Somerset Herald.

...E R. SCULL, Editor.

April 13, 1892.

...'s drug store for wall paper.

...ing papers at Benford's drug

...has been done by floods in

...ing now in stock at Mahlon

...for old and young at Snyder's

...good ham is said to be best for

...of all the latest patterns and ...Benford's drug store.

...at Greensburg, mistook ...burglars and William Krigger ...probably fatally.

...and scarlet fever have joined ...and are mowing down the ...land county.

...going to paper your walls this ...to Benford's for the pa... are the cheapest.

...has been granted to murderer ...Miller, of Luzerne county, who ...hanged April 7, until June 6.

...Pile, the much bewhiskered ...-man, is visiting his brother ...Lowstetter near Carlisle, ...

...next season in Vermont has ...The crop will only be one-...in ordinary, causing a loss of ...dollars in that State.

...solves the problem; makes ...old teeth painless; is used in Som-...

S. J. McMillan, Dentist.

...fell headlong from a tree he ...at York and alighted on his ...narrowly escaping without a ...

...county commissioners have ...offer of $500 for the capture ...Jack Conley. Their decision ...satisfaction.

...6th of April will be the day ...people of this part of Pennsylva-...for tree and vine planting ...will be propitious for that kind ...

...of life and great damage ...owners of the Tonyhigbee river ...water in. It is believed that at ...most of them negroes, have ...

...of the Herald should not forget ...Hoyle, the druggist, can fit their ...glasses as well as any optician. ...of over six years experience in ...Dr. King's.

...followed fast on the heels of ...a colored horse thief, who ar-...Saturday, twenty min-...the owner of the animal, and ...minutes later.

...Sore, if those aching teeth can be ...without pain. Odontunder does it! ...Harmless only at

McMillan's Dental Rooms,
Over Tredwell's Store.

...appropriation out of the Treasury of ...States of $100,000 for the subsist-...of the visiting old soldiers ...G. A. R. encampment was ...in the Senate Friday: Yeas 41;

...believe that people have in Ayer's ...Sarsaparilla a blood medicine is the legiti-...natural growth of many years. It ...handed down from parent to child, ...household family medicine in thou-...households.

...Mark of the grand jury which ...Parkhurst, says that $10,000,000 ...annually to the New York police de-...including all from the superin-...down, by people who are allowed to ...to live.

...W. Benford's drug store and ...the handsomest line of wall ...ever brought to Somerset, before you ...purchase this spring. He has ...stock of all the very latest de-...prices are the lowest in town.

...the best cures for membraneous ...covers a cloth thick with lard and ...sprinkled a thick coating of Scotch ...to apply it to the patient's neck. ...should extend from under the chin ...the base. Paste the above in your ...book.

...debt of gratitude the world owes ...to Drs. Ayer and Jenner—the ...great discovery of vaccination, ...to the former for his Extract of Sarsaparilla ...of blood-purifiers! Who can ...how much these discoveries have ...to us?

...Coroner John McCurdy in his ...County, O. shot his employer, ...Fleisenbaugh, then shot his wife, ...another bullet from his revolver ...his own brains. McCurdy had ...Fleisenbaugh and his wife in a com-...quadrangle, and the triple tragedy ...

...Tin-Plate and Steel and Tin-Plate Com-...has been organized with a capital stock ...The mill works will employ ...and the tin plate plant, with a ca-...of from 60 to 70 boxes of tin a week, will ...the services of 200 men. Both de-...will be in operation in about 30 ...Philadelphia capitalists are in con-...the enterprise.

...Washington special says that, extraor-...as it may seem, Blaine is in training ...Sullivan, the pugilist. He was in-...to take the advice of the trainer of ...upon the earnest solicitation of a ...friend of his, who insisted that such ...would be a gain in practice by these gentle-...which is more than anything else to ...him to health.

...end of year is here for cleaning up ...yard and alleys. Much is being done ...but little matter that would breed ...and fever remains to be done. All ...who have ashes, garbage or rubbish ...alleys if not cleaned up at once, we ...will be arrested and fined. Our ...officers are determined on carry-...these essential regulations for the ...of the people. Clean up the rubbish.

...Jack, of Hooversville is still on the ...He took his bed the first of Feb-...and has been bedfast since his two ...died. About that time, Jacob was ...seventy-sixth year; Joseph was in his ...second year, B. F. is in his seventy-...year. They are all dead now except ...and B. F. There were nine broth-...of the deceased lived to be over ...years of age, except one who died in ...infancy.

...lynching in Millersburg, O., a mob lynch-...a negro, hanging him to a ...had been about the town a few ...and had been ordered to leave. He ...begged about people's door steps and ...them in various ways. There are ...but few negroes in Holmes coun-...nothing is known of the victim's his-...not even his name. He was said to be ...years in the county. Ohio had ...this kind of business unless it ...to rival Georgia, Arkansas, Tennessee, ...other rebel states.

...Friday last the eight-year old daughter ...Martin, of Irwin, Westmoreland ...Pa., was playing in company with ...other children, around the fire in the ...They procured some oil, threw it on ...and while it was burning high one ...girls playfully pushed the Martin girl ...the fire. The girl fell on top of the ...and before she could be rescued the flesh ...burned so badly that it dropped from ...She was taken into the house and ...and summoned, but the physician ...could do but little for the unfortunate ...after suffering untold agonies, she died ...the evening. Her companions are al-...wild with grief over the sad occurence.

Sena'or Critchfield and Assemblyman Weller were visitor's in town yesterday.

At the request of members of the bar the court has postponed regular April adjourned court until May 4th.

Cyrus M. Shaver, a prominent resident of Somerset township, is confined to his home with a serious illness.

A young man giving his name as Frank Shaulis and his address as Somerset, has been arrested in Venango county on a charge of burglary.

Mrs. Elias Winters and daughter, of Jenner township left last week for a long visit to the former's three sons, who are residents of Winfield, Kansas.

The Postmaster General has ordered the discontinuance of the post-office at Anstead, Somerset county, Pa., to take effect from April 15th. All the mail for said office will be delivered from Johnstown after that date.

The county jail now contains thirteen inmates. Three of them are charged with murder, two with rape, five with burglary and the others with petty offences against the law.

District Attorney Colborn is one of the political philosophers who can come out of a fight smiling no matter whether he is on top or not. Very few men are so happily constituted.

J. Cal Lowry is making a number of improvements to the old Chorpening property, which he recently purchased, and when all have been completed it will be one of the prettiest dwellings in Somerset.

We are informed that times are so dull up at Somerset that the wind has refused to blow into that old town. Better move Somerset to Hyndman and get a fresh breeze from the balmy southern clime.—*Hyndman Bulletin.*

Daniel Kaufman, of near Forwardstown, had his left eye seriously injured a few weeks ago by being struck by the limb of a tree. The injury kept growing worse and the eye was removed Thursday to save the other one.

Samuel Barnett, a resident of Armstrong county, is paying a visit to his son James, who is one of Jenner township's best farmers. Mr. Barnett was a resident of this county prior to the war and for several years after he returned from the army.

Connellsville merchants have organized a merchants' retail commercial agency. The object is for mutual protection against persons who contract bills at their stores and don't pay them. Lists of such dead beats will be placed in the hands of each member of the agency monthly.

A rare old "copper" was found the other day by one of the workman engaged in tearing down Irwin Pile's old house. It is as perfect in every respect as when turned out of the mint. It was coined in 1794. Stamped around the outer edge are the words "one hundred for a dollar."

Captain James H. Gageby's name appears in the *Army and Navy Register* of Washington, as among those who are ordered to report at the War Department to Col. James Biddle for promotion. The Captains friends in this place will be glad to learn of any good fortune that may befall him.

Grant Dean, who was arrested with the McClellandtown gang of robbers, and brought here to jail and was subsequently discharged, no evidence being offered against him, is again in hoe. He was brought here to jail from Salisbury one day last week, and will be held for court on a charge of intimidation and conspiracy.

Samuel Kimmel, died at his home in Quemahoning township on the 8th inst., aged 89 years. He was the oldest citizen in the township, and since the death of his wife, some years ago has resided with his sons, Horatio and Joseph. Mr. Kimmel was a stone mason by trade and was one of the most industrious men in that section of the county.

The hundreds of hills in this county that a few years ago were covered with magnificent timber will all soon be laid bare by the relentless hand of the woodsman. The saw mill man cuts up all the trees that can be used for mechanical purposes and after him comes the charcoal man who burns up anything in the shape of wood leaving nothing but the bare ground.

Christianity and Philosophy was the subject of a very interesting and instructive lecture, delivered in the Presbyterian church, of this place on Sunday evening, by the popular young minister, Rev. David Elder Craighead, who clearly defined the different systems of Philosophy, and in his lecture dwelt upon the Stoic Philosophy and its relation to Christianity.

Mr. L. E. Holsapple and Miss Priscilla Custer were recently united in marriage, at the residence of the bride's parents near Bethel, by Justice C. L. Swank. This marriage united one of the most brilliant and promising couples in that vicinity. The groom has recently purchased a dwelling and store room, including four fine lots, in the business part of Bethel, where he will take possession and take charge of the Post-office and also engage in the mercantile business.

The tax-payers of Somerset county are becoming very, very tired of the lawless deeds that so frequently take place within its borders. Nearly every crime of the higher grades committed in it during the past ten years has been the work of non residents, but our people have to support the criminals until they are brought to trial, bear all the burden of court expenses and in nearly every case have to put up for the Commonwealth's witnesses. They demand a rest and ought to have it.

Judge Barker delivered a lengthy and very learned opinion in the Cambria county court Monday in the case of Elmer Bruner, in which he determines the grade of crime "murder in the first degree."

A motion for arrest of judgment was made by the defense, which will be argued to-day.

During the reading of the opinion the prisoner sat perfectly still and seemed indifferent to his fate. However, it is said he felt entirely confident that he would not receive more than a second-degree verdict.

R. J. Vought, Captain John Hite, of Stoyestown and General A. H Coffroth left yesterday for Harrisburg to attend the Democratic State convention. The two first named gentlemen are the delegates from this county. It is said that Chairman John and John H. Uhl, Esq., are rival candidates for delegate to the Democratic National convention. The Herald will wager a big red apple that neither of them will be elected, although Somerset county is entitled to one of the district delegates. They are not for Pattison or President.

A fire broke out in the house of Andrew Coleman—better known as the Husband property—situated on the summit of the hill a mile Northwest of town at a late hour Tuesday morning. The flames were extinguished before any great damage was done.

Josiah Baldwin, who lives near Husband, a mile north of Coleman's, was attracted by the flames and ran to the scene of the fire. He had barely reached the burning building when he dropped to the ground dead. Death resulted from heart disease. Baldwin was about 55 years of age.

Now that the maple sugar season is at an end it is discovered that the quantity manufactured is less than the average seasons output The deputy collectors of Internal Revenue or "sugar deputies," as they are called, have started on their rounds to the different camps for the purpose of weighing and securing a sample of each manufacturer's product. Owners of sugar camps should keep one eye open for the sugar deputies in case they wish to take advantage of the bounty, and when they come around have them make out applications for license in 1892.

MILLER GIVES UP.

Walked into Town at Dead of Night and Surrendered to Chief of Police Gilbert.

CLAIMS HE KILLED HOCHSTETLER IN SELF-DEFENSE.

Pletcher and Garry Arrested as Accessories to the Murder.

Federal and State Officers Join in a Raid.

Pritts Still at Large.

Just as we go to press at 10 p. m. Tuesday night, Sheriff Good and several revenue agents returned from the moonshine district. They brought John Reese, an illicit distiller with them, John H. Miller another illicit distiller was taken to Pittsburgh. Only two illicit stills were captured. The other members are near Trent guarding a house in which it is believed Bill Pritts is in hiding.

MILLER SURRENDERS.

Shortly before 8 o'clock Thursday morning William C. Miller, for whom detective Fisher and a posse of men from Rockwood had been vainly hunting for four or five days stalked into town and surrendered to Policeman Gilbert, the solitary guardian of the town. He was accompanied by his brother Levi and Geo. Chopson, a neighbor. Policeman Gilbert heard the footfalls of the three men as they came tramping up Main street and stepping into the doorway at Frease and Koover's store waited until they came up. Gilbert cried halt when the men came in front of him.

"Is that you, Solomon?" asked the spokesman of the party.

"That's who it is," replied Gilbert, and stepping into the street where he could see the faces of the men exclaimed: "My God, Billy is this you?"

"Yes it is," answered Miller, "and I want to give myself up. Solomon I want you to take charge of me and see that I am protected."

"All right Billy," said the policeman, who had known the "General" since a boy, and he led the way to the borough lock up where the little band took seats around the stove and remained until 6 o'clock, when the "General" suggested. "Let's go to a hotel and get something to eat. It may be the last meal we will ever eat together."

The others consented and the policeman led the way to the Park Hotel. When they reached the hotel Miller remarked that he was tired and would like to have a drink of whiskey. He was given a drink and after breakfast the party returned to the lock up. At Miller's request the policeman went to a store and purchased a pair of shoes and a pair of pantaloons for him, and after he had put them on he said, "now I am ready to go to the jail." A sharp rap at the jail door brought Turnkey William Good to it and as he swung it open the party stepped inside. Policeman Gilbert quietly remarked: "Tell the Sheriff that Billy Miller is here and wants to give himself up."

In a few minutes the Sheriff put in an appearance and after searching the prisoner conducted him to a cell. A few hours later a Herald reporter was admitted to the corridor of the prison where he was introduced to Miller by Deputy Sheriff Barron. Miller was consulting with his brother Levi and George Chopson at the time. After shaking hands with the reporter he asked him to wait until he was through with his conversation.

Presently Levi extended his hand and said, "well, William I must be going." He left the corridor with tears streaming down his cheeks.

"My poor brother," said the General turning to the reporter, "his heart is nearly broken over this affair." His eyes too were filled with tears and his voice quivered.

The General is an entirely different looking man from the William Miller of three weeks ago. Then he wore a full bushy black beard, now his cheeks are cleanly shaven and his beard has been very much abbreviated. None but an old and familiar acquaintance would recognize him.

"General," said the reporter, "I'd like to have your story of this affair for the Herald."

"General Seigle is the name my enemies call me," answered Miller. Old Yoney Hochstetler gave it to me and it made me mad. General Seigle was a rebel and a bad man and "Yoney" tried to make it appear that I was the leader of a band of outlaws. It was for that reason that he gave me the name, and I don't like to be called by it.

"There has been so much misrepresentation about this matter that I guess I had better set myself straight. Hochstetler was a bad man and I killed him in self-defense. The trouble between us is of long standing. Five or six years ago a doctor by the name of Hunter came to our section. Hochstetler at once took it into his head that Hunter was a spy sent out to watch the moonshiners, and approached me at least fifty times in regard to killing Hunter, but I would have nothing to do with such a job. I never stole horses nor made counterfeit money and I didn't want to commit murder.

One night about 1 o'clock Hochstetler woke me up. He had a rifle with him, and swore if I didn't go with him to Indian Head and help kill Hunter he would kill me. I refused positively to go, and from that day Hochstetler was my bitter enemy. On another occasion I saw him chasing his wife with a knife in his hand, swearing he won'd kill her. I interfered, and again he threatened me. Hochstetler put all sorts of stories into circulation intending to ruin my standing.

"Two years ago the Freundschoft, or illeit distillers organization, was broken up. Old Hochstetler at once set about organizing another one—the "New Constitution" they called it. Old Hochstetler was the head man and he made the laws and oaths the members were required to subscribe to. All members had to swear that they would follow out the decrees of the New Constitution in every particular. The oath taken required every man to follow Hochstetler, and when he said a man should suffer death all we had to do was to go and assist in the murder. All new converts were sprinkled with whisky.

A SEAL ON HIS HEAD.

"I declined to sign the new constitution, and Hochstetler came to me in regard to the matter and said: 'Come on, Bill, and fall into line again and be a true man.' I declined positively to sign, and it was then that he set his seal upon my head. Young Bill Hochstetler was his first lieutenant, and they made life as miserable for me as hell itself must be. They named me 'Gen. Seigel' as a term of reproach because you know was a soldier, and by that name I became known throughout the neighborhood. The New Constitution gang wrote to the government authorities and told them that I was guilty of high treason. I never heard such big words before, but I supposed as a matter of course it meant that I was violating the law and had taken up arms against the government.

"The New Constitution gang were not only illicit distillers, but were outlaws. They were ready to rob or steal from anyone, and it would not have been safe for a stranger to have passed through that country. When the raid was made in January Hochstetler told the gang that I was the traitor who had betrayed them. God knows I never said a word against them, but it soon became evident that they meant to kill me. Hochstetler carried a large two-edged knife in his belt and swore that he would cut my head off. There is lots of moonshine made up there, of course. I only made applejack myself—only enough for my own use, and I could not have been arrested for that.

"Hochstetler was making whisky at his still the day of the raid, but he wasn't disturbed, and that goes to show that he is being protected by the government. After the raid they reported that I was to be arrested, and after being tied hand and foot was to be made crawl on my hands and knees to Pittsburgh, receiving a kick at every jump. Now I don't want to say anything about the killing of Hochstetler, but it was done in self defense. Pritts and I arranged to capture Old Yoney, tie him and turn him over to the authorities. I was afraid to make any information against him for fear he would burn my house or shoot me. When I halted him on the road he didn't see Pritts or Bob. He picked up a stone and said: 'Now I have you where I want you.' He threw the stone at me, but hit the gun. He then picked up another stone and came towards me in a threatening manner I struck him with the gun, but had no idea of killing him, and I am sorry that I did.

"The last I saw of Pritts was Friday morning. I don't know where he is, but my brother Levi will hunt him up and bring him here to jail. He didn't strike Hochstetler, but will be an important witness for me. I didn't leave my own land after Friday morning; was in sight of the house nearly all the time. I saw the officers hunting for me, but I knew they would make a big splurge about it if they caught me, so I concluded to go to town and give myself up to the sheriff."

REVENUE AGENTS MAKE A RAID.

At 10 o'clock Monday night a posse of twenty men left Somerset for Trent for the purpose of raiding all the illicit stills in the Laurel Hill Mountain and capturing Bill Pritts if possible. In the posse were four or five prominent officials of the Internal Revenue Department, Sheriff Good and Chief of Police Gilbert. At Trent they were joined by detective Fisher, constable Du Pont, 'Squire Gildner and others from Rockwood.

Special Revenue Agent Culbertson, under who's direction the raid is being made, expects to capture not less than six illicit stills before returning to town.

"The murder of Hochstetler was not a great surprise to me," said Mr. Culbertson to a Herald reporter. "I knew him well and all that I have to say is that it was a fortunate thing for Miller and Pritts that he was not armed. I can't understand how he came to be without a gun. He always carried one and he knew that his life was in danger. He mailed a letter to me the afternoon he was murdered that I have in my pocket now. Hochstetler was in the moonshine business as deep as any of those people up there. I visited his place about three weeks ago. At that time I told him he must quit the moonshine business or I would have to arrest him. Take my advice "Yony." I said and cut your still into as many pieces as possible and scatter the pieces over the mountain, because if I find it your a goner sure enough. The old fellow laughed and pointing to a pile of mash in the corner of the room said, "what will I do with that." Feed it to your hogs, I replied. 'That's wasting it," said "Yonny" "and I'll run it off and then follow your advice." He had given me much valuable information in regard to Miller's band and for that reason I didn't care about arresting him until we made a raid on the entire band.

"Hochstetler was as courageous as any man I ever knew and I believe he would have killed the three men whohalted him on the road had he been armed.

THE U. S. AUTHORITIES NOT BLAMELESS.

United States Marshall Harrah has had warrants in his hands since the 28th day of January for the arrest of William C. Miller and six or seven members of his moonshine band. Presumably the reason why he did not have the men arrested was because there was little or no money in the job for him. Had he performed his duties the murder of Hochstetler would probably have been prevented. It certainly would not have occurred at this time."

THE MOONSHINE DISTRICT.

The "moonshine district" is in the extreme western part of the county, where the boundaries of Fayette and Westmoreland counties meet on the border line of Middlecreek township. There has probably been no moonshine whisky made nearer than three miles beyond Trent, but after Trent is passed a change is perceptible in the character of the inhabitants and the "country people," where there are no General Seigels, so hospitable and obliging, become a set of churls. If a stranger wants a meal they have just enough in the house for the family, and sell it, if at all about as grudgingly as they would part with their mountain farms for nothing. Horse feed is next to impossible to get, and there are full grown men and women within five miles of Trent who will say they do not know the way there. Of course, there are a few people who have no friendship for Miller but their number is extremely small and they are disposed to attend strictly to their own business, if he will let them. It is not to be wondered at if even they refuse aid to revenue officers. But the orderloving people in the terrorized district see in the murder of old "Yoney Hochstetler" the means of their deliverance and believe that when his slayers have been punished the business of making whisky without the sanction of the Government will have been disposed of, at least for years to come.

THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT REFUSED TO INTERFERE.

Wednesday noon Special Agent Culbertson of the Internal Revenue Department arrived in Somerset. Sheriff Good was at Centreville holding a sale. Mr. Culbertson at once drove to that place and held an interview with him. Sheriff Good had telegraphed the Commissioner of Internal Revenue that morning asking for the assistance of government detectives in running the murderers down. At the close of the interview Special Revenue Agent Culbertson wrote a letter to commissioner Mason asking for instructions. He then returned to Somerset.

WANTED A PRICE SET ON THE GENERAL'S HEAD.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday night detective Fisher called Special Agent Culbertson out of the Sheriff' office and submitted a proposition. He agree for $200 to hand over Miller and Pritts to the United States Marshall. This proposition was submitted to commissioner Mason by telegraph. The commissioner replied early Thursday morning that the Federal authorities could not offer a reward for commonwealth prisoners. In the afternoon Mr. Culbertson went before the county commissioners and told that body that he knew a man who would agree to deliver Pritts over to the Sheriff of the county, providing they would offer a reward for his arrest. This proposition was refused. The commissioners holding that the murder of Hochstetler was brought about through a feud created by the Federal authorities and that the county was no more interested in the capture of Miller and Pritts than the Internal Revenue Department. "I can assure you the Department will not interfere," said Mr. Culbertson, before retiring from the commissioner's office "and should its officers arrest Pritts he will be turned over to the United States Marshall and not to the county of Somerset."

Mr. Culbertson left for Pittsburgh Thursday evening. Before leaving he expressed himself as satisfied that illicit whisky making will not be resumed in the Laurel Hill for many years, now that Hochstetler is dead and Miller is in prison.

It is understood that detective Fisher is the man who made the proposition to deliver Miller and Pritt's and after Miller had surrendered renewed his proposition as to Pritts.

Fisher is not an officer of the Internal Revenue Department, but is known as a 'spotter." His business is to hunt up moonshiners and when he has them located to inform the Internal Revenue Dspartment and assist in their capture. He receives a reward of $50 for every illicit still captured under his direction. Fisher located the illicit stills in the Laurel Hill moonshine districts and wormed the secrets of the band out of old "Yony" Hochstetler and "Billy Gabe." He is intimately acquainted with the mountain back of Trent and there is not a partical of doubt that he had General Seigle located and was only waiting for a price to be set on his head before capturing him.

It is believed too that Miller knew he could not escape Fisher's vigilence and for that reason he voluntarily surrendered.

PLETCHER AND GARRY IN JAIL.

Monday night detective Fisher, Fred Dupont anp 'Squire Gildner left Rockwood for the moonshine district, determined to bring in Miller and Pritts dead or alive. After a vain search of all the houses and barns in the neighborhood of Miller and Pritts's homes they concluded to arrest "Abe" Pletcher and "Jake" Garry as accessories after the fact to the murder of Hochstetler, and bring them here to jail. Pletcher and Garry it will be remembered spent the night following the murder with Miller and Pritts and it was believed that they would continue to harbor the murderers. They were brought here Wednesday evening.

Pletcher and Garry are typical moonshiners, both wear long hair and scraggy beards. When they were taken into the jail the first person to meet them was Bob Miller.

"Hello, Abe," cried young Miller.

"Hello, Bob," answered Abe.

The same salutation was exchanged with Garry, and then the three men walked to the end of the corridor and entered into an earnest conversation. They talked in low tones, but Garry was heard to remark, "well Bob, I guess they'll have us all in here before long" Bob's reply was made in so low a tone that it could not be heard by any one save Garry.

Both Pletcher and Garry refused to be interviewed, but gave it as their opinion that General Seigle and Pritts would never be taken.

When asked if they thought the General would show fight they said they really didn't know.

THE GENERAL WRITING HISTORY.

Miller was closeted with one of his lawyers all day Saturday. They occupied a cell in the hospital ward in the county jail. Ex-Judge Baer, who has taken charge of the "General's" case, instructed one of his assistants to write out a full history of Miller's life from his boyhood days down to the present. This is being done in order to enable the lawyers to sift out the good they may be able to find in Miller's notable career and prepare concise statements of the Hochstetler murder from the moonshine standpoint. It is safe to say that few, if any, blood and thunder novels would prove more entertaining than a history of Miller's life told in his own language. There is no probability that the history will be given to the public until after a jury has determined whether or not Miller shall die with a rope around his neck. Miller appears to be suffering under a hallucination that government detectives are still huning for him, and it is difficult to persuade him to talk upon any other subject.

FATHER AND SON MEET.

The fact that he is to be tried for murdering Hochstetler seems never to have entered Miller's mind for a minute, and his only fear is that the Internal Revenue officers will get hold of him. Friday evening Sheriff Good conducted Bob Miller to his father's cell. The meeting between the "General" and his son was of the most pathetic character. As soon as Bob entered the cell both men began to cry, and it was fully fifteen minutes before either of them spoke a word. Their sobs could be heard throughout the prison, and as if touched by the old man's emotion, the other inmates of the jail remained silent. Finally the "General" controlled his agitation, and said: "Bob, we must get you out of here; you have committed no crime, and you must go home to your family." "Poor old dad; poor old daddy," was all Bob could exclaim between sobs, while tears trickled down his cheeks. The interview between father and son lasted fully an hour, but in that time no reference was made to the murder of Hochstetler or as to who would take charge of Miller's illicit still during his enforced absence.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL'S WIFE.

William C. Miller's wife was interviewed by a reporter before the General surrendered. She painted the murdered man as black as any one has yet described her husband. Following is her story:

"I do not wish to shield my husband, and hope he will be captured. They will not hang him because he is crazy. The threats of old "Yoney" Hochstetler made him so. For weeks he has hardly dared to go off of his place alone lest he should meet Hochstetler lying in wait to kill him. Hochstetler was a dreadful man. Years ago he and my husband were great friends. Hochstetler taught William to make whisky, and they carried on the business together. Some years ago a new doctor named Hunter moved into the country and old Yoney thought he was a Government spy. He proposed to my husband that they two should ambush, capture and kill him. William was not then nearly so bad as I admit he afterward became, and he was horrified. Old Yoney got very angry at his refusal, but still their friendship did not close altogether until he proposed that William should help him forge and pass a note on Powell Miller, one of my husband's relatives. William got angry at him then, and would have nothing to do with him afterwards. Their quarrel had been growing more bitter year by year and month by month. Old Hochstetler made continual threats to kill William and to burn up his house with his family in it. It preyed upon my husband so that he lost his mind. He was always good to us before, but of late he has often been so violent that none of us could stay in the house. It was his insanity that caused him to drive Alfred away from home. He wouldn't live away nights, and lay awake nights and groan with fear of old man Hochstetler coming upon us and firing the house. One day, a few months before the revenue raid, William sold some cattle and went with the buyer to take them to Somerset. He had to come through Trent late at night, and old Hochstetler, who was there, heard about it, and taking a cut through the woods intercepted and fired at him from behind a tree. His horse shied at something as the shot was fired, and the jump saved my husband's life. By the flash of the gun he plainly saw Hochstetler's face."

WHO HOCHSTETLER WAS.

Jonathan Hochstetler, the murdered man, came from the southern part of Washington county, and located in the mountain back of Trent about 40 years ago. Ever since that time he has been engaged in manufacturing "moonshine" whiskey. He taught the mountaineers of that section the art and was unquestionably the leader of the "moonshine" band for many years. He was a great, rough specimen of humanity, always ready for a fight with his neighbors and now that he is dead few regrets if any are to be heard among those who were acquainted with him.

"BILLY GABE'S" STORY.

William Hochstetler, who tells this story, is a son of Gabriel Hochstetler, a resident of Ohio. Jonathan Hochstetler also has a son William, and to distinguish the two boys, the former was designated "Billy Gabe," and by that name only he is known to the moonshiners and farmers of the region about Trent. "Billy Gabe" came to Trent about four years ago. He is a short, slender man about 32 years of age and claims to be a blacksmith by trade. He has not done much at his trade since he came to Trent. He lives all alone and it is generally believed that he is a half-owner in his uncle "Yoney's" still. It was Billy who furnished the Government officers with the information that led to the raid in January. "Yoney" was afraid to be seen talking to a stranger and "Billy" was the gobetween that met the officers in Colborn's law office and delivered his uncle's messages.

Following is the story story he told two days following the murder:

"Uncle Jonathan expected the moonshine gang to try to kill him, but was not looking for it so soon, and for some time we have been quietly disposing of our property and getting ready to leave the country. I have sold my land, but have not yet received the money. My goods are packed, but I shall have to leave them behind. If I shall get safely to a railroad I shall go West at once. Uncle told me much about the secrets of the freundschoft, or moonshiners' relationship, but he never said he had belonged to it. He always seemed to me to run his stills independent of the others, and I knew of his making whisky for a good many years. He told me there were some 25 or 30 members of the organization, and they held their meetings at William C. Miller's house.

"They took an oath invoking many penalties, to stand by each other and to fight the revenue officers to the death rather than to allow any of their numbers to be taken. New members took this oath standing before the others, ranged in semi-circles, their rifles pointed at the candidates' hearts. After it was administered Miller baptized them in whisky and administered a special oath to be true to him, as general, and declaring their lives forfeited and their souls damned, if they broke it. This they called the 'Black Oath.' The first was the 'White Oath.' I located all the stills which were to have been captured last winter, and if we had got all our men my uncle's life would not have been lost. After the raids had been made and the revenue officers were still here, I received a threatening letter, which I showed to Marshal Harrah and secured his permission to carry weapons. Being unmarried I would have lived with my relatives, but knew that my presence meant danger to them. So I lived alone in a cabin, and never ventured abroad unless armed to the teeth.

"On one occasion I was tracked for over three miles by men whom I could not recognize, but whom I saw from turns in the road, carefully tracing the path I had come over. If they had seen me then they would have shot me. Since the murder they have had spies surrounding the houses of myself and relatives. I stayed with the relatives of Uncle Jonathan Monday night, but received word from Uncle Jacob, who has a friend in the gang, that they were watching the house for a chance to kill me. I left it then, because if they had come upon and fired it the others could have come out in safety while I would have been shot down like a dog. As soon as this large body of men leaves here the leaders will come out of their hiding places and burn everything I leave behind, perhaps the houses of all the relatives of the old man whom they have slain. Uncle Jacob did not venture out of doors to feed his stock on Friday night."

SUSPICION OF THE MOONSHINERS.

For years past every stranger whose business compelled him to pass through the moonshine country learned almost as soon as he had gotten a mile beyond Trent that his steps were being dogged by unknown parties. Frequently a horseman would follow the stranger, always managing to keep in sight and never coming up with him. The report of a gun shortly after he had passed one of the rudely built houses by the roadside would invariably bring a response from a point a mile ahead. Inquiries at any of the houses as to the road or distance were always unsatisfactory. The women and children were apparently dumb as oysters and would only grunt in response to questions. It is said that they have messengers who on foot can beat any person to a given point by means of short cuts through the woods. It is not an unusual occurrence to pass a man on the road and to find that he has arrived at a house four or five miles ahead before you. One of the most interesting stories told in regard to the precautions taken to avoid an unexpected visit from a detective was told to a Herald reporter one day recently.

A Somerset furniture dealer was on his way to visit relatives in Westmoreland county, and soon after leaving Trent he discovered that he was being followed by a man on horseback. He whipped up his horses, but his pursuer would not permit him to escape from his sight. Finally becoming alarmed at his pursuer's constant presence the furniture dealer stopped at a farm house. The woman who met him at the door recognized him as a gentleman from whom she had made a purchase a few days before. He told her of the strange conduct of the man following him. The woman smiled and putting her hand to her mouth cried at the top of her voice: "This man is a furniture dealer from Somerset."

The furniture dealer was permitted to go on his way after this without being further annoyed by the man who had followed him for several hours.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

There is good foundation for "General Seigle's" allegation that Hochstetler had organized a band of outlaws three or four years ago.

About two-and a-half years ago one of the best known school teachers of Milford township was tramping over the mountain back of Trent. The day was hot and the teacher sat down on a log by the road side to rest. Suddenly he was seized from behind by two men. A struggle followed. Finally freeing himself from the grasp of the rascals the teacher struck one of them, knocking him down, but in return received a stab in the arm and another that cut through his coat and vest but failed to reach his body from a knife in the hands of the second man. Finding that he was unequally matched the teacher fled. When he stopped running he found that his pantaloon pockets had been turned wrong side out and had been relieved of several dollars in silver.

Note! Goods for Sale.

100 bags Linseed Oil Cake Meal.

100 bags all Choice Western Timothy Seed,

Limited Supply all Choice Western Clover Seed.

1000 bushels Choice Western No. 2 White Oats, for Seed.

Retpectfully,
Cook & Beerits.

Church Dedication.

The new Lutheran church at Addison, Pa., will be dedicated to the services of the Lord Sunday, April 24th. The morning services, at 10 a. m., will be conducted by R. F. Kerr, a former pastor. Communion services will be held in the afternoon. The public is cordially invited to be present.

Wanted for Cash.

25 barrels Choice Maple Sugar—new crop preferred.

1000 pounds Choice New Crop Maple Sugar—in small cakes.

500 gallons Choice New Crop Maple Molasses—in one-gallon tins.

Respectfully,
Cook & Beerits.

Fertilizers.

At my wareroom and for shipment on and after March 28th, Fertilizers for Spring and Summer Crops. Potato manure, corn, vegetable and garden truck, of high grades, and guaranteed. Give it a trial. Bradley's is good. Goods new and fresh. No old stock.

A. C. Davis, Somerset, Pa.

A Hint to Ladies.

Delicate cakes and puddings can be baked successfully in the Cinderella Stoves and Ranges. The large, high oven insures uniform baking, and no burning on the top. Sold and guaranteed by Jas. B. Holderbaum, Somerset, Pa.

Wall Paper!

Good paper without gold, at 2 to 5c per bolt; paper with gold, 3, 5 and 10cts per bolt; extra fine gold embossed paper at 15cts. We buy wall paper by the car load.

S. C. Hartley & Co.,
Meyersdale, Pa

Phosphate for Oats and Corn.

I will have a car load of phosphate ready for delivery at Rockwood, April 8th. Send in your orders.

C. B. Moore,
New Lexington, Pa.

Wanted at Once.

10 barrels choice Maple Sugar—new crop.
2000 pounds New Maple Sugar—cakes in bricks.
500 gallons Maple Molasses—in gallon cans.
500 bushels Potatoes—for cash or trade.

Kantner & Platt.

All New!

New Spring Millinery Goods this week at Mrs. A. E. Uhl's.

Republican County Convention.

CHAIRMAN BIESECKER RE-ELECTED. "COL. DAN." LARGELY IN THE SOUP.

The Convention of Republican Committeemen held in the Court House Tuesday afternoon was largely attended, only three precincts in the County being unrepresented.

Chairman Biesecker called the Convention to order, when A. J. Sembower, of Upper Turkeyfoot, and L. D. Sloe, of Shade, were unanimously chosen as Vice Presidents of the Convention.

H. F. Barron and J. C. Lowry, Esq., were appointed tellers and Chauncey Dickey, of Somerset township, and W. H. Miller, of Stonycreek township, clerks.

Chairman Biesecker was re-elected for another year on the first ballot; his opponent, "Col." D. J. Horner, only receiving eight votes. The gentleman who placed "Col." Horner in nomination moved that the election of Mr. Biesecker be made unanimous, and it was accordingly done.

J. C. Lowry, Esq., was elected Chairman *pro tem*, and Hon. A. J. Colborn, A. J. Hileman and A. J. Sembower were elected members of the Executive Committee.

The vote cast at the primary election Saturday was computed and the result announced.

The following resolutions were submitted and were unanimously adopted by the Convention:

Whereas: the Republican party of Somerset county adheres with unswerving fidelity to the principles as announced in the platforms of its National and State Conventions and as represented by its martyred leaders, Lincoln, Garfield and their worthy Republican Presidential successors. Born as the party of freedom the Republican party in its more than 35 years of growth confidently points to its record in the past with all its pledges fulfilled; animated with a single continuous aim to promote the interest of this important Presidential election, in which the signal gun of victory from Rhode Island opens the campaign, the Republicans of Somerset county declare:

1st. Their confidence in, and approval of, the administration of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, who has proved himself equal to the requirements of his great office.

2nd. The choice of the Republicans of this county for United States Senator at the next election is Hon. Matthew S. Quay, and the candidates this day nominated for the Legislature, if elected, are requested to vote for him. Our generous support, we are confident, will be justified by Senator Quay by such a representation of the great interests of Pennsylvania in the highest council of the nation as will reflect credit upon himself and honor upon the State.

3rd. The unanimous support of Hon. Ed Scull, by the Republicans of this county, is a merited tribute to his ability and worth. He has closely identified himself with the business interests of this district, and his election will continue to the people an efficient and trustworthy representative in Congress.

4th. We heartily endorse the renomination of the Hon. E. D. Miller and J. C. Weller to the Legislature, approving their former course as members of the House of Representatives.

5th. We heartily endorse the able and efficient manner in which our Chairman, Frederick W. Biesecker, has discharged the duties of his office and his faithful adherence to the rules governing the Republican party of our county.

While the clerks were engaged in casting up the returns of Saturday's primary, Hon. A. J. Colborn was called upon and responded with a speech that made glad the hearts of his hearers. He was frequently interrupted by applause, and at the close of his remarks the applause was long continued. The Convention was a most enthusiastic and harmonious one.

An Alleged Bedford Forger Caught.

Bedford, Pa., April 11.—It is learned this evening that H. C. Smith, who is wanted here to answer two charges of forgery and one of embezzlement, has been arrested at Cumberland, and is now awaiting the arrival of requisition papers, when he will be brought here for trial. True bills were found against him by the Grand