The Somerset Herald.

EDWARD SCULL, Editor and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY ..... Nov. 1, 1893.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

Election, Tuesday, November 7th.

STATE.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT:
HON. D. NEWLIN FELL, Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
COL. S. M. JACKSON, Armstrong.

COUNTY.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE,
D. J. HORNER, of Somerset Borough.
FOR SHERIFF,
EDWARD HOOVER, of Berlin Borough.
FOR PROTHONOTARY,
F. P. SAYLOR, of Somerset Borough
FOR REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JACOB S. MILLER, of Quemahoning Twp.
FOR TREASURER,
E. E. PUGH, of Somerset Twp.
FOR COMMISSIONERS,
S. U. SHORER, of Somerset Twp.
HENRY F. BARNETT, of Somerset Twp.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JACOB McGREGOR, of Shade Twp.
FOR AUDITORS,
SAMUEL C. FOX, of Somerset Twp.
WILLIAM W. BAKER, of Somerset Twp.

ARE you ready to vote? Remember that next Tuesday is election day!

IF you like the present Democratic times and are pleased with future prospects under free trade, march right up to the polls next Tuesday and say so. But if you want to restore the times we had a year ago, you can say so. You have your choice, and your vote counts.

WHEN did Congress meet? In August. What did it do in August? It talked. What did it do in September? It did some more talking. And what about October? Well, it just knocked out the bung, threw the throttle valve wide open, and one man talked some sixteen hours without being the least tired. It is a cyclone year.—*Inter Ocean.*

THE repeal of the silver purchasing bill with the Voorhees amendment attached passed the Senate on Monday last by a vote of 43 yeas to 32 nays. Of course the House will concur, and the bill will at once receive the signature of the President and become a law. As the Democrats have laid all our present financial difficulties upon this bill, it follows of course that a restoration of prosperity and general good times will at once follow. Hold out your hats, fellow citizens, and get your share.

WEST VIRGINIA Democrats are kicking at putting coal on the free list. Let them kick. They will have lots of company among their brethren before the tariff bill, now being framed, becomes a law. They all voted for Cleveland and free trade, and the wry faces they make about taking their medicine would be gratifying as well as amusing if they alone were the sufferers, but as by an immutable law of nature the rain falls upon the just as well as on the unjust, so the whole country must suffer for their pig-headed folly.

AS soon as the silver bill is out of the way Congress will take up the bill to overthrow protection and introduce free trade. Our American industries must go to the wall, in favor of the languishing industries of Great Britain. Our factories must remain idle while the country is glutted with the products of foreign pauper labor, and our farmers must seek a foreign market for their produce instead of having it at their doors. This is the intent and meaning of the proposed tariff legislation by the party now controlling the government, and this will be the result if the Republican minority in Congress cannot by dilatory and obstructive measures prevent it.

THE New York *Sun*, that has hitherto swallowed anything and everything labeled Democratic, makes the following vigorous and truthful protest against the proposition to help eke out the necessary revenues of the government under a free trade law by the imposition of an income tax:

Once only in the history of the United States has the federal government found it necessary to impose and attempt to collect an income tax.

That was under the stress of civil war. The tax was forced by the enormous expenditures of a government engaged in military and naval operations on a gigantic scale. The income tax was a war measure, a last resort, a revenue expedient obnoxious in itself, but justified by the necessity that knows no choice.

A Democratic Administration has now been in power for a little more than six months; six months of profound peace.

Has Democratic rule for six months brought the country to a condition equivalent to that resulting from the stress of war, with half the country in arms to conquer the other half? Has Democratic rule proved such a misfortune that resort is necessary for the second time in our national experience to the calamity tax, the extreme expedient and last effort of the taxing power?

THAT Somerset County will go Republican admits of not the slightest doubt, but she ought to go Republican with a hurrah. Every Republican voter should file his protest against the shocking maladministration of public affairs which has brought the present financial distress and hard times upon us. Make the majority a corker, and put the stamp of your disapprobation on the free trade, free silver, ballot swindling Democratic party now running the country to the dogs. Pennsylvania will speak with no uncertain voice, but we want the Republicans of this county to help lend volume to her thunderous tones.

What if the county ticket in its entirety does not please you? What if some of the candidates are not of your choice? What if you think that in some instances the deserving have been overlooked and the undeserving have been promoted? The ticket represents the party and its principles, and for the sake of these should receive undivided support. Principles, not men, is the touch-stone of true Republicanism. In unity lies our strength. Let us have an old-time majority that we can point to with gratification in the future.

IT looks now, although the result is not certain, as if the silver question will be disposed of during the present week. The Democrats have abundantly demonstrated by this prolonged struggle their utter incapacity to govern the country, and their total inability or unwillingness to redeem their solemnly made platform pledges. With a majority of five in the United States Senate, they have wasted almost three months in fruitless wrangles and buncome speeches over the repeal of a law which they denounced in their platform as a "miserable makeshift," and which they have tenaciously insisted is the sole cause of all our present financial troubles. Meanwhile, thousands of soi- [illegible] to bankruptcy, scores of thousands of laboring men have been thrown out of employment and property values have been reduced many millions of dollars. It is useless to hope for wise or patriotic legislation from the demagogues and schemers, the Hills and Gormans of the Senate who now hold possession of the government. It is party before country, and self before all with this class of "statesmen" who are wantonly and wickedly sacrificing the interests of the country. The people who a year since voted for a change have themselves alone to blame, and the only thing they can now do in partial reparation of that grave folly is, at the coming election, to protest by their votes against the course now pursued by the party in absolute control of the government.

EVEN since the war many of the Southern States have been ruled by fraud and terrorism. Lynchings, scourgings and manifold brutalities have gone unpunished; laws have been set at naught, particularly those controlling the franchise, and terrorism was resorted to when any desired end was to be accomplished. For years the people in many of the Southern States have sown to the wind and now they are reaping the whirlwind. They have winked at lawlessness until lawlessness has almost become the rule, and now a reign of terror prevails throughout the cotton planting States, caused by certain planters determining that cotton shall not be ginned and sold at the present low rates. Notices are served on farmers and planters that they must not sell cotton under ten cents per pound, and disobedience is followed by the destruction of their gathered crops by fire. Already the losses are said to amount to many thousands of dollars.

Think of Northern farmers not being allowed to exercise their own judgment as to the time and price for the sale of their wheat, corn and other products, under penalty of having them destroyed! This wholesale outbreak of violence may cause a reaction, may terrorize citizens into rallying for support of the laws, may awaken a conscience which has apparently slept for many years, and may compel an observance of the laws controlling the civil and political rights of all citizens, regardless of race or conditions. It makes a wonderful difference as to whose ox is gored, or when evil deeds, like chickens, come home to roost.

Repeal and Re-enactment.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Unless the Senate come to its rescue the United States of America soon will be the only civilized country in the world in which National elections are wholly freed from National supervision or control. The repeal of the Federal election laws is a declaration that the dangerous doctrine of State sovereignty, which thirty-three years ago became a cause of war, and which was believed to have been overcome by the sword, still survives, and survives lustily. It amounts to this, that States in which elections undeniably, nay boastfully, are carried by the forcible or fraudulent suppression of the votes of a majority of resident citizens are to be permitted to send lawlessly elected Representatives and Senators to Congress, and by so doing to give National supremacy to a party that is a National minority. It is a grave evil that will befall us, unless the Senate interpose for righteousness.

Strangely, it appears that the Populist members of Congress voted for the repeal of the laws that were their sole defenses. There will not be a solitary Southern State in which any third party, Populist, Silver, Socialist, Labor, or otherwise will have a ghost of a chance in any election involving National issues if Federal protection be withdrawn from voters.

But the question involves issues far superior to the fate of any political party. As the ex-President well puts it, "We cannot have good and pure government without honest elections." It is impossible. Legislators elected by force or fraud will legislate favorably to the dangerous minority to whom they owe their places, rather than to the welfare of the Nation. Laws made for sectional or for partisan purposes, for the benefit of a minority, in fact, will fall into contempt of the majority and will be disobeyed. Strife is an inevitable outcome of dishonest legislation, and dishonest legislation is an inevitable outcome of dishonest elections.

Mr. Harrison, however, looks hopefully ahead. No matter if the Senate should follow the House in voting repeal of the election laws, the repeal will be but for a while. "The people will not permit it," says the late President. "They are too intelligent and too patriotic to surrender the rights for which their fathers fought." This is true. The revolutionary war was for self government, the war of the rebellion was a war between those who held to the idea that Congress was an assembly of ambassadors of petty sovereign States and those who held that it was an assembly of representatives of the people. In each case victory was with the people. It ever will be.

It is too early to forecast the action of the people in framing new laws for the regulation of National elections, in the event of the Senate's confirming the repealing action of the House. But it is not too early to prophesy that less than four years hence there will be a Congress and a President pledged to the enactment of such laws as will make it certain that a laborer living in Georgia shall have as full and as free a voice in choosing a Senator or a Congressman who is to legislate on matters affecting his wages as is exercised by the laborer who lives in Illinois.

Their Search Ended.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 25.—Seven unemployed men in search of work boarded a train of coal and oil cars at Market street to-night and at Dock street the car on which they were riding jumped a switch, wrecking several cars of a west bound train.

Four of the unfortunates were crushed to death under the iron mass. Richard Doyle, a railroader of Pittsburg, is the only dead body identified. The bodies were horribly mangled.

All of the men were from the western part of the State, bound to Philadelphia in search of employment. Two of the dead men were boilermakers and two railroad men.

She Saved the Cash.

HOLLIDAYSBURG, Pa., Oct. 26.—Four masked men broke into the residence of George Bossler, near Duncanville, Blair county, last night. Bossler was held in check by a drawn revolver while the house was ransacked. Meanwhile Mrs. Bossler hid a sum of money in her stocking.

The robbers attacked her, and in their endeavors to secure the treasure tore every strip of clothing from the woman's back. She scratched and bit her assailants and forced them finally to leave. The badly lacerated faces of the outgeneraled men were seen at Cresson this morning, but they managed to escape arrest.

Far and Wide.

Not on this broad continent alone, but in malarial breeding tropical regions, in Guatemala, Mexico, South America, the Isthmus of Panama and elsewhere, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters affords to inhabitants and sojourners protection against malaria. The miner, the freshly arrived immigrant, the tiller of the virgin soil newly robbed of its forests by the axe of the pioneer, find in the superb antidote a specific a preserver against the pestiferous miasma which in vast districts rich in natural resources, is yet fertile in disease. It annihilates disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, fortifies those who use it against rheumatic ailments and is fostered by outdoor exposure; infuses genial warmth into a frame chilled by a rigorous temperature, and robs of their power to harm morning and evening mists and vapors laden with horrifactes; strengthens the weak and conquers incipient kidney troubles.

CARTER HARRISON MURDERED,

The Mayor of Chicago Assassinated by an Ex-Policeman.

SHOT DOWN AT HIS HOME.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 28.—Charles Eugene Pendergast, newspaper carrier, shot and killed Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, at the front door of the Mayor's residence, 231 Ashland avenue, at 7:30 o'clock to-night. Pendergast is undoubtedly a crazy man. He rushed from his bloody work and ran several miles to the Desplaines street police station, where he cried:

"Lock me up; I've just killed Carter Harrison. He wouldn't do the square thing by me."

Three balls from Pendergast's revolver entered Mr. Harrison's body, and in an hour the Mayor was dead. At the time of the tragedy only Preston, Mr. Harrison's son, and the servants besides the Mayor, were in the house. Mary Hansen, a servant, answered a ring of the door bell, and a man on the steps inquired for Mr. Harrison. The girl informed Pendergast that the Mayor was asleep and not well enough to see visitors, but the visitor said:

"I must see him: I know he will see me, for I've come on a matter of great importance and it will be a serious matter to wait."

SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.

Mary walked to the south parlor and awakened Mr. Harrison, who was asleep on a couch. She then went back to the kitchen. The Mayor arose and went into the hall. When midway to the front door the man in waiting suddenly drew a revolver and fired three times in rapid succession. The Mayor probably had not yet seen the face of the murderer.

Each bullet entered Mr. Harrison's body. The first entered the stomach about eight inches below the heart. The second struck the Mayor's left side under the arm, ranged upwards and penetrated the heart. The third struck his left hand near the knuckle of the second finger. The latter shot was fired at such close range that Mr. Harrison's hand was blackened and scorched by the powder.

Immediately after firing the three shots Pendergast walked backward through the front door and started to leave the premises. He was followed by Mayor Harrison's private coachman and several shots were exchanged between the two men, but none took effect.

Mr. Harrison did not fall to the floor at once. He staggered back into the parlor and was able to reach a side door that leads into the butler's pantry. Here he faltered a moment and turning around, started toward the hall again.

FOUND WELTERING IN HIS GORE.

He suddenly fell backward, however, and as the door opened he sank on the floor of the pantry, falling upon his back. His son was in an upstairs room. He heard the shots fired and hastened down into the hallway. Pendergast had disappeared, but the fact that the front door was open, as was also the one leading from the hall into the parlor, led him to believe that all was not right. He hurried into the latter apartment and was soon kneeling at the side of his prostrate father.

The Mayor was still conscious, although rapidly growing weaker. His left hand, blood-stained, was resting on his left breast, near his heart, and clutched as if Mr. Harrison was in great pain.

"What's the matter father?" asked Preston, as he placed his hand on his father' forehead.

Mr. Harrison opened his eyes, and in a voice that was very weak replied:

"I've been shot and am going to die; I cannot live, Preston. Where is Annie?"

Preston did not pause to reply to his father's question relative to the one who was soon to become his bride. He hastened out through the hallway into the street. His object was, if possible, to overtake the assassin. Directly across the street from Mayor Harrison's residence lives W. J. Chalmers. He and his wife were sitting in their front parlor and heard the three shots fired.

They immediately hastened to the front door and saw Pendergast, followed by the coachman, running down Ashland avenue. At the same time they noticed that the front door of Mayor Harrison's house was open and hurried across the street to ascertain the cause of the excitement. They entered Mr. Harrison's house and Mr. Chalmers hurriedly pushed his way into the south parlor, meeting the Mayor's son. He hurried to the Mayor's side, and, taking off his overcoat, placed it beneath the dying man's head.

"I've been shot and will die," Mr. Harrison said, and he glanced up and recognized his old friend and neighbor.

"No; you are only shot in the stomach, and you will not die," Mr. Chalmers said.

"I AM DYING," HIS LAST WORDS.

"I have been shot in the heart, too," replied Mr. Harrison, "and I am now dying."

These were the last words of the murdered Mayor.

Within a short time after the shooting Pendergast gave himself up at the Desplaines street station. John Walsh, the telegraph operator, and Sergeant Barber were in the station alone at the time. Some one called up the station by telephone and asked if the rumor was true that Carter Harrison had been killed.

At this moment a man walked into the station. In his hand was a revolver. He said nothing, and for the moment no attention was paid to him. Glancing up to him presently, Desk Sergeant Walsh noticed the revolver.

"You're the man who shot Mayor Harrison," said Walsh.

"Yes, I am," replied Pendergast, "Here's what did it."

He pointed at the revolver as he spoke. By this time Sergeant Barber had seen him, and with Walsh seized the man at once and disarmed him. He offered no resistance.

"I have come to the station to give myself up," he said.

"What did you kill the Mayor for?" asked Sergeant Parker. "Oh, because he betrayed me," said Pendergast.

"Betrayed you?"

"Yes; he promised me an office and did not give it to me."

PENDERGAST WANTED AN OFFICE.

"He was to make me Corporation Counsel, but didn't keep his promise, so I killed him.

Pendergast was laboring under great mental excitement. He was trembling and could scarcely speak at times. Sergeant Barber turned him over to Patrol Sergeant McDonald, who took him below to be locked up. There he repeated his statement that he had killed the Mayor because he would not give him an office. He was able to talk only in broken sentences and was gasping for breath. He grew so weak finally that he could not stand up and was forced to sit down.

Sunday Pendergast was removed to secret custody, the place of his detention being known only to the police. There is no longer any fear of lynching. The murderer imagined that he was a reformer. He had schemes for the betterment of all mankind. He was especially interested in the welfare of Chicago and imagined that he alone could reform the abuses from which the city is suffering.

Carter H. Harrison claimed to spring from the same English stock that gave America the Harrisons, whose scions twice filled the presidential chair. He was born near Lexington, Ky., February 15, 1825, in a log cabin. He was five times elected Mayor of Chicago and was twice elected to Congress. He was by all odds the most popular citizen of Chicago.

The assassination of Mayor Harrison, has more than usual interest for the people of New Orleans, as he was to have married one of the wealthiest and most popular of her daughters.

Devlin's prices always right on Furniture and Carpets, 80 and 82 Franklin St., Johnstown.

STANTON LOSES HIS HEAD.

An Astounding Breach of International Courtesy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25.—Perpetration of an act of gross international discourtesy in saluting the rebel Brazilian admiral in Rio's harbor has cost Commodore and Acting Rear Admiral Oscar F. Stanton his command of the South Atlantic Squadron, and may lose him his shoulder straps under a court-martial's stern decree. His offense, which is peculiarly heinous, in view of our very cordial relations with the great South American Republic, fairly shocked and dumbfounded the whole Navy Department, from Secretary Herbert down. The peremptory removal of the indiscreet Commodore was one of the most startling surprises ever experienced in Washington official life.

The first reports of Commodore Stanton's action, as reported in the Berlin Norddeutsche Zeitung, were received with smiles and incredulity by State and Navy officials. A telegram from Secretary Herbert to Stanton brought a confirmatory reply, however, and Senor Mendonca, the Brazilian Minister, added further details. Secretaries Herbert and Gresham carefully consulted the documents and precedents in the diplomatic room, and decided that Commodore Stanton's act was so contrary to the requirements of the case as to call for prompt rebuke and reparation. The President coincided with this view and authorized the issue of the order of suspension. Secretary Herbert gave out this official explanation:

AN INSULT TO A FRIENDLY POWER.

"The Navy Department learned by authority late to-day, by telegram from Rear Admiral Stanton, in command of the United States naval forces of Rio de Janeiro, that this officer had saluted the flag of Admiral Mello, commanding the insurgent fleet. This salute was unauthorized by any instructions the Admiral had received. It was an unfriendly act toward a friendly power, and the Secretary of the Navy, after consulting with the President and the Secretary of the State, issued an order detaching Admiral Stanton from command of his squadron and turning it over to Captain Picking, the next officer in rank. This was in reply to a telegram of inquiry."

The Secretary would not say what further action would be taken in the Commodore's case, but it is supposed a court-martial will result.

The relations of the United States to the recognized Government of Brazil are such that it is hardly conceivable how an officer of high rank and experience could go out of his way to give official salute and recognition to the commander of a naval force, avowedly in insurrection against the Government, and actually engaged in bombarding the national capital. When the Brazilian monarchy was overthrown our Government, through Minister Adams, was the first to recognize the Provisional Government established by the republic. Both Houses of Congress, on the 19th of February, 1890, passed a resolution congratulating the people of Brazil "on their just and peaceable assumption of the powers duties and responsibilities of self government, based upon the free consent of the governed."

Captain Henry F. Picking, of the Charleston, who relieves Commodore Stanton, is an officer of experience. He has with him the cruiser Newark, Captain Silas Casey, and in three days should be joined by the Detroit, Commander William H. Brownson.

November Days.

November is a month of rainy, disagreeable days. The damp, cold air penetrates everywhere and chills the blood, laying the system open to the danger of colds, pneumonia and kindred complaints. There is but one remedy that stimulates the system and fortifies it against such attacks, and that is whiskey. Not such a whiskey as is generally palmed off on the public, but a whiskey of known purity and quality. Such a whiskey is Klein's Silver Age, Duquesne or Bear Creek Ryes. These whiskies have been before the public for many years and find favor wherever purity is required. Physicians prescribe them; hospitals use them, and every reputable dealer sells them.

They are for sale at $1 50, and $1 25 and $1 00 per quart respectively. Send for a complete catalogue and price list of all liquors mailed free. All goods neatly boxed and expressed anywhere. Address, MAX KLEIN, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

News Items.

The gold sweepings of the Philadelphia mint sell for $23,000 annually.

General Dennis F. Burke, commander of the famous "Irish Brigade" in the War of the Rebellion, died in New York on Thursday.

John Fentz, a farmer living in Baldwin township, Washington county, was assaulted by footpads on the Brownsville road Friday evening. The robbers struck the old man on the head with a club, knocked him senseless and then took all the money and other valuables he had.

It is stated that ex-Senator James G. Fair, the California millionaire, has disinherited his son, Charles Fair, who recently wedded a woman of ill repute. A clause in his will giving him half of his estate, amounting to $15,000,000, has been struck out, and a substitute added, giving him only $100.

The Chicago *Evening Post* says that the fire losses in the United States during the first nine months of 1893 were $26,840,000 greater than the corresponding period of 1892, and not less than a dozen strong companies are preparing to go out of business between now and the 1st of January.

Kansas will lose six members of the Legislature from the counties in South-western Kansas where crop failures and the opening of the Cherokee strip have almost depopulated that section of the State. According to the vote of last year the Republicans would lose four, the Democrats one and the Populists one.

Precious stones and a silver brick, the whole valued at $8000, were stolen from the Idaho exhibit in the Mines and Mining building some time Sunday night. The thief entered the pavilion, and prying open one of the cases stole 700 carats of rough opals, 32 carats of polished ones, two large cut rubies and 17 rubies in the rough, and the silver brick, which weighed 80 pounds and was valued at $1000.

The climax was reached in the Presbyterian church at Beltefonte, Pa., on Sunday, over the question of the use of fermented wine for sacramental purposes. About 20 members, including two elders, refused to partake of the wine on the ground that its being fermented rendered its use improper. The pastor, Rev. William Laurie, advocates the use of fermented wine. The opposition to use of fermented wine comes largely from the members of the Society of Christian Endeavor. This question was up before the Presbytery two weeks ago, and although 47 out of the 75 churches are now using unfermented wine for sacramental purposes, yet when it came to a vote, the advocates of the fermented juice won.

A post-mortem examination was held Saturday on the body of John Wood's child, which was fed concentrated lye Friday at Connellsville. The examination showed that the child's throat and stomach were eaten through and through in several places. Emma Buchanan, the colored nurse girl, who was suspected of thus killing the child, was captured Saturday. She became frightened and made a full confession.

According to her own admissions, she forced the child to drink the lye, which she secured from a can in the cupboard. The fluid was so strong that it burned the pan in which it was prepared. She had planned to poison the other children by putting lye in their cups, but they were saved by their mother, who discovered the lye and washed the cups. The Buchanan girl was taken to the Westmoreland County Home Saturday, but as soon as she got out of the officer's hands she escaped, and is still at large.

Miss Howard Very Ill.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30.—Miss Annie Howard, who on November 16 was to have become the bride of Mayor Harrison, is dangerously ill, and there are great fears that she will never quite recover from the dreadful shock she has sustained.

The Repeal Bill Passed.

The Great Silver Struggle Ended in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The Senate this evening at 7:30 o'clock passed the Voorhees bill for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act by a vote of 43 yeas to 32 nays.

"The Republicans are infinitely more responsible for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act than are the Democrats," shouted Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, this afternoon, as he disowned any part in the passage of the bill. "Undoubtedly," sententiously ejaculated Senator Hale, of Maine, and Senator Sherman smiled assent.

The vote by which the repeal was carried bore out the assertion of Senator Cockrell, and the Republicans are not liable to shirk the responsibility for giving to the country the financial legislation it has been clamoring for. An analysis of the vote shows that of the friends of sound finance who voted for the repeal, there were 23 Republicans and 20 Democrats. Those against the repeal and in favor of free coinage were 7 Republicans, 22 Democrats and 3 Populists. Senator Cameron again stood alone as the only silver Senator in the field.

A BATTLE IN A ROOM.

Desperate Encounter Between Officers and a Gang of Would-be Robbers and Incendiaries.

MARION, Ind., October 26.—A band of men organized in a civilized community for plunder and destruction, an attempted raid on a mercantile establishment, a desperate battle between two determined and armed men facing each other at a distance of less than 18 feet, with three others contributing bullets every second, and the accompanying details, have occupied the attention of the citizens of Summitville since 2 o'clock yesterday morning.

Summitville is a town of 1,200 inhabitants on the Cincinnati, Wabash and Michigan division of the Big Four road, 16 miles south of here. To that place, six weeks ago, George Stroud went from a neighboring town and secured a position as night watchman. Ten days ago he notified the merchants of the place that an attempt was to be made at wholesale burglary by an organized band of thieves, including a dozen or more among its members. The date had been fixed and abandoned, but an attempt would surely be made to plunder and then to burn several establishments. The first was to be the Wilkins dry goods store. In this place Deputy Sheriff Coburn, Pat Hannan and Andrew Fennimore were stationed. Coburn was armed with two revolvers and the others with similar weapons.

At 2 o'clock Dick Goodman, one of the members of the gang, appeared at a side window near the rear of the building, raised the window and went in. At the order to throw up his hands he began to shoot. Coburn responded, and Hannan and Fennimore also joined in the fusilade. Tom May, another member of the gang, then appeared at the window and took part in the affray. Goodman, directly facing Coburn in a room 18 feet wide, emptied his revolver and Coburn emptied both of his. Goodman received a shot in the abdomen from which he cannot recover, but succeeded in backing out of the window and running several squares from the building, when he fell to be captured and taken to jail at Anderson. Coburn received a trifling wound in the side. Just back of where he stood, in a space of six feet, are nine bullet holes. Over 20 shots were fired, most of them a distance of less than the width of the room.

May, the companion of Goodman, was captured by members of the Summitville, Horse Thief Detective Association, who had been patrolling the streets. Before his capture, however, over 70 shots were fired all of which were harmless. The other members of the gang escaped. The organization of plunderers is supposed to include not less than a dozen men. Officers are in pursuit of the two that escaped, and others will be arrested. The gang includes members of reputable families south of Summitville and is credited with having recently burned a saloon and dry goods store at Dundee, a village a few miles from Summitville, after having carried off a quantity of goods. A part of the dry goods were afterwards found in a straw stack on the Goodman farm. Innumerable other depredations within a radius of 20 miles from Summitville are attributed to the same gang. Stroud, the night watchman, has been admitted to the inner councils for some time. There are different theories as to why Stroud sought the position of night watchman and then divulged the schemes of the gang. The latter is supposed to have been in existence for several years.

Georgia Cotton Gins Idle.

ATLANTA, GA., Oct. 29.—The cotton raisers and gin owners of Cobb, Bartow, Paulding and Cherokee counties assembled in mass meeting at Acworth to discuss a peculiar state of affairs. On last Tuesday night every public cotton gin in the neighborhood was posted with a notice which ordered the cessation of ginning. The notice declared that no more cotton should be ginned until the price went up to 10 cents a pound, and that not only would the gins which continued to work be burned, but that any cotton grower who should haul his product to such a gin would find his house burned in return.

At first the notices were regarded as the work of idle persons, but when the extent of the territory that was posted became known it was apparent that there was a dangerous organization engaged in the work. Upon the presentation of these facts to Gov. Norton, he offered a reward of $250 each for the arrest of persons guilty of this crime.

The demoralization which followed was complete. Business was at once clogged, and the receipts in all the towns of the territory named fell off. Acworth, which usually receives at this season 200 bales of cotton a day, has not received 50, all told, since last Thursday.

Robbers Steal Tombstones.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Oct. 25.—Tombstone Robbers are carrying on an active business in Upper Hanover township. Within a few days six of the best stones in the Reformed Church graveyard have been stolen. A watch has been set for the robbers. It is believed that the stones have been used for building.

Devoured By Wild Dogs.

PORTLAND, Me., Oct. 26.—A pack of wild dogs, infesting Little Green Island, have probably devoured a lad named John Stone. The animals are a cross between the St. Bernard and the mastiff, and are monsters. Henry Stone, an eccentric character, who lives on the island as a hermit, was the only person who could subdue the beasts. On Saturday he came to the city to submit to a surgical operation and died. His son John sailed down to the island to look out for his father's property, and not having returned, is believed to have been eaten by the half-starved canines.

One Prayer in Nine Days.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct 23.—Rev. M. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain to the Senate, has enjoyed something of a sinecure lately. As the legislative day of Tuesday of last week is still constructively in existence, that day's prayer stands on record as the last delivered before the Senate. No further business will be offered until the Senate adjourns instead of taking a recess, and thus begins a new legislative day. The Journal Clerk, as well as the Chaplain, will have considerable arrears to bring up.

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make a sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

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5000 yards of Lancaster Ginghams, at 7c.

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Best Dark Cocheco Calicoes, at 5c.

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Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Disease. Known by a tired, languid feeling: inaction of the kidneys, weakens and poisons the blood, and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Bright's Disease and Dropsy.—Mrs. L. L. C. Miller, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

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Heals Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

Try the Cure.

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists; by mail registered, 60 cents.

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