

TRAGEDY AT WOODWARD

Continued from Page 1.

No sound but that of a sort of groan like "Ugh!" left his lips, and he fell over on his left side, scarcely moving a muscle.

The instant the giant had fallen a rush was made for the burning house to get out the body of the dead constable. It was found on the stairway, and quickly carried to the outside. It was a horrible sight that met the gaze of the mob.

On the right side of the head was a ghastly wound where a load of buckshot had been fired through the face near the cheek bone, the charge coming out at the neck near the collar bone. Another load of nine buckshot entered the right breast a little below the collar bone and passed completely through the body, coming out near the left hip.

But the most horrible and terrible sight of all was that Barner had his throat cut from ear to ear, completely severing the trachea, and the head almost cut from the body. When the body was being carried out the head hung down unsupported and every move and jolt caused the blood to flow from the ghastly wound.

When the populace saw the work of the fiend it was with difficulty that they could be prevented from tearing the body of Ettlinger to pieces. One or two gave it a kick and otherwise tried to vent their wrath upon the lifeless body. The crowd was finally calmed down and both corpses carried down street about one hundred feet and laid side by side on the board walk.

The building when the body of Barner was taken out was burning fiercely, and the upper story was all aflame. The crowd still lingered inside looking for relics, and hesitated somewhat about leaving. That the building contained a lot of dynamite seemed to have no fear for them until a bomb exploded upstairs, and there was a rush to get to a place of safety.

Charge after charge of dynamite exploded and the reports shook the ground. Burning timbers and fragments of the building were thrown a hundred feet in the air, and every one kept at a safe distance. After every explosion there would be a perfect hail of bolts, nuts, pieces of horse shoes, chains, nails, and scrap iron, showing that Ettlinger had been fully prepared to withstand a siege, and had manufactured these bombs with the expectation of a raid by the officers. He had carefully planned his campaign, and had bombs placed under every window in the house, so that he could run to the window and pick up the bomb and throw it out upon any invaders who sought to arrest him. The house was well supplied with ammunition, and when the fire reached the cartridges their explosion resembled the discharge of a hundred guns. The explosions kept up for some time and it was not until the building had been burned to the ground that the crowd ventured near.

Across the alley from Ettlinger's house stood a building which he proposed using as a planing mill, and close by were several other buildings. To keep these from being destroyed Woodward had one of the largest bucket brigades, that ever attended a fire in Centre county. The stable on the back part of the lot, machine shop, and dwelling were burned to the ground. No effort was made to recover any of the personal property from the dwelling, and beyond a few articles nothing was saved. None wished to risk their lives, knowing that the house was filled from garret to cellar with explosives.

Both bodies were taken charge of by the county coroner, Dr. G. S. Frank, of Millheim, and an inquest held over them. He summoned the following named jurors on the body of Barner: Samuel Motz, W. H. Meyer, Dr. Diehl, Dr. J. F. Hartner, W. H. Phillips, and C. H. Morris. Their verdict was that "John Barner came to his death by receiving two gun shot wounds, and having his throat cut, at the hands of some person unknown."

On the body of William Ettlinger: F. P. Musser, Dr. H. C. Braucht, Jonathan Harter, M. C. Gephart, A. A. Frank and C. W. Albright, acted as jurors; it is needless to say what their verdict was.

The body of the misguided Ettlinger was placed in a rough box, and buried at the foot of the mountain to sleep in oblivion, no one to mourn his untimely death, or no one to shed a tear at his departure, his friends refusing to own him or to hold funeral obsequies over his remains. The overseers of poor Haines township took the body in charge, and without any funeral ceremonies, buried it in the outskirts of the village a few hours after his death.

Mrs. Ettlinger being interviewed by our reporter a day or so after the crime related the following description and the part she played: "When I saw Mr. Barner come I took the two children and ran up stairs to my husband, first locking the doors of the house. Upon being ordered by Mr. Barner to open the door I refused to do so. He then broke the front door in, and came to the stair door which was also locked. He broke a panel in of the stair door, and attempted to

force an entrance through it, holding a lighted lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other. When he had his head through the opening, Ettlinger from the top of the stairs fired two loads of buckshot into his head. After he had fired the first shot he thought it had not killed Barner, so he shot again. Soon after my husband descended the stairs and said he "would finish the son of a bitch," and cut his throat, and came up stairs and told me that he intended to shoot me now and then shoot himself. He told me to call some of the neighbors to come for the children, and then he would shoot me. I told him that none of the neighbors would come near to our house at that time. He then got the shackles and put them on my feet so I would not run away from him, and made me go up on the garret and take the children with me. While up on the garret I walked to one of the windows and one of the guards seeing me shot at me, the ball just cutting the skin open on my face a little below the right ear.

"After being on the garret the greater part of the afternoon he commanded me to bring the children down on the second floor. He then told the children that they would now have to leave us, that he would shoot their mother and then himself. The children then began to cry, and tried to protect me by putting their heads on my head, and their arms about my neck, and tried to shield me from his fury.

"On Thursday night we all slept on the floor in a hall, at the head of the stairs, setting up a heavy mattress and some building paper to protect us from the rifle balls that were pouring in on us from the outside. My husband slept soundly the greater part of Thursday night notwithstanding all the firing from the guns outside.

"We remained up stairs till the next morning, till we saw that the sheriff was there with his posse. Then he told me we would go down in the cellar; that they, the sheriff, might set fire to the house and that would be our safest place of retreat.

"To go down stairs I had to slide from step to step, not being able to walk with the shackles on. When I came to the door Barner was still in the panel and I was compelled to creep over his dead body. After we were in the cellar we remained there till the house was in flames, he shooting out through the window of the cellar at the crowd outside. When we saw the flames gaining headway on the building he loosened one of the shackles and told me to set the children free and then come back, and then I should shoot him and he would shoot me simultaneously. But I refused to do this, saying, 'I never had committed murder before, and I would not do so now,' and that I could not drag his body out if I did shoot him. I said that I would die with him outside where our bodies would not be consumed by the fire, but this he would not consent to.

"I then got the children and brought them out at the cellar door, and sat upon the cellar door, waiting for him to come out, but he commanded me to come back, but I did not go. He then said he would shoot himself and fired at the crowd instead. I firmly believed that he had shot himself and then started to get away from the burning building, knowing that it was loaded with dynamite.

"I think that he fired the shot to fool me, thinking that I would return to the cellar to get his body out, and then he would have shot me and then himself. I was certain that I would be shot before the tragedy was ended, and had consigned myself to my fate, thinking it inevitable, that I must die.

Upon being asked about the dynamite he had placed in the house she said: "He had it so arranged that if any person would have entered the house, they would have been blown up. He had at least a dozen and half sticks up stairs all charged, and about the same amount in the cellar. If a raid had been made on the house it might have cost many lives. The sheriff did a wise thing in not making a hasty attack on the house as some had urged him to do," as subsequent events proved.

Summing it all up the only wonder is that not more lives were lost, Ettlinger being always considered a dead shot. Ira Gramley in rescuing his wife was in full view of Ettlinger, but he did shoot at him. Clark Gramley, of Rebersburg on Friday afternoon was standing at his shop window looking towards the house when Ettlinger shot, the ball whizzing past his head in very close proximity. Martin Gilbert while on picket duty in Frank Gausewitz's blacksmith shop, a ball passed his head nipping his ear, and making him reel. John Musser, of Woodwayn, another guard, while he and K. H. Stover of Coburn were on picket duty Ettlinger sent a load of buckshot after them, one of them passing through Mr. Stover's overcoat, and one hitting Mr. Musser on the neck, making a slight flesh wound.

Ettlinger also shot several times at Daniel Engle, one of his bondsmen, but missed him every time. He shot many times and threw out several charges of dynamite into the crowd, yet he did not wound more than one man seriously.

The affair created intense excitement

far and wide and had Ettlinger surrendered himself to the sheriff, it would have been a serious question whether he would have been able to take him away alive, as threats of lynching were freely engaged in, especially after the horribly mutilated body of Barner had been rescued. The crime which Ettlinger committed and his defiant attitude against arrest is the blackest in the annals of criminal history.

Mr. Barner was a hard working industrious man, quiet and peaceable, not harming any one. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn his horrible death and a whole community to regret his noble sacrifice of his life for their benefit. He was a martyr in every sense of the term. For he did not fear death in the performance of his duty.

The ages of his children are as follows: Lizzie, twelve years, Katie, seven years, George F., five years, and Robert, four and one-half months of age. His age was 37 years, 2 months and 20 days. He was married to Rebecca Vonada, thirteen years ago. Over a year ago he united with the Evangelical church at Woodward and since then has taken an active part in all church work. He was also a member of the Young People's Alliance of that place. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Woodward on Monday forenoon, followed by a large concourse of people. Rev. Shortiss conducted the funeral services. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in Woodward.

Thus two men in the prime of life, were ushered into eternity by the diabolical act of a man, who was not much unlike a mad man when his passions were excited; but one redeeming feature about it is that the one was his own, and that the community can now feel that their lives are no longer in jeopardy from him.

It is reported John Geisewite has blood poison. It is not correct. He is getting along as well as can be expected. He was excited; but one redeeming feature about it is that the one was his own, and that the community can now feel that their lives are no longer in jeopardy from him.

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Mrs. Ettlinger was anxious that her husband be buried in the Woodward cemetery and offered five dollars for a lot, and then ten, but her request was refused.

One informant says that since Mrs. Ettlinger's escape, she revealed, that her husband had a large quantity of poison in the house, with which to poison the water in the reservoir that supplies the village, because all the inhabitants were unfriendly to him. If true, it is horrible to contemplate how narrow an escape these good people have made of being poisoned.

The poison for poisoning the village water, consisted of arsenic and strichnine, put up in small sacks to run through the water pipes, as Mrs. Ettlinger tells. She also alleges the reason her husband fired into the school was to hit the children of Robert Wolf, knowing the seat they occupied, on account of his hatred of Wolf. She also says the reason he shot Geisewite, was because he put Ettlinger out of his blacksmith shop while abusing his father-in-law, Benner, in there.

Some years ago Ettlinger built a house. It was rumored that he had built several secret hiding places in it. Since the tragedy the rumor gained more ground. The property was sold by Ettlinger five or six years ago to another party in Woodward. A day or two ago an examination was made of the house, and on the stairway to the second floor, the third step from the top was found loose, and turned over. Here opened a space large enough for safe hiding of a large man. On the steps were fastened two straps to fasten down the step from the inside. The trap was cunningly planned.

The fiend had pinned \$85 in bank bills upon the dress of the four year old daughter, just before he had directed the hobbled mother to emit their little ones from the burning home—there still was the spark of parental love left in the monster's breast. On his own person were found \$30. He also possessed a fine gold watch and chain. This he fastened on the little boy before they were sent out of the cellar.

One night, recently, about bed time, there was a loud rap at the door of Nicodemus Lose, a farmer, living about one mile west of Woodward. Mr. Lose in his stocking feet went to the door, opened it, and before him in the dark stood a large man, armed to the teeth, Winchester rifle on his shoulder, two revolvers dangling from his side and belt filled with cartridges and a savage looking knife strapped around his body. The visitor was invited in, and Mr. Lose at once recognized him as Ettlinger, and asked him to be seated. The desperado then calmly entered into conversation with Mr. Lose to induce him to purchase his engine near by, before another party made a levy upon it, adding, "If they levy on it, I'll blow the whole d— thing to hell with dynamite." He then left peacefully greatly to the relief of Mr. Lose.

Upon another occasion, when his wife had left him on account of his abuse, he hired Mr. Van Valin's rig to drive into the country, and accidentally met his wife and father-in-law in

a buggy coming in an opposite direction, and stopping them, under coarse language declared his wife must get into his buggy and go home with him. She was scared to obey and he drove a short distance, when he stopped, tied his horse to the fence and made her follow him to the mountain, perhaps to his secret place of hiding, and after dark stealthily returned with her to his home, and did not allow her to show herself for over a week, and Van Valin's horse having been found tied to the fence, led to suspicion he had murdered his wife in the mountain. This was his object, to get the neighborhood excited. People searched the mountain for the body of the supposed murdered wife, much to the gratification of Ettlinger at the success of the mean trick he had played, and after a week's suspense he made known his wife could be found at home, which was verified by persons calling there to ascertain the fact. The woman was seen and explained she had been at home all the while and her husband had not harmed her. This declaration, it is thought, she was forced to make under his instructions. Some people down there informed us there is strong suspicion he caused the death of his first wife.

The limbs of the trees on the Ettlinger premises are cut into shreds by the bullets. A squad was stationed in the woods close to the rear of the house and kept firing from there.

The shots fired by Ettlinger during the siege, seemed always directed at some enemy he had, rather than at the crowd, which was so large that he could not have failed to kill some one at almost every fire; occasionally a ball would whizz close to one standing near an enemy of the outlaw. The firing at the house was almost continuous and it was completely riddled and there was not a glass left in the windows. A squad of sharpshooters was placed in the church about 200 feet distant, and these shot whenever they thought there was a chance of doing execution. One man peeped from behind a stable and fired, and barely had his head drawn back when a ball from Ettlinger's Winchester whistled close to his face, and he remarked, "Bogat sell vor mer ordlich necht, ich gepps now uff."

Ettlinger kept on the watch and always went armed to the teeth, to defend himself in case of an attempt to arrest him. He was a walking arsenal and his enemies were in constant fear of him. The shots he fired from his house last Thursday and Friday appeared to be mainly directed at enemies as he spied them in the crowd.

The crowd that had gathered into the picturesque little hamlet, varied in numbers from 1000 to 2000, and soon depleted the stores and homes of eatables, the citizens shared their own supplies from cellar and larder to feed the hungry. Neither citizens nor visitors had any sleep while the war lasted.

The wife, after her escape from the house, told that during the night her husband ordered her to go to the cellar and bring him something to eat; to do this she had to grope her way in the dark and crawl over the bloody and mutilated corpse of the murdered constable Barner, before she could reach the cellar, and that she could hear the blood spurt and gurgle in his throat. Horrible!

The house in which Ettlinger lived had only recently been purchased by a Mr. Goodman, and we are informed constable Barner was to occupy it in April, and that Ettlinger made the declaration, "I will move out of the house but Barner will never move in."

The burned house not belonging to Ettlinger, will have to be paid for by the county, but the personal property burned and belonging to Ettlinger, will not be paid for as his attitude was that of a public enemy, defying law, hence forfeiting all right to protection or redress, had he lived.

The railroad company charged the county \$45 for the special train to take the sheriff and his deputies from Bellefonte to Coburn and return, which was reasonable; pay was demanded at Coburn before the train would run back, and after some messaging over the matter, commissioners' clerk R. F. Hunter, one of the posse, issued a county check for the emergency.

A reliable citizen of Woodward related to us a serio-comic incident of a scheme of Ettlinger's to get revenge upon some of his enemies. Having a grudge at several young fellows in Woodward, he planned upon revenge. A revival meeting being in progress at Woodward, some of these hated ones were at the mourners' bench, and Ettlinger, under the pretense of being a penitent, also knelt at the bench between his enemies. He worked himself into a fitful excitement under the influence of the "spirit" and his powerful arms began to deal severe and rapid blows right and left about the heads of those beside him at the bench as to effectually punish them, using the opportunity to get even with them by blows from his fists as their faces were bowed as mourners.

Mrs. Ettlinger in her interviews with our representatives, both immediately after her escape and again more

fully on Sunday, was free in telling us about the horrible affair, and kept remarkably well in nerve and composure.

Some are inclined to think allowance must be made for Mrs. Ettlinger's hand in the affair as she was commanded by a brutal husband. Most of the folks down there, however, believe her to be a bad lot.

The good people of Woodward are now relieved from a constant terror they were in and pray never again to have such an experience.

The wife related that while she and the children lay in a hall in the centre of the house for safety, spent bullets several times dropped down upon her head and she would brush them from her hair. Later the cellar was taken as a place of safety.

It is alleged that a short time before this trouble broke out, Ettlinger had written to attorney Gray in Bellefonte, offering to have the difficulty settled and pay the amount involved. It is to be regretted that this was not done.

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 19, 1896.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9:15 a. m.—Train 14 (Daily except Sunday) For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 5:59 p. m., New York, 5:25 p. m., Baltimore, 3:10 p. m., Washington, 4:30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1:30 p. m.—Train 8 (Daily except Sunday) For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6:23 p. m., New York, 9:23 p. m., Baltimore, 6:15 p. m., Washington, 11:15 p. m., New York 3:35 a. m., Baltimore 10:40 p. m., passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5:04 p. m.—Train 12 (Daily except Sunday) For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia at 11:50 p. m., New York 3:55 a. m., Baltimore 10:40 p. m., passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7:18 p. m.—Train 6 (Daily) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 4:30 a. m., New York at 7:35 a. m., Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York Philadelphia passenger cars remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. m.

1:29 a. m.—Train 4 (Daily) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6:52 a. m., New York, 9:35 a. m., Washington, 7:40 a. m., Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD

5:37 a. m.—Train 3 (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Elmira and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars to Erie and Elmira, and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10:17 a. m.—Train 15 (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1:50 p. m.—Train 11 (Daily except Sunday) For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and parlor car to Rochester.

5:59 p. m.—Train 1 (Daily except Sunday) For Seneca, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9:45 p. m.—Train 12 (Daily except Sunday) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12:15 night, Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., Baltimore 4:55 a. m., Harrisburg 6:15 a. m., Wilkesbarre, 7:25 a. m., Daily except Sunday; arriving at Montandon 10:17 a. m.

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8:50 a. m., Washington 10:15 a. m., Baltimore 8:55 a. m., Wilkesbarre, 10:15 a. m., (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1:50 p. m., with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9:30 a. m., Phila., 12:35 p. m.; Washington at 10:30 a. m., Baltimore at 11:40 a. m., Wilkesbarre, 2:17 p. m., arriving at Montandon at 5:59 p. m., week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York 2:10 p. m., week days, 2:50 p. m., Sundays; Philadelphia 4:30 p. m., week days, 4:30 p. m., Sundays; Washington 3:10 p. m., Baltimore 4:45 p. m., arriving at Montandon 9:45 p. m., through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8:00 p. m., Philad. 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., (Daily) arriving at Montandon at 5:59 p. m., with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYONE RAILROAD.

Westward. Daily Except Sunday.

M. P. M. A. M. STATIONS.	A. M. P. M.	E. M.
1:58	5:40	Montandon
2:08	6:15	Lewisburg
2:17	6:25	Diehl
2:27	6:28	Yorkburg
2:31	6:30	Millmont
2:43	6:38	Glen Iron
2:53	6:48	Paddy Mountain
3:09	7:38	Coburn
3:29	7:41	Zerby
3:47	7:55	Rising Spring
3:53	8:02	Penn Cave
4:09	8:09	Centre Hill
4:17	8:16	Grege
4:28	8:23	Linden Hall
4:35	8:28	Oak Hall
4:42	8:32	Lemont
4:47	8:37	Dale Summit
4:57	8:47	Pleasant Gap
5:02	8:52	Axemans
5:05	8:55	Bellefonte

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5:30 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 1:15, 5:45 and 7:40 p. m. return leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9:30 a. m., 10:15 a. m., 3:07 p. m., 6:00 p. m., and 8:00 p. m.

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 10:15 a. m., and 8:00 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 10:25 a. m., and 8:00 p. m.

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CHRIS ROFFER MURRAY, Attorney at Law, BELLEFONTE, PA. Practices in all the Courts. Office in Temple Court, opposite Brokerhoff House.

IRA C. MITCHELL, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office, Room No. 10, Crider's Exchange. Oct194

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