THE MURDER.

(Continued from First Page.)

could; I never told Moses Yoder "we must stick together and see that this fellow should be hung;" I said, "If he is guilty he ought to be punished;" I took out letters of administration on Monday evening, on the same day she was buried; I didn't know the woman carried some money with her; I never heard it reported she had any money or received any from anybody; I never asked her her business, and she never told me anything; I didn't employ any of the lawyers on the other side; I took out letters of administration for the purpose of protecting the property; Mrs. Hoffman was always a good friend; Mr. Scott and Mr. Hay came out and searched the house after she was buried, and I helped; I got out letters of administration and gave bonds; in the search we found one shirt that there was a little blood on; John Hoffman said it was his shirt; the blood was on the sleeve; we found a wash rag that was bloody and dirty; we found it under the floor.

W. H. Cover, affirmed.—Was at Hoffman's house on Sunday evening after Mrs. Hoffman was killed; got there about six o'clock; made a search around there for blood; discovered some blood near her on a cloth which was spread over a tub that had splashed there from her head, I suppose; Abraham Sivits and I examined the other cellar and found blood there; we found a few drops of blood there like as if something had been washed up and this blood dropped on afterwards.

George Zimmerman, affirmed.—On the 24th of last June I was at the raising at Shoemaker's and Hoffman was there; he told me he had so much trouble; I asked him what was the trouble and he said about this devilish wife of his; that he had some debts; he said, "I have debts and she has money and won't give it to me; she is a right devil."

Anthony Flickinger, sworn.—Saw the defendant at Manassas Shoemaker's raising on the 24th of last June; had conversation with him; he said he had a great trouble about his wife; he told me that John's wife wanted to bake and had no potatoes and then he said that she should go into the cellar and get some; she refused, and he went down and his wife came in and commenced to jaw, and then he said that she should get out of the way or he would give her a "knicker," and if she hadn't gone, he would have given the damned bitch a "knicker" that she would never have come back any more; he said the greatest trouble he had was that his wife went up to Dave Cover's so much and would stir up strife whenever she came home; she would jaw, and if he would work her out of the way he would be hanged; he told me she had rented a house from Charlie Zerfoss and wanted to move there; I told him I would let her go in peace, that he had enough to live on and so had she, and if he could not live with himself he could with his boys.

Henry Housefeldt, sworn.—On the 29th of last June had a conversation with Wolfgang Hoffman at the jail; have known him 25 years; I reached my hand to him and told him I didn't think to find him here; he began to cry and said, "Yes, they put me here;" he said he was not guilty; I said, "wasn't your wife at Cover's the Sunday morning before this happened?" and he said, "Yes;" then I said, "When she came home you were alone at home," and he said, "Yes, there was nobody else there;" he said there were a few tramps on the pike and they did it; then I said, "If these had done it she would certainly have called;" then he said, "I believe she did it herself; when I came back I hunted in the house and couldn't find her, and then went to the barn and hunted, and from there I found her in the cellar."

Peter Fisher, sworn.—I had a conversation with Hoffman the second day he was in jail; I said, "You are put in here for a bad job;" he said, "Yes, he was, but he must take it on himself, or submit to it."

Joshua Landis, affirmed.—Was at Hoffman's the day of the inquest. [Hammer shown.] Another man picked this up in the woodshed and handed it to me; there was something on it that looked like blood; this is the hammer.

Edward Kimmel, affirmed.—Was at Hoffman's the day of the inquest; found the hammer in the woodshed; there was something red on it; didn't know whether it was blood or not; the red marks were dry.

John Meyers, affirmed.—Met David Cover on the plank road on the day of the murder; met him this side of John Coleman's, about four miles from home; he was coming towards Somerset; think it was about 11 o'clock; didn't look at any time piece.

Elizabeth Cover, affirmed.—Am the wife of David Cover; Elizabeth Hoffman was at our house on the Sunday morning she was killed; she came there a little after eight o'clock; there was no difficulty between us and her husband; she started to go away a little before ten o'clock; went with her toward Philip Hoffman's, on the plank road; went maybe a quarter of a mile; we went slow; we separated where the road leads off to their house; we stopped and talked a little and then separated.

J. P. Philson, Esq., sworn.—Was a juror that helped hold an inquest on the body of Mrs. Wolfgang Hoffman on the 27th of last June; when we got there she was hanging by the neck on the floor of the cellar or springhouse; she was lying on her stomach; her face was very close to the ground; there were two stones close by; they weren't over ten or twelve inches away; her skull was fractured in two or three places; we didn't know that then, but we saw that she was severely hurt about the head; we adjourned then till the next day; we swore Mr. Hoffman; he didn't voluntarily come forward; he didn't object; he was not told that he need not criminate himself; he wasn't cautioned at all that I heard of; he was not charged with anything; he said he had a quarrel with his wife on Saturday night, and that she had got up three or four times during the night and left the house; I think he said it was pretty early next morning that she had left the house after she had done her work; my recollection is that he said he didn't see her after she left the house until he found her in the cellar; he said Philip came to his house along about 11 or 12 o'clock; at first he said Philip remained there about two hours, then afterwards he said he was there from an hour to an hour and a half.

Albert Heffley, Esq., C. A. Heffley, and Albert Krissinger were qualified and testified substantially as Mr. Philson. Mr. Heffley was the justice who held the inquest.

Russell Uhl, sworn.—Went to Berlin the morning this woman was said to have been killed, with my father in a buggy; know David Cover; met him about two and a half miles from town, about ten o'clock; he was coming towards Somerset.

Hester Cover, sworn.—Know David Cover; met him on the Sunday that this woman was killed on the other side of Bresaker's, about a mile and a half from Somerset; it was between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Peter Beal, affirmed.—Met David Cover on the day the woman was killed on the other side of Bresaker's; it was between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Belinda Miller, affirmed.—Live about a mile from Somerset; keep a boarding-house for hands working on the railroad; David Cover boarded with me on the 27th of June; he took his dinner that day at our house between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Rosa Shomber, sworn.—Went to Hoffman's house of my own accord on the day on which she was killed; was requested to attend to the laying out of her body and did so; didn't find any wounds upon her body other than those upon her head; was down in the room where she laid and Mr. Hoffman came and walked towards the window; her body was lying alongside of the window and the window was open; we had just commenced laying out the body and he looked in at the window and smiled; he just looked in and says "ha! ha!" laughing.

Cross-examined.—When I laid her out found a little package in the corner of a rag in the pocket of her underskirt, don't know what was in it; Ab. Krissinger maybe took it from me.

John P. Cover, affirmed.—Know Hoffman, the defendant; have known him and his wife a long time; they didn't get along together very well; he told me about their having quarrels; he talked about money; he wanted the money and she wouldn't give it to him; think he did come to me and inquire how he could get it; know of their quarreling a short time before this Sunday; that was about money; think it was last week he said they had quarreled before they had got up.

Cross-examined.—He said we fell out in the morning in bed; she was a stout woman, a strong woman; she lived at my house for two years before she was married; he told me he wanted to tell me all about it; went off and wouldn't hear.

John Hoffman, recalled.—There is a water-trough in the cellar where the body is found, filled with running water all the time; it runs through under the cellar; the floor is moist about a foot or so from the trough.

The counsel for the Commonwealth offered in evidence the hammer, the rope, and two stones referred to in the evidence.

[Commonwealth rests.

TESTIMONY FOR THE DEFENCE.

Alex. Musser, affirmed.—Am a neighbor and acquainted with prisoner; he is an honest, peaceable neighbor.

Cross-examined.—Have heard he had trouble with his family.

Joseph Weyand, Jacob Coleman, Michael Weyand, Daniel Kimmel, Daniel Coleman, John Gumbert, John Grof, August Karl, Samuel S. Forney, Frederick Grof, Frank Forney, Dr. J. K. Miller, J. P. Philson, Esq., testified to the good character of the defendant.

J. G. Gardill, affirmed.—Reside in Berlin; know the defendant Hoffman; he bears a good reputation as a peaceable man; was a juror at the inquest; we got there at dark; found the body hanging; 'Squire Philson cut it down; the hands and arms were stiff; there was blood on the rope; when I charged him with having committed the deed, Hoffman said, "God shall punish me if I know anything of it;" there was no blood on Hoffman's clothes or person; no man could have taken the bloody corpse as she lay there after she was knocked down and put her in the position she was in without getting his clothes bloody.

Frank Collins, affirmed.—Live in Berlin and was clerking in a store; saw that box or one like it; sold it to Mrs. Hoffman; think it was about two weeks before she was killed; it is labeled "poison;" Hoffman's reputation as a peaceable man was good.

L. Bresaker, affirmed.—Know Dave Cover; saw him on Monday after the murder, before dinner; he said he talked to Mrs. Hoffman fifteen minutes before her death.

Mrs. Fredericka Bresaker was affirmed and testified to the same fact as her husband.

Moses Yoder, recalled.—Cover told me about money, something like $600.

Cross examined.—He said Elizabeth, the woman that was killed, had that much money; he said she got that much money from her father's estate; he told me this about the time of the sale of the personal property.

[Testimony closed.

Court adjourned until Thursday morning at 8:30 a. m.

THURSDAY, August 26, 1880.

V. Hay, Esq., commenced summing up the evidence and arguing the case at 8:30. He was followed by Herman L. Baer and William J. Baer, Esqrs., on behalf of the prisoner. General W. H. Koontz made the concluding argument for the Commonwealth. We have no means of reporting the able speeches of the counsel. The speeches occupied the court until its adjournment at 12:15 p. m.

At 2:30 the Court reconvened and Judge Hall delivered his charge to the jury. We are not able to present it to our readers. About three o'clock the jury retired to their room.

At the ringing of the bell at 7:30 o'clock the court again sat and the jury returned a verdict of "NOT GUILTY." The prisoner was immediately discharged.

A Young Girl Raped.

BOSTON, August 18.—A dispatch to the *Herald* from Barnstable says a terrible murder and outrage has just been discovered, and causes intense excitement in that town. This morning Captain John Sargent, while going through the Kelby woods, near Barnstable, discovered in a brush heap, on the side of the road, the naked and terribly mutilated body of a young girl, the head being nearly severed from the body and a large butcher-knife sticking in the left side. The body was subsequently recognized as that of Mary Cassidy, a ten-year-old daughter of widow Cassidy, of Barnstable. The ground in the neighborhood of the place where the body was found bore evidence of the terrific struggle which the child had with the brute, who outraged and murdered her.

WHICH ARE THE HEROES?

With a stump at his head for a pillow,
And his dead face lit up with a smile,
Full length 'neath a dark waving willow,
Lies one of the rank and file.

He holds in his thin hand a packet,
'Neath a sleeve not garnished with gold,
And the buttons left on his jacket
Are bloody, and tarnished, and old.

The packet may be from his mother,
Her letters, a Bible, or chain,
With the beautiful face of another
Who will look for his coming in vain.

To-morrow the picket will find him,
And bear him away with the slain;
In an old tattered blanket they'll wind him,
The old, sad story again!

You wonder, so long he is lying
Out there in the darkness alone;
You wonder they left him there dying
With no one to hear his low moan.

Who heeds to the cry of the wounded
When the wearisome day is done?
Men hear but the trump that is sounded
To herald a victory won!

The captains are covered with garlands
As they prance o'er the blood-clogged sod.
The heroes are gone to the star-lands
To rest in the mansions of God!

Record of the Democratic Party.

In every single step of its policy, both in peace and in war, from firing upon Sumter to resumption of specie payments, the Republican party was met and opposed, deliberately, presistently and viciously, by the Democrtic organization. It opposed the call for volunteers as an unconstitutional attempt to "coerce our brethren of the South." It opposed the draft. It counselled resistance. It met it with bloodshed, and it escaped from it to Canada. It opposed the supply bills as the payment of "Lincoln's hirelings."

When the greenbacks were first issued as a necessary war measure to keep our soldiers in the field, it denounced them as unconstitutional.

When they were no longer necessary or justifiable, it demanded such an unlimited issue as to preclude the possibility of their redemption. It struck at the credit of the Nation by demanding the taxation of its bonds, and openly favored repudiation by attempting their payment in a depreciated currency. It opposed the arming of the negro. It opposed his emancipation. It opposed his enfranchisement. It opposed the vigorous prosecution of the war. It openly proclaimed the war to be a failure, and demanded a compromise when the rebels were upon their last legs and the rebellion was upon the eve of its final collapse.

When the war was over it opposed each and every measure of reconstruction. It encouraged the disloyal element of the South. It voted against each and every constitutional amendment, "embodying," as its candidate declares in his letter of acceptance, "the results of the war."

This is the language of its platform in Connecticut in 1871 with reference to the Fifteenth Amendment, which its candidate declares to be one of "the results of the war" and to be "inviolable":

Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment, so-called, to the Constitution of the United States, is in no sense an amendment to the Constitution, but is a radical change thereof, striking at the principle of State rights which lies at the base of the compact formed by the various States in the Convention of 1789, and its forced and fraudulent adoption at the point of the bayonet will be the deadliest blow ever struck at the sovereignty of the States and the liberties of the people."

There was not a single position taken by the Democratic party during the war which was not an obstacle to success. Since the war ended, it has gone on blundering. It opposed resumption, demanded the repeal of the act designed to facilitate it, and prophesied its failure. It has had both houses of Congress, by working majorities, for the past three years, without accomplishing one beneficient act of legislation.

Wherever it has had the power, with the instinct of self-preservation, it has uniformly tried to overthrow all legal safeguards to the ballot-box. In Congress it tried to starve the Government into a surrender of salutary restrictions against fraud at the polls. In New York it forged 40,000 naturalization certificates. In Pennsylvania it dyed them with coffee to give them the appearance of age. In Connecticut it bargained for 3,000 fraudulent certificates at 50 cents a head. It stuffed the boxes of the Fourth Ward of New Haven with fraudulent votes. Always and everywhere it has opposed a fair registry law and a fair inspection at the polls. At the South, which is to give 138 electoral votes for its candidate, there is no such thing as an election. The result is already known and discounted three months before the farce of an election is held. Nobody is audacious enough to pretend that there will be a fair election. And yet the Democratic platform has the effrontery to declare that a "free and full ballot is the right preservative of all rights." Ashamed of its own history, the Democratic party now appeals to the people, and asks that its whole blundering and disloyal record, from 1860 to 1880, shall be forgiven and forgotten. What it so recently denounced as "adopted by fraud and force at the point of the bayonet, as a so-called amendment," it now asks shall be committed to its keeping to be enforced as a part of the Constitution.

The Wonderful Man Without Limbs.

Mr. Kavanagh, the Irish member of parliament whose lack of arms and legs is accompanied by a plentiful supply of brains, had in his youth a very sorrowful life. After the early death of his father and mother, he was under the control of his two elder brothers, who, mortified by this strange deformity, are said to have secluded him in the country from the sight of mankind. The boy, full of intellectual zeal and manly spirit, would not allow his mind to rest or grow morbid; after several years, his brothers died, leaving a very large estate to his guidance, he emerged from his library a rarely cultivated and brilliant man, with a brain and will so trained that it was a very easy matter for him to grasp practical life and affairs.

So delightful are Mr. Kavanagh's intellectual and spiritual graces that he won for a wife a very beautiful and charming woman. His children are all bright and handsome, and he is greatly beloved by both them and his tenantry. In spite of his bodily misfortune Mr. Kavanagh is a noted Nimrod, riding after hounds—in a saddle which he himself invented—with the greatest energy and daring.

Common politeness is decidedly uncommon.

HANCOCK IN 1867.

A Nasby letter, dated New Orleans, December 16, 1867, addressed to President Johnson, contains passages that will have currency through this campaign. We quote as follows:

"I found Noo Orleans in a tremor of joy. The principal biznes citizens again about the streets, clappin ther hands and hollerin 'Hallejier.' The order of the great and good Hancock hez now restored confidenz in the bussoms uv our frends and consternation in the brests uv our enimies. Juries, thank God, are no more poluted with niggers onto 'em. They are now drawd from the old citizens, many uv which served under Buregard, in the late unplesantness. Bizness, therfor goes on without delay. Ez a sample of how much bizness is facilitated I may menshun that in one cort there was 44 cases in witch niggers wuz plaintifs, and 45 in witch niggers was defendunts. The tryin uv all these cases okepied 3 hours and 19 minuts. Uv the time specified, 2 hours and 23 minuts wuz consumd by the niggers in payin' the costs. It iz a singular thing how wrong the niggers allus iz. That which particularly binds Gineral Hancok to us iz that part uv his order witch prohibits the military from being at the polls. It iz eggstremely probable that the Etheopeans uv American desent will be genirally perswaded not to vote at all. The citizens uv Texas hev a way of perswadin the niggers wen they ain't unconstitushunally interfered with, that will, I think, enshoor the triumph uv correct principles in that State. A native Texan, a gentelmin who iz now in Noo Orleans purchasing cartriges for 7-inch revolvers, to be used in reconstructing the State, gave me sich informashun ez precoloded the necessity uv my going persinly to inspect.

"I would sujest that you, to wunst take the last orders uv Gineral Hancok and make it the subject uv a message to Congress. Detail in full the Gineral's talk here, and add to it ez only you kin.

Tell Congriss the General is agoin to make the law the rule uv his conduck, and that he proposes to uphold the corts and civil authorities, and will only yoos his military to these ends agin the niggers. Sling in here suthin to the effeck that American liberty (wich in this country is a pekulyer veriety of artikle) is still an inheritance uv the wite people, and shall allus be. Tell 'em that when a soljer hez onlimited power in his hands, and refooses to yoos it for the purpose of satisfying selfish ambition, he presents a hefty sample of virto under difficulties. It would be well at this pint to compare Hancock to Washington, making the difference atween um merely nominal. Say that there may be officers in the army beside Hancock who imitates Washington, but you havent sot eyes on em yit. Assert that Hancock is the first officer in command, sence the close uv the late onpleasantness, wat has given utterans to sech sentimence in his orders, and demand that Congriss shell vote him a gold medil.

"I sejest that this be done to wunst, for reasons wich are obvius. We desire Hancock to continyew in well-doin', but ez that well-doin' in our behaf mite lead to hiz nominashun fur the Presidensy, it is well enough to kill him off in that direction so sune ez he iz committed. Hence rite. Don't let Seward diloot it or Randle polifox it. Put in my naked idees, clothed in yoor terse and vigrus languidge, and you will hev dun a gud thing. I repeted them tu the leadin' officers uv the 'Lost Coz Club,' and the idee was rapcherously received."

Never Quite Content.

Rev. Robert Collyer holds that it is both the curse and blessing of American life that we are never quite content. We all expect to go somewhere before we die, and have a better time when we get there than we can have at home. The bane of our life is discontent. We say we will work so long, and then we will enjoy ourselves. But we find it just as Thackeray has expressed it. "When I was a boy," he said, "I wanted some taffy—it was a shilling—I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but I didn't want any taffy." But we say not one word against that splendid discontent that all the while makes a man strike for something better. We like this idea that every boy born in America dreams of being President. No man has any right to be content to do his best, and not to do better to-morrow than he is doing to-day. But all that will come by keeping close to a manly and dutiful life.

While we are going steadily along to whatever future awaits us, the grandest thing we can do is to feel sure that what we are doing for a day's work, with all that we do besides, is just the most blessed thing, so far as we can do, and that we are very likely having the best time that can ever come to our life; that this work, and wife and home and children, all they are and all they mean beat the world.

The saddest thing in our life is our discontent when we ought to be more contented. It is our birthright to get the good of life as we go along, in these simple and pure things that to all true man and womanhood are like rain and sunshine to an apple tree. But when we do not believe this, and dream that the best of our life is to come when we have made our fortune, then we sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. But worse than Esau, the pottage gives us the dyspepsia, and then we lose the good of birthright and pottage together.

Taken from Jail.

FORT SCOTT, August 17.—About 2 o'clock this morning some 50 men rode to the jail here and called up Sheriff Rucker, and on pretext of having a prisoner for him, induced him to unlock the jail. They then seized the sheriff; locked him in a cell and took out Thomas Wadkins, confined for horse stealing, and departed since when no traces of the party or Wadkins have been discovered. One theory is that Wadkins has been lynched and another is that the men were his friends and took this means to rescue him.

Murder and Suicide.

NEW ORLEANS, August 18.—Jules Richard, formerly a drummer in the 13th Infantry, and said to be a deserter, yesterday attempted the murder of Miss Marie Condeau, who had refused to marry him. Entering a room in which the young lady was seated, he drew a pistol and fired, the ball entering her head near the ear, and coming out of her mouth. The wound was pronounced dangerous, but not necessarily fatal. Richard then cut his own throat with a razor.

A Woman's Plea.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Chisholm to a friend in Wisconsin. The letter has a special significance just now. It is a woman's plea for the election of Garfield—the plea of a woman who has, through sufferings and sorrow, earned the right to speak. Under date of Salona, Pa., July 30, Mrs. Chisholm writes:

I received a letter to-day from a friend in the South enjoining me not to fail to keep before those who will use it the fact that there is a petition prepared and signed by all Democrats of Kemper county to have all concerned in the murder of the 29th of April, 1877, pardoned without a trial. This petition is not to be presented until winter. Two Generals of the Union army are in the field for election to the Presidency. On the one side I, a miserable, lonely woman, without practical friends, however much sympathy I may receive, and made "a wanderer upon the face of the earth," with wrongs unredressed, waiting, praying, and watching, *almost* hoping that in the election of General Garfield I may have some hope of justice. On the other hand, the murderers of my son—my fair boy, my tender, loving daughter, and my noble husband—with hands red with blood, and unpunished, are laboring to elect Gen. Hancock and then apply the sponge of executive pardon. What are you men of the North going to do? Do you not hear voices of patriots calling to you from the ground where their life's blood was poured out? My dear sir, can you not arouse the people? They must be only sleeping.

Is all the sacrifices that have been made only "a half forgotten memory?" In a cemetery near me I see a white and bronze monument, on the top of which is a drooping form of an angel, with head bowed in weeping over the sleeping dust of dead soldiers who fell in many battles of the war, contending for the same principles for which my husband, son and daughter were slain so many years after. Near to this spot are my dear ones. They were strangers to the country and the soil, but believing, as they did, that the United States was their country, it is fit they should rest here. As I sit here breathing the blessed air that floats above my darlings, would you tell me to forget all about their cruel butchery by Kemper county's best citizens? I know I should breathe prayers for all mankind. I do. But God does not require me to mock Him with prayers for devils accursed. Oh, how I remember the tender love of my husband and remember his gentle, loving care, the sweetness of my daughter and my brave boy! When the remembrance of that bloody struggle, that terrible day, comes to me, when the lifeless and mangled forms of my dear ones were brought to me; when those in authority turned a deaf ear and refused to hear my cry; when all these years have passed by and no law has been invoked to punish such atrocities, why should I forget?

Respectfully, your friend,
W. W. CHISHOLM.

Census Tricks in the South.

A dispatch from Charleston, South Carolina, to the New York *Times*, under date August 16th, says:

The utterances of Senator M. C. Butler and General J. D. Kennedy, and the publications in the *News and Courier*, showing an increase of thirty-five per cent. in the population of South Carolina, were not "based upon inaccurate estimates of the result of the enumerators' work," nor were they "made upon returns from counties containing large cities," as Superintendent Walker mildly suggests in the dispatch published in the *Times*. They rest upon the official returns of the enumerators, and the alleged increase exists in the agricultural districts only. Charleston, so far as population is concerned, is actually the only city in South Carolina. It is the business centre, and if any increase really existed in the State it would show itself here. In 1870 the inhabitants of Charleston numbered 48,956, and the census just completed, according to the *News and Courier's* figures, shows a population of 49,999, an increase of 4 per cent. It also shows that the whites increased 1,256, and a decrease of 213 among the colored inhabitants. This would bear out the repeatedly expressed belief that the mortality among the colored people in the South surpasses the frequency of births. Outside of the city, where they were no longer under public surveillance, the enumerators were more fortunate in their search for hitherto undisturbed humanity. Among the swamps, farms and miasmatic islands belonging to Charleston county, where it is almost impossible for white people to live during the summer months, they found an increase of 18,000, or nearly 40 per cent. over the population in the same places in 1870. The *News and Courier* admits that several of the other counties will show an increase of nearly 40 per cent. What better proof does Superintendent Walker need that the enumerators and supervisors committed frauds? He probably does and ought to know that South Carolina has not benefited by immigration; that many of the young white men have left the State to seek employment in Northern and Western States, and that many colored people have emigrated to States where they are allowed to enjoy the rights of citizenship. Where, then, does this immense increase come from? It will probably surprise no one to hear that the Republicans of this State have no confidence in General Walker; they consider him one of that class of so-called Republicans who are responsible for their present misfortunes, and from whose friendly offices they desire to be delivered at the earliest moment possible.

A Catholic Priest Runs off With a Young Lady.

DENVER, Col., August 16.—The *Tribune* has a long special dispatch from Messilla, New Mexico, to the effect that there is much excitement throughout the Messilla Valley over the elopement of Father Todoro Rouali, a priest of Las Cruces, and a brilliant and beautiful young lady named Miss Marguerette Garcia, from the Convent of the Sisters of Loretto, who recently entered that institution, it is said, at the solicitation of the priest against the wishes of her parents. After continued scandalous proceedings, the couple eloped, and were overtaken at a small hamlet, whence the priest appeared en dishabille and was struck and would have been killed by an uncle of the girl had not officers of the law interfered. The priest and girl were finally married. The former tells horrible stories about bishops and other priests.

Republican Rain.

The Democratic orators and editors are trying to make out that the Republicans have ruined the country. Yes, and this is the way it was done:

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule, a government six per cent. bond sold for eighty-nine cents.

In 1880, after twenty years Republican rule, a government four per cent bond sells at $1.08.

In 1860, after twenty years Democratic rule, a loan of $18,000,000 exhausted the market for six months.

At the end of twenty years Republican rule a loan of $150,000,000 was taken in a single day.

In twenty years of Republican rule we find:

An increase of population of fifty per cent.

An increase of general agricultural exports of 600 per cent.

An increase in exports of bread and bread-stuffs of 650 per cent.

An increase of exports of manufactured articles of 225 per cent.

An increase of internal commerce of 700 per cent.

An increase of railway mileage of 187 per cent.

In 1860, after twenty years Democratic rule, Congress authorized a loan of $25,000,000 to defray current expenses.

In 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, the Secretary of the Treasury pays $85,000,000 of debt contracted for a war brought on by a Democratic solid South, which now wants power again so as to stop the waving of the bloody shirt, the wearing of which is Hancock's chief glory and his whole available stock as a candidate for the Presidency.

In 1860, after twenty year of Democratic rule, the balance of trade against the country was over $20,000,000.

On May 31, 1880, after twenty years of Republican rule, the balance of trade was over $162,000,000 in favor of the country.

In 1860, after twenty years of Democratic rule and teaching, there was a very serious question whether we had any nation, and the old public functionary in the White Hause, whose chief advisor was Jere Black, the man who furnishes the statesmanship for Gen. Hancock, announced that there was "no power in the Government to coerce a State," leaving the inference that Jeff Davis and Alex. Stephens could send the country to the demnition bow-wows for all he could do to prevent it. After twenty years of Republican rule there is no doubt that we have a country, and Alex. Stephens and Jere Black would give all they are worth to have the people forget that they ever questioned it.

The kind of ruin which five successive Republican Administrations have inflicted upon the country is just a little striking in view of the figures, and the people like it and call for more of the same sort, and are bound to have it, too.—*Washington Republican.*

From the Veteran Editor of the Fredonia Censor.

FREDONIA, N. Y., June 7, 1878.

DR. M. M. FENNER.

DEAR SIR:—I have been using your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic during the past few weeks, and desire to say that I like it. I find it admirably adapted to the purpose for which you recommend it. It is an excellent remedy for billiousness usually incident to the change from winter to spring, sufficiently physicing and yet not debilitating as the mercurial remedies are, but strengthening, instead.

Yours truly,
W. McKINSTRY.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER AND AGUE, SPLEEN, ENLARGEMENT, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Boy Stabbed.

LANCASTER, August 19.—For some time Mr. Edward Kauffman has suffered from the depredations of thieves in his cornfield, near this city, and on Tuesday evening his hired man, Mr. Andrew Miller, and his nephew, Abraham Kauffman, resolved to catch the thieves if possible, and went out to the field to watch for them. As they neared the field they saw John Meyers enter it, and, concealing themselves, they saw him pulling off the corn. Miller ran up and, seizing him by the arm, demanded his name. Meyers tried to run, but, finding that he could not get away, turned and struck at his captor. His blows were returned with interest, and this was kept up until both men got on the pike, when Meyers drew a knife, a weapon with a blade two inches long, and, rushing on Miller, plunged the knife into his body. Miller called to young Kauffman that he had been stabbed and the boy warned Meyers not to do it again; but the murderous thief, declaring that he would kill him, again ran toward the wounded man. This time, however, his blow fell short, for young Kauffman seizing a stone, hurled it at Meyers, striking him a terrible blow and felling him insensible to the ground. This timely assistance brought the fight to a sudden termination and saved the life of Miller, whose injuries are not considered fatal. When Meyers returned to consciousness he was arrested and brought to this city.

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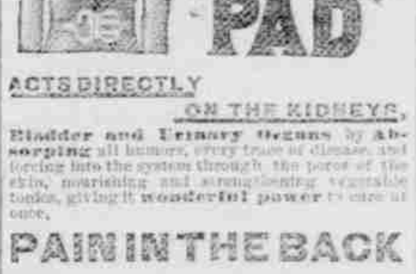

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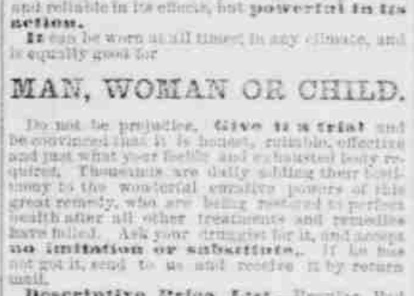

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