

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Volume XVII—No. 66

LANCASTER PA., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1880

Price Two Cents.

Wanamaker & Brown, Oak Hall.

SHALL WE SELL THEM?

There is in Philadelphia a clothing house which has no double in all the world. The world is full of clothing houses; and it is a good deal to say that one is unlike all the rest.

First, in its dealing; and it is surprising that one house should differ much from another. Selling clothing is so simple a matter, that it is likely, one would suppose, to be done in very much the same way in Philadelphia, New York and London. But Philadelphia is ahead; and, curiously enough, one house in Philadelphia is ahead of all the rest.

To be ahead in dealing is to deal on a higher plane, in a more liberal way, to give the buyer more well founded confidence without loss of the merchant's safety. This Philadelphia clothing house says to a stranger: "We want to deal with exact justice. We want what belongs to you, viz., a fair profit; and we want you to have what belongs to you, viz., a liberal money's worth. Our way to arrive at this result is to mark a price on everything we sell, which price is absolute; and to let you buy what you like, go away and think the bargain over, and come and trade back, if you want to. We find by experience that this liberality is harmless to us. Of course, you like it. And it makes quick and ready dealing. We don't want you to bring back what you buy—it would cost us money every time; but we would rather you would bring back than keep, what you don't like. So, we try to see that you get at first what you will like the better the more you know of it. This is really the whole philosophy of our dealing." Is it any wonder that no other clothing house in this city, or New York, or London, deals in the same way?

Second, in its goods—the amount and variety of them. There are other houses where excellent clothing is kept, and a great deal of it; but there is none, anywhere, that keeps so much. The dealing related above has won the largest trade the world has yet seen. To supply such a trade great quantity and variety of clothing are required; and these in turn increase the trade, because everybody likes to choose out of many things, rather than out of few.

This is the country of ready-made clothing. Great Britain makes the most of any European country; but there is not in all London any clothing business a quarter as large as that of Oak Hall. New York has several large clothing businesses; but no one nearly equal to that of Oak Hall; Boston likewise.

Look back twenty years! Have we done you good service, or not? But that is not what we had in mind; we were thinking of the clothes you are going to buy to-day. Shall we sell them?

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

OAK HALL, Sixth and Market, PHILADELPHIA.

WE ARE SHOWING SOME SPECIAL PATTERNS IN

Ladies' and Children's Hosiery.

Balbriggan Hosiery in Solid Colors, Fleeced-Lined, Bleached and Unbleached, Silk Clocked, Solid Colors, Roman Stripes and Fancy Ribbed.

WOOLEN HOSE.

Extra Heavy Woolen Hose for Ladies' and Gents' Wear.

FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR,

For Ladies, Gents and Children, all sizes, from 16 to 50 inches. Special Value in LADIES' COATS and DOLMANS, Dress Goods, Silks, Cashmeres, Our

BLACK CASHMERES

are unequalled. Take a look at them before purchasing elsewhere. We respectfully solicit a call.

J. B. MARTIN & CO.

SPECIAL INVITATION.

WATT, SHAND & COMPANY

Invite ladies to examine large purchases of Clearing Lots at less than Auction Prices.

COLORS DRESS SILKS,

Beautiful Shades, really worth \$1, only 65c.

BLACK DRESS SILKS—Popular brand, 57c, 51, 123, 129, 125.
POWDER CLOTH SUITINGS—46 inches wide, all wool; importer's price 80c; ours 62 1/2c.
BLACK CASHMERES—Excellent value, 47c, 50, 55, 62c, 75c, 81c, 1.15.
CASHMERE CASHMERE—Double width; new styles 77c; now sold at 52c.
FLANNEL SUITINGS—Durable Colors, 50c to 81c.
PLAIN DRESS GOODS and NOVELTIES—Largest Assortment and Lowest Prices.
LADIES' GLOVES—30 dozen Heavy Lisle gloves 50c; worth 55c.

CLOAKS, SHAWLS, CLOAKINGS,

AT POPULAR PRICES.

NEW YORK STORE.

WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

ZAHM'S CORNER,

A new room and elegant stock. A full line of

Lancaster Watches, Waltham Watches, Columbus Watches,

In Gold and Silver Cases, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES. Beautiful wedding gifts in

Jewelry, Diamonds, Bronzes, Silverware, and French Clocks.

Arundel Spectacles,

the best in the world.

OUR MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT

Is as complete as any in the larger cities. We manufacture Rings, Masonic Marks, Society Pins, Jewelry of all kinds, Diamond Mounting and any special or odd pieces in any desired style.

MONOGRAMMING and Fine Jewelry and Watch repairing a specialty. All work warranted. Call and examine our stock and leave your repairing with

EDW. J. ZAHM.

Zahm's Corner, Lancaster, Pa.

CLIPPING.

FALL OPENING

H. GERHART'S

Tailoring Establishment,

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1880.

A Complete Stock of

Cloths, Suitings

OVERCOATINGS.

which for elegance cannot be surpassed. The Largest Assortment of

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH SUITINGS

In this city. Prices as low as the lowest at

H. GERHART'S

No. 51 North Queen Street.

CLOTHING!

CLOTHING!

We have now ready for sale an Immense Stock of

Ready-Made Clothing

Fall and Winter,

which are Cut and Trimmed in the Latest Style. We can give you a

GOOD STYLISH SUIT

AS LOW AS \$10.00.

PIECE GOODS

In great variety, made to order at short notice at the lowest prices.

D. B. Hostetter & Son,

24 CENTRE SQUARE,

LANCASTER, PA.

GROCERIES.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

LEVAN'S FLOUR

No. 237 NORTH PRINCE STREET.

NEW AND FRESH GROCERIES AND FRUITS.

New Foreign and Domestic Fruits.

HECKER'S SELF-RAISING FLOUR, FRESH AKRON OAT MEAL, CHOICE COFFEES AND TEAS, CONFECTIONS AND NUTS.

CHOICE SYRUPS.

A FULL LINE OF GOODS.

Your wants can be well and cheaply supplied at

D. S. BURS'S,

17 East King Street, Lancaster.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

SCHOOL BOOKS

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

for Lancaster City and County, at

L. M. FLYNN'S,

No. 42 WEST KING STREET.

SCHOOL BOOKS

FOR THE

Schools of Lancaster City,

NEW AND SECOND-HAND.

At the LOWEST PRICES, at the Book Store of

JOHN BAER'S SONS,

15 and 17 NORTH QUEEN STREET,

LANCASTER, PA.

MARBLE WORKS.

WM. P. FRAILEY'S

MONUMENTAL MARBLE WORKS

758 North Queen Street, Lancaster, Pa.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND FOOT STONES, GARDEN STATUARY, CEMETERY LOTS ENCLOSED, &c.

All work guaranteed and satisfaction given in every particular.

N. B.—Remember, works at the extreme end of North Queen Street.

ORAIN SPECULATION

In large or small amounts. \$25 or \$50.00. Write W. E. SOULE & CO., Commission Merchants, 137 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., for circular.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

TUESDAY EVENING, NOV. 16, 1880.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM OUR REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

POLITICS GIVES WAY TO TOBACCO.

"DRUMORE" AND THE DUSTY MILLER.

North, South, East and West.

BART'S BUDGET.

Regular Georgetown Correspondence.

In the store of W. S. Ferree, Georgetown, there are on exhibition two large cars of corn: one from D. G. Stearns, measuring 14 inches, and weighing 1 pound and 5 ounces; the other from J. B. Morrison, measuring 14 1/2 inches, and weighing 1 pound and 3 ounces.

The gunning season has been made up in fault in allowing quail and rabbit to be shot earlier than November 15. Rabbits, especially, are not fit to eat until that time, and farmers would not then object so much to the hunting over pasture grounds.

The Quarryville cannonading could be heard very distinctly on the evening of Nov. 11, and some of the Hancock soldiers say they heard more than that when Garfield was safely housed in Washington, about 1863.

The first snow of the season for this locality fell on Saturday, 13 inst, but very little of it remained on the ground long enough to form the beautiful white mantle seen later in the winter.

Shooting matches are now in order, and Robert Kane will open the sport on Saturday 20 inst, by giving rooster marksmen a chance to win a Thanksgiving roast.

The political excitement appears to have subsided, and Republican and Democrat are again on good terms; can be seen and heard in the corner groceries discussing the merits of far roper rye straw, the proper color of leaf tobacco and the probability of a hard winter.

Sammie Hopkins, a reconstructed American of African descent, takes the result of the election considerably to heart, and is now delivering lectures to the Democrats, and exhorting them to renounce their sins, and turn a new leaf in their political diary. Sammy is better at preventing the waste of "sidah" than lecturing.

In Sadsbury, Christiania Correspondence.

Everything in our little town seems to be progressing finely—plenty of work, plentiful crops, plenty of new houses going up, and plenty of everything this fall except Democrats. There seems to be a scarcity of them some way.

The Christiania machine company are still making improvements, putting in new machinery, &c., and soon the Christiania shops will be second to none in the country for neatness of appointment and facilities for doing work.

N. F. Burnham's new residence on the corner of Maple street and Brinton avenue, is rapidly approaching completion. It is a credit to the owner and adds tone to the upper end of town.

Calve and Freed have retired from public gaze. The old has become new. No longer the tintinnulation of their bells is heard upon our streets. In the place of the modest and unpretending wagons they were wont to drive, the hatched fluid is now transported by Webster from a wagon with great large letters painted all over the sides which reads, "Evergreen Terrace Dairy." Thus the age of improvement goes steadily on. We wish Mr. Webster success in his new enterprise.

Work has begun on the new tobacco warehouse. Soon another enterprise will be added to our town. Still they come.

We have a Friends meeting house just completed and ready for talking. Bad is the happiest man in town. It's a girl.

A Rough Crowd.

The roughest parade and walk-around that was ever witnessed here took place in Marietta one evening last week, by a gang of Republicans who wanted to sound the Democrats on the defeat of Hancock. At about seven o'clock in the evening, they commenced to gather round the wigwag; a very peculiar looking crowd they were, as they were rather strongly mixed up with the dark complexioned race and no doubt a few Chinamen. By and by Capt. Geo. H. Etta took the boys through a sort of a child-like drill, after which the slim crowd moved into line and marched through town, making the most odd, the most ridiculous and the most unattractive company that ever rambled through the streets of Marietta.

They tried to hire the Mechanics band but they wouldn't play for them, so they were obliged to take a colored band—a few kettles, horns, bells, &c.

The uniformed boys were at the head of the procession, then came the black race armed with brooms signifying a clean sweep, but the sweep they made was rather a bad job.

Next in line came what was called Ed. Reinhold's "boss back," upon which was fixed a large bell, which was kept continually in motion. When this monster curiosity passed by the Democrats were almost frightened, but at last they came to the conclusion that Mr. Reinhold, the boss politician, is tolling away the last franc that will ever be perpetrated. After this ominous of natural curiosities had passed, behold here comes Eve Brueckhart with a few others on horseback and thus ended what they thought of as a parade. But what was more strange was that few residences and places of business were illuminated.

After all was over the Democrats had a good, hearty laugh over these poor performances, and when every thing was quieted down, the Mechanics band went through town furnishing excellent music to the Democrats.

From Chestnut Level.

There is a foolish tale going around down here concerning the INTELLIGENCER'S worthy correspondent, "Drumore," which tale we wish to be permitted to look to explain. As will be remembered, "Drumore" gave the INTELLIGENCER an account of a Republican meeting held at this place a short time before the election; and as all who attended the meeting know it was a true account, and as all who are acquainted with the author know it was true if he wrote it, it is needless for me to say again that it was correct in its minutest details; and the very fact that it was so true hurt the Republicans keenly. It had been a coin from the Fortunate—pure like brain of "Drumore," the Republicans would have laughed at its humor

and satire, and would have been proud in their appreciation of the literary gem we have in "Drumore," that shines so brightly though roughly set. But it was true, and we all knew it; we Democrats laughed at it and the Republicans swore—some of them did it indignantly however—at it and its producer was remarkably strange how the truth galled our Republican friends this last campaign.

But to the tale. In the account before mentioned "Drumore," by a happy adaptation, and a slight alteration from Burns, got off a pretty good thing on the little Dutch miller, whose name is not given. Now the story is going the rounds that this little miller, this good-natured little miller, called on Mr. Drumore at his residence and indignantly declared, to Mr. Drumore's face, in fact:

"I hearded the lion in his den, 'The Drumore in his hall,' and warnly told him that it was a lie (with an adjective), and that he (Drumore) was a Scotch-Irishman with enough of it to make 'Drumore' a D. D. And then the story relates how 'Drumore' took unto himself an axe handle or stove poker, or some other convenient instrument of nineteenth century warfare, and drove the 'dusty miller' forth into the highway, whence the miller turned him round and 'shook his gauntlets'—they were really buckskin gloves—"at the towers," and told Drumore that if he would only come out into the road two minutes he would never write another word for another paper in his life, including 'Drumore' and he has been generally supposed that the matter would end in shot guns, buck shot and forty paces, and that "Drumore" would thereby be rendered an ineligible candidate next spring for town clerk of his township.

Now, I can assure the good old town of Drumore that there is not the least danger of a disastrous encounter for Drumore loves her ink slogging name sake and I can further assure every body who has heard the tale that there is no truth in it. Mr. Rank would never think of doing such a rash thing even were he never so angry, and further he has too much good sense, and is too good natured, and short legged, not to laugh as much as any body at "Drumore's" harmless joke, and the idea of "Drumore" clabbing anybody is "just too funny.

Why he is as gentle and inoffensive "as a lamb." All the boils of Job would not disconcert him. It would require the most ungodly and extraordinary reaction to take the tongue's smile from his mouth and form it into a frown on his brow. So gentle and lowly-minded him self, to be near him is to yield to the silent influence of his nature. Even if Mr. Rank had gotten angry and approached Drumore with intent to kill the miller, the idea of the latter would have been on the troubled mind of the former, and there would have been falling upon necks and weeping. But Bill Potts, our valued townsmen, is swearing vengeance on "Drumore" for what was said about him. (See report.) But little dogs seldom do more than bark, big dogs do the interesting biting; and Potts is such a small dog that he could not wish his tail should be get through barking. So, other rumors came to the office, by letter and verbal statement, and especially information was received from Lawrence and Lowell, that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey, living in Lynn, had a brother, son, or some relative named H. L. Morey. In consequence of these reports another gentleman from the Globe was sent to Lynn, and found that Mrs. Morey lived in Winter street. She was very reticent, somewhat contradictory, and but little satisfaction could be obtained from her. Before this time O. M. Wilson, a man with letters of introduction to Mayor Prince, the editor of the Globe, and others, had called on the editor once or twice, but had not happened to see him. Then it was rumored that an affidavit had been prepared by Mrs. Morey, and a man named H. L. Morey, and that she had been taken to Lynn to investigate. Before the affidavit was published, George O. Tarbox, the justice of the peace before whom it was taken, said to a friend that it did not contain the name of H. L. Morey; that Wilson offered him an addition to his fee, which he declined, and that he saw Wilson give Mrs. Morey \$5, and she had told him (Tarbox) that Wilson also gave her other money. Nevertheless, at a late hour at night, the affidavit of Mrs. Morey came by telegraph, and was published in it the name of H. L. Morey, appeared as her son's. A further investigation was made by all the newspapers of Boston, the Globe among them, when both Mr. Tarbox and Mrs. Morey denied that the affidavit was true, and ascertained that the Globe published the denial of its correctness, and believed it to have been incorrect. To pursue that matter still further, Mr. Tarbox said to a representative of this paper that the affidavit published was the same as made, save that it said the woman had two sons, one living in some foreign place, and the other a "Mr. Morey," who visited her frequently. He added that if the name H. L. appeared the affidavit had been tampered with. All these facts were communicated by the Globe to the committee at New York, but, notwithstanding, on the morning of election day a dispatch was received from the committee headquarters by Mayor Prince, as secretary, saying that that affidavit had not been tampered with, and instantly later Mr. Tarbox had been bought. Be it notwithstanding this insinuation, the evidence now in possession of the Globe shows that Mrs. Morey could not have made such an affidavit unless she was swearing falsely, because we have no other evidence that H. L. Morey was her son. On Saturday morning before election a letter was received from one of the first cotton buyers in Boston, a reputable citizen, well known to all trade, saying there was an H. L. Morey in Lynn and Salem about the time of the Garfield letter, the leader in traveling show, and just such a man as would write Mr. Garfield for the sake of getting his autograph. The same day word came from our Lawrence correspondent that Samuel S. Morey, who said that Henry L. Morey was his uncle, could tell all about him.

A reporter of the Globe went to Lawrence and found that Sam Morey had started that forenoon for New York with the Mr. Clark mentioned in Sunday's dispatches. One of the proprietors of the Lawrence Eagle, however, a Republican, told him that in May, in 1879, Samuel S. Morey came to his office with an uncle or cousin, the Eagle man could not tell which, but he looked enough like him to be his brother, to get some printing done. This man went by the name of Professor Morey, and was giving shows in that vicinity. The Globe man was shown the charge and the credit, about May 13. The Eagle proprietor was closely questioned about Sam Morey, and described him as honest and industrious, and said he "would believe Sam Morey as quick as any man in Lawrence." He did not think he was capable of "putting up a job." He also said he thought Clark, though a Democrat, was a perfect trustee. The proprietor of Saunders' hall showed by his books that Professor Morey, evidently the same man, hired the hall three days in November, 1878. James Lane was then sent for, the man who first brought it out

THE GREAT MOREY MYSTERY.

NARRATIVE OF THE BOSTON "GLOBE'S" RESEARCHES IN THE CASE.

Fully Establishing the Existence of the "Employers' Union" and of one of its Agents Named "Drumore."

Boston Globe, Nov. 2.

Now that contradictory stories have been told by various members of the family to which H. L. Morey, of Garfield cheap labor letter notoriety, is reputed to have belonged, a summary of the search which the Globe made for this famous individual will be "highly interesting reading."

The baldest statement of facts is like a novel, and "the hunt for Morey" may justly be called "a celebrated case." The letter was received by telegraph from New York, with the ordinary news of the day, on the 20th of October, and was printed in the late evening editions. To guard against the possibilities of imposition, a dispatch was sent to the national Democratic committee, asking if the letter could be relied on as genuine. The secretary of the committee shortly replied that there could be no doubt of its authenticity. Thereupon the search for Morey began, in expectation of securing much interesting matter about the Lynn Employers' Union; Morey's probable motive in writing a letter to General Garfield, which seemed to have drawn such a curious reply, and other collateral information.

A Globe man was dispatched by the first train to Lynn, and interviews with Republican and Democratic manufacturers of the Globe were arranged for the following day. G. S. Keene, A. A. Mower, ex-Mayor Babler and Charles S. Sweetzer, established conclusively that there was an Employers' Union or bureau or organization of a similar name during the labor troubles of the winter of 1878. New York, however, died out, so far, at least, as active operations were concerned. No gentleman who was approached thought of denying these facts. All agreed that, at that time, two or three men were sent through New England to get work done, and that the men of the strikers and one man thought it possible that one Morey was so employed; but the others did not remember him, nor did many other prominent Lynn people. Late in the evening the result of the investigation was telegraphed to Chairman Barnum of the national committee, and a reply (which was published the 21st) was received, saying that the committee considered the genuineness of General Garfield's signature to the letter the only important question, and that Speaker Randall and S. H. Wilson, who were present again, on the 23d of October, another Globe representative interviewed a member of the Employers' Union and secured from him a positive statement, with his permission to print it, that there was an H. L. Morey, a man who had been during the labor trouble, and he frequently attended its meetings, which were held in a room which the union hired for the purpose. This gentleman is Mr. F. B. Mower, a prominent shoe manufacturer in Lynn. One of these reports, another gentleman from the Globe was sent to Lynn, and found that Mrs. Morey lived in Winter street. She was very reticent, somewhat contradictory, and but little satisfaction could be obtained from her. Before this time O. M. Wilson, a man with letters of introduction to Mayor Prince, the editor of the Globe, and others, had called on the editor once or twice, but had not happened to see him. Then it was rumored that an affidavit had been prepared by Mrs. Morey, and a man named H. L. Morey, and that she had been taken to Lynn to investigate. Before the affidavit was published, George O. Tarbox, the justice of the peace before whom it was taken, said to a friend that it did not contain the name of H. L. Morey; that Wilson offered him an addition to his fee, which he declined, and that he saw Wilson give Mrs. Morey \$5, and she had told him (Tarbox) that Wilson also gave her other money. Nevertheless, at a late hour at night, the affidavit of Mrs. Morey came by telegraph, and was published in it the name of H. L. Morey, appeared as her son's. A further investigation was made by all the newspapers of Boston, the Globe among them, when both Mr. Tarbox and Mrs. Morey denied that the affidavit was true, and ascertained that the Globe published the denial of its correctness, and believed it to have been incorrect. To pursue that matter still further, Mr. Tarbox said to a representative of this paper that the affidavit published was the same as made, save that it said the woman had two sons, one living in some foreign place, and the other a "Mr. Morey," who visited her frequently. He added that if the name H. L. appeared the affidavit had been tampered with. All these facts were communicated by the Globe to the committee at New York, but, notwithstanding, on the morning of election day a dispatch was received from the committee headquarters by Mayor Prince, as secretary, saying that that affidavit had not been tampered with, and instantly later Mr. Tarbox had been bought. Be it notwithstanding this insinuation, the evidence now in possession of the Globe shows that Mrs. Morey could not have made such an affidavit unless she was swearing falsely, because we have no other evidence that H. L. Morey was her son. On Saturday morning before election a letter was received from one of the first cotton buyers in Boston, a reputable citizen, well known to all trade, saying there was an H. L. Morey in Lynn and Salem about the time of the Garfield letter, the leader in traveling show, and just such a man as would write Mr. Garfield for the sake of getting his autograph. The same day word came from our Lawrence correspondent that Samuel S. Morey, who said that Henry L. Morey was his uncle, could tell all about him.

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that H. L. Morey was a relative of Sam.

He told the Globe man that, knowing Sam intimately, he said to him one day: "Sam, are you any relation to this H. L. Morey?" meaning it for a joke, and he replied: "Why, yes; H. L. Morey is my uncle." Upon further questioning he said that H. L. used to be in the show business, and had traveled in South America and elsewhere. In addition to this James Alfrey, of Lawrence, made oath that he knew H. L. Morey and saw him about the times mentioned. However, the head cutter in one of the principal clothing houses in Boston came to the Globe office and told the editor that he had known H. L. Morey in Lawrence and that vicinity, and described his business. Meantime Edgar E. Mann, a gentleman who began life as a shoemaker in Haverhill, and afterwards a book-keeper in various places, and later agent for a dozen or twenty insurance companies, in which position he had to file bonds of \$30,000 to \$40,000, and also an inventor of note, stated to the Globe that he knew H. L. Morey, and that he had seen him in Salem on one occasion, and Morey tried to hire him to go to Lynn to work. Then there came a despatch saying that Prof. Morey, "supposed to be Henry L. Morey, left a Spanish girl, whom he had bought in Spain of her mother, at the orphan asylum in Lawrence, May 27, 1879, and told the authorities there that they could find him by writing to the St. Charles hotel, New York; but the child having died since that time they no longer had record of the address. As the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles. Next on the Sunday before election the Globe learned that Mrs. Clarissa T. Morey had a son, Geo. E. C. Morey, who lived at Medford, and a reporter going there found that he worked for the Boston and Maine railroad. He claimed that he had three uncles.