

price for labor and reduced the cost of necessities, are not philanthropists. Their sole motive has been one of gain, and with the destruction of private property that motive will disappear, and so would the progress of society. The very advantage to be derived from the security of property in our civilization is that it turns the selfishness and desire for gain into the strongest motive for doing that without which the upward development of mankind would cease and retrogression was begun.

It is greatly in the interest of the workingman, therefore, that corporate capital should be fairly treated. Any injustice done to it acts directly upon the wage earners that must look to corporate wealth for their employment. Take the large body of railroad employees. Any drastic legislation which tends unjustly to reduce the legitimate earnings of the railroad must in the end fall with heavy weight upon the employees of that railroad, because the manager will ultimately turn toward wages as the place where economy can be effected. So in respect to taxation, if the corporation is made to bear more than its share of the public burdens, it reacts directly first upon its stockholders and then upon its employees."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

ENTRE NOUS GIVE JOHNSON RECEPTION

Event Was Friday Night in The Club Rooms of the Organization.

"DREAM CITY" WAS THERE.

The Entre Nous club had festivities last night at the beautiful club rooms in the I. O. O. F. building in honor of Frank Johnson, a former Richmond young man, and the entire cast of "The Dream City" company. The Entre Nous clubmen are social entertainers and Old King Minn held court at the club rooms until there was a hint that today's sun was making preparation for his debut somewhere to the east of our beautiful city. The hosts of the occasion offered to the willing guests plenty of good things to eat, with trimmings. Between feeds an impromptu program was offered, which included songs, speeches, stories—and some more stories. The song hit of the evening (should we say morning?) was "We're Here Because We're Here."

Speaking about the Dream City, which show played at the Gaiety prior to Entre Nous festivities—it was a scream. It was listened to by the usual medium sized audience, which made up in enthusiasm for what it lacked in size. Little Chip, Frank Johnson and Mary Marble carried off the honors. Johnson was given a royal sendoff by his ex-townsmen, and he turned in, for "Monk" is certainly one clever comedian. Little Chip was funnier than ever and the audience howled with laughter at his antics and droll lines. The Dream City actually had a plot, the lines were clever, the supporting company efficient and easy to look at. The music was catchy and the voices were good.

The Hub Of The Body.
The organ around which all the other organs revolve, and upon which they are largely dependent for their existence, is the stomach. When the functions of the stomach become impaired, the bowels and liver also become deranged. To cure a disease of the stomach, liver or bowels get a 50-cent or \$1 bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is the most prompt relief for constipation and dyspepsia ever known.

KUHN IS DAILY GAINING STRENGTH

Southern Indiana Editor Says His Nomination Would Be Wise.

WOULD CORRECT BELIEF.

NOMINATION WOULD BE REFUTATION OF THE MORE SERIOUS CHARGES THAT ARE PLACED AGAINST DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The candidacy of the Rev. T. H. Kuhn of this city for the Democratic nomination for governor is gaining much ground over the entire state and he is considered by thousands of party men, as the logical candidate for the office. The Sullivan, Ind. Times, commenting editorially of Richmond's preacher politician says:

"The Democratic state convention will select strong candidates and write a platform suited to the existing conditions. At the present time the nomination of Rev. T. H. Kuhn of Richmond as the Democratic candidate for governor would be the wisest course that could be pursued. His nomination would be a most emphatic refutation of the most serious charges that are made against the Democratic organization and the kind of campaign he can make would enthrone the rank and file. Rev. Mr. Kuhn made a hit at the Linton meeting and he is developing strength all over the state."

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

ARGUMENTS IN WALSH CASE WILL BE HEARD MONDAY

Cross Examination of Chicago Financier Was Completed Friday, Ending Testimony Given in the Case.

SEVERAL CONFLICTING STATEMENTS WERE MADE

Several Admissions Drawn From Defendant Will Be a Great Aid to the Prosecution in Arguments.

Chicago, Jan. 11.—With the conclusion yesterday afternoon of the cross and redirect examination of John R. Walsh, the taking of testimony in the long drawn out case against the former bank president was practically completed. Arguments on the evidence will be begun Monday morning. Judge Anderson having announced that he would be engaged with other matters today, and it is thought the case will be given to the jury before the close of next week.

Reaffirming and reiterating today that his first concern in all of the transactions between himself and his bank and his various enterprises, had always been the welfare of the Chicago National bank, the defendant-witness came through the ordeal of cross examination without retracting a word of his initial declaration. He made admissions which were regarded by the prosecution as compromising to his plea of innocence, but he maintained to the last that the interests of his bank were always protected to the best of his judgment. One of the admissions forced from him by the searching interrogations of Assistant District Attorney Dobyns was that the memorandum notes, the importance of which had been emphasized by the prosecution, were not the record of loans to the persons whose names appeared on the notes. On the other hand he declared that the unsecured loans which the government has produced in evidence of alleged bad faith were regarded by him as his personal liabilities to the bank, even when advanced to others, and that in the event of his death, his estate would have been held for their payment. He declared further that the investments of the Chicago National bank in the securities of the Walsh railroads were not made with the intention of making himself a railroad magnate, but for the purpose of making possible an advance sale of the properties and thus avoiding losses that would otherwise have resulted.

The redirect examination by Attorney John S. Miller consisted of but few questions and brought out no new features, and no rebuttal testimony was offered. A motion that the case be taken from the jury was denied.

You'll be healthy and happy if your liver, and bowels work naturally. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea keeps these organs working right, brings robust health to all. Try it now. 25c. Tea or Tablets. A. G. Lukken & Co.

HANDEL'S ANTHEM RENDERED TOMORROW

First M. E. Choir Will Soon Repeat "Messiah."

Tomorrow morning the choir at First M. E. church under leadership of Prof. J. Leroy Harris, will render Handel's anthem, "Lift Up Your Heads, O ye Gates," and Miss Carolyn Karl and Mr. Harris will sing "The Beautiful City of Gold." At night the anthem will be "Sing Alleluia Fourth," by Bach and solo by the same composer. "Judge Me, O God," rendered by Mr. Chas. Cox, Sunday night, Jan. 19, the choir, assisted by full orchestra, will repeat the "Messiah," which was so successfully given a few weeks ago.

FIRST ELECTION SET POSTED IN NEW YORK

Wager Made That Democrats Would Be Beat.

New York, Jan. 11.—Former national committeeman Thomas H. Shevelin, republican, of Minneapolis, bet John S. McDonald, a trefman, five thousand dollars that Governor Johnson of Minnesota, if nominated by Democrats for president, would be defeated by a republican candidate. Roosevelt was excepted. It was the first election bet posted in this city.

"How," she murmured in passionate tones, leaning toward him across the table; "how can you treat me so?" A shadow crossed his brow. Then he said frankly, "Well, I got \$25 on my watch today." Her face was wreathed in smiles. "Let's have some more lobster," she said.—Cleveland Leader.

BEGIN 30,000 MILE JOURNEY

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thurston Leave for Alaska.

Hagerstown, Ind., Jan. 11.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thurston of Fairbanks, Alaska, who have been visiting here for the past week, went to Flint, Mich., to spend Sunday with Mrs. Thurston's mother before leaving Monday for their northern home. They will stop at Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. It will take six weeks to reach their home in Alaska and when they will have arrived there, 30,000 miles will have been covered by them on their trip. Important business interests which demanded Mr. Thurston's attention, crused their short stay.

RELEASE OF RUEF IS NOW EXPECTED

It Will Come as a Compromise In the San Francisco Tangle.

PROSECUTION GETS BLOW.

IT DESTROYS THE HOLD UPON BOSS WHO IS LINK BETWEEN ACCUSED BRIBERS AND BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

San Francisco, January 11.—Following the decision of the District Court of Appeals setting aside the conviction of former Mayor Eugene E. Schmitz, which may have a serious effect on the prosecution of the San Francisco bribery cases, in which 441 indictments were returned, perhaps necessitating a complete readjustment of evidence, much activity prevailed today among those associated in the prosecution.

One of the significant features was a conference between Abraham Ruef, the former dictator in the politics of San Francisco, Special Agent William J. Burns and District Attorney William H. Langdon. None of the parties to the conference would give the slightest indication as to the object of the meeting, but it may be said that the release of Ruef on bail is one of the developments that is expected as a possible compromise between him and the prosecution as a result of the reversal of the Schmitz judgment, which also nullifies the plea of guilty made by Ruef.

Far more serious to the prosecution, it is generally believed, was the Court's decision because of its applicability to Ruef than the setting aside of the conviction of Schmitz, having the effect, it is said, of practically destroying the prosecution's hold upon the former political boss, who is regarded as the one connecting link between the accused bribers and the Board of Supervisors.

When the case of Patrick Calhoun came up before Superior Judge Lawrence today District Attorney Langdon was granted a continuance until Tuesday when it will be set for trial, probably in February.

GANGRENE KILLS PROMINENT FARMER

Philip Pipher Dies at His Home Near Hagerstown Of Disease.

RECOVERY WAS EXPECTED.

Hagerstown, Ind., Jan. 11.—Philip Pipher, aged 72 years, died Friday afternoon at his home one half mile south of town, after a several weeks' illness of gangrene. The deceased, who was a prominent farmer, had delicate health for many years and was an abstainer from all kinds of drinks and foods except vegetables and fruits and pure water. Physicians said that this diet and his very strong will have been what has carried the deceased through sickness. Philip Pipher was born at Springfield, Ohio, and as the age of five years, with his parents, moved to this place. The widow, Mrs. Sarah Pipher, a daughter, Mrs. John Repligle and son Peter Pipher, survive. Funeral services will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the residence. Philip Franzmann of Germantown, will conduct the services. Interment in West Lawn cemetery.

Why the Basque Cow Died.

A university professor was lecturing on the Basque people and their customs. On the subject of their superstitions he told the following:

"I was walking down the street in a little Basque village one day when a man came excitedly toward me. After glancing furtively about he whispered: 'Hush! She is dead.'"

"Who?" I asked, wondering whether the man had lost a lovely daughter or a dutiful wife.

"My cow! She died this morning," was the answer. "And," he added, "it isn't hard to explain. The very first thing I saw this morning when I glanced out of the window was a woman. Truly, fate is against me!"

A RESCUE IN MIDAIR.

Perilous Feat of Climbing Up a Skyscraper Frame.

A LIFE WAS IN THE BALANCE.

Quick Wit and Strong Nerves at a Critical Moment in a Building Accident—Why One Man Has a Warm Spot in His Heart For Our Sailors.

"I was working on a steel framed skyscraper in one of our large coast cities on a July day some years ago," said the man who told of the exciting, almost tragic incident. "We had reached the eighth story, and as the floors were somewhat more than ten feet apart, the top beams were well up in the air.

"One forenoon I was inside an elevator well between the seventh and eighth stories fastening the guide to the sheet steel wall. One of the other sides was also covered with steel, but the other two were open.

"At 11:30 we reached a set of holes six feet above the seventh floor. To get at these I was obliged to sit upon a board supported by two tall wooden horses standing on planks laid across the shaft and forming a loose scaffolding. Through its openings I could look down clear to the basement, more than seventy feet below. Behind me, on the opposite side of the shaft, were lashed short perpendicular ladders, up and down which the men were constantly passing, for the elevator well was the main thoroughfare of the huge steel skeleton.

"Noon struck. In less than a minute the ladders were covered with men climbing down. There were a lot of 12 o'clock fellows on the job who would rather leave a hot half driven than work a second overtime. A gang right over me had just put a heavy steel ladder in place on the edge of the shaft. Two or three bolts had been driven into one end, but the other was as yet unfastened. It would have taken only a few minutes at the most to make everything secure, but at the first stroke of the hour they dropped their tools and hurried to dinner.

"A sudden strong hot wind swept through the frame, making the loose planks rattle. Something grated above my head. I looked up and for a moment my blood stopped running. The rust had struck the nicely balanced ladder with just enough force to make it totter. Slowly its loose end swung downward; then it lurched quickly and slid into the well.

"As it dropped it just cleared my head. It sheared through the middle of the scaffolding as if the thick planks were rotten paper. Down it shot, gaining momentum with every foot, its lower end making the opposite wall clean of ladders.

"Smash! Bang! Grind! All was over in a few seconds. Dust rose, and when the turmoil had subsided there was I sitting on my board with seventy-five feet of empty air between me and the debris at the bottom of the well.

"The falling ladder had taken out the middle of the scaffolding, leaving only the side planks on which the horses stood. The shock had moved one of these planks two or three inches, so that a leg of the horse upon it just overhung the edge. A little more and the horse would topple into the shaft, taking its support from the board on which I sat and hurling me down to a frightful death.

"I knew that I had been seen and my peril understood. The building was on a crowded business street, and the crash of the falling beam had attracted the attention of hundreds of people. A great silent throng soon blocked all traffic. I could see their upturned faces and an occasional pointed finger. Their very stillness terrified me, for I knew that it was my mortal danger that held them spellbound.

"But there was one in that throng who did something more than sympathize. He was a sailor on shore leave from a United States battleship in the harbor. Running into a store, he obtained a hundred feet of new, strong rope, looped it about his shoulders and began to clamber toward me. As there were no ladders left, he was forced to swarm up the steel uprights.

"At first, however, I did not see him, for close to me something happened that drove everything else from my mind.

"A barely perceptible movement fastened my eyes on the leg of the horse. Painfully scrutinizing the spot where it rested, I saw that the plank was being pushed slowly but surely along by the lateral pressure of the other legs. I watched it, fascinated. It was only a question of a very short time when I should be hurled into the pit.

"Suddenly, three stories below, I saw a man climbing toward me. He was dressed in a blue suit and a flat cap edged with white letters. A coil of rope hung round his neck. Up he came like a monkey, arms, legs, hands, feet, all doing their part. Would he be in time to save me? He was a swarthy, Spanish looking fellow, not very tall, with black mustache and good natured face. Two stories below me his cap dropped off, revealing his thick curly hair. Several times he slipped back slightly, and I noticed the dull red smears on his clothing from the freshly painted beams.

"I watched him tensely. He glanced up and caught my eye.

"'Cheer up, mate!' he exclaimed. 'I'll have this rope round you in a jiffy.'"

"Another slight movement of the plank I groaned. The bluejacket heard me, and it stimulated him to do his utmost. It was a race between him and the retreating wood. On his little muscles his life depended.

"The leg now hung on its support by the merest fraction of its width. It might slip off at any second. I no longer saw the sailor. The sound of his climbing and his heavy breathing came to me, but I did not dare to turn my head.

"I closed my lids for an instant. When I opened them, the leg was entirely off the plank. The horse tipped, and the board under me tilted downward.

"I gave one last despairing glance at the steel wall and at the dolly suspended by its chain. Could those small rusted links support 150 pounds more?

The thought dashed into my brain. There was no time for debating. As the board dropped from under me I flung out my hands and twined my fingers round the chain with the grip of death.

"Over the top of the wall, four feet above, appeared the bluejacket's anxious face.

"'Quick!' I screamed.

"'Catch hold!' shouted he, and down on my head dropped a loop of rope. As I clutched it with one hand a link in the chain pulled out, and the fifty pound bar shot down to the bottom of the well. Two minutes later I lay safe on the working platform above. Then everything turned black.

"When I came to myself I was lying on a bench in the tool shanty. One of my friends was dousing me with cold water, while others were grouped round, but the sailor, to whose coolness and dexterity I owed my life, was nowhere to be seen. He had fastened the rope under my arms and lowered me down insensible. Then he had descended, picked up his cap and disappeared.

"I never see a bluejacket without thinking of the one who saved my life, and that is why I have always had a warm place in my heart for the sailors of the United States navy.—Youth's Companion.

ROSSINI'S WATCH.

A Stranger Who Knew More About It Than the Composer.

Rossini, the composer, possessed a magnificent watch that his king had presented to him. It was a repeater and also a musical watch, for it played the maestro's prayer from "Moses in Egypt." But not until after he had owned it for six years did he understand it fully. Rossini took a boyish delight in showing it and making it play, and one day he did so while in a cafe.

A stranger who sat near was attracted by the music, and just as Rossini was going to put it back in his pocket he stepped up to him and said, "You have a very valuable watch there, sir, but I'll wager that you do not know all its capabilities."

Rossini, much surprised, said: "I have carried it now for six years in honor of my king. It has never varied one minute; it repeats the hour, quarter-hour, tells the minutes and the day of the month and plays, as you have just heard, the prayer from 'Moses.'"

"And yet I insist," said the stranger smiling, "that you do not know your watch wholly. I'll wager anything you like—your watch against 10,000 francs!"

"Oh, well, if you have 10,000 francs too many I'll take the bet," cried Rossini. "But now give me the proof of your assertion."

"Very well. The watch plays another piece of yours, master, and contains your portrait besides."

Speechless, Rossini saw that when the stranger touched a spring a lid flew back, disclosing his portrait, while at the same time it played "Di Tanti Palpit" from "Tancredi."

"Good gracious," he exclaimed, looking at his lost watch. "It is true! You have won the wager. But how could I know?"

The stranger laughed heartily and handed him back his treasure, saying: "I am the maker of this watch, Michel Plivier. The wager was made in fun, but I am delighted that you, the great maestro, take such pleasure in my work."

Wiles of Animals.
The panther on the plains of Patagonia gets as near a herd of guanacos as it can, then lies down behind a bush on its back. It puts one paw up in the air, then another, then the third and fourth and after a bit all four at once. That seems curious to the guanacos, and they come close to investigate. Up jumps the panther and lights on the nearest one's back and breaks its neck. A fox up in Nova Scotia comes down to the bay of Fundy and goes jumping along the beach a couple of rods and back again, rising on its hind legs at each about face and waving its big tail in the air. The little flock of four or five Canada geese out on the water begin to wonder what can be the matter with the fox. They swim up into the shallow water to investigate, when in dashes the fox and grabs one by the neck. The men have taken advantage of this trick and have trained dogs to do as the fox does. For lack of a dog men themselves have ambled about on their hands and knees to attract the birds.

A Calendar.
To the modern world a calendar is merely a harmless necessary reminder of weeks and days to be hung up on New Year's day and consulted in dating letters throughout the year. It has no such mournful sound as "calendarium" had for the ancient Romans. The original calendar of their times was the money lender's account book, so called because interest was due from the debtor on the calendars, or first day of each month. Seneca speaks of calendar as a word invented outside the course of nature on account of human greed.

It goes to the root of disease, strengthens and invigorates, its life giving qualities are not contained in any other remedy. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea has stood the severest test—time. For thirty years the surest remedy. 50c. Tea or Tablets. A. G. Lukken & Co.

Smiles Without Pain.
"Yes," answered the man who had his feet on a table "it is true that I did once attempt to commit suicide."

"I was dissatisfied out of work, out of health, and I brooded over my unhappy lot until—"

"Never mind what drove you to attempt the deed. All that interests us is how you made such a failure."

"I can hardly account for it myself even now. I fired a pistol straight at my head."

"Blank cartridge?"

"To be sure!"

"Had chain armor on?"

"Bullet hit a rib and glanced off."

"No," said the man, looking scornfully at the scoffers about him. "The bullet hit the looking glass in front of which I was standing and broke it into a thousand pieces."—Strand Magazine.

AN OLD INDIAN STORY

The Legend of the Love Tragedy of Medicine Bluff.

FATE OF TWO KIOWA BRAVES.

The Proof of Daring and Test of Love Demanded by the Beautiful Maiden. Laughing Moonbeam—A Wild and Fearless Leap Into Eternity.

In days gone by—so runs a legend old as the hills that gave it birth, so powerful as the tale of the people about which it tells—there dwelt in the Wichita mountains an old Indian chief of the Kiowa tribe, renowned as a warrior, revered as a ruler.

With him in his wigwag of dressed buffalo hides, twenty all told, he was a mighty chieftain, lived the young Laughing Moonbeam, his daughter, a maiden as renowned for beauty as was the illustrious warrior who gave her birth for prowess in battle.

Her smile was the garden, her hand the prize, for which all the young braves of her tribe as well as those of neighboring tribes strove in friendly bout and deadly battle. But Laughing Moonbeam had eyes but for two, and yet could not decide between her faithful lovers—tall Deols and brave Belo, both of royal stock, both well favored. Finally the perplexed princess of the plains put an end to perplexity and suspense by setting for her eager lovers a task.

This task was truly a proof of bravery and a test of love. Upon a certain day the young men were to mount their ponies and, riding at full tilt to the top of a high bluff, leap to the plains below, he who survived the terrible leap of many hundred feet to be given to the princess in marriage.

At this point a brief description of the bluff, which is itself a part of this quaint legend, will not come amiss. This particular peak of the Wichita mountains is known in redskin annals as Medicine Bluff, from the fact that the mysterious medicine men were wont to meet upon its summit and there concoct their potent charms making medicine and hatching evil midnight plots upon the haunted mountain top, for the bluff itself bore an unsavory reputation among the redskins. It is of an exceedingly peculiar formation, having the appearance of being cut cleanly in two from apex to base, the Kiowas believing that the missing half was spirited away in the night by the emissaries of the evil one.

The legend further states that upon the day set for the task, the day when half a score of foolish young braves were to ride to their death at the bidding of a mere squaw—so said the old men of the tribe contemptuously—the whole tribe, with many from the neighboring tribes, gathered at the foot of Medicine bluff to await the outcome.

"They come! See, Belo, the brave, leads!" cried an old medicine man, pointing across the prairies. Proudly the young braves came on, the morning sunlight flashing back from their glittering, snow white robes of dressed deer skin adorned with myriads of brilliantly colored glass beads, elk teeth and sweeping deerskin fringe. Eagle plumes topped all this barbaric splendor, trailing out far behind in the brisk prairie breeze.

A sigh of mingled admiration and sorrow went up from the multitude as the young braves, the flower of the tribe, began to mount the menacing bluff. Swiftly the sturdy little ponies took the trail upward, the watchers below waiting spellbound for the crucial moment. The princess, Laughing Moonbeam, standing beside the tall old warrior chieftain, looked calmly, proudly up, her glance resting but a moment upon the cheering crowd.

"See, only Belo and Deols have reached the top!" someone shouted excitedly. Too true, the other youths, faint hearted, perhaps, or their reason returning in the face of such a foolhardy casting away of human and brute life, were slowly coming down the rugged mountain trail, leaving the two determined suitors poised on the brink of the bluff.

A moment horses and riders stood outlined against the vivid blue like two great uncouth birds poised for flight. The shuddering multitude below turned away sickened, and women shrieked as the brave little ponies took the leap. Horses and riders turned in the air, then crashed with mighty shock upon the cruel stones at the foot of the bluff, a sight that made strong men weep and curse and cry aloud at the pity of it all. The senseless form of Laughing Moonbeam—husbandless for all time, for the happy hunting grounds claimed the spirits of her dead lovers—was borne from the scene in the arms of the weeping old warrior chief. The squaws, with bared breasts, gathered about the dead bodies and commenced to wail the death dirge of the Kiowas, slashing their naked breasts and arms the while with sharp hunting knives.

And today Medicine bluff towers serenely above the beautiful little creek of the same name that ripples along at its foot, forgetful of the sad scene once mirrored in its liquid breast.—Los Angeles Times.

The Great Lottery.

Marks—Taking a wife is something like eating mushrooms. Parks—How so? Marks—You've got to wait results before you can be absolutely sure you've taken the right kind.—Exchange.

Looked Cheap.

Mrs. Griggs—So you managed to get to the bargain counter for me. Did you see anything real cheap there?

Griggs—Yes! I caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror.—Boston Transcript.

In The Stomach Dispensable?

An operation for the removal of the stomach in a Chicago hospital recently, promoted discussion among the surgeons whether the stomach could be removed and the patient be none the worse for it. Before the discussion had wound up, the patient had died. It demonstrated that a man could not live without his stomach. To keep the stomach in good condition, and cure constipation, indigestion, etc., use the great herb laxative, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Pleasant, gentle, laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which sells at the small sum of 50 cents a bottle, is the best remedy for you to have in the home to give children when they need it.

Leaving Richmond 11:15 p. m. via C. & L. lands you in Chicago at 7:00 a. m. Through sleepers and coaches. You will like it. arr-tt

PALLADIUM WANT ADS. PAY

RICHMOND A YOUNG MEN BEAT MAN WHO ASSAULTED WOMAN

Incident Occurred at Cambridge City Friday Night When Wills Went on Warpath and Beat Mrs. Merrick

CONVICTED IN 'SQUIRE'S COURT ON TWO CHARGES

When Drug Store Was Raided A Barrel of Beer Was Found And Charge of Violating the Blind Tiger Law Filed.

J. A. Wills of Cambridge City, proprietor of the People's Drug Store, assaulted Mrs. Merrick Gaylor Merrick last evening and was severely beaten for his act by two Richmond young men and, to cap the climax, was arrested this morning for violation of the Blind Tiger law.

A short time ago Wills was arrested for assault and battery on his wife. He was arraigned on this charge in Justice Pritchard's court and fined. Last night Wills went on the war path again. Armed with a revolver he called at the home of Mrs. Merrick ostensibly to collect a bill.

When Mrs. Merrick appeared at the door, it is alleged Wills sized her and then began to beat her with his fists. The cries of the woman attracted to the scene of the disturbance Ed Ireton and Herbert Mikesell, two Richmond young men who are friends of Mrs. Merrick. Ireton and Mikesell closed with Wills and a fierce struggle ensued. Wills finally being overpowered and relieved of the revolver. After the weapon had been taken from him he was allowed to leave the house.

This morning Wills was again arraigned in the justice court, this time charged with assault and battery on Mrs. Merrick. He entered a plea of guilty and was fined \$5 and costs. All of this case had been disposed of, Mikesell filed an affidavit against Wills charging him with a violation of the Blind Tiger law. Officers were detailed to raid Wills' drug store and they found a barrel of beer, which was promptly confiscated. When Wills was placed on trial to answer for this violation of law, he entered a plea of guilty. Mikesell on the witness stand testified that the previous evening he had bought some beer of Wills at the People's Drug store. Squire Pritchard fined him \$10 and costs. Both fines, with costs, amounted to \$40, were paid by Wills. He promised Deputy Prosecutor Macon that he would never again get into trouble.

GRANT AND PETERSBURG.

Where the Confederate Forces Lost a Great Opportunity.

Grant determined to cross the James at Wilcox's Landing, ten miles below City Point and entirely out of Lee's observation, and to move thence directly upon Petersburg with his whole army. He would thus pass in rear of Butler and attack the extreme right flank of the Confederate line, which it was certain would now be held by only a small force. It involved the performance of a feat in transportation which had never been equaled and might well be considered impossible without days of delay.

It was all accomplished without mishap and in such an incredibly short time that Lee refused for three days to believe it. During these three days, June 15, 16 and 17, Grant's whole army was arriving at and attacking Petersburg, which was defended at first only by Beauregard with about 2,500 men.

Lee, with Longstreet's and Hill's corps, for the same three days lay idle in the woods on the north side, only replacing some of Beauregard's troops taken to Petersburg from in front of Butler.

But for this Longstreet's corps might have manned the intrenchments of Petersburg when Grant's troops first appeared before them, and it is not too much to claim that his defeat would have been not less bloody and disastrous than was the one at Cold Harbor, for while the intrenchments at Cold Harbor were the poorest and slightest in which we ever fought, the Petersburg lines had been built a year before and were of the best character, with some guns of position mounted and all the forest in front cleared away to give range to the artillery.

This, then, was really the nearest approach to "a crisis" which occurred during the war. Instead of "success elsewhere," Grant here escaped a second defeat more bloody and more overwhelming than any preceding. Thus the last and perhaps the best chances of Confederate success were not lost in the repulse of Gettysburg nor in any combat of arms. They were lost during three days of lying in camp, believing that Grant was benumbed by the broad part of the James below City Point and had nowhere to go but to come and attack us. The entire credit for the strategy belongs, I believe, to Grant, though possibly it may be shared by his chief of staff, Humphreys, whose modest narrative makes no reference to the subject.—General E. P. Alexander in Scribner's.

The Sunrise Of Life.