The Somerset Herald.

GEORGE R. SCULL, Editor.

WEDNESDAY.....April 6, 1892.

Tal. Hay has a good farm for rent.

Go to Benford's drug store for wall paper.

Wall and ceiling papers at Benford's drug store.

Lake Herring now in stock at Mahlon Altock's.

Fine glasses for old and young at Snyder's drug store.

Prince Bismarck celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday Friday.

Wall paper of all the latest patterns and novel shades at Benford's drug store.

Samuel Palryman, 82 years old, has been imprisoned at Pittsburg, by his 20 year-old wife for desertion and non-support.

Are you going to paper your walls this season? If so, go to Benford's for the paper. His prices are the cheapest.

The pollar of Venus, consisting of three divided rings passing necklace-wise around the neck, is considered a great beauty mark.

Shortly after 4 o'clock Friday afternoon the steamer Golden Rule was burned just after leaving her wharf at Cincinnati. Eleven of the passengers were burned to death.

"Odontunder" solves the problem; makes extraction of teeth painless; is used in Somerset only by

S. J. McMILLEN, Dentist.

Mormon elders from Utah are converting many women and girls in Wetzel county, W. Va., to the polygamy faith, and the men of that section have warned the elders to leave the State.

Readers of the HERALD should not forget that J. N. Snyder, the druggist, can fit their eyes with glasses as well as any optician. He has had five or six years experience in handling Dr. King's.

Judge Dean, of Blair county, will hold the second week of court at Bedford, beginning April 25th, to dispose of a number of cases in which Judge Longenecker was interested, as counsel, before his election to the bench.

"Beauty" may be "only skin deep;" but the worst of a beautiful skin is pure blood. Those coarse, rough, pimply complexions may, in most cases, be rendered soft, smooth and fair by the persevering and systematic use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"Gentle Spring" loses many of its terrors when the system is fortified by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With multitudes this wonderful tonic-alterative has long superseded all other spring medicines, being every where recommended by physicians.

A. H. Moore, proprietor of the Cloverdale stock farm near Philadelphia has purchased from Monroe Salisbury, of Pleasanton, Cal., the stallion "Director," with a record of 2:17, for $70,000. "Director" is the sire of "Nutwood" with a record of 2:06.

The Cambria county Republican Convention met at Ebensburg Monday. Judge Dean, of Blair county, was endorsed for Supreme Judge. Cyrus Elder, Ed. James and F. A. Thompson were chosen delegates to the State Convention, and H. W. Storey, Esq., was declared the choice of Cambria for delegate to the National Convention.

Don't Worry! those aching teeth can be extracted without pain. Odontunder does it! used in Somerset only at

McMILLEN'S Dental Rooms,
Over Treibwell's Store.

An unparalleled case of confidence placed in a notorious criminal is furnished by William Turner's commitment to the penitentiary. The Sheriff of Fayette county gave Turner himself the commitment papers and Turner delivered himself to the prison authorities all unattended. Turner is one of the notorious Cooley gang.

Frank Schobay von Ringloeffer, a millionaire was released from the work house at Pittsburgh Friday on a writ of habeas corpus issued by Judge Stowe. Ringloeffer's father was a prominent railroad contractor in Bohemia. He died recently leaving a fortune of 3,000,000 florins, or $1,725,000. Not of this will be inherited by Ringloeffer, as he is the eldest son.

Jesse and Frank James in their palmiest days of highway and railway robbery never executed a "hold up" of a railroad train with quicker dispatch than did the three robbers who sacked a mail car at Weems Station, Alabama, on the Georgia Pacific Railroad Thursday night. Bloodhounds and detectives followed the trail of the robbery bandits, but finally both dogs and officers were baffled by the wary road agents who are still at large.

The New York Central will not allow its engineers to wear spectacles, although the use of glasses may virtually restore a man's eyes to youthful perfection. The Pennsylvania Company is said to not only allow its engineers to wear spectacles, but to provide them with the right kind. Some railroad men say the test applied by the Central is unfair to the men or to the company itself, and that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is likely to protest against it.

A sample of which will be along in the next two months, and exchange says: "The highways of Pennsylvania, as a rule, are an affliction to all who have to use them, nearly six months in the year. Some compensation might be secured for the other six months if shade trees were generally planted and cared for. It is to be hoped that Arbor Day will be more generally observed this year by the young people than ever before."

David A. Shaw, a prominent undertaker and furniture dealer of Duncansville, was arrested in Hollidaysburg Saturday night, charged with being the author of the $30,000 incendiary fire that devastated Duncansville one week ago. It is alleged that Shaw started the blaze in order that he might recover the insurance on his property, which was totally destroyed by the fire. He, it is alleged, applied the incendiary torch in an amateur manner, and his cupboards were burned off. Shaw gave bail for a hearing before Justice C. Garber Lowry.

Go to Geo. W. Benford's drug store and take a look at the handsomest line of wall paper ever brought to Somerset, before you make your purchases this spring. He has a complete stock of all the very latest designs and his prices are the lowest in town.

After granting sixty hotel licenses in Blair county last week, Judge Dean addressed the successful applicants as follows: We call the attention of hotel-keepers who have been granted licenses to the fact that they are licensed because of the necessity of their houses for public accommodation, not only in the sale of liquor but in furnishing the public with food and lodging. Not all the public by any means care for liquor; all however, do want good food and comfortable beds and rooms. At the next consideration of these cases we will hear remonstrances by any one of the public who choose to complain to any part of the hotel accommodations. Uncleanliness, dilapidated furniture, insufficient or poor food, will all be considered sufficient ground for refusing licenses. Further, the keeping open of barrooms at a late hour of the night will be considered evidence of a poorly-regulated hotel and treated as a good reason for a refusal of license.

Early in April 3,000,000 acres of land of Cheyenne and Arrapahoe reservations in Indian Territory will be thrown open to settlers. Those contemplating availing themselves of this opportunity to secure free homes will find the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad the quickest route from any point in the East to Indian Territory. Four trains daily from New York, Philadelphia, Chester, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Cumberland, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, and all intermediate stations. All persons contemplating settling at any point in the West, however distant, are requested to write to Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md., for full information as to rates, time of trains, and sleeping car accommodations from any point East to any point West.

Dr. S. S. Good, of Meyersdale, was in town yesterday.

Copies of the HERALD can always be had at C. H. Fisher's book store.

Mr. Will A. Kimmell, of Pittsburgh, spent Sunday with his Somerset relatives.

Paul H. Gaither, Esq., of Greensburg, was called to Somerset on legal business last week.

Frank Love, a student at Washington and Jefferson College, is home for the spring vacation of one week.

The county commissioners have elected A. C. Holbert, Esq., attorney to the board, vice H. S. Endsley resigned.

Captain Samuel Lowry, of Salisbury, one of Somerset county's prominent Republicans, is visiting in Somerset and is the guest of his son, J. C. Lowry, Esq.

At a meeting of the Town Council Saturday evening, John G. Sanner, was elected a member of the board to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of H. S. Endsley, Esq.

Sunday night's thunder storm was one of the most severe ever witnessed in this section. The storm was of short duration, but while it lasted, hail to the depth of two or three inches fell. The electric display was the most brilliant seen in these parts for years.

At a special session of adjourned court held Monday evening, the liquor dealer's license granted Mrs. E. A. Tayman, at February term, was transferred to Edgar Kyle, the new proprietor of the Somerset House. Mr. Kyle took possession of the hotel last Friday. His son Elridge Kyle, and his son-in-law John F. Cover, will have charge of the office.

Capt. John H. Hite and R. J. Vought are Somerset's representatives to the Democratic state convention. They were chosen by the county convention a year ago. We'll bet a pint of peanuts that General Coffroth will go to Harrisburg as a substitute for one of them. The old man hasn't yet finished his great work of downing the administration. John H. Uhl and A. F. Johns want to go as delegates to the national convention.—*Bedford Gazette.*

Several of the Pittsburgh newspapers sent special correspondents to Trent as soon as the murder of Jonathan Hochstetler became known in that city. Since that time the columns of the sheets they represent have been crowded with all sorts of "moonshine" stories. Many of the stories published are chestnuts that have become moss grown in Somerset county, while others could only have originated in the mind of a Pittsburgh reporter.

Judge Longenecker has handed down his opinion in the case of Wilson S. Cypher against the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad, refusing to take off the compulsory non-suit for which the plaintiff had made application. Cypher was an employe in the company's repair shops at Saxton. On the 23d of July, 1890, while under a car repairing it, the car was struck by a shifter and passed over his legs, rendering them useless for life. The plaintiff then brought suit for $25,000 damages, but was forced to take a compulsory non-suit on account of contributory negligence. The case will be taken to the Supreme Court.

The usual large crowd of people from all sections of the county was in Somerset, Friday, April 1. Perhaps in no other county in the State is April 1st the general settlement day that it is in Somerset. Not one real estate sale in a thousand is made that the payments are not payable on that day. Almost all notes and mortgages fall due on April 1st, and all rents commence and expire on that day. It is the one day of the year that nearly every one has some business to transact, and the lawyer who is not kept busy from morning till night on April 1st, has not been "getting there" very rapidly. Money this year appeared to be quite easy and payments falling due were made with unusual promptness. The Prothonotary and Recorder and their clerk's were kept busy till late at night, and they were weary men indeed when they locked their vaults and "shut up shop" for the day.

Workmen are engaged in tearing down the dwelling house on Green Lane, but recently vacated by Mr. Irvin Pile's family. In its destruction disappears one of the oldest land marks about the town. The original cabin or block house was erected by a missionary who came to this section long before the town of Somerset was platted. Many of the older inhabitants of Somerset will recall the stories they heard from the lips of their parents, about how the few people living in this neighborhood, were frequently compelled to seek refuge in the missionary's cabin to escape being massacred by the savage redmen who infested the forests, when they were young. The original cabin was erected more than 130 years ago and for nearly 100 years past has been in possession of the Graft and Pile families. A number of alterations and additions had been made to the log house in recent years so that it had grown into a modern dwelling. Mr. Pile will erect a handsome cottage on the site of the old building.

Judge Simon Stevens, the well-known New York lawyer is a near relative of the famous Pennsylvania politician, Thad Stevens, and was with him for the greater part of the two decades that the latter spent at the National Capital. A gentleman was relating at the Arlington last night what another great son of the Keystone State, Jere Black, said of Thad Stevens, "That he was one of the brightest men ever born, and could say the smartest things, but that, as far as being under any sense of obligation to his Creator for superior mental endowments, his mind was a howling wilderness."

"That was pretty good, but I remember an occasion when Judge Black got the worst of an encounter with Thad," said Judge Stevens. "The former was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania and the other had a case before the court. The Chief Justice was addressing some remarks to Mr. Stevens, who turned his back and commenced pacing up and down the chamber to the great annoyance of Judge Black, who thundered out, 'Mr. Stevens, are you trying to show your contempt for this court?' 'No, sir,' was the answer, 'I'm trying to conceal it.'—*Washington Post.*

Notwithstanding Charles Spangler's boast that no constable in the country could catch him, he was bagged Monday morning by constable J. H. Nicely, of Ligonier township, Westmoreland county, and brought to the Somerset jail that afternoon. Constable Nicely was out looking for Spangler and had stopped to water his horse on the pike above Laughlinstown in front of Jud Naugle's. Here he observed Spangler coming down the road carrying a hatchet in his right hand. The constable leisurely dismounted from his open wagon and made a feint at adjusting something about the harness. When Spangler got opposite him on the road constable Nicely stepped before him. Quick as a flash Spangler sprang aside and leaped onto a gate. Unfortunately for him the gate swung open in the wrong direction and just as he was about to slide off on the other side Constable Nicely grabbed him by the leg and drew him back. The constable handcuffed his prisoner and immediately started for Somerset. Spangler had been working for a manufacturer of rustic chairs at Laughlinstown for the past two months. Ten days ago he accompanied a man who peddle's the chairs to this place. He left the peddler at the old toll gate, a half mile out the Jenner pike, where he was seen by some one who recognized him and informed Sheriff Good where he could be found. The sheriff sent the warrant for his arrest to Ligonier and his capture followed. Spangler is wanted on a charge of having burglarized Shockey's and Bowman's stores at Stoystown several months ago.

A Moonshine Murder.

Jonathan C. Hochstetler Foully Dealt with on a Lonely Mountain Road

BECAUSE HE HAD FURNISHED EVIDENCE AGAINST THE LAUREL HILL BAND OF ILLICIT DISTILLERS.

The Murderers, William Miller and William Pritts, Still at Large.

ROBERT MILLER, WHO WITNESSED THE TRAGEDY, GIVES HIMSELF UP AND IS IN JAIL.

He Makes a Full Confession.

Sheriff Good and Posse Assisted by U. S. Detectives Make a Fruitless Raid.

The Internal Revenue Department Will Co-operate with the Local Authorities in Running the Murderers to Earth.

Good Prospects for a Neck-Tie Party.

Somerset county is maintaining its reputation for lawlessness—instituted three years ago by the Nicely brothers—and May term of court will have to deal with criminals of all degrees.

The latest tragedy occurred about five o'clock Wednesday afternoon, when Jonathan C. Hochstetler was clubbed to death on a public highway crossing the Laurel Hill mountains, two and a half miles above Trent postoffice, in Middlecreek township.

There is not a shadow of doubt but that the victim's life was taken by men who had sworn to be avenged because he made their illicit occupation known to officers of the Internal Revenue Department.

ROBERT MILLER TELLS THE STORY OF THE MURDER.

A HERALD reporter visited Robert Miller in the jail Friday night, when he told the following story:

I was setting in the house ready to go to Trent and had a paper in my hand writing down a few things my wife wanted me to get at the store, when old daddy came in and said, "the detectives are looking for us, you are the main man, come out here, behind the house there is a man who can tell you more." I went out and Bill Pritts was there. He had a quart of whisky and gave me a drink. We started up the mountain and saw three buggies coming down the road. They pointed to the buggies and one of them said, "When we tell you a thing you can count on it." We went on to Crab run, I was behind and the two men were talking and made something out. Old daddy went on ahead. Pritts said let us go up behind a big tree. Saw a man come. Old daddy said, will we try it or not? Bill Pritts answered go ahead. Then one of them said we'll all stick together and daddy said I'll halt him and we'll capture him. That was the first I knew of what they were going to do. As Hochstetler came nearer old daddy stepped into the road and throwing up his gun cried Halt! Halt! Yony picked up a stone and said G—d d—n you I'll halt and let the stone fly at daddy. Daddy shot his gun in the air as if to scare the man. "Yony" stepped across the road and picked up the stone a second time and threw it at daddy; this time the stone struck him on the shoulder. Then old daddy hit him on the head with the but of the gun; the second blow brought him down part way. I was standing on the bank on the right with a gun in my hand when "Yony" looked up and cried, "Bob, shoot me; G—d d—n you." Old daddy hit him a third time with his gun and then "Yony" said "Bob don't let them kill me." He was groaning fearfully and I cast my old musket across the road and threw my arm out to protect him from daddy's blows with the gun. Daddy struck two more licks, but they were too severe for my arm and I could only break their force but little. [Here the prisoner bared his left arm to show the abrasion on the skin where the gun had struck him. The arm was not discolored.]

I was awfully excited and don't know how often daddy struck him; but I think five times; the third blow brought him to the ground. Pritts was on "Yonny's" back and had a good hold on his throat. I didn't see Pritts strike "Yony." Hochstetler was moaning and groaning at a terrible rate and when one of the men said let us pull him off the road, I started to run and said; "I'm going to tell this and am going right down and give myself up, if I knew this was what you were after I wouldn't have come along." They called me back and said that I shouldn't run away that they would see that I didn't get hurt, that they would protect me." They then dragged "Yony" down to the water and threw him in, face down. He groaned and gurgled and I ran up and pulled his head and shoulders out of the water and laid him on the sand.

They wanted to make me go back and put his head into the water again, but that was too tough, and I started to run toward the Scott road, and in the direction of home. They said "don't run, lots of men will stick to us and we'll see that you won't get into any difficulty. I didn't stop, but they soon caught up with me and wouldn't let me go home. They said if I went home I'd be captured. We went on down to Jake Geary's mill. It was just getting dark. Old daddy went into Jake's house and told Pritts and me to walk on up the road. It got too cold, and me and Pritts went into the house, too. Abe Pletcher and Jake Geary were both there. Old daddy and Pritts told these men that the detectives were coming, and that they were close; that they were going to take them forthwith and that they had better fix up and go along. Abe Pletcher said that he had to go home first, but Geary got ready, took up his rifle and went along. We four went up the hill to Abe Pletcher's shanty, and after a little Abe came to us. The shanty is a half-mile above Geary's mill. There was a coal stove there and they made a fire. We sat around till about 12 o'clock, when I laid down on a board and went to sleep. When I got awake Abe was gone. At daylight old daddy and Pritts called me out behind the house, and when I told them I was going home they told me never to give them away, whether I was arrested or not. I called to Geary to come on, and we started. When we got near Geary's house we saw a squad of men leaving there and when we went to the house we found that they were looking for "Yony" Hochstetler. I told Geary I would go after those fellows and help to hunt for him. I caught up with them at old daddy's house, (Billy Gabe Hochstetler and Milton Berg). They told me what they were out on and asked me if I wouldn't help hunt for "Yony." Billy Gabe said: "Where was you last night?" I told him over above Jake Geary's. He then said: "Will you go along over to Geary's till we see whether you were there this morning?" Mrs. Geary told them I had been. Then we went up to Gallentine's and met Abe Pletcher at the sugar camp, and he said I was with him that night, but none of us told them that old daddy and Pritts had been there, too. At dinner time we met the other fellows who were looking for "Yony." I told Milton Berg to go down to old daddy's (where my wife was) with me and to let the other fellows go straight through. He went with me. My wife and my mother were there, and I told the story to the three and gave myself up to Berg. He made me go with him to hunt for old daddy and Pritts. In the evening we went down to 'Squire Miller's. When we got there the house was full of people, but they did not know that I had made a confession. They had found the body and were fixing up the inquest jury. I raised to my feet there, stepped forward and told the story just as I have told it now. They had me sworn, but they didn't take down as much as you have. I was left in Berg's hands and he let me go home by himself. I told him that I would stay around home until he wanted me. This morning I had started to go to the funeral and stopped at Allan Foresping's and ate dinner. Then I went to Nicklow's, and Joe and me was just ready to go to the funeral when Mr. Scott came and asked me to go with him, and he brought me here. I don't know anything about the moonshine business and don't know where any of the stills are. Old daddy and "Yony" hadn't been friends for a long time, but I never heard any threats made. I don't believe that old daddy and Pritts will stay long at any one place; they'll dodge around everywhere. They had their repeating rifles with them. They may get a good many to stick to them. There are lots of moonshiners down there and they all blamed Hochstetler with giving them away and causing the raid a few months ago. There may be two of them, and there may be twenty. Old daddy has been spending most of his time with Bill Pritts of late.

Old daddy gets $24 a month pension. When I left him and Pritts in the shanty that morning I think they intended to go towards Pritts' home in Fayette county."

The prisoner is a fine looking young fellow and would readily pass for 18 years of age, although he says he is 23 and has a wife and one child. He inquired of the reporter whether his offense was bailable or not, but finally concluded that he would be safer in jail than he would be outside.

ANOTHER WITNESS TO THE MURDER—HOW IT CAME TO LIGHT.

The murder came to light in a peculiar way. James Beal, a young man, who lives near Mt. Pleasant, was tramping over the Laurel Hill mountain Wednesday afternoon on his way to visit his sister, Mrs. Lou Smith. When he had reached a point on the road where a new loop had recently been cut to avoid a chuck hole, he was brought to a stand still by a sharp command of "Halt!" He thought the command was directed to him and peering through the bushes he saw a man standing in the abandoned road, with his face turned towards three men standing on a sharp bank above the road, partially concealed, and all having guns leveled on the man in the abandoned road. "Halt!" was the command young Beal heard a second time, and accompanying it came the report of two guns. Then he saw one of the men leap from the bank to the road and rushing upon his victim began to beat him over the head with the stock of his rifle.

Beal waited to see no more. He thought he was in the presence of highwaymen, and he took to his heels and started back towards Westmoreland county.

A mile from the scene of the shooting he came to the house of Jonathan C. Hochstetler. He stopped and told the family of the bloody scene he had witnessed. The family little recked what appalling interest the story had for them. They directed him to another road by which he could reach his sister's house. When Beal reached the house he told his sister's family of the tragedy he had witnessed. Mr. Smith determined to investigate and he and Beal went to Trent. While Beal was reciting his story there to a crowd who had collected in A. H. Brugh's store, Harvey Hochstetler came in and asked if any one had seen his father, Jonathan. The old man had been at Brugh's store during the afternoon, but had left for his home, four miles distant, about 4 o'clock and had not reached it. The description Beal had just given of the man he had seen assaulted on the abandoned road corresponded precisely with that of Jonathan Hochstetler, and the crowd at the store at once decided to go and search for his body. Under Beal's guidance the searching party repaired to the scene of the tragedy. The night was intensely dark and the searchers had to depend upon the faint gleams of a half-dozen lanterns to guide their foot-steps. Beal conducted the party to the abandoned stretch of road, where the trampled condition of the ground showed that a desperate struggle had taken place, and confirmed his story of the tragedy he had witnessed there a few hours before. No blood stained the spot, but foot-prints led through the dense under growth to the left of the road, while broken and crushed branches of laurel showed that the body had been dragged in that direction.

One of the men had worn gum boots of an unusually large size, and as soon as this fact became known, significant glances were exchanged among the searchers. No one said whom he suspected of having committed the crime, but it was soon manifest that all attributed it to one person.

On down through the brush the searchers followed the tracks. It was evident that the old man had been killed or rendered helpless, for marks showed now that two of the men had to drag him along. The tracks led down to Crab run, a diminutive stream forty or fifty feet from the loop in the road. Here the tracks disappeared, but a few rods on the other side of the stream they reappeared and were followed to the home of "Jake" Garry, two miles further up the mountain. Here the searching party halted and held a consultation as to what course they should pursue. A few members of the party wanted to search Garry's house, believing that the murderers were concealed in it. Others insisted that Garry was a friend of theirs and they would not permit a search to be made unless it was done by an officer of the law.

After considerable parleying it was decided to send for a constable. The constable joined the party surrounding Garry's house shortly after day-break, armed with a search warrant. Mrs. Garry, at first refused the party admission to the house, but finally permitted them to enter. A thorough search of the building and barn failed to reveal the presence of the murderers. Here the party decided to abandon the search for Hochstetler's body until they had breakfasted and all started for their homes, having first agreed to continue the search later in the day.

Prominent in the searching party were "Jere" Whipkey, Silas Putman, Wm. Smith, Allan Foresping, Wm. and Jonathan File, Albert Miller, a son of the murderer, Harvey and William Hochstetler, the former a son and the latter a nephew of the murdered man. The manner in which the three men were tracked for over three miles is simply marvelous to those unacquainted with the keen perceptive powers of men accustomed to working in the mountains and trapping the wild animals of that region. Occasionally the tracks would be lost for several rods but would be discovered again by a crushed clump of grass or a broken twig.

THE BODY FOUND.

Thursday morning Justice of the Peace, John H. Miller, organized a second posse at Trent to search for the body of Hochstetler. The posse climbed up the mountain to the scene of the tragedy, and while investigating for evidence of the murder, Squire Miller discovered Hochstetler's body lying in a pool of water in Crab run. His head and shoulders were resting peacefully on the muddy bank of the stream, while his body and legs were immersed in the limpid water. His head was frightfully mangled, and his body was almost entirely nude, most of his clothing having been torn off by the broken bushes through which he had been dragged. The victim's hat and a bag of smoking tobacco had been placed by his side, and his knife and purse were found close by. 'Squire Miller impanelled a jury for the purpose of holding an inquest later in the day. The jury was composed of Austin Weimer, Philip K. Moore, Jeremiah Whipkey, William Smith, Jonathan Nicklow and John M. Berg. After they had viewed the body it was removed from the water and taken to the murdered man's home. James Beal was the only witness who appeared before the jury. His story corresponded with the one already told as coming from him, and after giving it he was permitted to go, having promised to appear before the court at Somerset when wanted as a witness. Drs. Moore and Gardner, who made the post mortem examination, say that Hochstetler's skull was mashed with a stone. A three cornered stone was picked up by a member of the jury at the scene of the tragedy and it fitted into the five wounds in the victims head. It was certainly this stone that killed Hochstetler, but who used it is not known. Both "Bob" Miller and James Beal, who witnessed the murder, deny that a stone was used. They claim that the victim was clubbed to death.

The jury rendered a verdict that Hochstetler had come to his death at the hands of parties unknown.

BOB MILLER'S CONFESSION.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock Friday evening, constable Milton Berg arrived at Trent with Bob Miller in custody. Bob made a full confession to 'Squire Miller, in private, and afterwards made the following statement under oath.

Somerset County, ss.

Before me, John H. Miller, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the county of Somerset, personally came Robert C. Miller, of the township of Middle Creek, who made a confession as follows:

On March 30, 1892, about 4 o'clock P. M., Wm. C. Miller, my father, came to my house and told me detectives were after me for illicit distilling. He took me out and we met Wm. Pritts, of Fayette county, who told me I was the man the detectives wanted, but they would save me. We went into the woods near Rachel Nicklow's farm and, watching, saw three buggies. Pritts said:

"There goes the detectives. When I tell you they are coming you may rely upon it."

We proceeded a short distance further and arriving at Crab run, Pritts and father had a conversation which I did not overhear. We crossed the road and hid behind trees, and then they informed me of their plan, which was to capture Jonathan Hochstetler. I think they knew he was on the road. While they were talking I looked down the road and said: "There comes a man."

Father said, "shall we try it or not?"

Pritts laughed and said, "go ahead, let us all stick together."

Father said, "I will stop him. You two catch and tie him."

With that he walked nearer the road and called:

"Halt! I want to talk to you."

Hochstetler, who was just coming up the bank, said, "———your souls, I'll halt you." Then he threw stones at father, but missed him, and father discharged his gun in the air. Hochstetler ran across the road, got another stone, and threw it at father, striking him this time on the shoulder. I had an old army gun, and Hochstetler ran toward me, saying:

"Bob, shoot me, d——you!"

Father struck him with the but of his gun, bringing him to his knees. He struck a second time, and then Hochstetler begged me not to let them hurt him any more. Father raised the gun to strike again, and I ran out and received the blow on the arm. I failed to ward off a fourth blow, and Hochstetler fell with a groan. Pritts got on him and commenced to beat him. I could bear no more, and saying I was going home, started. I looked up the road and saw a man coming down. He stopped a moment, then he turned and ran. I told them, but they said:

"Oh, you were just scared and thought so. Hurry up now. Let us take him off the road."

They started with him, still alive and groaning. They took him down Crab run and threw him in. From where I was I could see him lying over a log, still groaning and with his head touching the water. I ran back and pulled his head out of the water. They wanted me to go and put it in again, but I would not do it. I said: "I will go home and tell this and give myself up."

They answered: "Don't be afraid; we will stick to you, so you will not get into any trouble."

They finally persuaded me not to give myself up. ROBERT C. MILLER.

The above statement was listened to with breathless attention by the 50 or more persons who had collected in the store. When he had concluded his recital of the brutal slaughter he had witnessed, young Miller, who had been standing, dropped into a chair and remarked to an acquaintance, "this is an awful crime for a man's father to lead him into."

The prisoner was then discharged on his own recognizance. He returned to his home and the next morning set out to attend Jonathan Hochstetler's funeral. He stopped at the house of Allen Forespring and was eating dinner with the Nicklow's family when constable LeRoy Scott arrived and placed him under arrest. Scott seated Miller in front of him on a horse and started for Rockwood. Here they took the 5:30 train for Somerset.

BURIAL OF THE VICTIM.

The funeral services of Jonathan C. Hochstetler were held about 2 o'clock Friday afternoon. They were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Berkley, and the body was interred in a quiet corner of the dead man's little farm. There were not over 50 men, and half as many women, present.

Old man Hochstetler even as he lay in his coffin prepared for burial, presented a revolting sight. The bones of his entire forehead had been mashed in until the brains protruded. His aged wife shunned the death chamber, and sat retired in another portion of the house.

Her sons, Rollo, Harvey, Buta and Westley, and her daughter Cora, all full grown, were present, but not in the least demonstrative in their grief. For that of one who had met so horrible an end Jonathan Hochstetler's funeral was probably the least sensational in the history of such cases. It seemed that the fear of his murderers being around the place repressed all outburst, if inclination to any existed.

THE VICTIMS AND MURDERERS.

Jonathan C. Hochstetler, the murdered man, was well-known throughout the county. He was prominently identified with the quarter sessions courts ten years ago, when he brought a number of prosecutions against his neighbors, charging them with having burned the school house in the district in which he lived, and with having maimed and poisoned his stock. It was so evident that Hochstetler himself had been guilty of the crimes alleged, that in nearly every instance he was mulcted with the costs. He was about 60 years of age. He wore a long beard, and his hair reached to his shoulders. He was known to have engaged in the manufacture of illicit whiskey for years, and was generally feared by his neighbors. Although the brutality of his murder has aroused the sympathy of the people in his behalf, no regrets are heard since he is dead.

Wm. Miller, is also well-known throughout the county. He is about 34 years of age. He is 5 feet 9 inches tall, and weighs about 200 pounds. Miller wears a bushy black beard and long black hair. He was a soldier and draws $24 a month pension. Miller is the recognized leader of the moonshiners, and is known to the members of the band as "General Seigle." He is also known as "old Blixen."

Little is known here of Wm. Pritts. He is a resident of Fayette county, and is about 50 years of age.

All of the principals are married and have large families.

THE SCENE OF THE MURDER.

The spot where Hochstetler was killed is about midway between his home and that of Wm. C. Miller. It is almost on the top of Laurel Ridge, and trees and shrubbery rise thickly wherever the rocks give them a chance to take root. The log, which young Miller says in his confession the body was thrown upon, has probably lain in its present position half a century. The imprint of the old man's body could be plainly traced upon its mossy covering. Under it, in a cool, limpid pool, formed by the run, "Squire Gildner yesterday picked up the old man's ear muffs. A number of other articles, among hem a knife and purse, had been found strewn around by 'Squire Gildner, as if the old man had been handled so roughly as to shake them from his pockets.

A short distance down the run from where Hochstetler's body was found, a huge, flat rock was pointed out as having for years, and until recently, been put to a peculiar application. A fresh, sweet spring gushes out from its side, and some ingenious backwoodsman, struck by the analogy to a biblical narrative, christened it "Moses' Rock." In time it became known that the rock could be smitten and made to produce something at times more relished than water, and it became a custom for those thirsty for the article to bring their jugs to the rock. A jug left upon it with a $2 bill, would, during a very short absence of the owners, be filled with moonshine "mountain dew" and the $2 bill would vanish. A strong log building near the rock is said to have been used by the moonshiners as a fortification when revenue agents were after them.

BOB MILLER IN JAIL.

Probable 100 people were at the railroad station when the train arrived at 6:00 p. m. Friday evening. At least as many more had collected around the entrance to the jail to get a look at the two murderers, whom it had been rumored had been captured and would be brought here at that time. There was considerable disappointment expressed by the crowd when constable Scott passed into the prison with his prisoner, who looks more like a half-grown boy than a man of 23 years. A handsome young man with an armless sleeve followed close at constable Scott's heels, and when the door of the Sheriff's office was locked he was inside. A HERALD reporter recognized him at once and and when the sheriff had searched Miller and locked him in a cell, he called the Sheriff aside and informed him that the stranger was a United States Detective. Sheriff Good and Mr. Fisher, the detective, at once withdrew to a private office and held a consultation.

The Sheriff had received a letter from Justice of the Peace Miller at noon, requesting him to bring a posse to Trent and assist in running the murderers down. He also had a telegram from Collector Mitchell saying that the Commissioner of Internal Revenue had directed him to offer the services of U. S. Detectives in assisting to capture the murderers.

After an hour's conference with the Sheriff detective Fisher went to his hotel and the Sheriff began a search for trusty men, whom he could swear in as deputy sheriff's. By mid-night twenty deputies had been selected and sworn in.

SHERIFF GOOD AND POSSE START FOR THE MOONSHINE DISTRICT.

At day break Saturday morning Sheriff Good headed a posse of twenty men, who had been selected on account of their well-known bravery and fearlessness, and started for Trent. In the posse were detective Fisher, constables Gilbert and Scott. At Trent they were joined by eight men of that place and constable Fred Du Pont and another man from Rockwood. Here the teams were left and then commenced the greatest man hunt ever known in this section. At Trent, Alfred Miller, second son of the murderer, was arrested by the Sheriff, and compelled to go with the posse. Miller was on his way to work at a saw mill. The posse was divided into three squads, the first under Sheriff Good, the second under constable Gilbert and the third under constable Scott. The three posses then took different roads leading over the mountain with murderer Bill Pritts's house, in Fayette county, as their objective point.

The farmers about Trent all stand in more or less terror of the moonshiners and it is hard work to get many of them to say anything about the gang for fear their houses and barns will be burned or that they themselves will be shot down while at work in their fields by any enemy in ambush. The better and by far the larger class of the people of Middlecreek township, are as anxious for the capture of the murderers as are the officers of the law, and believe that the time has arrived when the gang must be broken up and driven from the county. The Sheriff was disappointed when he found so many men away from home as he hoped a larger number of them would join his posse and assist in running the murderers to earth.

The story gained credence that there was an oath-bound organization and that the moonshiners were fortified in the cave near William Pritts' place known as "Jones' Jail." It was said that this cave is large enough to hold a regiment of men and that in this place 30 or 40 of the moonshiners were prepared to make a stand against the county authorities. This cave was visited Saturday afternoon. No one was found there.

Sheriff Good's posse met at the home of Jonathan Hochstetler. The first man to offer his services was William Hochstetler, a nephew of the murdered moonshiner. He also gave information to the Government detectives last winter when the famous raid was made, and is now in daily fear of his life being taken.

Gilbert's party arrested "Abe" Pletcher and his brother at the home of Powell Miller and compelled them to accompany the party.

At "Bill" Pritt's house Mrs. Pritts and four or five children were found at home. A son of Pritts', who had been working at a sugar camp near Trent in the morning, was one of them. He had started for home at the first approach of the Sheriff's posse. Mrs. Pritts said her husband was frequently absent for weeks and that she did not know where he was.

When asked if he was a moonshiner she said he was too infernally dumb to know anything more about whisky than how to drink it. His still, however, was discovered a little further up the mountain, but all the apparatus had been removed.

The posse then returned by another road to the house of Powell Miller. Young Pritts was there to greet them. The young man's conduct, in keeping ahead of the posse, caused suspicion and the Sheriff ordered his arrest.

Sheriff Good had ordered his men to search every house, barn, and buildings of all description, when the posse left Trent in the morning. His instructions were carefully carried out, but no trace of the murderers could be found.

An illicit still was found a few rods from Powell Miller's. There was every indication that it had been in running order a day or two before, but not a trace of the apparatus could be found.

Late in the afternoon the posse was told off into parties of eight each, and as soon as night had settled down the houses of Miller and Pletcher, and the shanty where the murderers had spent the night after the murder, were surrounded and guarded throughout the night. The night was a lonely one and it required men of the greatest courage to remain on guard in a country reputed to be filled with blood-thirsty outlaws. The night's watch was profitless. No sign of the murderers was seen at any of the houses guarded. Early in the morning the three parties returned to Trent and at 10 o'clock the entire posse set out for Somerset. They arrived at Somerset at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon weary and worn.

Sheriff Good said to a reporter of the HERALD, "you can form no idea of the condition of things in the moonshine district without going down there yourself. There is no question about there being a well organized band and during the present excitement any stranger who goes down there takes his life in his hands. Everbody is suspicious and it is hard to get even the better class of people to talk about the moonshiners. I soon made up my mind that there was no possible chance of catching the murderers with the force I had and for that reason the chase was abandoned. I am satisfied though, that we'll bag them before a great while and have them here in jail. It is not impossible that one or two more murders may take place in that neighborhood before Miller and Pritts are run down. Young Beal and Billey Gabe Hochstetler are liable to be shot any day."

WILL PUT AN END TO MOONSHINING.

Special agent Schlosser, of the Revenue Department, joined the posse at Trent Saturday evening. He says that Commissioner of Internal Revenue Mason is determined to run down the Laurel Hill band of Moonshiners once for all.

This band, he said, has been annoying the department for the past 20 years, and the present is the best opportunity to tear it up root and branch. This, he acknowledged, has heretofore been almost impossible. Mr. Schlosser started for Washington Sunday night to confer with the Commissioner in regard to the best method to pursue to bring about the capture of the murderers.

A well authenticated report reached Somerset Monday afternoon that Miller and Pritts had spent Saturday night in a barn on the farm of David Barclay. It is said that members of the searching party were in that immediate vicinity that night and that one of their number fired off a gun and alarmed the men they were hunting. Miller and Pritts were seen starting away from the barn. An investigation of the snow, it is claimed, revealed the impressions of the forms of the two men made on the hay.

HOCHSTETLER'S MISTAKE.

One day last January Jonathan Hochstetler and one of his nephews, "Billy Gabe" Hochstetler, strolled into the office of District Attorney Colborn. The father asked whether there were any more District Attorneys in Somerset.

"No, sir," answered Mr. Colborn, "I am the only district attorney in the county."

"Well," continued Mr. Hochstetler, "has the deputy revenue collector, Mr. John, been here to inquire after me?"

Being assured that Mr. John had not been there that morning, Hochstetler drew a card from his pocket, and after scrutinizing it for a moment, asked if Mr. Schlosser, a special officer from the Internal Revenue Department, had been there and inquired for him.

"No person has inquired for you to-day," responded the District Attorney.

"Well, they'll be here after me before long, and I wish you would tell them that I'll meet them here at 1 o'clock."

With that Hochstetler and his nephew withdrew. Promptly at 1 o'clock they returned, and in a few minutes 'ater two revenue officers dropped in. They asked permission to occupy the lawyer's back office, and the four men retired into it. Their consultation lasted for several hours, and when Hochstetler withdrew Mr. Colborn was occupied with a client from the moonshine district.

As Hochstetler passed through the office the client