

THE MOUNTAIN FEUDS OF EASTERN KENTUCKY.

Causes of the Enmity Between the Baker and Howard Families.

MANCHESTER, Ky. (Special).—The condition of things in Clay County, where the Bakers have sworn to annihilate the whole Howard and White families, bears such a close resemblance to anarchy that the best citizens have asked Governor Bradley to put the county under martial law and suppress the bloody feud at the point of the bayonet.

The feeling in Kentucky is that the fair name of the State is blackened by the spectacles of three of her large families going into the assassination business on a wholesale scale.

The Baker-Howard feud, while one of the youngest in Eastern Kentucky, is one of the most bitter ever waged.

It was all about a \$40 spring wagon that had not been paid for that the feud started. "Tom" Baker had gone into partnership with Israel and Carter Howard to raft logs on shares. Reese Murray held a judgment for the spring wagon against James B. and "Bal" Howard. Murray offered the judgment at a low price to Baker, and Baker bought it. This enraged the Howards, and quarrels followed when Baker tried to collect the money.

Israel Howard and "Tom" Baker met one day at a log pit. Hot words followed and Baker drew a revolver and jumped behind a fence post. Howard drew his revolver and took the other side of the post. They fired around the post at each other until their pistols were empty. Israel's fifth shot was fired over the top of the post and the bullet hit Baker in the back of the neck, producing a flesh wound. Baker fell on the opposite side of the fence and Israel fired his last shot at him through the fence, producing a slight flesh wound in the abdomen.

Some time after from an ambush

Howard leveled his weapon and fired a bullet into the old man's abdomen, producing almost instant death. Realizing that it would now be war to the knife, James mounted his horse and rode away to the home of relatives in Harlan County. There was a reward of \$250 offered for Howard's arrest, and he surrendered to a kinsman so that the man might get the reward, and came with him to Manchester, where he was turned over to the proper officers. He was released on bail.

Sheriff B. P. White, Jr., summoned one hundred deputies to arrest the

giving him instructions on how to run the farm while he was in jail. Mrs. "Tom" Baker ran up to advise



TWO OF THE BAKERS, YOUNG, BUT DEAD SHOTS.

(These are sons of "Tom" Baker, who was shot and killed from Sheriff White's house while he was under arrest by the troops, charged with two murders. Their mother has dedicated them to the life work of wiping out the Howards.)

her husband not to allow himself to be a target for the Howards. While she was talking to him a shot rang out from the White residence, and Tom Baker dropped dead before his wife's eyes. The woman hysterically called upon Colonel Williams, who was in charge of the troops, to turn his Gat-



THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE BAKERS IN THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

Bakers, and they were brought in for examining trials before County Judge J. W. Wright. The trials lasted three days. The Howards swore to seeing the Bakers do the shooting, but the Bakers proved by their witnesses that they were five miles away at the time of the shooting, and Judge Wright dismissed the Bakers from custody.

On the day after the trial, "Sid" Baker, a son-in-law of "Bal" Howard, but no kin to George Baker's sons, overtook Charles Wooton, who was said to have shot Burch Store.

They rode side by side for a quarter of a mile, trying to get the "drop" on each other. Finally they both drew their revolvers almost at the same time. "Sid" shot from behind his back as he drew the weapon from the scabbard. Both men rolled off their horses, and as they lay in the road emptied their pistols at each other. "Sid" Baker rode off unhurt, while Wooton, wounded in the back dragged himself into the brush, where he was found by one of the Bakers and taken home, where he died.

William L. White, a brother to the former Sheriff, was soon afterward met by "Tom" Baker, who shot him in the abdomen and killed him.

For this murder, and on the charge of killing Wilson Howard and Burch Store, "Tom" Baker was arrested, an indictment, which included several of his brothers, having been found. Upon motion the trials were transferred to the Knox County Court at Barbourville. The town of Manchester, the headquarters of the feud, was in a condition of such lawlessness that the Governor sent several companies of State militia from Lexington to the scene.

They were charged with the duty of taking the Baker prisoners to the Court House at Barbourville, and also of protecting them from the murderous intentions of the Howards and the Whites. They garrisoned the Baker house. On all sides lurked Howards and Whites, many of them dead shots, waiting for a chance to "plug" a Baker or two.

ling gun on the White house and destroy it.

The assembly was sounded and the troops surrounded the White residence. They moved upon it with fixed bayonets, going at double quick, and climbing over the yard fence. Sheriff White came out with thirty armed men to dispute the right of way. Williams gave the order to charge upon the house, and the Howards and Whites fled inside, loudly announcing that they would kill the first man who crossed the threshold. The Gatling gun was then brought up and trained



SHERIFF "BEN" F. WHITE. (He is the leader now of the Howard-White forces. It was from his house that "Tom" Baker was killed, and he was suspected of the murder.)

on the residence, and all those inside surrendered. Sheriff White was arrested for resisting the guards.

The Howard-White faction then tried to mobilize at the house of Daragh White, the circuit clerk, but Colonel Williams occupied it to prevent their using it as a citadel. Meanwhile members of the Baker clan were assembling from all sides and swearing vengeance. The dead man's sons swore that they would kill Sheriff White, who they believed had slain their father.

Who really fired the shot that killed "Tom" Baker no one knows. The Whites were very angry at Colonel Williams and the troops. They sent out and brought in numbers of their sharpshooter friends. They announced that they would wipe out the soldiers and slaughter the Bakers. But the troops marched to Barbourville with their four prisoners—Wiley, Al, Deo and Jim Baker.

Strangely Cured of Stuttering. The curious freaks the Mauser bullet has performed in its couplings through the systems of fighting Americans in the late wars have resulted in some queer tales. The latest is the experience of Private H. E. Redmond, Company C, First Colorado Volunteer Infantry, who, when he enlisted, stuttered so badly that the recruiting officer came near leaving him off the rolls. Private Redmond was wounded in the battle of Mariquina, in the Philippines, on March 31. Now his wound is healed and he stutters no more.

A Mauser bullet struck him in the face, passed diagonally downward through his mouth and made its exit near the back of the neck. It was considered a frightful wound by the surgeons, but Redmond proceeded to recover even faster than patients with less painful injuries. Now all that can be seen of the wound is a small, livid spot to the left of the nose and above the upper lip. Redmond chews hard tack with the greatest zest and tells stories he has not been able to finish in years on account of his halting speech. He insists that the Mauser bullet carried away his vocal impediment.



MRS. TOM BAKER. (She is training her sons to avenge their father's murder.)

"Bal" Howard, who was riding a spirited young stallion and carrying a Winchester, was struck in the back at the first fire, but managed to hold on to his fleeing horse. The next volley struck Burch Store and knocked him off his horse. The bullet broke his neck and he was dead when he touched the ground. Wilson Howard fell off his horse, shot through the hips. "Bal" Howard escaped to Wilson Howard's house. Two of the attacking party then went back to where the men lay on the road, and shot them both with explosive bullets, which tore their bodies to pieces. Wilson Howard lived long enough to tell that it was "Tom" Baker and Charles Wooton who fired the explosive bullets.

When James B. Howard heard that his brother was killed and that his father was shot badly, he armed himself and rode at a gallop to the scene. At the store of A. L. Howard he



A. E. HOWARD, LEADER OF THE HOWARD FACTION, AND HIS WOMEN FOLKS.

found a crowd, some of whom had come after the grave clothes of Wilson Howard and Burch Store. James assisted in selecting them, and was on the point of leaving when George W. Baker rode up.

Without stopping to consider that this was the one man in Clay County who never carried a pistol, young

Sheriff White sent his family away and filled his house with his friends. The house looked upon the guard tent where "Tom" Baker was a prisoner. On June 10, while the feeling was at its height and preparations were on the way for the march to Barbourville, "Tom" Baker came out of his prison tent and began talking to his son, Jim,

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Little Susan Boudinot. Little Susan, only nine, at the governor's to dine (Turkish looked, buff brocade, Muslin tucker, frilled and fine—Far too fine to feel afraid in such elegance arrayed.) With her round young eyes a-shine, Sat up still, and straight, and staid.

Little girls, as well she know, should be seen, not listened to. In their elders' company. No her words were shy and few; But her smile shone sunnily on Sir and Madam grand to see—

Towering comb and powdered queue, Ruffled chest and ribboned knee. Noting bean and bolts in turn, much indeed she hoped to learn. The—admirer she started blurt. Of the wakening—came an urn. By a pompous butler placed nigh the hostess—silvorn, chased, And fragrant Tea, that true folks spurn, Tea—taxed tea—she would not taste.

But her childish heart beat fast as the steaming draught was passed; Whig and rebel through and through, Darling half, and half aghast, Wondering how she must do when a willow-patterned blue Cup should come her way at last—Brave to be, and courteous too.

Waiting—would they laugh or blame?—till the fateful moment came, And before the company. The stately hostess spoke her name, Smiling toward her pleasantly: "Susan, here's your cup of tea." Susan blushed with pride and shame, But she took it, manners.

Raised and touched it, face aglow, to her lips; then, curving low, (Very small and dignified, Darling Susan Boudinot!) To a window open wide crossed, and: rained the tea outside. On the marginals below, That shriveled up and died!

Royal governor and guest, startled Madam with the rest, Whig and Tory, laughed outright At the treason thus expressed; At the lady's polite, and the blue eyes anger-bright, As the rebel stood confessed And fearless in their sight.

Soft cheek changing, red and white, little hand still grasping tight, Her empty teacup, and below Tapping wrathful, quick, and light, Where the fall skirt ceased to flow, a tiny satin slipper— Aed a twinkling buckle bright— That, a hundred years ago, Was Little Susan Boudinot! —Ethel Barton, in St. Nicholas.

Gift of the Rain. A down-town resident owns a spaniel who answers with alacrity to the name of Rain. It is an odd name, and yet the dog came by it honestly. His master heard a strange whining at the outer door and upon opening it discovered the little fellow sitting on the doorstep, the picture of damp despair. It was raining hard and the dog was soaked to the bone, which wasn't far, he being only a puppy at the time. So the Samaritan took him in and dried him out, and since then he has been a very important household factor.

Rain is a good dog, but dreadfully mischievous. When one of these fits of playfulness comes on him he spends half his time worrying newspapers and curtain ends and sofa pillows. Sometimes he becomes almost unendurable.

The other day he was enjoying a protracted romp and his master grew annoyed. "See here, Rain," he said, "you'll have to stop this. Come, now, you run down cellar and catch me a nice big rat for my dinner."

So he opened the cellar door and Rain, with a delighted yelp, rushed down the stairs.

The master had quite forgotten about him when he heard a warning bark. He went to the door and opened it, but Rain wasn't there. In his place, however, lay a great rat on the very topmost step, close against the door sill.

Rain had carried out his orders. As the master surveyed the fat rodent he heard a skurrying below, and Rain came dashing around the foot of the stairs with what sounded very much like a canine laugh.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Making Firecrackers. A few years ago all the firecrackers with which American boys and girls celebrated the Fourth of July were brought over from China. But Yankee ingenuity soon found a way to make its own firecrackers, and now the Chinese actually celebrate with the fireworks of the finer kind sent over from America.

The Chinese probably made firecrackers thousands of years ago. They were the first to discover gunpowder, and the very old books tell how the Chinese had a curious art of making "levouring fire" and causing the earth "to thunder right terribly." The discovery of powder was due to the presence of vast beds of saltpeter in the plains of China and India. Some Chinaman was camping, perhaps, near these beds and left some charcoal from his camp fire. In some way the saltpeter and the charcoal became mixed, and the next camper who built his fire in that spot was no doubt startled by seeing the rocks blaze up furiously. It was only a step then to the addition of sulphur to this flashing powder, and presently to the production of fireworks.

Firecrackers are made by hand in China, but the Yankee has invented a few simple but effective devices by means of which an American girl can make as many crackers in one day as fifteen or twenty Chinamen—and make them better.

The firecracker tubes are made by rolling sheets of strawboard over a steel roll, forming a tube just the size of the intended firecracker. The fuse is of spun cotton, soaked in a mixture of starch and fine gunpowder, and is fastened into the tube by means of a

packing of clay, which hardens into a gum plug.

The explosive mixture, which is of charcoal, bicromate of potash and chlorate of potash, is put into the crackers 100 at a time, and the bottom is then plugged with a bit of cork, which is rammed down hard on the powder. After being dried for a time the crackers are by girls coated with red and green and yellow paper, and then braided into bunches and packed away to await the Fourth of July. Chinese firecrackers may still be had in the market, but they are generally regarded as less excellent in quality than those made in this country. But they will all pop—and that is all any boy wants.—Chicago Record.

How a Little Girl Saw the Fireworks. Once upon a time a little girl went to see the fireworks on Boston common. She was a very small girl; but she wanted to go very much, just as much as if she had been big, so her mother said she might go with Mary, the nurse. She put on her best bonnet and her pink frock, and off they went.

The common was crowded with people, and in one part there was a dense throng, all standing together, and all looking in the one direction. "We must stand there, too," said Mary. "There is where the fireworks are going to be."

So they went and stood in the dense crowd, and the little girl saw the back of a fat woman in a red plaid shawl, but she could not see anything else. Oh yes, she saw the legs of the tall man who stood next to the fat woman, but they were not very interesting, being clad in a common sort of dark plaid. The shawl at least was bright, and she could tell the different colors by the lamplight.

Now there was a movement in the crowd, and people cried, "Oh, oh, look at that! Isn't that a beauty!" and they clapped their hands and shouted, but the little girl saw only the plaid shawl and the uninteresting legs of the tall man. The people pressed closer and closer, so that she could hardly breathe.

She held tight to Mary's hand, and Mary thought she was squeezing it for pleasure, and said, "Yes, dear, ain't they lovely?" The little girl tried to say, "I can't see anything but the plaid shawl," but just then the tall man turned round and looked down on her and said, "Bless me, here's a little girl right under my feet! Can you see anything, my dear?"

"Nothing but the red shawl and the back of your legs," said the little girl sadly.

"Hi, then!" said the tall man. "Up with you!" and before the child could say a word he had taken her two hands and lifted her lightly to his shoulder.

"Put your arm round my neck," said the tall man. "I had a little girl once, just like you, and I know how to hold you. So. Now you are all right."

"Thank the kind gentleman, dear," said Mary. "I'm sure it's very good of him."

The little girl was too shy to speak, but she patted the tall man's neck, and he understood just as well as if she had spoken. Now she saw wonderful sights indeed. Fiery serpents went up into the sky, wriggling and hissing, dragging long tails of yellow flame behind them. Colored stars, red, blue and green shot up in the air, hung for an instant, and then burst into showers of rainbow light; there were golden pigeons, and golden flower-pots, and splendid wheels that went whirling round and round so fast, it made the little girl dizzy to look at them. The child gazed and gazed, breathless with delight. Sometimes she forgot where she was, and thought that this was fairyland, all full of golden dragons and fluttering elves, just as the story-books described it; but if she chanced to look down, there was Mary, and the kind face of the tall man, and the red shawl of the fat woman.

By and by came a great burst of light, and in the midst of crimson flames she saw the Goddess of Liberty, standing on a golden ball, waving the starry flag in her hand; thousands of stars shot up, glowed and burst; loud noises were heard like cannon-shots; then suddenly darkness fell, and all was over.

The crowd began to disperse. "Now, little one," said the tall man, "you have seen all there is to see." And he made a motion to put her down, but the little girl clung tight to his neck.

"Did your little girl ever kiss you?" she whispered in his ear.

"Bless your little heart," said the man, "she did indeed, but it's a long time since." The child bent down, and kissed him heartily on the cheek.

"If it hadn't been for you," she cried, "I should have seen nothing at all, except the plaid shawl. I think you are the kindest man that ever lived, and I love you very much." And then she slipped down, and taking her nurse's hand, ran away home as fast as she could.—Youth's Companion.

Did Not Appreciate Luxuries.

When the sailors of the gunboat Nipsic were furnished with tenderloin steaks down at Montevideo they protested to their captain. A committee of shellback men-of-war-men waited upon him and asked a change of ration. They said they wanted meat "with a body to it"—something they could "chaw" on. And they tell of a cowboy whom an eastern man brought home with him and put to bed in the guest chamber on a hair mattress, with a feather pillow. After trying it while he got up and made a bed for himself on the floor. He said the mattress was so soft that it made him tired. It did not give any support to his body.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

DROWNED HIS RESCUER.

Boy, Seized With Cramps, Embraces Another, Laid too Tightly and Both Lost Their Lives.

Rudolph Peters, aged 17 years, an employe at Locustdale colliery, at Mt. Carmel, went swimming at the dam near that place a few days ago. Cramp seized him and he cried for help. Harman Peters, aged 17, went to his rescue. Levers, as he arose for the last time, threw his arms around Rudolph, and both were drowned in the presence of a number of persons. The bodies were recovered.

The following pensions were issued last week: William D. Watson, Strasburg, 46; Hiram P. Garrett, Harrisburg, 51; Levi Reinhart, Kirkwood, Lancaster, 49; William C. Knell, Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Erie, 49; James Barber, Burlington, Lyncoln, 56; Benjamin Abbott Fichter, Confluence, Somerset, 42; John Trimble, Blairville, 48; John Kelly, Williamsburg, Allegheny, 55; Charles T. Byrnes, Maple Shade, Venango, 55; Joseph D. Ross, Oil City, 46; Herbert L. Hat, Glenburn, Lackawanna, 53; George V. Jones, Canonsburg, Washington, 56; Pruby Thompson, Harrisburg, 56; Charles G. Gudykuntz, Allenwood, Union, 55; Isaac M. Grandon, Waynesburg, Greene, 49; Fred Berghart, Goodell, McKean, 53; Robert Nicholson, Confluence, Somerset, 44; Alexander Clark, Everett, Bedford, 51; John H. Reitz, Asherton, Northumberland, 51; Adam H. Weaver, Bowersdale, Cumberland, 52; John L. Sharp, Ledger, Lancaster, 57; Robert F. McKinney, Newberry, Lyncoln, 52; William D. Shuff, Uriah, Cumberland, 59; Wallace Liddle, Canton, Bradford, 54; William Oakley, Knoxville, Tioga, 54; Bert Shilard, Troy, Bradford, 57; Daniel Gramm, Siltz, York, 50; Michael Ziders, Schaeferstown, Lebanon, 57; W. O. Colt, Waterford, Erie, 58; Frank Smith, Erie, 57; Widows—Hannah D. Chapman, Pittsburg, 58; Margaret Damm, Middle Lancaster, Butler, 58; minors of William Manalis, Wilkesbarre, 56; Nettie Decker, Towanda, 52. War with Spain—Bridget Mars, Wilkesbarre, 52; Christiane E. Spiese, Lock Haven, 53; Rose Rhodes, Parsons, Luzerne, 52.

A gray-haired father passed through Waynesboro a few days ago on his way to recover his 11-year-old son, who had been kidnapped from Green Village, September 25, 1887, by a stereopticon exhibitor. The father, who is George W. Rhodes, received word that his son had been recovered from his captor at Everett, Bedford county, and immediately left his work in the harvest field, mounted his bicycle and left for the Bedford county town. The father had located the stereopticon exhibitor at several towns in this state, but had always appeared just too late to overtake him. While at Akron a week ago he received word that James McMangan, the alleged kidnaper, was in this part of the state. The father says he has ridden 3,000 miles on his wheel hunting his boy.

Overexertion in bicycle riding produced internal injuries from which Normal Shaw, of Centertown aged 13 years, died. A miniature male baby is being raised in an incubator at Reading. The mite of humanity weighed but two pounds when born June 3, but now weighs about three pounds. Its arms are not much longer than its legs, its finger and its legs are proportionately small. A finger ring can be slipped on its arms. Its head is not much larger than a walnut. When born it could be placed in a quart jar. It is, however, perfectly formed and is thriving. Its mother promises that it will become stouter and soon be able to live without the incubator.

A lad named Richard Yost, of Beaver Falls, aged 14 years, while getting fruit from a mulberry tree, alighting on his head. He staggered into the house, and as the family are very poor his mother did not like to incur the expense of a doctor, so she bathed his head and he crawled under the table and went to sleep. Six hours afterward she tried to awaken him and could not. A doctor was then called and it was discovered that his skull was fractured. He was removed to the hospital and is now in a critical condition.

James Grant, one of the oldest freight engineers on the Fort Wayne Railroad, was brought to Beaver Falls the other night on passenger train No. 48, east-bound, in a thrilling way. His skull had been crushed in, but how he received his injuries is a mystery. He was taken to the hospital as quickly as possible and died without having regained consciousness. His home is at Crestline, O., where he has a wife and family. He was 55 years old.

Moses Higgins, a farmer living near White Oaks, southwest of West Alexander, while suffering from hemorrhage one day early in the week, coughed up a tooth. When the doctor was descending from a stable loft and was struck in the face by a saddle stirrup and had a tooth knocked down his throat. It lodged in a cavity of one lung, causing hemorrhage. He is now well up in years and the tooth was in the lung for 50 years.

Coroner Dugan, of Philadelphia, held an inquest a few days ago in the case of the 4-months-old child of Thomas Burns, which was suffocated in bed by its parents, who were arrested. It was shown that they had been drinking the night before, but that death was accidental, and upon the parents taking the pledge not to partake of intoxicating drinks for the remainder of their lives they were discharged.

T. N. Ross was instantly killed and Frank Humphrey had his leg broken and his hip badly injured at Worth Bros. & Co.'s steel plant, at Catesville a few days ago, a heaving chain caught, and in trying to loosen it the men were thrown underneath a heavy iron mold which was suspended to the chain and a moment later fell with a crash. Ross had his head crushed to a jelly.

The Ligonier board of education completed its election of teachers by electing George E. Baron, principal; Harry M. Yealy of Berry, assistant principal, and Miss Letta Irwin, primary department. Baron is a sergeant in the Tenth Pennsylvania, and is now en route home from the Philippines.

Ella Maskery, of Fairview township, Mercer county, is dead, the result of burns sustained while shooting fire crackers on the Fourth of July.

James Arnold, a farmer living near Linesville, was riding on a load of hay when the binding pole broke, striking him on the head and fracturing his skull. His injuries may prove fatal.

M. D. Hoover of Meadville, a hotel clerk, was drowned in French creek while bathing. His parents live at Coveco, near Punxsutawney. He was 37 years old and unmarried.

John McDonald, an electrical engineer, formerly of West Alexander, was killed by a live wire in an electric light plant at Des Moines, Ia., the other day.

The right hand of George Hoover, of Harrisburg, a Pennsylvania railroad engineer, was blown off by the premature explosion of a small cannon.