The Somerset Herald.

GEORGE R. SCULL, Editor.

SOMERSET, ... December 3, 1890.

Don't fail to read Mrs. Uhl's advertisement in another column.

The Board of county Teachers' Institute is session this week.

Beeler, Broad street, Johnstown, sells a Willard wood bedst $2.75.

The tree rarely is one hundred feet wide at the spring.

For a good stove, and warranted, go to J. S. Holderbaum's Hardware Store, Somerset, Pa.

The proud gobbler of a few days ago is not a memory.

Devlin has nine parlor suits in plush, from $20 upward. Next to Mansion House, Johnstown, Pa.

Suitable furniture at reasonable prices is at Devlin sells. Next to Mansion House Johnstown, Pa.

Why don't you marry her? Then go down and see Devlin's line of furniture. Next to Mansion House, Johnstown, Pa.

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

HOLSBROOK BROS. & PARSON.

Thanks for your liberal patronage in the past, and ask a continuation of the same during the present oyster season. At our old stand, basement of Cook & Beerits' Block.

W. H. PLATT.

Go to Mrs. A. E. Uhl's for Jersey and Cloth Jackets, Blazers and Reefers, Plush Jackets, Sacks and Dolmans. All the new styles going cheap. A large variety of Misses and Children's Wraps.

MRS. A. E. UHL.

Annie Countryman, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Countryman, of this place, died suddenly at the house of her parents, on Quiet Hill, at an early hour Monday morning.

Mrs. Uhl has just received a large stock of Beaver and Felt Hats and Bonnets with the finest assortment of Tips, Fancy Feathers, Beads, Ribbon, &c. All cheap. A fine work of all kinds of Millinery Goods.

MRS. A. E. UHL.

Gustables McClintock and Lembart arrived in Somerset on the noon train Monday, having brought Andrew Kelly up from Ligonier jail to place him in the county jail.

An immense stock of new Umbrellas for Holiday trade cheap at MRS. A. E. UHL'S.

Mrs. Kate B. Coffroth has the handsomest line of Ladies Furnishing Goods ever brought to Somerset. Call at her new store on the Diamond and examine.

Have your photographs made by Dabbs, of Pittsburgh, and you can always be sure of the best possible.

Dr. W. V. Welsh, who has been unable to attend to his practice for the past year, has sufficiently recovered to once more actively engage in the practice of his profession. Any one in need of his professional services will find him at his office in Friedens, where he can be consulted at any time.

Mr. Kennedy Price, the Meyersdale contractor and lumberman was in Somerset on business Monday.

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral freely in my practice, and recommend it in cases of Whooping Cough among children, having found it more certain to cure that troublesome disease than any other medicine I know of."—So says Dr. Bartlett, of Concord, Ills.

James L. Pugh, Esq., left for Philadelphia Monday morning on legal business. He will attend the meeting of the Grand Masonic Lodge at that place to-day, as the representative of Somerset lodge of F. & A. M.

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room." On next Wednesday evening, Dec. 3, Carl Brehm's new version of Ten Nights in a Bar Room, will be produced in the Somerset Opera House. This Company comes well recommended from adjoining towns.

The ground is covered with snow to the depth of several inches. A little more of the beautiful will make first-class sleighing.

"At last, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!" was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoonful of this extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.

A photograph by Dabbs, the Celebrated Pittsburgh Photographer, will always prove an acceptable Christmas present.

Sheriff-elect Isaiah Good, has appointed Mr. Henry F. Barron as his deputy. Mr. Barron is a live, energetic young man, possessed of splendid business qualifications and will make an efficient and popular public official.

The entire male population of Somerset was in the streets at an unusually early hour Sunday morning, all anxious to hear if any news had been received from the small posse sent out by the Sheriff the preceding night. As one had returned from the hunt, and large crowds soon collected in the jail yard, where they stood for hours at a time, gazing intently at the limp piece of rope protruding from the hole in the brick cornice through which the prisoners had escaped. The crowd was increased every few minutes by parties from the township who had learned of the escape and had hastened to town. No one seemed to remember that it was Sunday, and if he did, he kept it quietly to himself. It is safe to say that there were very few non-attendants at any of the local churches. By noon at least fifty men from different sections of the county had come to town and joined the crowd already collected in the jail yard.

Cheap School Books.

Notice is hereby given that at Fisher's Book Store there is for sale a large stock of Olney's, Harper's and Barnes' large Geographies, Butler's and Harper's small Geographies, Appleton's, and Rauh's Readers, Brooks' and Shields' Arithmetics, Buckwalter's and Patterson's Spellers, Reed and Kellogg's, Rauh's and Swinton's Grammars, Goff's Arithmetics, Olney's Complete Algebra, and Westlake's Literature, and a small supply of other second-hand school Books. These second-hand books must be sold before January 1, 1891, and will be sold cheap. After that date they will be shipped away.

CHAS. H. FISHER.

Notice!

Parties coming to Court will find it to their interest to stop at the restaurant of Mr. C. E. Coleman for lunch and fresh oysters, for coffee, and square meals. Knepper Block, Southeast Corner of Diamond, Somerset, Pa.

Grand Opening

Of Holiday Goods this week at Pritts & Kantner's Book Store.

Letters Not Called For.

The following named letters remaining in the Postoffice at Somerset, will be sent to the Dead Letter Office if not called for in ten days from this date, December 3, 1890.

Allison, Nathaniel; Baker, Samuel; Custs, John (2); Carling, A. G.; Crysinger, Mrs. Fanny; Davis, S. C.; Denny, J.; Gardner, Henry H.; Graves, Hattie; Kelly, J. H.; Mahon, Clara; Newlin, Jack; Pritz, J. W.; Pensing, Mrs. J. L.; Shaw, Alexander; Shafer, Mary W.; Tate, Robert; Walter, E. E.; Yiest, Ellen.

JOSIAH KELLER P. M.

Photographs!

I am now located in Somerset, on the Glade House lot, and will remain for awhile. I am prepared to make all sizes of Photographs and to copy from old pictures. Special attention given to childrens' pictures. Will be glad to have you call and see my work.

W. S. FLEMING, Artist.

The Next Rope will be Stronger.

A Rotten Cord Prevents the Escape of the Nicely Boys.

They Filed Their Way Out of the New Jail, only to be Crippled and Recaptured after Days of Suffering and Agony.

JOE AND DAVE'S SCHEME FOR A WINTER'S OUTING IN THE LAUREL HILL MOUNTAIN.—THEIR STORY OF THE PROJECTION, PROGRESS AND PERFECTION OF THEIR PLAN FOR BREAKING JAIL.—BOTH GLAD TO GIVE THEMSELVES UP AND DAVE BLOWS JOE UP FOR THE ABORTION OF THEIR PROJECT.—ALECK QUEER DYING AS A RESULT OF HIS FALL.—ALL BUT ONE RETURNED TO JAIL.

On the evening of the 28th of February, 1889, Herman Umberger, one of the wealthiest and most widely known farmers of Somerset county, was brutally murdered in his own house in the presence of his wife and little grandchild. The murderers robbed their victim of some $20,000 and made good their escape. The murder which was unprovoked and inhuman sent a thrill of horror throughout the entire county and created an excitement the like of which had never been witnessed within its borders and which has not subsided to this day. Four days after the murder Joseph and David Nicely were arrested at their homes in the Ligonier Valley in Westmoreland county charged with the commission of this crime. The following day they were given a hearing before Esquire Rauch, at Jennertown, who promptly committed them to the county jail. The day following their incarceration in jail they were visited by their aged father, a farmer of good reputation and large means.

Three of the most eminent attorney's at the Somerset bar were at once retained, and then began one of the most remarkable legal contests that has ever taken place in this section of the State. A writ of Habeas Corpus was sued out and the prisoners were taken before Judge Baer who refused to allow them to be released on bail and remanded them to jail to await trial at Court; on the 24th of May 1889 they were arraigned and plead not guilty; the trial consumed the greater part of five days and resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder.

A motion for a new trial was speedily filed by thir counsel and after hearing exhaustive arguments from them was refused by the Court.

Sentence of death was pronounced; an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court and the verdict rendered by the jury was sustained.

An application for a pardon or commutation of sentence was made to the Pardon Board. The matter was given careful consideration; arguments in behalf of the prisoners were patiently listened to and the application was refused. A petition for a rehearing was presented, argument was heard and the application refused.

When the Nicely's were first brought to Somerset they were placed in a jail that was a disgrace to civilization and the mention of which caused a blush of shame to mantle the cheek of every well thinking citizen of the county.

On the 17th day of September 1889 they effected an escape by shooting down the Deputy Sheriff. They were speedily recaptured, and returned to jail. For months following a double guard was kept constantly about the prison.

In September 1889, the county commissioners awarded the contract for a new jail to the Pauley Jail Company of St. Louis, the contract price being $24,500.-00.

About the middle of October, 1890, the keys of the completed building were handed over to the county officials. The new prison was, and possibly is, a source of pride to the entire county, and was, and possibly is, believed to be one of the most secure and best arranged county prisons in the state.

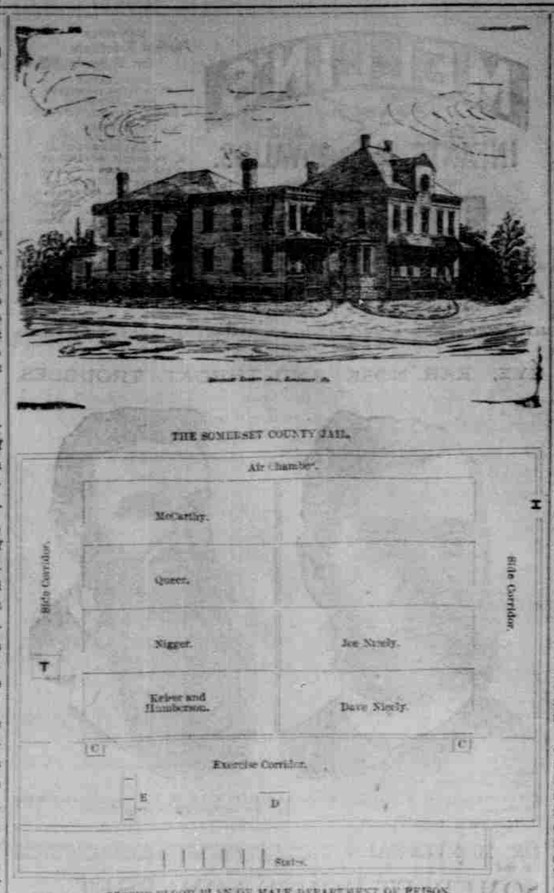
On the evening of the 29th of November 1890, Joseph and David Nicely, together with two other fellow prisoners, Keyser and Humbertson, escaped from the new jail with as much apparent ease as they would have done from a canvas tent in an open field. Whether this fact is due to the carelessness of the jail officials, the insecurity of the prison, either or both, or neither, we are not at this time prepared to say.

David Nicely was recaptured and returned to prison Monday morning. Joe was retaken Tuesday afternoon and Keiser Tuesday evening; Humbertson is still at large.

Full particulars of the escape and recapture follow, together with excellent portraits of the murderers, their victim, and a well executed picture of the new county jail.

HERMAN UMBERGER.

The streets of this town were filled with people as usual Saturday evening, it being the evening set aside by a great majority of our citizens on which to lay in their supply of groceries for the coming week, while scores of young men from town and township, dressed in their "best go to meetin' clothes" were loitering about the stores and shops waiting for the hour to arrive when they could make their weekly call on their Saturday night girls. Saturday evening has been set aside too by the good housewife of this town on which to do her shopping. The day is also regarded as children's day, there being no school and the weekly scrubbing of their bodies having been accomplished the young branches of the family of both sexes are permitted to race the streets for an



THE SOMERSET COUNTY JAIL.

SECOND-FLOOR PLAN OF MALE DEPARTMENT OF PRISON.

EXPLANATION.—C, Locked boxes containing combinations for locking cells. D, Cage to the exercise corridor. E, Exercise trap. T, Trap-door leading to attic. H, Hole in the brick wall in the attic, through which prisoners escaped. Stairs leading from second to second floor of prison. The cage contains a rack of levers which control the bolts of the doors leading to the side corridors. The combination boxes each contain a lever which locks all of the cells in a tier.

hour or two after supper, before they are put to bed for the night. For these reasons the streets of Somerset always present an animated appearance of a Saturday evening, and last Saturday evening was no exception to the rule. A few minutes before seven o'clock the tumult on Main Cross street, the thoroughfare mostly crowded, was startled by cries of "help! help!" The cry came from the direction of the court house and a moment following came the shout "the Nicely's have escaped." Had a ball of fire fallen from the heavens in the midst of the crowd assembled on this street, it could not have caused greater consternation. But there was no time to conjecture and everybody rushed pell mell to the jail. The cry was taken up by hundreds of voices and in a very few minutes almost the entire population of the town was crowed into the jail yard in an excited and infuriated mass.

CRIES OF THE PRAIRIE WOLF.

Several gentlemen were sitting in the HERALD office quietly reading a few minutes before, when suddenly their attention was attracted by a thud, as though caused by the fall of a heavy body on the earth outside. Hurrying to the door, their ears were pierced by the agonizing shrieks of a man evidently suffering great bodily pain. Following the direction of the noise they were brought to the north-east corner of the jail, where they found a man writhing on the ground and insisting that he was bleeding to death. A glance sufficed to show that a general jail delivery had been accomplished, and the alarmed was raised immediately. A light was procured before the excited townspeople had time to respond to the alarm, and by its dim light the features of Alex Queer, commonly known as the "Prairie Wolf," were discerned in the poor creature who claimed that he was bleeding to death. At his side lay a large woolen blanket, while thirty feet above his head dangled the broken end of a quarter-inch rope, which explained how Queer came to be on the outside of the jail walls in such a pitiable plight. Very little sympathy was shown the unfortunate cripple, who had only been lodged in jail one week before, charged with having set fire to his neighbor's, Mr. Abram Sevits', barn, and he was rudely gathered into a blanket and carried into the Sheriff's residence. His shrieks of pain might have gained him gentler treatment under any other circumstances, but as it was, they only elicited jeers from the rapidly increasing crowd. When he announced that he would have given "a thousand dollars if he had staid in jail," he was ordered to shut up on penalty of his life. By this time Dr. H. S. Kimmel put in an appearance, and on examination found that Queer had sustained a double fracture between the knee and hip joints of his right leg. The unlucky victim has gone through life with his left leg badly crippled.

Meanwhile the Sheriff, accompanied by his deputy, the janitor and a number of citizens, had gone into the jail to make an examination, while the vast crowd gathered on the outside were giving vent to their indignation at the insecurity of the new jail and expressing their views of Governor Beaver's dilatory course in prolonging the day for the execution of the Nicely boys. The Sheriff found two of the seven prisoners he had left in the jail an hour before still there, Jere McCarty, a one legged boy of about twenty years, who is awaiting trial on a charge of embezzlement, and a negro charged with carrying concealed weapons. McCarty told a very interesting story to our reporter Sunday morning. He says Fred Humbertson, the Rockwood burglar, sawed the lock off the trap door ten days ago and went up into the loft every day thereafter, where he could be heard working on the brick wall. The boy Keiser always stood guard and had plenty of time in which to notify Humbertson of the approach of any of the jail officials. McCarty claims to have been in the full confidence of the Nicely boys and had talked over the plan of escape with them frequently. It was first intended to overpower the deputy, take the keys from him and walk out. McCarty was to hold the Deputy while Humbertson, Keiser, and the darkey were to tie him. At the last minute McCarty weakened and this plan fell through.

THEY TOOK THE ROPE ROUTE.

When it was finally decided to go by the rope route, it was agreed that Joe Nicely and Humbertson were to travel together, while Dave and Keiser were to be companions. McCarty, being a cripple, was to find his way to the home of A. A. Nicely, father of Joe and Dave, and that venerable gentleman was to conceal him. The locks on the Nicely boys' cells were sawed more than half through a week ago, the seams being filled with tin foil and saw filings, and everything was in readiness to leave when the appointed time should arrive. The prisoners all knew that the bolts in the combination box had refused to fit in their grooves repeatedly and at five o'clock Saturday evening, after the Sheriff had finished showing Sheriff-elect Good through the jail it was known, that the combination box was not in working order. Preparations to leave were at once begun. The Nicely boys were soon released from their cells and had hid the saws beneath the dry closets. When the door of Humbertson's cell was opened it required very little effort to crawl from it through the trap door above. Humbertson was the first to go up. The blankets and hammock in his cell were handed to him, and in a second Joe Nicely joined him. It was almost seven o'clock by this time, and the prisoners were greatly excited. Joe and Humbertson were engaged in making a rope by the light of a small hand-lamp that had been handed up to them, and removing the outer layer of bricks from the hole that had been dug alongside the water spout in the northeast corner of the wall. "Everything is ready; come on, Dave!" whispered Joe from the hole in the ceiling, and the next minute Dave had joined his brother and Humbertson in the garret. Joe was the first to attempt to crawl down the hurriedly constructed rope, and it broke under his weight, letting him drop about ten feet to the ground. Humbertson followed next, and catching hold of the water spout, succeeded in reaching the ground in safety. Dave's turn came next, but he missed his hold on the spout, and fell more than half of the entire distance from the rope to the ground. Keiser scaled the water pipe in safety. By this time Queer had crawled into the loft, notwithstanding the warnings given him by the darkey and McCarty, who told him that he could never crawl down a rope. Both of these prisoners say that Queer was greatly excited and was blowing like a bellows, and that Joe Nicely had ordered him from the trap-door above to keep still and stay where he was or he would kill him. But Queer said, "I am going to leave," and two or three minutes afterward the prisoners left behind heard his body falling to the ground, quickly followed by his cries of pain. McCarty says that none of the prisoners wanted to take Queer with them, and that Humbertson had told him if he wanted to go with them he should wait until they had dug the hole through the wall, when they would let him know.

A PRISONER'S WARNING.

Meanwhile McCarty had gone to the foot hole leading from the guard's corridor and passed a note with three dollars wrapped up in it through to Sheriff McMillen's thirteen year-old son who was playing in the corridor and asked him to give it to Milt at once and have him get a registered letter. The boy seemed to be in no hurry about delivering the note and in his excitement and fear McCarty was afraid something might happen by which the attempt to escape might fail and that the Nicely boys would find out that he had given them away and for that reason he called the boy back and took the note and money from him. He says that he had been expecting their plans to be discovered every day for a week but was afraid to tell what he knew. When the Sheriff went into the jail after the four prisoners had made good their escape McCarty handed him a sheet of paper on which the following was written;

Joe and Dave is sawing out, they will leave to-night, place a guard on the east side at the corner next to the stable. You can come and see for yourself, but don't let them know that I told you. I have to send this money in order to fool the rest of the boys, but be sure and give it back, come up and do not go to the place at once. You must not think hard of me if you hear what I said. Don't tell anyone who told you. I trust you will do this, the combination box is open, come and see for yourself and you must blame me for it and they won't catch on.

JERRY MCCARTY.

A LETTER THAT NEVER CAME.

McCarty says Joe Nicely asked him to take his satchel into his cell and keep it until his father, A. A. Nicely, came for it (providing McCarty did not get away), and that the old man would bring him a letter that no one could get any meaning out of except McCarty. He says further that it was agreed upon among those who were to escape, that they would meet in a chestnut grove north of the toll gate on the mountain above Laughlinstown, and from there Joe was to conduct them to a cave that had been occupied by himself and fellow rogues on former occasions and which he said they would find stocked with blankets, provisions and firearms that had been deposited there by Dave's and his friends.

McCarty's story was told in a straightforward manner and seemed to impress those who heard it with its truthfulness.

While the Sheriff and his party were in the jail the court house bell was rung by some of the more excited citizens, and when the Sheriff appeared among the crowd and asked that all of the men present follow him to the court room, he was accompanied by a small number of the great concourse of people.

"What's the use of re-capturing them if the Governor is never going to set a day for their execution, and they are permitted to break jail whenever they choose?" was heard on all sides, while the same sentiment appeared to be entertained by ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons present.

IN THE COURT ROOM.

The Sheriff announced that he would give a reward of $200 for the re-capture of the Nicely boys, and would pay the expenses of all the men present who would go in pursuit of them. John R. Scott, Esq., said he would add $100 to the reward offered by the Sheriff and John H. Uhl, Esq., said he would agree to give the same amount. Not exceeding ten men enlisted in the Sheriff's posse, and soon as they could secure horses they were off in the direction of Ligonier.

Telegrams were sent to all of the towns in Somerset and Westmoreland counties telling of the escape, and dozens of messages were received asking for particulars.

There seemed to be no diversity of opinion in regard to the direction the Nicely boys would take, everybody apparently jumping at the conclusion that they would make for the mountains above Ligonier, with which they are known to be familiar, and where they can be communicated with by their relatives. At the time of their arrest, it will be remembered, a map of the mountain was found in Joe Nicely's possession, covered with mysterious characters, all of which he claimed were full of meaning to him and about which he declined to divulge anything.

The excitement continued until late in the night, and Governor Beaver and the new county jail were handled without gloves by the thoroughly indignant residents of the town.

Outside of the Sheriff's official household no one seemed especially anxious for the recapture of the murderers. "The law will never be enforced if they are brought back, and they will be an expense on the county," seemed to be the unanimous opinion, and the hope that they would escape was freely indulged in.

Little knots of men stood around the street corners the entire night discussing the situation, and it is safe to say that very few of the town's people closed their eyes in sleep.

STEEL SAWS FOUND.

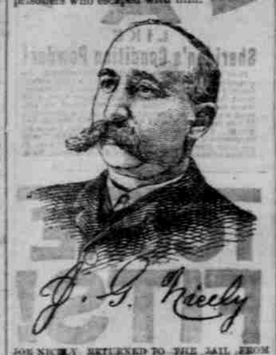
After the Sheriff had left the jail, Deputy Sheriff, Frank Cunningham and the HERALD reporter made an examination of the Nicely boys' cells. McCarty had told them that the screws securing the seats of the closets could be removed with one's fingers. The seats were taken off, the screws yielding very readily, and underneath the one in Joe's cell four small saws were found. The saws varied from five to nine inches in length and were as thin as a sheet of card board. They were very neatly constructed and looked as though they might have been made from the steel ribs of a lady's corset. One saw was found concealed in the bedding of Dave's bunk.

County Commissioners Williamson and Wagner had been summoned from their homes in Shade township, at a late hour Saturday night. Mr. Williamson reached town about 9 o'clock and Mr. Wagner about noon Sunday. At three o'clock they met to consider the advisability of offering a reward for the capture of the Nicely boys. It was urged by some that the commissioners should offer a reward of $1000 in order to preserve the fair name of the county, while others insisted that $500 reward was large enough sum to set on the heads of such desperate scoundrels. About six o'clock in the evening the commissioners agreed to add $300 to the reward already offered by the Sheriff and citizens.

Just about dark a horseman who had been one of a half dozen to go with the Sheriff in pursuit of the murderers at an early hour in the morning returned to town with the information that they had struck a hot trail in the vicinity of Husband and had followed it to the top of the mountain above Jennertown, when he had left the Sheriff's posse and returned to town. He said the people living all along the road leading from Edie to Hains' school house, on the Ligonier pike above Jennertown, had seen two horses hitched to a buggy driven along that road at a furious rate of speed between the hours of eight and ten Saturday night.

At nine o'clock one of the party who had gone in pursuit of the prisoners silently slipped into town and quietly announced that the Nicely boys had been seen in Cobaugh's barn one mile and a half distant. A dozen men fully equipped for a pitched battle were on the road for that place as soon as horses could be procured. An hour later they all returned to town after having searched the Cobaugh barn and all the other barns in that neighborhood without having caught a glimpse of the daring and reckless desperado.

Sheriff McMillen returned from Ligonier at about dark Monday night, after having made a complete search of the territory surrounding the Nicely settlement in Westmoreland county, and the mountain above Laughlinstown without having caught onto the slightest clue of Joe Nicely or the two prisoners who escaped with him.



JOE NICELY RETURNED TO THE JAIL FROM WHENCE HE CAME.

About two o'clock Tuesday afternoon two horses hitched to a spring wagon drove quietly up the street back of the jail and stopped at the rear of the Sheriff's residence. In the wagon were three men, two of them were easily recognized as farmers Jonathan J. Barclay and Wm. Miller. The third occupant of the wagon was muffled up in a heavy overcoat and had a felt hat pulled well down over his eyes. The two farmers alighted as soon as the wagon stopped and assisted their companion down and into the basement of the jail. In a few moments Mr. Barclay returned to the wagon and smilingly announced to the small crowd that had gathered around it that the man he had had just taken into the jail was no less a personage than Joe Nicely.

In response to the HERALD scribe's request to tell him the story of Joe's arrest, Mr. Barclay goodnaturedly replied, "Well, there is not much to tell. All my neighbors' barns were being searched, so I concluded to search mine."

"I searched the barn this morning. I would jam my fork down into the straw and would holler Nicely, come out here, and get a good dinner. I had no idea that he was in my barn. Just after dinner my little hired boy, Robert Hochstetler, 16 or 17 years old, and I went to the barn to feed the cattle. I was giving the stock their fodder, when the boy came running down from the threshing floor and said there was some one up there and he believed it was Nicely. I then went up and found Joe Nicely sitting on a log on the mow. He said he was Joe Nicely and that he had sprained his leg and couldn't go any farther, said the rope tore when he was trying to get out of the jail and he fell and hurt himself, I helped him to the house. He was trembling and could scarcely walk. When we got him to the house my neighbor, Wm. Miller, came. He and I bathed his sprained foot in cold water; His feet were badly frozen; he drank a great deal of cold water; we then gave him dinner, hitched the horses to the spring wagon and brought him to the jail; he asked us not to tell anyone who he was till after he was back in jail; he had thin clothes on and was almost perished, I put my overcoat and cap on him when we started to town; his left hand was badly skinned and torn and was very much swolen; coming up the road he said I despise going into that jail again, I have been there for 21 months, almost two years; coming up the jail alley he pointed to the hole in the jail wall and said there is the hole I came out of."

JOE'S STORY OF THE ESCAPE.

When the reporter of the HERALD visited Joe Nicely in his cell ten minutes after he had been returned to it, he was greeted with a smile of recapture. "I want to tell you the straight story he said and everything I tell you will be the truth. We began this job four or five days before we got out, all of the prisoners were to go excepting McCarty and the colored man. Dave and I were to go first, which we did. We knew all about the work that had been done by the boys, but I insisted that the rope should be made out of the hammocks; they can be easily buckled together, but the rest wouldn't hear to it because the hammocks were white and they were afraid they would attract the attention of persons on the street. We finished sawing the locks off the cell doors just after supper and as it was then dusk we went straight to the garret.

Only Humbertson, Dave and myself went up, the rest were to wait until Humbertson had removed the outside brick. While he was doing this I tied the blankets together with a rope that one of the boys had taken from the side of a hammock. I thought I could strengthen it by tying several knots in it before I secured the end to a beam of the roof. When the hole in the wall was finished I looked out and saw the Sheriff and another man come down the side steps. They went around the corner and as soon as the sound of their voices had died away I knew there was no danger, and letting the blankets and rope drop crawled out the hole. I had only gotten down to the first blanket when I felt the rope breaking above me. I have had considerable experience in gymnastics and knew how to fix myself for a fall. I lit on my feet but one foot struck something hard and threw my right ankle joint out of place. I caught hold of my foot and pushed it into place and when I set it on the ground I heard it crack and knew that it was all right. By this time Dave came tumbling down. I said "how did you get through?" He answered "my leg is broken." "Mine is badly sprained, I said. Humbertson came down the water spout and was all right. Then we started for the stable, Humbertson and I in the lead. In a minute we heard some one yell. Humbertson said that is Dave yelling but just at that moment Dave came crawling up, and sai I "can't you help me?" I replied you are hurt and so am I and we will have to look out for ourselves. Humbertson started off on a run as fast as he could go and I limped down the alley after him. That was the last I saw of Humbertson and I did not see Keiser at all; My foot was paining me dreadfully but I managed to get over the board fence at the foot of the alley and hobbled through the field until I came to a little run; I laid down in the grass there until the ground got warm under me; it must have been at least an hour; Had made up my mind not to give up if any one came within calling distance; Heard people passing along the road but no one came into the field; I could see a white barn in the distance and made for it, thinking to stay there all night and get away the next night; Thought it would be the safest place because the people would not look for us so close to town; I hopped through the fields to the creek and followed it to the iron bridge where I crossed and went back into the field again and went to the barn where I crawled under the wheat straw on the mow. Got most awful cold during the night and in the morning I hunted the oats straw as it is much warmer; I dug down through it for at least five feet and pulled the straw tighter than it was before, only leaving a little air hole through which I could hear everything that was said in the barn; I could have taken one of the farmer's horses and gotten away, but I didn't want to make him any trouble; when I saw the ground covered with snow last night I knew that I would be traced if I left and was so hungry and thirsty, and my foot hurt me so much that I knew there was no use trying to get away; my hand was cut almost in two pieces by the rope, too, and was very sore; when the farmer came into the barn at noon and cried, "Come down, Nicely, and I'll give you a good dinner," I studied over it awhile; he had been up in the morning sticking his fork into the straw, searching for me; after awhile I heard the boy in the barn, and called to him, "come up here"; he replied, "you come down"; I was out from under the straw then, and as Mr. Barclay had just returned to the barn again, I said, "well, I guess I'll take that warm dinner," and I got it, too; I was so weak that I thought I would faint every minute; you know I was three days without food; he gave me a coat and cap, so that no one would know me when I reached town; am sorry that our plans failed, because if I had gotten to the Laurel Hill they would never have got me again: I know every foot of that mountain, and not less than twenty caves—some of them not larger than a man's body at the mouth, but as large as this cell inside. We have lots of friends over there who would have provided for us. I tell you," he continued, while great tears rolled down his pallid cheeks, "it's hard to suffer for another man's crime. I would give ten years of my life to know who the guilty parties are. My people will know that we are innocent of this crime, and any man who stops to think would not blame us for attempting to save our lives. I guess the Board of Pardons won't take any notice of this attempt to escape."

In a moment the face of the miserable fellow had brightened up again as he said: "I don't believe the jail has ever been built that a man can't cut out of. I brought those saws with me from Indiana jail and if the Sheriff of that county examines the cell I occupied over there he will find that I had sawed a number of pieces off and was prepared to leave. We only stayed in the Indiana county jail because we thought the Board of Pardons would decide in our favor. This jail is a pretty good one, but I could saw my way out of it in a very short time. I am very sorry that our attempt to escape ended so disastrously."

While this conversation was going on Dave Nicely was reclining on his couch in an adjoining cell silently bearing the intense pain that his broken leg and wrist were causing.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN DAVE AND JOE.

About five o'clock when all of the persons whom the Sheriff had admitted, had left the corridors of the jail, David Nicely, who was lying prone on his back, in a cell adjoining that in which Joe is confined, called to Joe,

"Say Joe, why did you not get farther away?"

"Dave, I was too badly hurt to go any farther."

"Oh pshaw, I was twice as badly hurt as you were and I got a great deal farther away than you did," said Dave. After a minutes silence Dave continued: "We might as well give up now."

"I can't see why" replied Joe, "we haven't hurt anyone but ourselves, and how an effort to escape, situated as we are can affect the measures going on for our relief is something I can't understand."

"Yes, but that bloodhound here has been jumping into Beaver for not signing our death warrant, and now he will do it sure, he has been filling the papers of the state about us and our attempt to escape will not do us any good."

"Why didn't you take a horse and get away," demanded Dave, in a peevish tone.

"I did think of that, but on Saturday night I was afraid to do anything for fear I would be retaken; the same fear restrained me Sunday night, and last night the snow came and I was afraid they could track me if I tried to get away on horse back."

"I was hoping all the time that you would get away," said Dave pettishly, "because if you had, nothing would have been done with me as long as you were at large, they have published mine and mother's letter to the Pardon Board."

This piece of information appeared to astonish Joe and he muttered a few words of surprise.

Joe then began to reproach Dave for not taking his advice relating to the means of escape adopted. "You always know so much," said he viciously. "If you had taken the hammocks and tied them together there would have been no break and every one of us would have got off and escaped; that little piece of rope you know I complained of, but you would use it and now we are both here in jail with broken bones and Queer likely to die."

"Yes, but I did not think the rope would break," said Dave meekly, "it appeared to be strong enough, but tore where it was partly cut off, if the rope had been strong enough we all would have got away."

Among other amusing features of Saturday night's excitement was when Queer was found howling with pain back of the jail. "Shut up, or I'll break your head some one in the crowd surrounding him commanded. "I didn't get away," groaned poor Queer, "I was only looking out of the hole and fell." Afterwards Queer said he would give $1000 if he had not tried to get away.

The jail authorities are fully convinced that Humbertson, who was lodged in jail about three weeks ago, was sent here for the purpose of assisting the Nicelys to escape. There is no question about his having done all the work necessary to affect their release and that he was in communication with their friends.

Alex Queer who must have fallen from the top of the jail building in his attempt to escape has been lying in the prison hospital ever since Sunday evening in an unconscious condition, his death being looked for every minute. The jail physician says that Queer must have sustained severe internal injuries as well as having his leg broken by the fall.

THIS IS A RARE ONE.

A telegram from Harrisburg says: It was discovered that David and Joseph Nicely had not given up hope of favorable action by the Board of Pardons, but intended to again try to secure a rehearing before that tribunal in order that the death sentence might at least be commuted to imprisonment for life. At the last meeting of the board a paper was presented by the counsel of the Nicelys purporting to be the confession of John Beach. In this Beach said that he and a man named Miller and a book agent, F. R. Smith, were the three principals in the murder of Umberger. This confession was handed to District of the Peace King of Somerset county, on the 8th of last June just after death by the hand Beach. He stated at the time that he desired to swear to the truth of its contents. Immediately upon coming on Beach disappeared, leaving the [illegible] in the lurch, who was then ignorant of the tenor of the paper. The mystery attending the production of this affidavit and the fact that no one remem-

(Continued on Second Page.)

Knable & Shuster's

Dry Goods Bulletin.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST FOR THE PEOPLE.

Great Preparations Being Made for the Fall and Winter Business.

Large stocks of Dress Goods, Silks, Black Goods, Flannels, Blankets Comforts, Spreads, Muslins, White Goods, Laces, Linens, Canton Flannels Cheviots, &c., are being ordered to please all.

We are also laying in completelines of Coats, Wraps, Jackets, Shawls Jerseys, Seal Plush Garments, Seal Skin Garments, and Curtains of all kinds.

Also, large stocks of Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves and Umbrellas.

Our stock of American made Dress Goods comes direct from our own mills; You therefore get the benefit of first hand prices. Our Foreign Goods we get direct from the importers. We guarantee the Lowest Prices on all kinds of dry goods.

KNABLE & SHUSTER,

35 Fifth Avenue. PITTSBURGH, PA.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

FRANK W. HAY & SONS,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Ranges, Stoves, Tin

House Furnishing Goods.

TIN, COPPER, SHEET-IRON, and all kinds of SHEET-METAL WARES made to order. All goods warranted as represented. Call and examine them and get prices at

No. 78 Franklin St., *Near Postoffice*, Johnstown, Pa.

FURNITURE!

We ship a great many goods via the B. & O. Railroad, to

SOMERSET COUNTY,

And we see no reason why we should not ship many more. We have everything in the furniture business, and feel sure we can please any taste. We challenge a comparison of stock and prices. We will deliver to any point on the S. & C., freight prepaid, purchases of

TEN DOLLARS AND UPWARD!

The variety of styles, the high art finish, the exquisite designs, the excellent workmanship of our furniture, all combine to place us far in the lead of all other dealers in this region. We want your trade. We give you unexcelled goods at the

VERY LOWEST OF PRICES.

We pack them securely and pay the freight to your station. Here's the offer. Will you take it? It's your opportunity.

John Henderson, Johnstown, Penn'a

Louther's Drug Store,

Main Street, Somerset, Pa.

This Model Drug Store is Rapidly Becoming a Great Favorite with People in Search of

FRESH AND PURE DRUGS,

Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Sponges, Truses Supporters, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c.

THE DOCTOR GIVES PERSONAL ATTENTION TO THE COMPOUNDING OF

Louther's Prescriptions AND Family Receipts

GREAT CARE BEING TAKEN TO USE ONLY FRESH AND PURE ARTICLES

SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES,

And a Full Line of Optical Goods always on hand. From such a large assortment all can be suited.

THE FINEST BRANDS OF CIGARS

Always on hand. It is always a pleasure to display our goods to intending purchasers, whether they buy from us or elsewhere.

J. M. LOUTHER, M. D.

MAIN STREET - - - - SOMERSET, PA.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR

Memorial Work OF

WM. F. SHAFFER,

SOMERSET, PENN'A.,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Eastern Work Furnished on Short Notice, in all Colors

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK

Also, Agent for the WHITE BRONZE!

Persons in need of MONUMENT WORK will find it to their interest to call at my shop where a proper showing will be given them. ☞ Prices further reduced in Zinc Ore, and PRICES VERY LOW. I invite special attention to the

White Bronze, Or Pure Zinc Monument

Introduced by REV. W. A. RING, as a Decided Improvement in the point of MATERIAL AND CONSTRUCTION, and which is destined to be the Popular Monument for our Changeable Climate. ☞ GIVE ME A CALL.

WM. F. SHAFFER,

ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.

Over 500 Beautiful Designs.

Send for Price List & Circulars.

MANUFACTURED BY MONUMENTAL BRONZE COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

SOMERSET LUMBER YARD.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAILER OF

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

Hard and Soft Woods,

OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, ASH, WALNUT, FLOORING, SASH, STAIR RAILS, CHERRY, YELLOW PINE, SHINGLES, DOORS, BALUSTERS, CHESTNUT, WHITE PINE, LATH, BLINDS, NEWEL POSTS

A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness, such as Brackets, Odd-sized work, etc.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

Office and Yard Opposite S. & C. R. R. Station, Somerset, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Hen