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WOULD LIKE COUNTRY LIFE.

[A youth of a Fulton county city pines for the country in earnestness sublime.]

I would free from the city's rules and laws, From its fashions and forms cut loose; And go where the strawberry grows on the straw,

Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat, As she clutches for her prey— The guileless and unsuspecting rat,

I will catch at ease the saffron cow And the cowlet in their gloe, As they leap in joy, from bough to bough,

On the top of the cowslip tree, I'll list while the partridge drums his drum, And the woodchuck chucks his wood,

And the dog devours his dogwood plum In the primitive solitude. O let me drink from the moss-grown pump,

That was hewn from the pumpkin tree. Eat mush and milk from a rural stump —From folly and fashion free—

New gathered mush, from the mushroom vine, And milk from the milk weed, sweet, With pine apples from the pine, From their cool and fragrant retreat.

Then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn, Where the dairy-maid hastening hies, Her ruddy and golden-red butter to churn

From the milk of her butterflies, I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird, To the fragrant farmyard pass, And watch while the farmer turns his herd

Of grass-hoppers out to grass. Who the "Boxers" Are.

Editorially the Philadelphia Times says: Such confusion as exists as to precisely who and what the Chinese "Boxers" are is probably due to the rapidity and frequency with which the native secret societies of China change their names when they desire to continue their organization and purposes free from the surveillance of the government.

When at last an edict of suppression is issued the society simply takes a new title and goes on as if nothing had happened. The society of Boxers is supposed to number eleven millions of men. It was originally a sort of law and order league, organized for protection against the bandits with which the province of Shantung was infested. Its name was then Ta Tao Hwei, which means "The Society of the Great Sword."

It is a law and order league gone wrong. As this society became more powerful many dishonest and designing persons entered it, and in numerous cases directed its efforts against personal enemies whom they represented to be bandits and lawless persons. Some of these victims looking for help from the persecution of the Great Sword society, turned to the Christian missionaries, especially, it is said, the German Catholics. They professed conversion and the missionaries sought to protect them.

A series of outrages on Christians followed until, in last October, the Christian nations forced the government to send a force against the Great Swords. There was a battle, followed by the report of the governor of the Shantung that the so-called rebels were honest country folk.

Then the Great Sword society disappeared, by edict, and in its place sprang ready-made the "Universal Society of Boxers," with the old organization and purposes and with the added idea of fighting all foreign influence—missionary or otherwise—and of having the government help it. The operations of the society and the outrages committed by it have since continued, and have constantly become bolder.

THE RAYS HILL CRIME.

An Account of the McBurney Murder, Perpetrated Over Half a Century Ago, and the Trial and Execution of James Rice.

THE ONLY EXECUTION IN BEDFORD COUNTY.

"Other sins only speak, murder shrieks out. The element of water moistens the earth. But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens."

On the morning of August 25, 1841, two little girls by the name of Bussard were walking along the turnpike near their home on Rays Hill, having been sent on an errand. They were moving from one side of the road to the other in a tentative way, as children do, picking up a flower or a leaf here, or some object that attracted their attention there, until, coming to a steep embankment along the road, one of them reached over to get some birch. Looking down the sight that met her gaze caused the blood to rush madly through her veins, as in this secluded spot it was calculated to make the stoutest heart quail. Lying beneath her, partly hidden by the foliage of the undergrowth, was the bloody and lifeless body of a man, his face turned heavenward as if in mute appeal to Him that human justice be done on earth for the expiation of this brutal act. The murdered man proved to be James McBurney, a drover, who had been cruelly stricken down by his traveling companion, James Rice. The little girls have now become women well up in years, but the horrible sight of that August morning has never passed from their memories nor never will. The one that made the ghastly find is now Mrs. Wesley Fisher, of Graceville, Bedford county, and her sister is Mrs. Nathan Welch, of Rays Hill. It is sad that a scene so peaceful and sylvan should be marred by such a foul murder. A telegraph pole standing near the spot is marked with a rude outline of a coffin, to indicate, like the cross in old English times, that here occurred a violent death. Ever since the murder a similar mark in the close vicinity has kept in remembrance the fatal spot.

William C. Logan, the District Attorney referred to below was the younger brother of the late Mr. Thomas Logan of this place. From Bedford he removed to St. Louis where he continued the practice of law, and acquired a large plantation in Missouri, stocked with slaves, through marriage. He gave the slaves their freedom and lost a greater part of his wealth through the rebellion. He returned to McConnellsburg in the early '60s, and resumed the practice of law, and afterwards removed to Philadelphia, where he died about seventeen years ago.

The following accounts of the tragedy is taken from Bedford Gazette of different dates:

Rice was born in Cumberland township, Greene county, Pa., September 10, 1813, and was only 23 years old at the time he committed the murder. He had seven brothers and one sister, all of whom were living at that time—as well as his parents—though not one of them attended the trial or took any interest in his behalf. He ran away from home when he was 22 and went to Ohio. On July 23, 1841, he secured employment at Coshocton, Ohio, with Benjamin Ricket, a stock dealer. McBurney at that time was working for Ricket. He was two or three years younger than Rice. They were both big, muscular fellows and were almost exactly the same height—six feet, two inches. A few days after Rice's appearance on the scene, Ricket started with a drove of cattle for Lancaster, Pa., Rice and McBurney accompanying him. They reached Lancaster on the 22nd of August, and after the cattle were sold the young men were paid off and discharged. They then started off for home. They were last seen together on the pike several miles east of where the line now separates Bedford and Fulton counties. This was about an hour before sundown on August 25. Rice carried a club in his hand and a pair of saddlebags over one shoulder, while the upper part of his face was concealed by a handkerchief. That night McBurney was killed on

Rays Hill, about sixteen miles east of Bedford. The club carried by Rice was found lying by the body. It was covered with blood, and there was hair on it that corresponded in color with McBurney's hair. Rice traveled all night. No one saw him until daylight next morning. At Mrs. Deibaugh's tavern, now "The Willows," three miles east of Bedford, Samuel West, who was traveling on horseback, overtook him, and the two traveled together westward. West stopped in Bedford to transact some business. He rode up the "front street," while Rice took the "back street" and passed through the town without a pause. He was finally arrested near Connellsville in Fayette county, and was then brought to Bedford for trial.

The trial of James Rice was begun on Wednesday morning, January 26, 1842, and the verdict was rendered on Saturday night, January 29. The commonwealth was represented by District Attorney William C. Logan and C. H. J. Pigman, a young Somerset lawyer, while the attorneys for the prisoner were John A. Blodgett, one of the ablest members of the Bedford bar, and John R. Edie, of Somerset, Judge Thomson presided. On both sides the legal battle was fought with great earnestness. Blodgett was then in his prime, and his plea for the friendless prisoner was one of the ablest addresses ever delivered before a jury in this county. The evidence was purely circumstantial. The blood-stained club was of course a very strong link in the claim. Several of McBurney's possessions were found on Rice's person, even to articles of clothing, while Rice had more money than Ricket paid him in wages. A bill on a state bank of Indiana was identified by Ricket as one of the bills that he had paid to McBurney.

On the part of the defence it was claimed that Rice and McBurney were warm friends and that they never had a quarrel. Their possessions were mingled on this journey. When they reached Rays Hill McBurney was so tired from walking that he insisted upon waiting for a stage. Rice said he would continue the journey on foot and would join his companion when the stage overtook him. He had used the club for carrying his "budget," but found it unsuitable for the purpose and threw it away when he parted with McBurney. He claimed to have come into possession of the surplus cash by winning it at cards from some men they fell in with near Harrisburg. As to Ricket's identification of the Indiana bill, the defence held that it was simply a mistake. The commonwealth showed that stage after stage had passed Rice but that he had made no inquiry for McBurney. The charge of the court was favorable to the prisoner. After deliberating for two hours the jury rendered a verdict of guilty.

On the following Monday morning a motion for a new trial was made. "After the argument closed," says the Gazette of February 4, "Judge Thomson intimated in a very feeling, pathetic and touching manner that the motion could not be granted. All appeared to manifest the most intense interest in every word that fell from the lips of his honor. Never did we witness a scene so awfully solemn. Tears gushed from the eyes of nearly all present, and every muscle in the frame of the unfortunate Rice was in deep agitation. He, too, at last wept bitterly. The judge asked him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, to which he replied that he never killed a man in his life, and that the witnesses had sworn to lies." Judge Thomson then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged. The governor named June 17 as the date for execution, but a strong sentiment in favor of the prisoner having been aroused, he afterwards granted a reprieve. Petitions for a pardon received hundreds of signatures in Bedford, Green, Fayette and Washington counties, while the members of the legislature from Green, Fayette and Washington interceded personally with Governor Porter. The governor, however, declined to interfere, and decreed that the execution should take place September 2. From The Gazette of September 9, 1842, we copy the

following report of the final scene:

For three or four days previous to his execution Rice was attended by three or four ministers of the gospel, who administered to him in "heavenly things." As the day for his execution approached he appeared to be somewhat more softened, and frequently said that he bore no ill will or hatred towards any man on earth; that he had prayed for those who had used all their exertions to secure his conviction, and that, if he had injured anyone, he humbly prayed their forgiveness. At about a quarter before 11 o'clock he was dressed in the habiliments of death. During the time the sheriff and his deputy were dressing him the most excruciating groans escaped his lips, and he sobbed and cried bitterly from the time his graveclothes were put on him until he was taken upon the scaffold. He appeared to be horror-stricken with the sight of his shroud and clung to the sheriff as though he thought he had in his power to mitigate the sentence of the law. At ten minutes after 12 Sheriff Keller informed him that his time had come and that he must repair to the scaffold. He arose, with the assistance of the sheriff and deputy and walked in a humble and contrite manner to the foot of the gallows, crying most piteously during the whole time. In ascending the scaffold he stumbled on the first step, as if a weakness or faintness had seized him, but, with the support of the sheriff he regained himself and reached the platform with a tolerably firm step and seated himself on a chair. The Rev. Mr. Allen, of Cumberland, and Rev. Mr. Lee, of Bedford, who were invited by the sheriff to attend this wretched man in his last moments, then ascended the scaffold also. Sheriff Keller and the unfortunate Rice occupied the one side, and the ministers the other, facing each other all the time, Rice reclining his head upon the shoulder of the sheriff. The Rev. Mr. Lee then arose, and in a solemn and impressive manner gave out the words of the hymn, "Vain man on foolish pleasures bent," during the singing of the first part of which the prisoner appeared to be somewhat tranquilized, but when the stanza "Down to Hell he went," was sung, his whole frame appeared to be agitated as if with agony and pain of the excruciating character, or like the throbbings of the waters of the mighty deep. Rev. Mr. Lee then offered up a prayer to the throne of grace, when the prisoner cast his eyes to heaven, his lips moving as if he was seeking that mercy from God which was denied him by men. They then arose from their knees, and the Rev. Mr. Lee read a portion of the word of God from the 4th chapter of Genesis, upon which he founded some well-timed and soul-stirring remarks. While Mr. Lee was speaking, Rice cast his eyes alternately upon the speaker and towards heaven, his lips moving as if he was holding communion with his God.

Rev. Mr. Allen then gave out and sang the hymn commencing "And am I born to die?"—after which he based some beautiful and appropriate remarks upon the words, "Prepare to meet thy God." Rice listened attentively and appeared to be in deep meditation. Mr. Allen, in the course of his powerful and eloquent remarks, said that if a man was guilty of an hundred sins and confessed and repented of ninety-nine, but refused to confess and repent of the hundredth, for that one sin he would be condemned to take up his abode in the regions of eternal misery and be forever kept from the presence of his God. At this moment every muscle in the prisoner was violently agitated, a most unearthly groan escaped him, he turned to the sheriff as if he intended to say something, and his countenance assumed the appearance of one who was already enduring the pains and tortures of hell. After Mr. Allen had concluded he offered up a prayer to the throne of mercy, in which the prisoner took part, when Messrs. Allen and Lee arose from their knees, took him by the hand, told him to place all his reliance upon God, and descended from the scaffold. Here the prisoner commenced sobbing and crying most

piteously, and exhibited strong symptoms of terror. The sheriff then assisted him to his feet, placed the rope around his neck and drew the cap over his face, after which he took the prisoner's hand, and, in a solemn, impressive and distinct manner, asked him whether he was "guilty or not guilty," to which he replied in a trembling and faltering manner, "I am innocent—indeed I am, sheriff." The sheriff, after receiving this reply, immediately descended from the gallows and cut the rope by which the platform was suspended—and he was swung off at precisely forty minutes after one o'clock. He appeared to die easy. His hands were clenched and trembled violently for one moment, then his legs trembled for thirty seconds and a general convulsion passed rapidly over his entire frame, when his immortal spirit took its flight into the presence of its God. In thirteen minutes he was pronounced dead by Physicians Barclay and Gotty, and in twenty-six minutes from the time he was hanged his body was placed in the coffin and taken to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns."

Objection to Wire Nails.

Strange to say the industry of making cut nails from iron and steel is having a great revival.—The introduction of steel wire nails made great inroads upon the cut nail business, but now the latter shops are adding new machinery and enlarging their facilities. The increased demand is caused by the fact that shingles that have been fastened on barn roofs for the past ten years with wire nails are blowing off and farmers are greatly exercised over the matter.

The shingles fastened with the old cut nail remained on the roof until the shingles rotted, whereas with the steel wire nail, the shingle blows off after ten years. The main trouble with the steel wire nail, says The Evening Post, is that it cannot stand the weather as the wrought iron nail does. This is partly caused by the acid used in annealing the wire before it is drawn which cannot be thoroughly cleansed off. "The Watervliet Arsenal experiments show that the cut nails have proved to be 50 per cent. more adhesive when driven into wood than wire nails, but the bright and cheaper wire nails soon succeeded in making a great difference in the cut nail trade. The carpenter can drive wire nails too handily to return to the cut nails unless specifications actually require it, and the demands for cut nails are coming largely from agricultural sections. A big steel wire combine has had a special nail made with extraordinary large head and galvanized all over. These are guaranteed to outlast any nail in existence.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA. It is a real panacea for headache, pain in the side, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, weak hands and feet, nervousness, muscular weakness, bearing-down pains, backache, legache, irregular action of the bowels, shortness of breath, abnormal discharges with painful menstruation, swelling of feet, soreness of the breasts, neuralgia, uterine displacement, and all symptoms which make the average woman's life so miserable. We have a host of health information. You want it—its free.

Rice was a very large, stout-built man, being six feet, two and a half inches high, and, instead of pining away after receiving his sentence, he improved in appearance and increased in weight, and ate his meals with a good appetite until the morning of the execution, when he refused to take any nourishment whatever, although the sheriff offered to get him anything at all that he might desire. During his confinement he never made any attempt to break jail, although he frequently begged the family of the sheriff, in the most imploring manner, to let him out. None of his friends or relatives were present to offer him any consolation in his last hours, although it is said that a brother of his was recognized on the jail wall during the time of his execution, but did not want to make himself known.

During the time of his execution, and for several hours previous, the walls of the jail yard and the roofs of the jail and surrounding houses were crowded with people who had come from all sections of the county to witness the execution. The utmost decorum, however, was preserved during the whole time. A sympathetic feeling appeared to pervade the bosoms of all for the prisoner—but there was no remedy—he had to forfeit his life to satisfy the awful penalty of violating both the laws of God and his country. Immediately after his execution the crowd dispersed, and our town assumed its usual quiet.

THE CORNER.

Isaac and Ellsworth, two of our business men, spent Friday in McConnellsburg, and returned here fine new corn plow. Mrs. Annie Mellett and Miss Abbie Mellett, are some time visiting in Franklin county. Walter Shaw, of Mercersburg, spent Saturday evening with sister, Miss Daisy, at McConnellsburg, found four or five cattle dead, lying under what is known as the field. They were supplied with lightning, as a terrible storm passed Valley, on Thursday just a few hours before ston reached the place. Miss Blanch Bonckles some time at her home place. Service at the Reform was largely attended. A Kansas Tale.

A Pennsylvania man through Kansas recent a great many tall corn stalks thought he would tell them in a letter home, how he did it. "My streets are paved, the corn being used for cob while the cobs are hulled and used for sewer pipe husk, when taken off, stood on end, makes a for the children to play sounds queer to hear man tell the driver to en grains of horse feed Jackson's lively stable were not for soft, deep I don't see how they harvest the corn, as it would grow up in the as a Methodist church. However, when the heavy their weight stalk down in the ground average of ninety-two brings the ear near ground to be chopped ax."

The Supreme Court sylvania has made a decision quiring the Secretary Commonwealth to advise proposed amendments to stitution that were vetoed Governor.

Advertisement for Johnstone's Sarsaparil. Includes an illustration of a woman and text: 'A Word to the Suffering Women. No one but yourselves know suffering you go through. You suffer? It isn't necessary to lose your health and beauty. The loss of one is speedily followed by the loss of the other. Don't feel "worn out." Impure blood the bottom of all your troubles. Johnstone's Sarsaparil. Will purify your blood and bring the bloom of health back into your cheeks. Each bottle contains a quart. Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, Irregularity, Leucorrhoea, Whites, Stiffness of the Uterus, change of life in matron or maid, all find relief, head, heart, and stomach, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, weak hands and feet, nervousness, muscular weakness, bearing-down pains, backache, legache, irregular action of the bowels, shortness of breath, abnormal discharges with painful menstruation, swelling of feet, soreness of the breasts, neuralgia, uterine displacement, and all symptoms which make the average woman's life so miserable. We have a host of health information. You want it—its free. THE MICHIGAN DRUG CO., Detroit, Mich. Liver-tonics for Liver Ills. The Famous Little Liver Pills. For Sale at Trout's Drug Store.

Advertisement for S. A. Nesbit, Agricultural Implements. Includes a list of products and prices: 'This is my Seventeenth Year in this business with farmers of Fulton county; and being a farmer myself well acquainted with the wants of farmers. I am selling the celebrated Champion Mowers and Binders, decidedly the best machine on the market to-day. Grain Drills—Spangler's Low Down, and the Greencastle Force Feed. Machine Oil 35 to 40 cents. Maryland Phosphate—none in the market—every guaranteed high grade 75 tons sold to our farmers last year. Iron Saws—from \$20 to \$80. Repairs for Oliver and Sears Plows; Osborne, McCampbell, Woods, and other machines. Fencing Wire, Horse Collars \$1. to \$2, Binder Tines, Lawn Mowers, Forks. Good Live Stock, Grain, Hay, Lumber, &c., &c., take exchange. I am not spending time and money canvassing the country and if you want anything in my line call and see me, will save you money. S. A. NESBIT.

Advertisement for His Own White Folks. Includes text: 'One of the old-time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house. "Ef you please, sah," he began, when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a po' culled man work ter do, or sumpin ter eat?" And the polite answer invariably was, "No, miste—very sorry but have nothing for you." Every one who answered his ring addressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brownstone front. A gentleman appeared and the old man began: "Boss, I is starvin'. Can't you gimme some vittles?" "You darned black kinky-headed rascal!" exclaimed the gentleman, "how dare you ring the bell at my front door? Go round the back-yard way to the kitchen, and the cook'll give you something—you black—!" But just there the old man fell on his knees, exclaiming: "Thank de Lawd, I foun' my own white folks at las'! Thank de Lawd, I foun' em—I foun' em!" Atlanta Constitution.

Advertisement for Glorious News. Includes text: 'Comes from Dr. D. E. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but now her health is excellent." Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by W. S. Dickson, Druggist. Guaranteed.