

PLUNGED TO DEATH.

Fifty Men Fall with a Bridge Into the Ohio River.

AT LEAST 20 DEAD AND MISSING

They Were at Work Building a New Span—Their Drop Was 110 Feet, and the Miracle Is That a Single One Escaped Alive.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., December 16.—At a few minutes past 10 o'clock this morning the false work and that part of the middle span of the Louisville and Jeffersonville bridge gave way, and, with all the workmen, was precipitated 110 feet into the water below.

The foreman, in beginning the work, noticed that during the night the "traveler," which had been put in place last night, had been worked loose by the wind. An order to draw it back into place was given and the men and engine were started. The wind was high at the time and the gentle swaying of the false work gradually forced the "traveler" off the piles on which it was resting. The sand slipped, the whole work trembled and the men realizing their danger started for the piers. The central beam was the first to give way and the men on this bent went down to be covered by the mass of iron and timber of the other bents, which fell almost immediately, carrying with them the men who were on them. A few failed to reach places of safety on the piers. The north bent, or the one attached to Indiana pier, did not fall for fifteen minutes after the other parts went down.

As near as can be ascertained, there were fifty-one men on the bridge when the alarm was given by the engineer in charge of the works. Of this number several succeeded in reaching the piers. Of those who went down some are covered by a mass of timber, from beneath which it will be days before their bodies are recovered.

When the huge mass of material struck the water all was concealed for an instant by the spray that was thrown high into the air. As the water subsided here and there could be seen men struggling desperately to climb upon the timbers that thrust their ends above the water. A few succeeded in climbing to places of safety and were quickly rescued by boats that put out from the shore, others struggled desperately and were carried off by the current almost when rescue was at hand.

General opinion ascribes the cause of the disaster to the stiff wind that had been sweeping the river all day. It bore with great force on the ponderous framework, which necessarily became loosened from the constant strain and swaying of the heavy timbers.

It is believed forty lives were lost.

CAPTURE OF TRAIN ROBBERS.

Officers Pursue the Robbers into Dallas and Get Them.

AUSTIN, Tex., December 15.—After being on the trail of the Sunday night train robbers for over thirty hours, the officers and posse came into the city this morning, having become convinced that the robbers were in hiding here. Their surmise was correct, for soon after their arrival they succeeded in arresting Dick Wallace and Lum Denton. A good deal of money and a watch belonging to a passenger on the train was found in Denton's possession. The third robber, Bill Bronson, alias Bronson Bill, was found in hiding tonight below town. He resisted arrest and the officers opened fire on him, wounding him seriously. He was brought to the city and put in jail. The fourth robber, Burleson, by name, is making his way to the west on horseback. Officers know of his destination, however, and his arrest is only a question of a few hours.

Home Rule Shelved.

DUBLIN, December 15.—John Redmond, speaking at a meeting at Tuam today, reiterated his statement that the question of home rule had been shelved by the government. He declared that jury packing, which Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley had denounced in 1890, was practiced at Cork last week, when forty-one Catholics were rejected for jury duty and Protestant jurors were almost exclusively empaneled.

Too Much Morphine.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., December 15.—A special to The Tribune from Athens, Tenn., says Steve Sweeney lies at the point of death at his home from an overdose of morphine. His wife says it was self-administered. He has been in that condition about nine hours. Sweeney recently carried Callie Cash, a housewife, to the city, where she received a fatal dose of morphine a few weeks ago.

Alabama's Governorship.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., December 15.—Joseph F. Johnson authorized The Constitution to formally announce his candidacy for the democratic nomination for governor of Alabama. It has been known for some time that Captain Johnson was in the race, but this is the first formal statement to that effect. Mayor Rich, of Mobile, has also announced.

Dixon Knocks Billy Murphy Out.

PATTERSON, N. J., December 17.—The four-round glove contest between George Dixon, champion feather weight pugilist of the world, and Australian Billy Murphy last night ended in Murphy being knocked out in the third round.

Accident by His Wife's Friend.

ATLANTA, Ga., December 15.—Mas-son Smith, an old negro living three miles from the city, died Saturday night under suspicious circumstances. Smith was about sixty-five years old and had a young wife. He thought he had reason to be jealous, watched closely and entering his house at an unexpected moment was set upon by a friend named Gus Chibbert. The latter beat the old man severely and his death probably resulted from the injuries.

Maneuvers in Snow.

St. PETERSBURG, December 15.—The coming winter has been selected for a series of extensive army maneuvers in the deeply snow-clad portion of Moscow. The troops will bivouac under the new Chirgheses felt tents. The military evolutions in the snow will only be suspended when a degree below zero are registered by the thermometer.

King Lobengula.

Lobengula, according to Mr. E. A. Maund, who brought the Matabelo envoys to England four years ago, is by no means so black as he is painted, that is, in character. This traveler differs from those who say that the king is "deadly cruel." He has to rule a turbulent people, who do not know the value of life. He is shrewd, possessed of a wonderful memory and has sufficient intuitive knowledge to despise many of the superstitions of which, as rain-maker, he is the chief exponent. Speaking one day to Mr. Maund of killing, he said: "You see, you white men have prisons, and can lock a man up safely. I cannot. What am I to do? When a man would not listen to orders, I used to have his ears cut off as being useless; but whatever their punishment they frequently repeated their offense. Now, I warn them, and then a knobkerried man never repeats his offense." Lobengula was very hospitable to white men. He is described as more adapted to a farmer's life—being very fond of his cattle—than to ruling. As a young man he was a keen sportsman, but became too grossly fat to get on a horse. Though his head kraal has the name of Gubulawayo, or the "place of killing," the approach to his kraal is not ornamented with human heads.

Timed the G. O. M.

The late Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, will be missed on occasions when the G. O. M. makes an important speech. At such times as recently at Newcastle, Sir Andrew used to sit, watch in hand, to see that Mr. Gladstone did not speak longer than the limit prescribed by the physician. At Newcastle the time set was one hour, and at the conclusion of the sixtieth minute Mr. Gladstone tossed aside the last sheet of his notes, while the physician looked triumphant. But in the warmth of his oratory Mr. Gladstone went on without notes for nearly half an hour longer, while Sir Andrew's look of triumph changed to one of mingled perplexity and amusement. On feeling Mr. Gladstone's pulse afterward he was able to say that the veteran statesman was even in better form at the end of his speech than at the beginning.

Not a Prohibition Gathering.

Mrs. Elizabeth Storrs Meade, the stately president of Mount Holyoke college, told her girls lately a funny story at her own expense. She had been visiting Springfield to attend a temperance meeting and was rather confused by conflicting directions to the place where the conference was to be held. At length she walked into a large room and settled herself comfortably, looking about her with smiles of satisfaction that so many men were interested in the cause of prohibition and were present to discuss it. Then it dawned upon her as equally strange and not so gratifying that her own sex was sparsely represented. She felt a vague distrust, and leaned over to a neighbor: "This is the Methodist church, isn't it?" she inquired. "No, ma'am," was the bland answer, "it's the police court."

The Only Tune Harrison Likes.

During the darkest days of the war, when military tunes and ballads were sung everywhere till people were about sick of them, there was played in New York, says the Press of that town, a soldier's march which was immediately popular all over the country. It was the late Charles Gounod's "The Soldiers' Chorus," from "Faust," and after a year or two America got as tired of it as it recently did of "Annie Rooney." Ex-President Harrison first heard it played by one of the army bands in Sherman's army. It is the only air he ever liked. In the case of most tunes he did not know one from the other, and he is probably the only person in the United States to-day who hears the "Soldier's Chorus" played and feels inspired by it.

Prof. Huxley and the Postman.

Prof. Huxley now lives in Sussex, in a house which he calls "Hodeslea," which curious name is said to be the ancient form of his own surname. He is the bete noire of the autograph hunter, "whose excuse for existence he does not see. Yet he relates with much gusto how his postman not long since asked him for an autograph, confessing frankly that he did not know what the professor's business was, but explaining that he had heard folks say as how he was something 'superior.'"

An Exception.

"Are you going to wear that big hat to the theater?" the young man asked.

"Yes, George." And after a silence, she added: "But I am going to take it off when we get inside."

And that is what confirmed George's suspicions that she is an angel.—Washington Star.

Julian Hawthorne is soon to remove his family and his lares from the "House of the Seven Gables" at Sag Harbor to establish them for a year or two—possibly longer, if he yields to the fascination of the place as Stevenson has to the charms of Samoa—on the island of Jamaica in the West Indies. From there, using Kingston, perhaps, as headquarters, he expects to roam about with a freebooter's freedom in the old haunts of pirates and to make an excursion to the Sargasso sea, the gulf stream's dead center, where the derelicts congregate.

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BRER LIAS KNEW.

He Repeated the Parable of Potiphar and Jezabel.

There was an old dandy in southern Illinois who wanted to join the ministry. He had progressed through many years of trial and tribulation from the position of chief log stealer and hen rooster of the community to the mourners' bench, to membership, to a deaconate, and finally to the dignified office of sexton and chief bell ringer of the white folks' church in the same town. He couldn't read, but his granddaughter Lucinda could and he made her read to him every evening from the good book and prayerfully paddled her with a bedslat three times a week that she might fear God. He was finally brought before the board of examination, which was conducted as follows:

"Brer Lias, do you know the Bible?"

"Yes, praise de Lawd."

"Brer Lias, do you believe it to be the word of God?"

"Yes, dat I do, praise de Lawd."

"Do you believe the parables?"

"Dat I do. Ever wud ob dem par'bles in fac's, sho nuff. Gospel book."

"Do you know any of them well enough to repeat, Brer Lias?"

"Dat I do. I knows dem all, but dat one of Potiphar and Jezabel is de truest an' mos' powerful one ob all. Hit goes dis way: You see, Potiphar was a ridin' down in his chari'v' fun Jez'us'um into Jerico. He drove 'long lil bit wen' long comes Jezabel. She say: 'Write man, gimme ride,' and he lone tuk 'er up behind him in his chari'v'. An' dey went along a lil furder an' fell among 'twees. An' dey say: 'Frow down Jezabel!'"

"An' Potiphar, he say: 'Let him among you widout sin cas' de fus stone.'"

"But dey say all de louder: 'Frow down Jezabel!'"

"An' finally he frow down Jezabel. But dey warn satisfied, an' yell: 'Frow down Jezabel!'"

"An' he frow her down ergin. An' den dey yell out: 'Frow her down some mo'!' An' he frow her down some'time. Dot dey was dat mean dey warn't satisfy nohow, an' dey kep' a-hollerin': 'Frow down Jezabel!'"

"An' he frow her down seb'nty times seb'ny. An' ob de remains dey gaddered up seb'ny baskets full."—Washington Post.

Ortolans in India.

The fraudulent ortolan enters into the menu of most of India's provinces. For the genuine ortolan—that delicious mouthful—is, as far as my experience goes, very strictly localized. I have seen, shot and eaten them in only one district (Kishnaghur), but I have had ground larks, sand-martins and many other small fowl offered to me in the name of ortolan in twenty districts and in three provinces.

The sport provided by this winged delicacy is, I need hardly say, poor; it is, in fact, demoralizing, for there can be no question of aiming at this bird or that; the shooter has to fire his charge of dust shot into the brown of the swarm that whirls over the dusty plain like unto a cloud of dust. But if one cannot get ortolan save by shooting them, then I should feel inclined to shoot.—Blackwood's Magazine.

He Has the Proof.

"Uncle Eben," said a young man who was disposed to be jocular, "do you believe that there is luck in a rabbit's foot?"

The old man's eyes twinkled. Putting his hand in his vest pocket he drew forth a velvety rabbit's paw, and said gravely, as he held it at arm's length:

"See dat?"

"Yes."

"Wall, dere ain' no use tryin' ter tell me dat luck doan go wid dat rabbit's foot. I see got the proof right hyur in de kitchen."

"Proof of the luck that goes with that rabbit's paw?"

"Yassir," and the old man's eyes twinkled more than ever. "De rabbit dat used ter wear dat paw is cookin' in de pot dis minute. An' if rabbit stew ain' luck, what is?"—Washington Star.

Polite and Grateful.

That's what all boys should be, whether trained in the parlor or in the barn. When Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was six years old (in 1762), he exhibited his wonderful talent as a musician before the emperor and empress of Austria at Vienna. On leaving the instrument he slipped upon the polished floor of the palace reception room, and fell. Maria Antoinette, afterward queen of France, lifted him up and kissed him. "You are very kind," said the little musician, "and when I grow up I will marry you."—Harper's Young People.

Children Cry for Fitch's Pectoral.

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A Lover's Miscellany.

"I'll take this seventy-five-cent bottle of perfume if you will take off this coat mark and put on one with one dollar and fifty cents on it," said a young man to the clerk in a drug store.

"All right."

It was done.

"Great head!" soliloquized the young man. "Minnie will notice that coat mark, and love me for spending my substance so liberally for her. It never hurts a young man's chances for the object of his admiration to think he regards her worth getting the very best for."

The bottle of perfume was sent, and an evening or two later the donor called in person and casually proposed marriage.

"James," said the girl.

"What is it, Minnie dear?"

"You sent me a bottle of perfume?"

"Yes. Did you like it?"

"It was good perfume, James, but it wasn't worth any dollar and a half. Seventy-five cents is the regular price for that perfume, and I can't say that I have much use for a young man who is so careless of his money as to pay for an article twice what it is worth."

"Dat, Minnie—"

James was going to explain, but on second thought he refrained. It occurred to him that a girl might like him less for deceiving her than for extravagance. So he put on his hat and departed, resolving to try different tactics when he found an other girl.—William Henry Siviter, in Harper's Bazar.

An Author's Wife.

Count Tolstoi is said to have reproduced in the courtship of Levin and Kitty, in "Anna Karenina," where the lovers only pronounce the first letters of the words they wish to say to each other, the wooing of his wife and himself. Minnie Tolstoi is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow university at the age of seventeen, was married when she was eighteen, and her husband twenty years older, and is now, after thirty-one years of married life, the mother of nine living children and her husband's potent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task of which the difficulty is increased by the self-imposed shorthand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his compositions. Even his wife is not allowed to interrupt him when he is engaged in the first draught of an important work, and at such times he writes nearly all day and sometimes far into the night.—Harper's Bazar.

New York and London at War.

NEW YORK, December 13.—A special from Panama to a morning paper says: "Six or twenty years ago, when the boundary dispute between New York and London was at its height, and will probably be declared during the present week."

WHISKEY

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Station	Time	Station	Time
Richmond	12:30 P.M.	Danville	1:00 P.M.
Danville	1:30 P.M.	Richmond	2:00 P.M.
Richmond	2:30 P.M.	Danville	3:00 P.M.
Danville	3:30 P.M.	Richmond	4:00 P.M.
Richmond	4:30 P.M.	Danville	5:00 P.M.
Danville	5:30 P.M.	Richmond	6:00 P.M.
Richmond	6:30 P.M.	Danville	7:00 P.M.
Danville	7:30 P.M.	Richmond	8:00 P.M.
Richmond	8:30 P.M.	Danville	9:00 P.M.
Danville	9:30 P.M.	Richmond	10:00 P.M.
Richmond	10:30 P.M.	Danville	11:00 P.M.
Danville	11:30 P.M.	Richmond	12:00 A.M.

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Danville	3:30 P.M.	Richmond	4:00 P.M.
Richmond	4:30 P.M.	Danville	5:00 P.M.
Danville	5:30 P.M.	Richmond	6:00 P.M.
Richmond	6:30 P.M.	Danville	7:00 P.M.
Danville	7:30 P.M.	Richmond	8:00 P.M.
Richmond	8:30 P.M.	Danville	9:00 P.M.
Danville	9:30 P.M.	Richmond	10:00 P.M.
Richmond	10:30 P.M.	Danville	11:00 P.M.
Danville	11:30 P.M.	Richmond	12:00 A.M.

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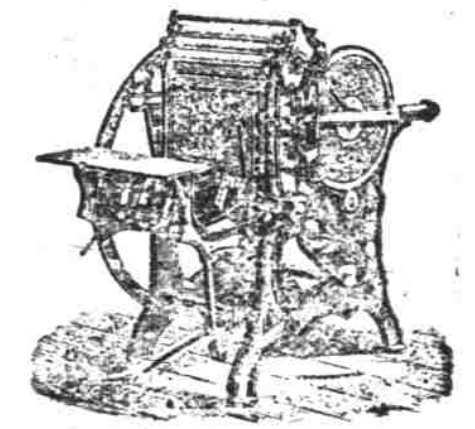
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