Somerset Herald.

GEORGE R. SCULL, Editor.

DAY ..... June 26, 1889.

...ing soon.

...very plenty.

...oes are fading.

...est is coloring.

...oes are coming.

...is on the wane.

...ountry looks lovely.

...al Humidity is here.

Pillsbury's Flour at Keller's.

The recent rains have caged.

Our next holiday is on July 4th.

...'s is headquarters for groceries.

Turbine cases at Biesecker & Snyder's.

All kinds of trusses at Biesecker & Snyder's.

Eyeglasses and spectacles at Biesecker & Snyder's.

Alizaline in all colors at Biesecker & Snyder.

Pillsbury's Best XXXX Flour for sale at Jacob Keller's.

All the different odors of extracts at Biesecker & Snyder's.

Remembered, and don't forget—J. B. Holderbaum's Hardware Store.

Try a sack of Pillsbury's Flour and you will never use any other brand.

Twenty-six bridges were swept away in Washington county by the recent flood.

Distilled Water, bottled, recommended by all physicians, to be had only at Biesecker & Snyder's.

When you go to town next week, don't forget to call and see J. B. Holderbaum's new store-room.

The only place in Somerset where you can buy flour made at the celebrated Pillsbury mills is at Keller's grocery.

If a boy and a half eat a green apple and a half in a minute and a half, how will they fall in an hour and a half?

The Westmoreland County Agricultural and Industrial Association will hold their fair October 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th.

Ice cool soda water at Biesecker & Snyder's Drug Store. The only place in town where you can get this delicious and cooling drink.

A young man in Franklin, while on his way for his marriage license, was arrested for forgery. He forged a check to pay for his wedding clothes.

We have on hand a large number of good posts which we will sell in quantities to suit the purchaser. Prices very reasonable. Yard opposite the planing mill.

HOLDEBOOK BROS. & PARSON.

Mr. Cha's. H. Fisher has bought of the publishers of the HERALD all back numbers from March 13th to present date, and can supply copies of all and any date at 5 cts each. Mail orders promptly filled. Send postage stamps to Fisher's Book Store for HERALD's back numbers.

Some idea of the magnitude of the damage done to Pennsylvania railroad lines by the recent flood may be formed from the statement that nearly 5,000 men are employed, in many cases working 16 hours a day. This great army of workmen is building bridges, replacing track carried away, filling in and grading the washed-out road bed.

The B. & O. Railroad will run an excursion train from Cumberland to Johnstown on Sunday, June 30th. The train will leave Cumberland at 8:30 A. M., arriving at Johnstown at 1:30 P. M. Returning, special train will leave Johnstown at 5:00 P. M. Half fare will be charged for the round trip. Tickets will be sold on the train from stations where there are no ticket agents.

The sun rises just about 4 o'clock in the morning nowadays, and doesn't sink behind the hills until 7:30, making the day over fifteen hours long, the longest of the year. Undoubtedly, the pleasantest and most delightful part of these long days is during the two hours immediately following sunrise. The air is clear and cool, and the only sounds to be heard come from the throats of the song birds, who are never more musical than at the first blush of dawn. And yet about ninety-nine out of every hundred persons are willing to take the testimony of somebody else on these interesting facts, in order to enable them to enjoy a morning nap.

### Local Option for Michigan.

The Michigan Legislature has passed another local option measure and it only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law. A law to accomplish the same end was passed in 1887 and under its provisions thirty-nine counties voted on the question of refusing to license the liquor traffic and all but three of them adopted Prohibition. Soon after the Supreme Court of the state declared the law unconstitutional and all the steps taken under it became void. The present measure is designed to avoid the objection made by the court.

### How Can They Beat Us?

They can't do it! Not so long as we keep the freshest, choicest and cheapest groceries in Somerset. We don't want 90 per cent. on every sale, but are willing to share profit with our patrons. That's the why and wherefore of our success, and the reason our store is always crowded with customers.

C. B. VOGHT.

### Wanted!

Hides, and Furs, I will pay the highest cash price for all kinds of hides, pelts and furs. I also want 500 cords of Rock Oak and Chestnut Bark. 100 cords wanted at once. Call on me at my residence, immediately west of the S. & C. Station.

H. G. CUNNINGHAM.

### Down to Bed Rock.

Drop in and see how cheap you can buy a Hanging Lamp, Lamps of all kinds. Dishes of all description—very cheap. Glass Ware at sacrifice, at the store of

E. B. COFFROTH,
Somerset, Pa.

### Five Brothers.

Fred, John, Ben, Ruby, and Nick, now on hand at the store of

EB. B. COFFROTH.

### Brothersvalley Items.

Two new barns were raised in this township last week—one for Lewis Eskin and another for Manasses Shumaker.

Peter Forney, from Benton county, Iowa, is visiting relatives in this section, at present being the guest of his brother, S. S. Forney.

The Bible says, "the voice of the people is the voice of God." Therefore, I suppose we will have to be satisfied with the vote of last Tuesday.

The corn crop is almost two weeks behind time, owing to the heavy rains, but favorable weather through July and August will produce an average crop.

Mrs. Jacob Rayman, a most estimable old lady, died last Thursday, after a long and painful illness. She was buried at the Pike church on Saturday, at 2 p. m.

The potato bug is making his appearance, it seems as lively as ever. The farmers had better nip him in the bud, before he gets his larva deposited on the vines.

The hay crop promises to be the largest that has been harvested in this section for many years. All that is desired is fair weather for a few weeks in which to make it.

The directors last Friday staked off ground for a new school house, to be located close to the residence of Wesley Landis. They are now ready to receive proposals for the erection of the building.

We had expected it would be war along about the 15th, but not quite so war. The contest at this place passed off very quietly, the one side using all means, both fair and foul, to accomplish their ends, but they failed to intimidate enough voters.

ZENO.

No more elections till November.

Dr. Albert P. Brubaker and wife of Philadelphia, are in town for a three week's visit.

Miss Etta Crawford, of Venango county, is visiting her school friend, Miss Mame Uhl.

The weather hasn't been favorable for Amendments of late, but the Amendments to the Rules pulled through by a handsome majority, all the same.

Brother Coffroth of the *Democrat* is taking a toss with "old Nep" at Cape May this week. During his absence the *Democrat* is being edited by the festive "Foss."

The Board of School Directors have decided to extend the school term in this borough from six to seven months. They should have made it nine months.

Two elections in one week was most too much for the average voter. The turn-out at Saturday's primary was rather slim. A little over one-half of the Republican vote was polled.

The Postmaster-General has appointed the following postmasters in Somerset county: S. P. Poorbaugh, Glencoe; James M. Cover, Jenner X Roads; Robert E. Ross, Addison; Wesley Moore, Kuhn.

Mrs. Earl Ogle, who came to Somerset with her five-year-old son a few days after the Johnstown flood, in which her home was wrecked, and since then has been the guest of Mrs. F. W. Biesecker, left for Pittsburgh Tuesday morning.

By reference to the official table published elsewhere in these columns, it will be seen that at the Republican primary election, held Saturday, George W. Pile was nominated for Associate Judge; L. C. Colborn, Esq., for District Attorney, and Frederick Weller for Poor Director.

As will be seen by their advertisement in another column, the great horse sale of Stevens & Zimmerman will take place on July 2d. We expect to see horsemen here from all the neighboring counties on that day. It will be a positive sale and a great chance to get well bred horses.

With this issue the HERALD enters upon the sixty-second year of its age and its thirty-eighth year under the control of its present owner. It has a larger subscription and better advertising patronage to-day than at any time in its previous history. Few country newspapers have a wider circulation than has the HERALD.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Landis, of Waterloo, Iowa, are visiting friends in Somerset county. Mr. Landis was a subscriber of the HERALD long before he removed to the west, a little more than twenty-five years ago, and says he cannot do without the news from his old home. He was accompanied east by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lichty and by Mr. Isaac Barron, all of whom are natives of Somerset county.

Saturday's Republican primary election was an unusually dull one, and a very light vote was polled in every voting precinct of the county. The principal fight in Somerset borough was for committeeman, and the friends of the candidates permitted those gentlemen to make the fight for themselves. The ticket nominated is entirely satisfactory to the Republicans of the county, and we have no doubt will receive the full party vote in the fall.

We are glad to learn that Hon. L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat* has a temporary building erected, and expects to resume the publication of both the weekly and daily in a few days. In view of the heavy loss of all his household property and part of his office fixtures, the issue of the paper so soon after the wreck shows both pluck and courage. Our best wishes for his success.

The prisoners in the county jail regale themselves with singing spiritual songs each evening. Rev. Sell appears to be choir master, while "Joe" Nicely is leader. Their voices can be heard all around the Court House square. One evening last week persons in the neighborhood of the jail were startled on hearing the familiar words of the hymn, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," sounding loud and clear through the narrow windows of the prison. The melody was of short duration however, as the vocalists seemed to be suddenly struck with the absurdity of their claim.

What a remarkable exemplification of the terrible flood at Johnstown is furnished by the summary of the strata of a single part of that gorge which was forced open by dynamite. A railroad bridge at the bottom, on top of that a hotel, above that a section of Gautier steel works, and upon that foundation a superstructure of houses and small buildings. This immense pile was hurled together in an almost impregnable mass, by that terrible rush of waters. When stone, brick and iron are tossed about like chips and feathers the wonder is heightened that any flesh and blood has survived to tell of the terrible event.

By the death of John Hicks, who passed painlessly away at his home in this borough Wednesday morning, Somerset county lost one of her oldest landmarks. Mr. Hicks was in his eighty-third year and removed to Somerset from Dauphin county many years ago. He was a life long friend of the elder Senator Cameron and that venerable statesman never neglected an opportunity to send his remembrances to his boyhood's friend. John Hicks was a most estimable citizen and he enjoyed the trust, respect and friendship of a great army of Somerset county people. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Mr. Hicks was physically as well preserved and mentally as bright as in middle life. He leaves a widow and one son, Esquire L. M. Hicks, and one daughter, Mrs. Harry Baer.

Mr. George D. Moore, State Agent for Pennsylvania of the Travelers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., arrived in the city this morning for the purpose of adjusting losses by the flood. The Company had thirty-six risks here, all among well-known people, and Mr. Moore was greatly surprised to find only one of them had perished. This one was Mrs. Mary E. Hurst, librarian at the Cambria Library, who had a policy for $1,000. Mr. C. T. Schubert, the editor of the *Freie Presse*, had a policy with this Company for $4,000, but it lapsed December 22, 1888. The total amount of Johnstown risks was $110,000. That the Company should have to pay only one risk among so many is indeed remarkable. Mr. Moore says he has found no objections among the policyholders, however, all of them meeting him with a smile and being only too glad that they were alive.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

The services in the Presbyterian Church, of this place, were, on last Sunday morning, devoted to the instruction and entertainment of the Sabbath School children. The audience room was handsomely decorated, by the ladies with spruce, fern, laurel, cut flowers and potted plants. The pulpit recess, the organ loft and wall were draped with long festoons of spruce; the pulpit itself was banked with flowers, and high above it, on the wall, worked in field daises, were the words "Jesus King of Glory."

The bright eyes of the children danced with pleasure, whose contagion was caught by their elders. The singing and recitations by the little ones was very creditable, not only to themselves, but to the superintendent and teachers, who drilled them. A duet of female, and a quartet of male voices added much to the musical portion of the entertainment. The audience numbered some three hundred, almost crowding the seating capacity of the little church. A collection was taken up by four little misses which netted nearly twenty dollars.

All this is very encouraging to the young pastor, Mr. Sutherland, who has only occupied the pulpit a short time, and coming, as he did, after the church had been without a minister for a considerable period, he has labored under some disadvantages.

COM.

# RIDDLED WITH SHOT.

## AN ELKLICK TOWNSHIP TRAGEDY.

## Henry Patterson Kills His Step-Father, John Spiker,

### IN DEFENSE OF HIS MOTHER.

### SURRENDERS HIMSELF AND IS COMMITTED TO JAIL.

A HERALD REPORTER VISITS HIM IN HIS CELL.

STORY OF HIS LIFE AND OF THE KILLING.

Elklick township, the home of Christian Yoder, and the place where the infamous McClellandtown Gang committed their last and most atrocious outrage, for which the leaders were convicted and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, was the scene of another tragedy Saturday evening.

John Spiker lived with his wife and family at Grassy Run, a mining village, about three-fourths of a mile from the town of Salisbury. With them lived Henry Patterson and his younger brother, children of Mrs. Spiker by her former husband, John T. Patterson, Esq. Spiker was employed as a miner in the coal mines of Thomas Reese, and Henry Patterson, his step-son, was a driver in the same mines. The house they occupied was owned by the coal company and stood at the corner of a row of miners' houses. Jacob Buskey occupied the house adjoining the Spiker domicile. Saturday evening Spiker and his wife quarreled; he began to beat her; she called her son Henry to her assistance; Henry ran into Jacob Buskey's house, seized a gun and shot his step-father in the pit of the stomach, inflicting a wound from which he afterwards died. Patterson at once surrendered himself up and was brought to Somerset Monday morning and lodged in jail by Constable Jacob Hoyle, from whom we learned the following facts in regard to the killing:

CONSTABLE HOYLE'S STORY OF THE KILLING.

After placing his prisoner in the custody of Sheriff McMillen, Constable Hoyle called at the HERALD office. "John Spiker," said he, "was about 29 years of age and lived at Grassy Run, near Reese's mines, about three-fourths of a mile north of Salisbury. Henry Patterson is about 20 years of age. Spiker married Patterson's mother about nine years ago. She is about forty years old. They lived together in the same house. Spiker and Patterson were both employed in Reese's mines. Spiker and his wife were constantly quarreling and fighting. Saturday there was a circus at Salisbury. Mrs. Spiker wanted to go to the show and Spiker refused to allow her to go or to give her money to go. This started a quarrel, and young Patterson, to avoid hearing it, went up to the ball ground, a short distance from the house. As soon as he left the house Spiker commenced beating his wife and she called to her son, 'Hen, come back quick.' He went back to see what was wrong. When he went to go up the steps of the house, his mother said:

"MY GOD, HEN! HE'S GOT A RAZOR!

He'll cut you to pieces!" Hen went over to Jacob Buskey's, about a rod away, and got a Harper's Ferry musket; he put a heavy load of fine shot and buckshot in it, and went back to the house. Buskey followed him, to see what he was going to do. When he heard him say he was going to shoot Spiker he tried to take the gun from him, but couldn't. Patterson told Buskey to stand aside, or he would shoot him.

HE WAS FROTHING AT THE MOUTH,

and didn't seem to know what he was doing. When Patterson came into the house, Spiker ran out the back door. Patterson followed him about fifty yards, when Spiker turned around, and, putting his hand in his hip-pocket, said: "You s— of a b—, I'm not afraid of you or your gun." Saying this he drew a pistol, or razor, and made a dash for Patterson. When he got within 15 or 20 steps from Patterson, he raised the gun, and fired. The shot struck Spiker in the pit of the stomach, right below the breast bone. The gun was heavily charged with

NO. 5 SHOT AND BUCKSHOT.

The shot all went in in a circle of from four to five inches. After he was shot Spiker ran after Patterson about a rod, when he fell to the ground. Patterson dropped the gun and went at once to 'Squire Lichliter, at Salisbury, and told him that he had shot his step-daddy, and gave himself up. I was at the show, and the 'Squire sent for me and placed Patterson in my charge. I kept him at my house Saturday night. Spiker died about 12 o'clock Sunday. It was a little after 6 o'clock Saturday evening when the shooting occurred. A number of persons witnessed the shooting. When Spiker fell they picked him up and carried him into the house. They sent for Dr. Speicher who came and probed the wound and pickered out quite a number of buck-shot. Sunday morning he vomited freely and threw up

SQUIRES OF SHOT.

'Squires Lichliter and Fuller held an inquest, Sunday evening. The jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from the effect of a gunshot wound inflicted by Henry Patterson.

The affair created intense excitement in the neighborhood, and people by the hundreds crowded around there all day.

I took Patterson to Meyersdale Sunday evening and kept him there over night, in the lockup. He told me he knew he had done wrong, but he couldn't help it. That if he had to swing,

HE WOULD SWING FOR A GOOD CAUSE,

and that he would have to put up with it.

Everybody sympathized with the boy and said that Spiker had gotten just what he deserved. Patterson carried the mail for quite a while between Grantsville and Salisbury, and everybody spoke well of him and liked him. While I had him in my charge a number of men came and offered to bail him, and offered him money, $5 and $10 bills, but he refused to take it, saying that he didn't need it. When I started to take him away there was a large crowd around, and every person there came up and shook hands with him, and gave him good-bye. He went up to his mother and kissed her, saying:

"MAYBE I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN."

He seemed to feel very badly, and on Saturday night he cried, and said he hadn't intended to kill Spiker; that he didn't shoot to kill, but only intended to hit him in the legs.

Spiker was a man of violent temper, and always

CARRIED A KNIFE.

He attacked his brother at one time, and tried to get away with him. He always treated Patterson and his younger brother badly, and was constantly quarreling with and abusing his wife. There were probably a dozen and a half witnesses to the shooting.

Spiker was taken to Grantsville, where he was buried Monday afternoon."

### A VISIT TO THE COUNTY JAIL.

THE PRISONER TELLS THE STORY OF THE KILLING OF HIS STEP-FATHER TO A HERALD REPORTER.

Monday afternoon the writer once more visited the foul-smelling old county prison, for the purpose of having a talk with Patterson. "Milt" McMillen, the genial and obliging deputy sheriff, of whom the prisoners all have a good word to say, opened the big iron door, and giving the HERALD scribe a gentle shove, which landed him inside the prison proper, hastily turned the key, with the remark: "I'll be back in an hour or two," and disappeared.

At the "dining" table sat "Dave" Nicely, engaging a colored brother in a friendly game of "seven up." Dave held several leading trump, and he smiled pleasantly as he held up his "hand" to the HERALD man. Carrie Durst was sitting near the stove, in which was a good fire, apparently contentedly rocking a five-months'-old child (of doubtful complexion.) "Brother" Sell was taking a "constitutional" on the upper corridor, and "Joe" Nicely was in his cell busily writing, probably on a treatise on the fascinating game of draw-poker. The other prisoners, of lesser note, were sitting around on steps or in cell doors, looking as though they would give ten years of their miserable existence for a few breaths of fresh, pure air. Ross Bird was the one inmate of the odoriferous place that seemed perfectly satisfied with his lot. He has full charge of the prison, and makes an effort to keep everything clean and tidy. Ross is more or less of a philosopher, and makes the best of his present unfortunate situation.

Stretched at full length on the coal-box back of the stove, apparently in a sound sleep, was young Patterson, the last man who had placed his name on the Sheriff's register. A slight tap on his head awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, with a request that the reporter accompany him to his cell

Henry Patterson is a rather good-looking young man of about twenty years of age. He was neatly dressed in a suit of dark-striped clothes, with a blue-spotted shirt and polka-dot necktie. He wore a dark-blue slouch hat, set well back on his head. He is about 5 feet, 11½ inches in height, and weighs probably 150 pounds. His eyes are dark-blue and his hair and moustache are dark-brown. His appearance is that of a well-bred young man.

Taking a seat on the narrow bed in his cell, and in response to a question asked him, he said:

"John T. Patterson, formerly of Philadelphia, was my father. I am connected with one of the old and wealthy families of the State. My father was a wealthy man. The year before the war he went to Grantsville, Maryland, where he met my mother and married her. My mother is a daughter of Thomas Johnson, of Grantsville. Father took to drinking and squandered away his fortune. He died when I was but nine years old. I have one brother, younger than I, and one sister. My sister is married to Peter Beachy, of Grantsville. One year after my father's death my mother married John Spiker. I was 20 years of age in February last. My mother is thirty-nine, and Spiker was ten years younger than she. My brother lived with us; he is 15 years old. I had a pretty fair education; went to school to Charley Snyder, who was from Somerset and studied law here. Shortly after father's death we moved to Meyersdale. Spiker boarded at our house and was married to mother by 'Squire Cook. Soon after the wedding he ordered me out of the house. I left and walked through the cold and snow to Williams Station, where I got work in Hoblitzell's brick-yard. I was only thirteen then. I worked there for three years, when mother persuaded me to come back home. I went home, but my step-father and I soon quarreled, and I went back to William's again. I stayed there a short time, when they wrote me that they had moved to Grantsville and asked me to come home. I went to Grantsville and took a young man with me. As soon as Spiker saw him he ordered him out of the house. I said, 'I guess that is meant for me, too.' He said it was, and we both left. I went back to William's and stayed for about four months and then went to Indian Creek and cooked on

TOM NEVIL'S CAMP TRAIN.

Went back home after several months, but found I couldn't make it and left again. Went to Confluence and worked on Ken Price's mill. After working there for some months I went back to Grantsville and got the contract for carrying the U. S. Mail between that place and Salisbury. My bondsmen were Francis McKinzie and ex-Senator Getty. After my mail contract had expired I went to Westernport and worked for the Davis & Elkins Coal Company. I worked there for 13 months and came home just five days before last Christmas. I helped Spiker dig coal for several weeks and then went to selling fruit trees for Jas. F. LeClair, Brighton, New York. The fruit tree business didn't suit me and I went over to Grassy Run and got a job from Tom Reese. I was a driver in the mines. I told mother if I could get a house I would let her know. I finally rented a Company house. They wanted to come over at once. They moved over on April 9. Spiker was there a month and a half living off of me and I was keeping the family besides. I had to support them and him. I finally went to Reese and told him the load was getting too heavy on me and asked him to give Spiker a job. He put him and my brother both at work in the mines. Whenever Spiker would get a little mad he would strike my little brother and kick him and cuff him around and swear if he didn't do so and so he would get on him and

STAMP HIS GUTS OUT.

He said and did this more than a dozen times in my presence. It was a perpetual quarrel from the time they were married up to the time of the shooting. He would strike and beat my mother and she would often have to sell what little furniture she had in the house to get something to eat. She took in washing, and did every thing she could to support the family, while he would do nothing.

He went to Grantsville last Friday, with John Johnson, mother's brother; mother told him he had better stay and attend to his work, as the work was good. He left the house mad. There was a small circus in Salisbury Saturday. I went to the house about dinner time, and asked her if she was going to the show. I told her that she might as well take the little ones and Joe, and go, and that she should leave the key at Mrs. Lowry's, so that I could get it when I quit work. He got home from Grantsville before she got home from the show. He waited at the mines till she came. She didn't wait till the show was over, but came home before, I think for the purpose of getting there before he did, so as to avoid a quarrel. I quit work at 5 o'clock, and when I went down to the house they were quarrelling. They were still quarreling when we ate supper. After supper I got my ball and bat, and went up on the hill. I went into Herman Rauch's shanty and threw myself on one of the bunks, and fell asleep. I had only been sleeping a short time when Rauch shook me up, and said we would go up to the ball ground. We got as far as Fairview plane, when I heard

MOTHER CALLING ME.

She said, 'Henry come down here.' I asked her what she wanted. She said 'come down quick.' I ran down and found her standing on the front porch crying. She said, 'Henry come in here, you'll have to do something; he is kicking and slapping me around and you will have to do something.' I started to go up the steps. They had a little board nailed at the head of the steps to keep the baby from falling out. I stepped over it and just as I did so she was standing in the door and said, 'My God Henry don't come in here he's

GOT THE RAZOR AND WILL KILL YOU?'

As soon as she said this I wheeled right around and got the gun. I got the gun and he started out the back door. I overtook him on the railroad. He wheeled around and slapped his hand on his hip-pocket and said, you son-of-a-b—, I'm not afraid of you or your gun, and came running toward me. When I got up I saw that there was no stop, that one of us had to take it there and then. It was either him or me, and I pulled up the gun and fired. When I fired the gun pulled up. I had no

IDEA OF KILLING HIM.

I only intended to shoot him in the legs. There was a big load of powder in the gun and it raised when I fired. He was very close on to me and was running right at me at full speed when he fell; the shot didn't seem to check him. I took the gun to the house and went to Salisbury and told 'Squire Lichliter what I had done and delivered myself up. I am sorry, but it couldn't be helped. He had kicked and knocked mother around 'till I was afraid he would kill her and me. I had been afraid of his killing me for the last eight years. After I had shot I told my little brother to run down and get the doctor, quick. When I went for the gun he told mother that I had better stay away from him, that he had a revolver and would

SHOOT MY HEART OUT.

I got the gun to defend mother and myself but had no thought or intention of killing him. They have two little girls living. They had three children, one of them is dead. I am sorry for what was done but I couldn't help it."

Val Hay, Esq., one of the leading members of the Somerset county bar, has been retained by the prisoner. Patterson seemed to fully realize his position, and spoke regretfully of what he had done, but seemed to think that he was in no wise to blame.

### The Horrors of Johnstown Vividly Described.

EDITOR HERALD:—Many versatile pens have been employed in describing the Johnstown flood, and some of the descriptions evinced skill in word-painting, particularly those in the New York *World* and Cincinnati *Enquirer*, but none of them are at all comparable with the simple and life-like account contained in the Johnstown *Tribune*, in its first issue after the disaster. I know that every one capable of appreciating a readable article will agree with the statement that in its simplicity, its expressiveness, its touching pathos, it comes nearer to that model speech of the martyred President at Gettysburg, than any other production of modern times; and like that immortal production, its excellencies are not seen at first glance.

With no attempt at ornamentation by the use of taking phrases or nicely turned periods, it merits the distinction of an exceptionally fine specimen of descriptive writing. Several of its paragraphs, and many of its sentences, must strike the reader as a happy method of saying and describing a thing plainly but elegantly, tersely but graphically.

The HERALD of the 10th inst. did a good thing—something for which its readers ought to be grateful—in copying it in full. It is an article that should be preserved, and read, and studied frequently and closely. Young people, who aspire to say and write things as they ought to be said and written, could not do better than to take it as a model.

The opening sentences, composed of a few simple words, mostly monosyllables, tell the sad story better, and far more pathetically, than nine-tenths of the labored productions of the trained reporters sent out by city papers. A multitude of words could not be more expressive than is implied in the few words: "Well, the reservoir came, and Johnstown went visiting—some on very long visits indeed—never to come back." And as to the scene itself, nothing yet in print so graphically portrays its horrors as the following: "In a moment Johnstown was tumbling all itself, houses at one end nodding to houses at the other end * *; and on sped the wreck in a swirl, the angry water, baffled for a moment, running up hill with the town and the helpless multitude on its back, the flood meantime shaking with rage and dropping here and there a portion of its burden—crushing, grinding, pulverizing all. Then back, with great frame buildings floating along like ocean steamers, upper deck crowded, hands clinging to every support that could be reached, and so on to the great stone bridge, where the houses, piled mountain high, took fire and burned with all the fury of the hell you read about—cremation in your own home, perhaps a mile from its foundation; dear ones slowly consumed before your eyes, and the same fate your own a moment after."

Touchingly sad are the plaintive reference to the sights and experiences of the morning after the blackest of all black Fridays:

"Where to go, what to do, no one could tell. The survivors were moving, but they knew not whither. Over and under the wrecks they went, in and out of the ruins—hoping, yet dreading to find a friend. We go upon the streets—streets which were—and here and there we meet a friend, but the steps which bear us toward each other, perhaps, press upon the face or form of still other friends not yet uncovered." Again: "Our story—how shall we tell it? In a ruin we saw a copy of Webster's Unabridged, and the thought came that the book did not contain words enough to picture the ghastly horror. Never did words seem so weak and idle."

A whole volume is comprised in the brief closing sentence of the article: "The misery is our own, not to be shared with by any, and not to be dismissed until the present generation has passed away. Those who are left are brothers and sisters now, all barriers down, old enmities and grudges buried in the common wreck of hope and ambition."

To all readers of the HERALD let me say, turn to the article again—read it, and re-read it, and note how one of the grief-stricken and burdened souls of the flood-swept town struggles to tell of the horrors of that memorable Friday afternoon and night.

E.

### Convention of Republican County Committeemen.

The Republican County Convention met in the Court House at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, and owing to the fact that a large number of the committeemen could not get here till noon, adjourned till 1 o'clock p. m. The Convention was called to order by C. C. Shafer. Philip Smith, Esq., of Rockwood, and Emanuel J. Seese, Esq., of Ogle Township, were elected Vice Presidents of the Convention, and M. D. Reel, of Shade Township and E. M. Lichty, of Meyersdale, were elected Clerks. J. D. Swank and Capt. Wm. H. Sanner were appointed Tellers. After the roll had been called Fred W. Biesecker, Esq was elected Chairman of the County Committee for the ensuing year by a unanimous vote of the Committeemen present, and Mr. A. J. Hileman was elected Chairman *pro tem.*

The returns of Saturday's primary were handed in, and the vote cast up and the result announced. On motion of John R. Scott, Esq., the Chairman appointed a Committee of three, consisting of W. E. Boyts, S. P. Poorbaugh, and R. H. Dull to wait upon Mr. Biesecker and notify him of his election. The Committee waited upon Mr. Biesecker and in a short time returned with him and he, in a few well-chosen sentences, thanked the Convention for the honor they had conferred upon him, and said that he would endeavor to discharge the duties of the position to which he had been elected in a manner that would meet with the approbation of the Republican voters of the county.

Col. E. D. Yutzy rose to a question of privilege, and made a rattling speech of 15 or 20 minutes in length. He refuted the charge that had been made that the Amendments to the Rules which had just been adopted had been made in the interest of any one person, and branded as false the assertion that the change in Rule 20 had not been offered and adopted by the Convention last June. He said that he had offered the amendments in the Convention and that they were published in the HERALD in the precise language that they had been offered and adopted.

M. D. Reel, of Shade, John R. Scott, Esq., and Josiah Keller, of Somerset, were elected members of the Executive Committee for the ensuing year, after which the Convention adjourned.

Chas. P. Craig, Esq., of Duluth, Minn., has been in Somerset for several days, the guest of R. S. Scull.

### Teachers Wanted.

The Rockwood School Board will meet at the Rockwood House, Saturday evening, July 6, 1889, for the purpose of employing four teachers for the school year.

D. H. WOLFENSBERGER,
Secretary.

### For Sale or Trade.

A country store, in a good location, and doing a good business. Satisfactory reasons given for selling. Address

SAMUEL BISINGER,
Glibbons' Glade, Fayette County, Pa.

### Anniversary Sermon.

Presbyterian Church, Somerset, by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Sutherland, June 30, at 10:45 a. m. Subject, "The Past, Present and Future of our American Republic. All are invited.

# Somerset County Votes Wet.

## BOTH AMENDMENTS OVERWHELMINGLY DEFEATED.

## Only Ten Polls Go Dry.

THE FRIENDS OF CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION SADLY DISAPPOINTED.

The official totals as computed by the Court on Thursday, of the vote polled in Somerset County on Tuesday, are:

Against the Prohibition Amendment. 3,451
For the Prohibition Amendment..... 2,079
Majority against..... 1,372
Against Suffrage Amendment..... 4,299
For Suffrage Amendment..... 482
Majority against..... 3,817

Only ten of the thirty-seven precincts in the county gave a majority for the Prohibitory Amendment and none of them were at all decisive. The result was a sad disappointment to the prohibitionists, as they had openly boasted that they would carry the county by a handsome majority, and many of them confidently expected that they would do so.

Tabular Statement of the votes polled on the proposed amendments to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, at the election held in the different districts of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, on Thursday, June 18, 1889:

| Districts. | Prohibit'n Amd't For | Prohibit'n Amd't Against | Suffrage Amd't For | Suffrage Amd't Against |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Addison | 79 | 161 | 19 | 195 |
| Allegheny No. 1 | 25 | 156 | 3 | 156 |
| Allegheny No. 2 | 5 | 38 | 2 | 40 |
| Berlin Borough | 92 | 60 | 5 | 134 |
| Black | 12 | 88 | 8 | 37 |
| Brothersvalley | 75 | 169 | 2 | 253 |
| Conemaugh | 49 | 133 | 25 | 102 |
| Confluence Borough | 52 | 38 | 1 | 74 |
| Elklick | 50 | 169 | 40 | 176 |
| Greenville | 11 | 74 | — | 81 |
| Jefferson | 48 | 100 | 6 | 140 |
| Jenner | 103 | 177 | 23 | 266 |
| Jennertown Borough | 10 | 11 | 2 | 16 |
| Latrimer | 26 | 78 | — | 92 |
| Lower Turkeyfoot | 29 | 77 | — | 109 |
| Meyersdale Borough | 117 | 164 | 55 | 125 |
| Middlecreek | 60 | 57 | 52 | 56 |
| Milford | 67 | 71 | 14 | 98 |
| New Baltimore Bor. | 6 | 32 | — | 36 |
| New Centreville Bor. | 15 | 10 | — | 21 |
| Northampton | 6 | 116 | 3 | 118 |
| Ogle | 5 | 28 | 2 | 31 |
| Paint | 70 | 83 | 18 | 118 |
| Quemahoning | 110 | 86 | 17 | 149 |
| Rockwood Borough | 32 | 49 | 20 | 20 |
| Salisbury Borough | 55 | 50 | 48 | 31 |
| Shade | 61 | 94 | 5 | 143 |
| Somerset Borough | 154 | 137 | 24 | 239 |
| Somerset No. 1 | 245 | 204 | 19 | 407 |
| Somerset No. 2 | 37 | 77 | — | 114 |
| Southampton | 14 | 91 | 9 | 96 |
| Stonycreek | 154 | 139 | 6 | 289 |
| Stoyestown | 34 | 93 | 18 | 40 |
| Summit | 52 | 180 | 15 | 178 |
| Upper Turkeyfoot | 79 | 99 | 6 | 162 |
| Ursina | 26 | 38 | — | 63 |
| Wellersburg | 5 | 39 | 9 | 23 |
| Totals | 2079 | 3451 | 482 | 4299 |

Majority against Prohibition, 1372.
Maj. Against Suffrage Amendment, 3817.

### Houses for Johnstown.

From Saturday's Johnstown Tribune.

The following letter from Mr. S. S. Marvin, Chairman of the Pittsburgh Purchasing Committee, to Chairman James McMillen, of Johnstown, contains gratifying information:

OFFICE OF
S. S. MARVIN & CO.'S BISCUIT WORKS.
PITTSBURGH, PA., June 21, 1889.

*Mr. James McMillen, Chairman, Johnstown, Pa.*

DEAR SIR: It was not until yesterday that I became aware of the size and appearance of the one hundred houses which we have ordered sent to you at Johnstown. These houses are portable, and fold up, like the cover of a book. They are painted inside and out, and present a very neat appearance. They are one story high, and the floor is ten by twenty. You will find that they are very quickly set up. We expect that twenty-four of these houses will arrive in Johnstown not later than Sunday morning.

We have also ordered furniture for the twenty-four houses. It may not all arrive in Johnstown until Tuesday, as some of the articles, that we wanted were not here in the quantity we required. However, the most important articles, the mattresses, bed clothing, stoves, stove furniture, and the chairs, will be there probably by to-morrow (Saturday). I have had a list of the articles intended for each house prepared by my assistant, Mr. Dilworth, and it will be forwarded to you to-night. In addition to the articles enumerated, we are prepared to furnish each house with a barrel of flour, if you think it is desirable and would be what you recommend.

The party who furnished these houses left Pittsburgh last night to see Governor Beaver in Harrisburg to-day. I think that inside of two weeks you will have several hundred houses erected in Johnstown and fully furnished.

With kind regards, I remain, very truly yours,

S. S. MARVIN,
Chairman Purchasing Committee.

The list of articles for each house, mentioned by Mr. Marvin and enclosed with his letter, is as follows:

OUTFIT FOR ONE HOUSE.

Five chairs, one small rocker, one pair red blankets, one white blanket, two towels, eight sheets, one cooking-stove, one skillet, two bake-pans, one iron pot, one tea kettle, three joints pipe, six knives and forks, six teaspoons, three tablespoons, six cups, six saucers, six plates, one cream pitcher, one two-quart pitcher, two one and one-half-pint bowls, two bedsteads, one table (with knives), two spring beds (all metal) two husk and cotton mattresses, four husk pillows.

Blank applications for dwelling houses will be left with the Burgesses of the several boroughs: W. J. Murphy, at Moxham; A. L. Davis, on the South Side; J. W. Barkhard, at Cambria City Bridge; at Kredel & Farrell's Drug Store in Morrellville; Postmaster Wilson, at Mineral Point, and the Burgess at South Fork.

A BIG NEST OF BODIES FOUND.

From Monday's Johnstown Tribune.

The belief that has existed for some time that a large number of bodies were still in the mass of wreckage at the stone arch bridge is daily being verified.

The dynamite explosions that dislodged the timbers and others debris also uncover and toss into the air the remains of human bodies.

This afternoon, between 2 and 3 o'clock, a charge of dynamite was exploded near the second arch from the east end of the bridge.

From the great body of wreckage tossed into the air pieces of human bodies flew in all directions, and the remnants afterward gathered together indicated that at least six corpses had been blown up.

They were doubtless all close together near where the dynamite was discharged.

The terrible scene was witnessed by a great crowd of people, many of them flood-sufferers, who realized anew the awful character of the calaminnity with which we were so recently visited.

The mutilated bodies were all taken to the Millville morgue, but, as far as has been learned, none of them have been identified.

THE SOUTH FORK FISHING CLUB.

JOHNSTOWN, June 22.—A number of the survivors of the flood have taken steps towards the prosecution of the South Fork Fishing Club for damages to property caused by the bursting of the dam. The O'Connor Brothers, leading attorneys of Cambria county, have been retained to conduct the case. As soon as one hundred residents of Johnstown have each contributed a fee of $10, suit is to be entered. Constable Martin and twenty others have paid the amount required and fifty more have signed an agreement to join with those who will appear as plaintiffs.

Constable Martin said that it had been estimated that the members of the club were worth about $35,000,000, and that it was the intention to carry the case to the highest court, if necessary, to secure damages. Other suits are also threatened. When Horace Rose, the attorney, recovers he will at once bring a test suit against the club for $15,000. Several business firms will also institute suit for damages. The merchants have selected the firm of John Thomas & Sons, who lost $150,000, to make a test case. It will be carefully prepared, and if it is won every man who lost