten days, the girl said she went to her mother's house and was turned away. Then the mysterious voices became more insistent and their directions more pointed, telling her to buy a knife and a revolver and kill. When armed on her way to their house for this purpose, she said she had crossed herself three times and prayed to know whether she was doing right. She confronted her uncle, calling him "traitor," and he replied: "You are an outcast."

"She remembered little of her attack, but asserted that she began to stab when her aunt came between her and Gaetano. She did not remember which one struck first. Under cross examination the witness said she had been unable to run away from her uncle's treatment, as she desired to. Her aunt, she said, had told her that there was no harm in her relations with her uncle. Justice Scott, who is hearing the case, questioned the girl about the voices she claimed to have heard, and she told him that they came like a ringing in the ears.

Dried Beef Horse Meat.

Officers of the secret service at Manila have been engaged in an investigation of the alleged killing of diseased horses for food purposes. They found that the practice existed in several places between Manila and Caloocan, the product having been sold in the form of "dried beef." Instructions have been given from Washington, which will enable the operators of the information division of the constabulary, co-operating with the health authorities, to break up such unsanitary practices. The report on the case, showing the extent of the business, has been submitted to the war department. The constabulary officials at Manila have taken prompt, and what promises to be effective, action in the matter.

Fatal Trolley Collision.

One man was killed and nearly seventy old soldiers were injured, but none fatally, in a collision on the Layfayette, Ind., battle ground electric road Friday. Both cars were crowded with veterans attending the annual encampment of the G. A. R. The collision occurred at a switch. One car was coming south to the city from the battle ground, filled with veterans, and the other was outward bound, carrying old soldiers to the battlefield. Charles Roudebush, motorman of the south-bound car, was killed. M. O. Farmer, the conductor, was slightly hurt. Both cars were demolished. Twelve doctors were summoned and the injured were brought to the city in special cars and taken to St. Elizabeth's Hospital.