

TORN BY A FAMILY FEUD

THE KENTUCKY MILITIA ORDERED TO SUPPRESS IT

Harlan County's Fighting Citizens—A Proclamation Issued by Governor Buckner—The Story of the War.

PINEVILLE, Ky., September 20.—Gov. Buckner has issued a proclamation to the law-abiding people, explaining why he has ordered the State militia to Harlan County, the scene of the Howard-Turner feud. In it he said:

"You must discharge your duty as good citizens to show that you desire to be sustained. If you desire to be discharged your duties as good citizens, you have no right to ask others to discharge those duties for you. I call upon you, therefore, to respond promptly to the summons of the civil authorities, to obey them implicitly in their attempts to arrest and bring to speedy justice, or, if resisted by force, to shoot down, under the orders of the civil authorities, the assassins who have endeavored to bring peace and welfare to society."

"The troops are now marching toward Harlan county, thirty-three miles from here, across the Cumberland Mountains. The Howard-Turner feud began fifteen years ago. William Turner, a member of the nameless family of that name, was a very wealthy man and owned several thousand acres of land in the County, on a part of which Harlan town was built. He and some of his relatives became involved in a difficulty with Mr. C. Hurst, a prominent lawyer, over a client of the latter's. Hurst was killed, receiving a dagger in his heart from the hand of Turner himself on one of his benches.

Exasperated at this act, for Hurst was a popular and esteemed gentleman, some of the most prominent citizens, among whom were the Gilberts, Howards, Halls, Deys and Spruckles, arose, with William Gilbert, a wealthy citizen, at their head, and by the aid of money and influence secured the guilty parties to justice and given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

The Turners swore revenge against William Gilbert, and one court day two years afterward, while taking to a friend, Gilbert was shot from ambush by young Will Turner, son of George B. Turner. He was indicted for the murder, but proved by a woman that he was at her home at the time, and was cleared.

The woman, Susan Langford, was at the same time in love with Will Howard. Young Turner did not like this and one day he whipped young Howard. There was no love lost between the two families before and this act widened the breach.

War was declared. Some time afterward Wick Howard, cousin of Will, got in a row with Bob Turner, a brother of Will Turner, and Bob was killed. Peace reigned for several days after this. Then, by prearranged plan, the male members of both families met at Harlan town to settle the trouble. Both clans were armed. A pitched battle ensued and Andrew Bailey and John Bailey, innocent bystanders, were killed. Two Turners were wounded.

The next fight took place in June last. The Turners took possession of the Nolan brothers' store. The Nolans, supported by the Howards, armed themselves, and a pitched battle took place in the street. Several were wounded. The Turners then took refuge in the court house, and being strongly armed and well paid, they were able to hold out for three weeks' siege. In this several persons were wounded, including John Howard, a brother of the notorious Will Howard.

Finally a truce was declared and the Turners retired from their position in Harlan town. Mr. George B. Turner, the only surviving member of those who had been killed in the earlier stages of the feud, encountered Wilson Howard in the woods a short distance from Harlan town. They opened fire at once, and after exchanging thirty shots at each other, Wilson Howard rode away seriously wounded, leaving his antagonist dead in the woods.

At the news of this Judge Lewis organized a strong posse, in which were several of the Turner faction, and started out to find Howard. He was with several of his gang, and they were no sooner discovered than they were fired upon by the posse. The Howards returned with a bullet in the leg and a black and white headman named Shurlock were killed.

Since then there has been no further bloodshed, but the hot embers that are smoldering in the bosoms of the two factions are only awaiting a faint breath to fan them into a flame.

Wilson Howard, the leader of his faction and the slayer of the three Turner brothers, has not yet been arrested. A reward of \$6,400 awaits his captors.

He is reported to be in the mountains South of Harlan town, surrounded by a vigilant band, and will die before he will submit to arrest.

STANTON AND LINCOLN.

Mr. Dana Describes the Evening After Lincoln's Second Election.

Sunday's New York Sun contained the following editorial by Mr. Dana: "In the last number of the Century Magazine Messrs. Hay and Nicolay narrate their idea of what happened at the War Department on the evening after the second election of President Lincoln in 1864. As they were not present that evening, and I arrived pretty early, say at 8 o'clock or half past 8. The President, apparently as serene as a summer morning, was in Mr. Stanton's large private room, and no one was with him except the Secretary and General Eckert, who came continually with telegrams. The result of the election was of such a decisive character that the news arrived much earlier than had been expected; and when I went in, I learned from both the President and the Secretary that the question seemed already to be substantially settled. Each dispatch that was received seemed only to add to the apparent certainty, and by about 9 o'clock there was no longer any doubt. But without waiting for that hour, Mr. Lincoln drew from his breast a thin yellow-covered pamphlet. 'Dana,' said he to me, 'have you ever read anything of Petroleum V. Nasby?'"

praising Nasby as though the first syllable were spelled with the letter 's'. 'No, sir,' I said, 'I do not much know he writes from the Confederate Cross Roads and prints his things in the Toledo Blade.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that's so; but that is not the whole. Pull up your chair and listen.' I drew up to him, and he began to read aloud to me only a few lines of the pamphlet, and after another of them. 'Funny hits; and between each of them we had a quiet little laugh all to ourselves. But the lion head of the Secretary showed plainly that he had no sympathy with this amusement; in fact his face wore its darkest and sternest expression. However, the reading went on, occasionally broken in by General Eckert's entrance with telegrams, to which Mr. Lincoln paid no very great

attention; and he quickly turned back to the reading every time. In this way he read paragraphs and even pages of Nasby, until finally a dispatch was brought in of a more important nature, and he laid the pamphlet down to attend to it.

"While he was thus engaged Mr. Stanton motioned to me to come with him into General Eckert's room, and when the door was shut he broke out in a fit of fury: 'God damn it to hell!' said he, 'What there ever such nonsense? Was there ever such inability to appreciate what is going on in an awful crisis? Here is the fate of this whole Republic at stake, and here is the man around whom it all centers, on whom it all depends, turning aside from this momentous, this incomparable issue, to read the God-damned trash of a silly mountebank!'

"This fiery speech of the enraged Secretary was interrupted by General Eckert, who had another telegram which he showed to him, and with which we all went back into Mr. Stanton's own office, in order that the President might see it.

"Hardly had he been to read it, however, when on an occasion of irritation toward the messenger brought in a card and handed it to the President, who said at once, as he passed the card over to the Secretary, 'Show him!' Stanton read it and turning to me, exclaimed in a low voice: 'I have seen it. It is Whiteley's Red!' I understood the point of this explosion at once. Mr. Red, who was then the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette and a great friend of Secretary Chase in Washington, was not liked by the Secretary of War. This dislike had gone so far that the doorkeepers at the War Department had received directions that Mr. Red was not to be admitted. But when he went his card in to the President they could not refuse it. Mr. Red came in and was greeted by Mr. Lincoln, but not by the Secretary. His purpose was merely to obtain from headquarters and from the highest authority the assurance that the election had certainly gone in favor of Lincoln, and after receiving this assurance and congratulations he withdrew. Just then Judge David C. Carter came in with two or three other gentlemen, among them Mr. Fox of the Navy Department, and the reading of Petroleum V. Nasby from the Confederate Cross Roads was not resumed.

"These incidents of a memorable historical event are not recorded in any annals of the time that I have seen. It does not appear to me interesting and characteristic enough not to be forgotten."

THE CHEROKEE NATION.

All the Half-Breeds Who Remain in Georgia to Emigrate to the Nation.

Chicago, September 19.—A dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., says: Mr. A. E. Iry, of the Cherokee Nation, is in the city, as ambassador to secure the emigration to the nation of all half-breeds who remain in Georgia. It is over fifty years since the Cherokees removed from Georgia, but many who had formed white alliances were left behind, and their children are among the most substantial citizens of the State. Mr. Iry says that the Cherokees have resolved upon maintaining their existence, and wish to increase their number by the addition of all who are willing to return to the old tribe. In a few weeks seventy-five half-breed families will leave for the nation, to be followed later by still others.

THE RAILS PLUNGE.

A Passenger Train Tumbles Down an Embankment With Fatal Results.

WICHITA, Kansas, September 19.—The passenger train that was derailed near Leon, Kan., yesterday, by the spreading of the rails. Three passenger coaches left the track while the train was going thirty miles an hour and rolled down a fifteen-foot embankment. The coaches were not well filled, and the loss of life was not so great as it otherwise would have been.

R. M. Bemis was instantly killed, being thrown through the roof of the car. Isaac Dean of this city was fatally injured, having his breast crushed in by a car timber.

Mrs. Mateska, also of this city, was fatally crushed by the weight of the car.

John Mitchell of Fort Smith, Arkansas, had one arm and one leg broken.

Mrs. R. A. Hodges of Arkansas City had an arm and several ribs broken, and may die.

R. L. Lathrop of Kansas City had his right leg broken in two places, and received internal injuries.

About ten more were slightly injured.

EVA HAMILTON CONVICTED.

The Notorious Adventuress Sentenced to Two Years in State's Prison.

MAY'S LANDING, N. J., September 19.—Court did not open this morning for the continuation of the trial of Mrs. Eva Hamilton for abduction of her infant son. Mrs. Hamilton was finally up at 10:40 o'clock. The delay was caused by the detention, through an accident to another train from Atlantic City upon which were the judges, attorneys and others officially connected with the case.

When the jurors had taken their seats, Judge Reed said: "Sheriff, bring in the defendant." The Sheriff stated that the defendant, Mrs. Hamilton, begged to be excused from appearing, on account of serious illness, and the Judge allowed the case to proceed.

Then Captain Perry, counsel for the defense, began his argument. He said he hoped the jury would frame their verdict according to the testimony. It depended on newspaper reports or their own influence. He closely reviewed the circumstances which led up to the assault, and argued that the testimony showed clearly that Mary Ann Donnelly, the nurse, was the first aggressor, and that she forced Mrs. Hamilton to pick up the knife in self-defense. She had then declined to kill her mistress, and was honored and fronted with brandy, and she assailed Mrs. Hamilton with murderous intent.

MAY'S LANDING, September 19.—The jury, after being out an hour and a quarter, came in at 3:15 and returned a verdict of "guilty as indicted" (of atrocious assault).

Sweet September. How bright the days are! The solar rays are No more oppressive, the nights are mild, And e'er the skies are clear, And e'er the dews are cold. In the maple grove and the woodland wild.

Schools' am and master, Layman and pastor, Are back from the mountain and ocean's shore. Robust and healthy, Though less wealthy, And down to labor have bent once more.

The laborer's desert'd, Where complex flocks, And the youth no more "beatin' the starlight." His love confessions, And the bathing dresses, No longer flap in the noontide gale.

The crops 'at weathered, The rains are faded, The green of the summer's faded vine, The yacht moored fast, And almost past, The summer of eighteen eighty-nine.

—Boston Courier.

TIED TO HER CHILDREN.

HEROIC CONDUCT OF A CAPTAIN'S WIFE ON A SINKING BARK.

She Stood on Deck with a Babe Lashed to Each Arm, Awaiting the Final Plunge, But Rescue Came When Hope Was Gone.

New York, September 19.—Thrilling tales of shipwreck and disaster, of heroic battles for lives and vessels against the howling winds and furious waves, of a woman's noble heroism and devotion to her little ones and her dauntless skipper lull amid all the horrors of shipwreck, were related yesterday by an army of gallant sailors who have valiantly fought the terrible storm which has just swept our coast. The wife has now spent its fury, and the advance guard of the storm-battered fleet made port yesterday with the first accounts of the storm at sea. It numbered nineteen steamers, two ships, four barks, one brig and one schooner.

A little band of shipwrecked mariners was rescued by the steamer "Yemassee," which got in from Charleston yesterday after a terrible struggle with the storm. The rescued party consisted of Capt. J. P. Bull of the Norwegian bark "Alysia," his wife, a young woman of rare courage, their two little children, a boy and a girl, and thirteen sailors. They were exposed for two days and two nights to the fury of the elements, every minute anticipating that they would sweep them from their water-logged craft. They were picked up just as they had abandoned all hope of rescue.

Captain Bull told his story, while his brave little wife nursed his wounds as he lay in a berth on the Yemassee. On the morning of September 3, the "Alysia" weighed anchor at Perth Amboy and sailed for Copenhagen. For four days fair weather prevailed, but on the 7th a dark threatening cloud obscured the horizon, the barometer began to fall very rapidly and the wind freshened. As the night came on it became dark and cloudy. The barometer was still falling, and every hour the wind, which was from the East-Northeast, was increasing in violence. About 10 o'clock Sunday night the storm had increased to a wild hurricane. The ship was on a long and narrow ledge, and was in a position to be thrown overboard in a moment.

The vessel now had over ten feet of water in her hold. Her decks and cabins were almost a complete wreck, and every one aboard was exhausted from exposure. To lighten the ship and to try to keep her head up to the wind, Capt. Bull cut away the fore and main rigging. This did not help matters much. The ship's deck was almost flushed with the water and the crew endured untold hardships.

"That night the cabin was entirely flooded and Mrs. Bull and her two little children had to go up on the poop deck, while the captain and his men bravely tried to keep their vessel afloat until assistance came to them.

After a wild and weary night, during which the seas constantly dashed over the unfortunate, compelling Mrs. Bull to dash a kick to each of her arms, while they grimly faced their fate, Thursday morning dawned and found the "Alysia" ready to sink at any moment. Although the wind and sea had moderated only a trifle, Captain Bull launched his two boats and all hands left the vessel. It was a matter of stress and woe a short distance from their ship.

Hope at last came to them. Away in the distance a steamer was sighted bearing down upon them. It proved to be the Yemassee. Both boats rowed toward the steamer and after a most perilous trip reached her in safety. Mrs. Bull and her two children were so weak from hunger and exposure that they could hardly stand when they got aboard the Yemassee.

A BRAVE LITTLE WIFE.

She and Her Husband Haven't Any Money, but They Have Pluck.

New York, September 18.—A mild-eyed little Austrian and his gray-haired wife, who was a tailor, were called before the Emigration Commissioners yesterday to give an account of themselves. They arrived from Hamburg yesterday without a cent to start life with in the new world. But the little man had a trade (glazing) and what was more important, a very energetic partner.

"What are you going to do if we let you in asked President Ridgway. "Work at my trade," said the glazier through Interpreter Silverstein. "Suppose you can't find work, what then?"

The glazier's mild eyes assumed a puzzled expression, and he turned up his eyes to his bright-eyed wife. She became volatile right away.

"Oh," she said, "he will get work. I will help him to find it. And if he doesn't get it, I will find a seamstress. Never fear, I will am I am."

"But suppose neither of you should find work, how are you going to get along?"

THE FASHIONS.

Early French Dresses for Autumn—Cashmere and Camel's Hair Gowns.

The first French dresses imported for autumn repeat many of the designs brought out late in the summer by Parisian modistes. Round waists, full sleeves and straight skirts reappear with various modifications. The long and the short of corsages remain in vogue and basques are not wholly abandoned. Some features of the directors coat are retained, and new ones are added. Passementerie, braiding, fur and feathers, with velvet cut bias and also velvet ribbons, are the trimmings of the first dark dresses. The round waist is with- out a bustle, and the bodice may sound, its slightly pointed, in front and back. It has but few seams, and may be either plain or full on the shoulders; its fullness below is pleated or gathered to the points at the waist line, and it is trimmed there by vandike points of embroidery or of passementerie, or else it is edged by a folded ribbon, fastened by bows without ends on the left side. The waist, shallow yoke, so often mentioned, will still be made of velvet, silk, more or embroidery, or of the dress material covered by passementerie. The high standing collar and mutton-legged sleeves will be made for most women; cloth dresses, however, seldom have very full sleeves, as they cannot be worn under a cloth jacket. The skirts are of the straight, yet those of heavy fabrics have one or two short steels in their foundation, merely to support them, not to add to their size; the pad bustles are omitted altogether. The fronts and sides of many skirts are perfectly flat, while all are made to fit in the back by means of pleats or plaits, or some lengthy jabot folds.

The *artilleur*, or artilleryman's coat, is a pretty little basque-waist, with the jacket fronts opening over a vest, square-cornered and bordered with a band of embroidery, while the two broad middle forms of the back have a dull point like a loose jacket, and are also bordered.

Shot waists, both plain and figured, and shot moire ribbons will be much used for parts of dresses, for wraps and for bonnets or their trimmings. Mauve is shot with gold, brown with green, or gold with brown, red with blue and green with red, producing many new effects. The dahlia prairie, and old-fashioned puce colors are seen in many new fabrics, and prominently so in the bottom of a skirt. A new shade of a stylish shade for autumn and green is combined with this shade. The gray greens are shown in dark and in light shades in fine woollens and are made up with velvet of the new mahogany shade called in Paris the *Buffalo Bill*.

The first autumn dresses will be of cashmere or of camel's hair, in shades of blue, center brown, gray, brown, buff, red or mahogany, trimmed with bright pointed passementerie or six cords in open designs. The round waist, full and slightly pointed, will be trimmed with three vandike points of the gimp in front, and sometimes in the back also, beginning just below the collar, and on the shoulders; that in the middle is the least, and to hold it well the cast- ings of the waist should be lapped to the left shoulder, and hooked from the left shoulder down, though the waist lining is hooked in front. The fullness in front and back is drawn in small plaits to the points at the waist line.

No darts are seen, and there is not more than one side seam in the case of the genuine French waist the only seams are those under the arms. The standing collar is fast- ened on the left side, and should be covered with passementerie. The sleeves are in one piece, full at the top and shaped to fit the arms below the elbow. A point of passementerie is placed at the top, pointing downward, and at the wrist, pointing upward. Black ribbon, three inches wide, is folded less than two inches in width, and laid smooth around the pointed end of the waist, fastening on the left side with a bow. The straight round skirt mounted on a foundation skirt is trimmed all around the foot, or else only in front and on the sides, with nptured points of ribbon, pointing upwards. The cast- ings should have no pocket, and their straight skirts should not have their pocket-hole opening in front or back, but on one side, usually the left, as it can best be kept closed there. It is also a good plan to permanently attach the belted skirt to the waist, tacking the belt across the back and sides of the pointed bodice inside at the waist line.

Short-sleeved jackets of velvet or of fall of moire will form the bodices of many dresses of silk or of fine wool. The dress material will be down the middle of the front of the waist, shirred closely at top and bottom, or drooping in blouse fashion. The little square jacket of velvet will fall open to show the front. It is without revers, reaches up to the neck, and has a button or two on the waist or slightly pointed, and some- times two tabs are added in basque fashion. Silk cord in braiding patterns or trim velvet jackets. Silk jackets are sometimes black on colored dresses, and are then faced with the color of the dress, and may have revers of the same or of a black material. Henrietta cloth waist may have green or mahogany revers and collar, and cord to match on the edge. Rather large, full sleeves of the dress goods are with these jackets.

PEANUTS AS MEDICINE.

The Time-Honored Goober Said to Possess Rare Curative Powers.

The taste for the toothsome peanut is a healthy one and the nut is coming into favor on account of its virtues, aside from its edible qualities. Of late years it is boldly claimed for the peanut that it has rare curative powers in certain diseases now becoming frequent, especially among brain-workers and highly- living people—in whom a peculiar class and dyspepsia with the first class and dyspepsia with the others.

A correspondent of a Boston newspaper vouches for the fact that he had a very bad case of dyspepsia, accompanied by insomnia—that he had gone seventy-two hours without sleep, was badly prostrated physically and went to eating peas, and, after a short course of this treatment, came out of it a perfectly healthy, hearty man, able to sleep soundly under any and all circumstances.

In view of the revival of the peanut on its merits it should no longer be an aid in passing time at a dull circus. The peanut, goober or groundnut, as it is variously called, is taking a place in the dispensary.

The day may not be far distant when the physician will prescribe a pea- nut and an hour's practice on chewing gum.

JOHNSTOWN, PENN., September 16.

That John's own will rise again there seems to be no doubt. The enormous task of rebuilding the Pennsylvania rail- road tracks from South Fork to the Cambria Iron Company is operating those departments of its works which escaped ruin. Its army of employees is busily and hundreds of men are engaged in rebuilding the structure, the works are damaged. Planning mills, gas works, electric light works, and other minor industrial establishments are being put in working order. Stores have been re- opened, and although the merchants are only in temporary buildings they have a good stock on hand and are in a sample of their former ways. There have been at least 1,000 places of habitation erected during the last three months. Of course the majority of them are only temporary structures, but they answer every purpose. Some substantial buildings, however, are well under way and many foundations are being laid.

THE CRONIN CASE.

AN INGENUOUS STORY INVENTED BY THE CONSPIRATORS.

To Account for the Brutal Murder of Dr. Cronin and Create a Public Sentiment in Favor of the Subjects Now on Trial. But the Scheme Fails to Work.

CHICAGO, September 19.—The morning papers all denounce yesterday's sensational story about LeCaron's daughter having furnished evidence that Dr. Cronin was murdered by emissaries of the British government, as a plot of the so-called "Triangle."

The *Times* says: "Another scheme on the part of the defense, and one which has in view nothing less than the absolute clearing of the Cronin suspects and the creation of public sentiment in their behalf, was sprung on the public yesterday. In boldness of design it is quite equal to that of the stupendous conspiracy that murdered Dr. Cronin. How or from what source came the first intimation of what the character and nature of the Cronin defense were to be nobody knows. But suddenly and simultaneously in all the afternoon papers there appears a plan of defense so skillfully told as to blind the average reader and make him believe that a carefully devised story is a reality."

A VACATION ROMANCE.

Across the field as we idly strolled, In the cloudless summer day, The winds were wafting the rare perfume Of flowers that bloomed in new morn's hay, And our hearts were still as our lips kept time To our steps on that pleasant day.

And down where the brook like a wayward And sparkling, o'er the pebbly floor, And sprinkles the rocks with its diamond spray.

And as we along the shore, And down to the crossing, I gave him my hand, And trustingly followed him o'er.

And when, in the twilight, we came again, And he held my hand as once were still, And he held my hand as we crossed the stream.

And when in the shade of the vineyard porch We parted, it seemed to me The stars were twinkling in rare delight, And so sure my eye could see, If so on my cheek had a crimson blush, And my heart an ecstasy.

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The *Inter-Ocean* says: "The latest story advanced by the 'Triangle' to account for the murder of Dr. Cronin is worthy of that prince of romancers, Baron Munchausen himself. The investigators of the crime and their apologists and defenders have outdone themselves. Not only is this new theory palpably false and malicious, but ridiculous in the extreme, and unworthy of a moment's consideration, did it not outline a part of the plan of the defense. The *Tribune* story was put in circulation yesterday in behalf of the man on trial for the murder of Dr. Cronin, which, as a marvelous and wonderful concoction, is only second to the plot itself whereby the murder was carried out. The plan was worthy of the brain which devised the decoy contract, forged telegrams from Toronto, the tin box of Klaner, the renting of the cottage at Woolwich, and the discovery of the exhumed corpse dressed in the murdered man's clothes for floating in the Thames. For a unforgotten plot, the plot falls through, for no reason, Druggist Burlington, instead of remaining in England for good, as it was supposed he would, will sail from Liverpool for New York October 9."

The same paper prints an interview with George E. May, who is supposed to have been Miss LeCaron's correspondent. He says: "I have turned over no letters to Mr. Forrest or any living soul." In his most emphatic manner, he says: "If I have received any letters from Miss LeCaron or any one else, referring to the Cronin case, or any one connected with it in the remotest way, you may cut off every finger on my right hand."

But didn't you take a buggy ride with Miss LeCaron in Chicago? He replies: "There were no letters from her for my story at least!"

"In answer to that question I want to say that I don't associate with such men," he said, indicating that no more rides would go anyhow. "I am an American, not a Clan-na-Gael. So far as I am concerned—and speaking for myself I speak for my family—the whole Clan-na-Gael society ought to be at the bottom of Lake Michigan. I won't make anything to do with it, and it can't make use of me."

STILL SEEKING BLOOD.

Huff and Patterson May Fight, but Efforts Being Made to Prevent It.

MACON, Ga., September 16.—I have had a long hunt over the State to catch up with the legislative Huff-Patterson duel. Huff was at his home here this morning away from the Legislature, and the Patterson spent the forenoon in the Atlanta Assembly.

The fight is still on hot and heavy, but the most influential men in Bibb County, including a prominent minister of the gospel, Dr. E. W. Warren, have taken the matter sternly, and before daylight one or the other course must be reached.

The seconds are not recognized. The committee of twenty-one, however, set up a communication addressed to both the duelists asking that a conference be had. Huff consented, but declined to commit himself to anything. Patterson has just arrived from Atlanta and a final effort is being made to settle the difficulty. The committee are with him.

ACRE TO SUBMIT THEIR DIFFERENCES TO A JURY.

MACON, Ga., September 17.—The peace committee of twenty-one, appointed at the public meeting yesterday for the purpose of effecting an amicable settlement of the Huff-Patterson matter, Messrs. Huff and Patterson finally agreed to submit their differences to the committee for settlement, and each made a written agreement to be bound by the decision of the committee, and that the one on whom the blame is put for the trouble will have to retract or make amends honorable to the other one.

The joint committee of merchants, lawyers, and clergymen generally agreed that the three preachers of the committee should be constituted a sub-committee, who shall make a thorough investigation of the entire matter from the beginning; shall examine all papers, evidence, etc., in order to arrive at the truth of the affair, and find on whom the fault should rest. This sub-committee is composed of Rev. E. W. Warren, pastor of the First Baptist Church; Rev. T. R. Kendall, pastor of the Mulberry Street Methodist Church; and Rev. W. B. Jennings, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. They will no doubt consume several days in the investigation.

The people of Macon are delighted that the matter is meeting adjustment without bloodshed, and that it will be settled honorably and satisfactorily to both gentlemen.

Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

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The *Times* says: "Another scheme on the part of the defense, and one which has in view nothing less than the absolute clearing of the Cronin suspects and the creation of public sentiment in their behalf, was sprung on the public yesterday. In boldness of design it is quite equal to that of the stupendous conspiracy that murdered Dr. Cronin. How or from what source came the first intimation of what the character and nature of the Cronin defense were to be nobody knows. But suddenly and simultaneously in all the afternoon papers there appears a plan of defense so skillfully told as to blind the average reader and make him believe that a carefully devised story is a reality."

The *Inter-Ocean* says: "The latest story advanced by the 'Triangle' to account for the murder of Dr. Cronin is worthy of that prince of romancers, Baron Munchausen himself. The investigators of the crime and their apologists and defenders have outdone themselves. Not only is this new theory palpably false and malicious, but ridiculous in the extreme, and unworthy of a moment's consideration, did it not outline a part of the plan of the defense. The *Tribune* story was put in circulation yesterday in behalf of the man on trial for the murder of Dr. Cronin, which, as a marvelous and wonderful concoction, is only second to the plot itself whereby the murder was carried out. The plan was worthy of the brain which devised the decoy contract, forged telegrams from Toronto, the tin box of Klaner, the renting of the cottage at Woolwich, and the discovery of the exhumed corpse dressed in the murdered man's clothes for floating in the Thames. For a unforgotten plot, the plot falls through, for no reason, Druggist Burlington, instead of remaining in England for good, as it was supposed he would, will sail from Liverpool for New York October 9."

The same paper prints an interview with George E. May, who is supposed to have been Miss LeCaron's correspondent. He says: "I have turned over no letters to Mr. Forrest or any living soul." In his most emphatic manner, he says: "If I have received any letters from Miss LeCaron or any one else, referring to the Cronin case, or any one connected with it in the remotest way, you may cut off every finger on my right hand."

But didn't you take a buggy ride with Miss LeCaron in Chicago? He replies: "There were no letters from her for my story at least!"

"In answer to that question I want to say that I don't associate with such men," he said, indicating that no more rides would go anyhow. "I am an American, not a Clan-na-Gael. So far as I am concerned—and speaking for myself I speak for my family—the whole Clan-na-Gael society ought to be at the bottom of Lake Michigan. I won't make anything to do with it, and it can't make use of me."

STILL SEEKING BLOOD.

Huff and Patterson May Fight, but Efforts Being Made to Prevent It.