CAMP ALLISON NAILOR.

Drills Progressing Nicely—Military Discipline Prevails—Notes.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CAMP ALLISON NAILOR,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 23, 1893.

There is a very busy camp at Atlantic City this year. The rain at the earlier part of the encampment interfered with the carrying out the program, but as the lost time is being made up, the boys claim with compound interest, it is very probable that no one in the camp will get out of serving his full nine hours drill during the ten days' stay.

Another heavy rain visited the camp last night, drenching the guard and making things exceedingly lively for them. It, however, cleared away before daybreak and the boys had a drill this morning that was excellent. About one thousand rounds of blank cartridges were fired during the drill, that lasted about an hour and a half. It was intended to have a skirmish drill today, but the load and firing movements in squads, companies, battalions and regiment were substituted instead. There was a great deal of consternation among the people of the city when the ceremonies opened by a regimental volley being fired. It was beautifully executed, with the exception of one man who, when the command to fire was given, discovered that his piece was at the half cock; he, however, endeavored to set matters aright by full cocking his piece and firing a "volley" all to himself. The honor for the firing all through, however, belongs to company B, and Major Ross took occasion to compliment the company in the highest terms for the able manner in which they executed the commands.

Tomorrow morning a skirmish drill will take place, and as the order has already been issued it is expected that a large audience will be on hand to witness it, as has been the case in all the parades that have already taken place.

The following order was given out this morning to the members of the two commands:

HEADQUARTERS W. L. I. CORPS,
CAMP ALLISON NAILOR,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 23, 1893.

An invitation having been received from the proprietors of the Casino Theater, requesting the presence of the Washington Light Infantry Corps and the War Department Guards at a matinee performance of "Fun on the Bristol" today the various companies will assemble on their company street at 2:45 o'clock and will proceed to the casino, where the performance will begin at three o'clock.

By order of
WM. G. MOORE,
Colonel Commanding.
WM. M. ARNOLD,
First Lieut. and Adjt.

Accordingly at the appointed hour, headed by the Fourth Artillery Band, the procession started with Colonel Nailor acting as guide. Arriving at the theater seats were assigned them in the front rows, and a very creditable performance was witnessed, the house being crowded to its utmost capacity. The various numbers of the opera were well rendered, the more familiar airs receiving prompt recognition by loud applause.

During the absence of the soldiers from the camp the parade ground was taken possession of by two local base ball clubs, who played a close and exciting game, ending in a score of 4 to 3.

A very enjoyable sail was enjoyed by a small party this morning. Mr. R. R. Winters, a New York newspaper correspondent, visited camp yesterday and extended an invitation to E. C. Gatchell, esq., Private Marshall Smith of company B, and The Evening Star representative to join him this morning in a sail on the old Atlantic. A start was made about 9 o'clock, and after partaking of the hospitality of the genial host a return was made two hours later.

It is to be exceedingly regretted that the boys will not get a chance to have any rifle practice this year while in camp. It was thought that no trouble would be experienced in getting a suitable site for at least two and three hundred yard ranges. When the committee on encampment visited Atlantic City last month several sites were discussed, but none of them proved desirable. Lieut. Ebert, inspector of rifle practice, says that since he came down he has been looking around, but as yet no suitable spot has come under his observation. Nevertheless he says that next year there is no doubt but what there will be a brigade encampment at Fort Washington, and then the boys can have all the shooting they desire. Lieut. Ebert is as enthusiastic over rifle practice as any man in camp and is never as happy as when calling out in his merry voice "miss," "a two," "a three" or "a bull." Although he has only one arm, he is an excellent shot, his scores rolling up far above those of many of his competitors who are possessed of both members.

The committee on invitations went in the parlor of the hotel last evening immediately after dress parade to take action on the invitations on hand, and owing to the fact that four such epistles had been received for tonight, it was deemed expedient to decline all four, consequently after dress parade this afternoon the soldiers will be at liberty to pass the evening till taps in such manner as they may think best.

Bathing in the briny breakers finds great favor with the soldiers and the mosquito-scarred warriors find great sport in battling with the waves. Those who have enjoyed a dip this morning was Private W. H. J. Coleman, and before leaving the water he had a scare that he will not soon forget. Being an excellent swimmer the private had no hesitancy in going out some distance. On the return trip he was unable to reach shore owing to the undertow. After nearly exhausting himself in vain efforts to get in he was discovered by the life guard, who dragged him into the boat and carried him safely into port.

Surgeon Luce has his hands full at the present writing in treating the many patients in camp. Among these is Private Wynne of company A. The young man went into the water yesterday and received a very severe cut in the foot by stepping on a shell that made a very cruel wound. He will be unable to perform a soldier's duty for several days.

Capt. Nailor stated today that the committee on invitations had decided to accept invitations as follows: Thursday evening, a full dress ball in honor of the Washington Light Infantry Corps and the War Department Guards at the "Casino;" Friday evening, a ball, full dress, at the Hotel Royal.

W. Engel, esq., formerly a member of the Light Infantry, arrived in town today, and lost no time in finding his way to the camp, where he was a welcome visitor.

The individual from Washington who was in camp last night and caused much anxiety among the officers and men by exploding giant firecrackers close to the tents, as mentioned in special dispatch to The Star, entered camp this morning as brave as ever and was promptly ejected with the warning that if he showed his face within the guard line again he would be summarily dealt with.

The boys are enjoying themselves hugely when not engaged in military work. The members who are fortunate enough to have their wives with them can be seen passing the time pleasantly in their society and the single ones can be seen many times in the course of a day with the fair maidens leaning on their arms, parading the avenues, the boardwalk or the hotel verandas.

The boys have certainly struck a wet spell at this place. Early in the afternoon the wind shifted around to the northeast, and now the rain is coming down in torrents. It now looks as if it will continue through the night at least.

Orders Issued.

Owing to the rain and consequent countermanding of the order for dress parade the orders for tomorrow were posted on the bulletin board, which are as follows:

HEADQUARTERS W. L. I. CORPS,
CAMP ALLISON NAILOR,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 23, 1893.

Capt. Loeffler of company A is hereby announced as officer of the day and Lieut. Duffy of company D as officer of the guard for Thursday, August 24, 1893.

By order of WM. G. MOORE,
Colonel Commanding.
WM. M. ARNOLD, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS W. L. I. CORPS,
CAMP ALLISON NAILOR,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 23, 1893.

Orders No. 20.

Privates Claude Given of company D and McClelland Jones of company C are appointed to the color guard, and upon all battalions will report to the adjutant. They will continue membership in their respective companies.

By order of Maj. ROSS.
WM. M. ARNOLD, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

HEADQUARTERS W. L. I. CORPS,
CAMP ALLISON NAILOR,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Aug. 23, 1893.

Orders No. 21.

Second Lieut. H. J. Keough of company A is relieved from duty as acting adjutant of first battalion, D. C. N. G.

By order of Maj. ROSS.
WM. M. ARNOLD, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.

Sergt. Boisseau of company B is a favorite with the ladies, and every evening finds him on the boardwalk.

Private Ennis of company D is being very perceptibly improved in appearance, his face and neck taking on a rosy red color.

One of the gayest parties in camp is composed of Capt. and Mrs. John S. Miller, Capt. and Mrs. Chas. Childs, and their joyous sounds are often heard around the camp.

Sergt. Maj. Jesse Grant is developing an enormous appetite. Salt air agrees with him.

The Prettiest Baby in Washington.

There is a chance for some of the many pretty babies in Washington to have a present of $50, as that sum is offered for the first prize, with smaller yet liberal amounts for other prizes, to the prettiest babies who have used lactated food. Full particulars forwarded free by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., sole proprietors of lactated food, known in hundreds of homes as "the food that saves babies' lives." This food should be used by every baby during the dangerous summer months.

FUN AND COURT-MARTIALS.

The Light Battery Having a Good Time at Marshall Hall.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CAMP J. H. GRIFFITHS,
MARSHALL HALL, Md.,
August 23, 1893.

Last night and this morning our camp was visited for the second time by a good hard rain. The thunder roared and the wind blew, while the rain drops pattered in quick succession on our canvas covers. Luckily for light battery A, Uncle Sam's tents are made of good material and withstood the storm excellently. The plate printers of the government printing office ran a chartered excursion to Marshall Hall last night. The Macalester was loaded down with attractive young ladies, but as luck would have it there was a profusion of elegantly attired gentlemen in attendance. There is an old saying, however, that anything in brass buttons goes, and its truth was fully evidenced during the dance last evening.

A jocose crowd gathered in camp after taps, and while the corporal of the guard was inspecting the picket line went in search of our custodian of watermelons. He had been disturbed the preceding night, and was not in his tent.

A search of the unoccupied shelters in camp was then made, and in one Edward was found, stretched at full length in a peaceful slumber.

Drivers Nilson and Longley, two of the biggest men with us, gently lifted the cot and started out. But Edward sleeps with one eye open, so to speak, and soon had the other in position. Next his lungs went into action, and then everyone of sleepers within hearing aroused everything in the neighborhood. The improvised stretcher was easily and hurriedly lowered—you know the center of gravity was immediately under the collapsing mass—and a disorderly retreat ensued. After some hesitation the victim of ungraceful man proceeded again to the enjoyment of his blanket, but, after some argument by First Sergeant Quackenbush, was induced to go with that estimable gentleman on a prospective raid of a certain Mr. Hayseed's melon field. The plan was that the two foragers should slip out without being seen. They were preceded, however, by a detachment of the jolly soldiers club, and on arriving just opposite a deserted graveyard in the vicinity were dumbfounded by the explosion of a blank cartridge.

The sergeant was up and gone in the twinkling of an eye, and Edward with eyes "a-rollin'" saw half a dozen figures in white uniform approaching. He is sensible and in this case his judgment was lately assisted by a wholesome fear of ghosts. There are some good runners in the battery, but the chase was a long one. Edward fairly flew, but dropped his cap. Now, Ed is very practical, and supposing he would be fined for losing his head dress, hatred ghosts or no ghosts, and while in the act of picking up the lost garment was seized by the white objects. Such howls of horror and distress as he gave forth were never before heard by mortal man. He did more praying in one minute than the average dying man does in an hour. While marching him toward the cemetery, for the ostensible purpose of resurrecting a corpse buried during the late war, the prisoner broke loose and was off with the wind. Another hard chase ensued and no prisoner was captured. The night doctors bound their man hand and foot and proceeded to hold a special consultation. Somehow or other Edward managed to slip out his knife and cut the ropes that bound him. Again he was running like a deer, but Driver Wilson proved lighter on his feet than was expected. The extra session, like many other meetings known by that name, ended in doing nothing and letting the subject go at large.

The cemetery lay between the mob and camp, and the man who had been so anxious to take his departure decided to make the journey with the boys. In the meantime several had slipped away, and as the gloomy plot of earth was neared a low rumbling sound was heard. As the party came closer the noise increased in volume until a thoroughbred spiritualist like Edward might well be frightened. All hands broke in disorder and ran for their lives. The man to frighten whom all this noise was made was the last to start, but since he was not only running from spooks, but also from his white friends, his strides were longer and quicker than any one's else. The boys considerately decided that enough skylarking had been done for one night and adjourned until morning.

At 6 o'clock reveille was sounded and the regular routine of camp duty gone through. The men detailed to guard the camp today were: Lieut. Robbins, officer of the day; Sergt. Tappan, sergeant of the guard; Corp. Gooding, corporal of the guard; privates, Worch, Lithgon, Martin and Hutchins.

The morning was well taken up. A burlesque court martial was in order. Capt. Forsberg ordered the corporal of the guard to place last night's victim under arrest. When that had been done Bugler Blondi sounded assembly and the men quickly responded, thinking perhaps the fifty thousand unemployed workmen who threatened to besiege the national capital were already in the vicinity of their beloved homes. Some appeared in their shirt sleeves and others in uniform, but all came. Capt. Forsberg then rose, and while all was as silent as death Maj. Ross announced that Edward Cramp was to be tried forthwith, on charges to be preferred by First Sergt. Quackenbush.

The prisoner was then brought into the captain's tent, where court was being held, and ordered to make himself comfortable on the small end of a tent peg. He tried hard to do as told, but managed to reach mother earth five times before his efforts were rewarded with any kind of success.

When he had quieted down, the "Quack" stood up and, in obedience to the court, began a recitation of his downward tramp from the Christian standard. He began by saying that he had, previous to making the prisoner's acquaintance, been a good church member, attending Sunday school regularly and doing all in his power to follow in the footsteps of the many good men who had preceded him across the dark river—you know Jackson City is just across the dark Potomac flood. He further charged that the gentleman being tried had taken advantage of extreme youth and innocence. The court here demanded the age of witness. Answer: Nineteen.

Lieut. Robbins then desired to know how many times he had been married, and was solaced by the reply "nine times." The lieutenant emitted a long, low whistle, and held his peace during the proceedings that followed.

Witness was then directed to proceed. "Well," said he, "my conscience has been troubling me of late, and the watermelons pointed out by my partner friend did not agree with my tender stomach." By the way, the sergeant chews tobacco. "Last night I had determined to put a stop to my association with this sinful individual, but he coaxed me into one more raid, and induced me to accompany him on an expedition to a neighboring melon patch. Again my digestion was at fault and, in compliance with the laws laid down for my guidance, I concluded to visit the scene of inquiry, and, knowing the justice and fair-mindedness of your honor and the gentlemen present, feel sure of pardon for my many and grievous offenses, and pray of the court a punishment for this man which will cause him to cease forcing his annoying companionship into my young life."

During all this time Edward was turning lighter and lighter, until, when the witness sat down, he was as white as a sheet of paper. The prisoner was then given permission to defend himself with the assistance of Saddler Sergt. Fry. But the sergeant arose and stated that, since his arrival in camp, he had missed some nails and harness grease, and, having seen his client oiling several pairs of boots, his conscience prompted him to give as his opinion that the prisoner was "Guilty."

In reply to a question of the court, the accused jumped from his seat of luxury, and, carefully brushing the seat of his trousers, began: "Deed, sah, I has sumpin toe say. Misser Quackumbush kem inter my tent an' sez ter me, sez he, sez he, 'Ed, I knows whar dar are a watermillion pach, won' you kum wid me, an' git sum uf 'em.'

"Well, I sez, 'Yays, sah, I'd jis as leab as not go wid yo,' an' so we went fer ter git de watermillions. Now, jis wen we gits opocite de grabe yard, off goes a gun. Misser Quackumbush jis run erway as fas' ez his legs kud carry him, didn't turn back ontil de udder fellers had me.

"I tought dat sum farmer what owned de pach wuz shutin' fer ter kill me, but 'twus jist dese here fellers arter me, dressed up like gowsts," and Edward's eyes rolled at the very thought of the specters.

If Quartermaster Sergt. Blondi had not been a good lawyer he would have been sentenced for leading the marauders, so hard did Ed try to incriminate him.

The court then pronounced the offender guilty of abducting a good soldier from the path of duty, and sentenced him to run the length of Blake avenue, with Driver Lithgow in charge.

Mr. Lithgow is a first-class sprinter, but his prisoner, in fear and dread of his horsewhip, was not to be caught.

During the morning a gun crew manned the Napoleon and put up an excellent practice drill in loading and firing.

Mr. P. L. Sullivan of the Emmet Guard, with his mother, visited camp today. While riding one of the ponies belonging to the resort his bridle, the throat latch of which was unbuckled, came off. The pony was in a bad mood, and Mr. Sullivan, who is an excellent rider, was at an unguarded moment thrown from his seat. He was painfully bruised and his left hand was badly cut, but under the skillful treatment of Dr. Craig recovered almost entirely.

Mr. J. Raymond Stafford of Washington had charge of a crowd of young ladies during his visit this afternoon and evening.

Driver Posey has added another branch of business to his well patronized barber shop. He is now "a mender of old soles," and as he and Private Touhy are so pressed with work another assistant is in demand. Mr. Posey began his new trade on Lieut. Griffiths' boot heel.

St. Dominic's Church of Washington ran two excursions to Marshall Hall today, and both boats were crowded almost to overflowing.

Mr. Phil. Shea of the Emmet Guard inspected the camp and complimented its arrangement in the highest terms.

Mr. Burns of the Washington police headquarters told the boys some good war stories. He has two sons in the ambulance corps who are with us.

The Macalester was saluted with seven guns on her arrival tonight.

A succession of showers this afternoon prevented the regular mounted drill, but tomorrow is the day set apart for our full dress mounted inspection, to be followed in the evening by a grand military hop. Fully 5,000 people are expected to arrive during the day.

THE HISTORIC FERRY

Made Still More Famous by Washington Soldier Boys.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CAMP CECIL CLAY,
HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va., Aug. 22, 1893.

Maj. Salmon's orders issued at the beginning of the encampment are strictly adhered to and the garbage system of Camp Cecil Clay is perfection itself. The city of Washington would do well to adopt our system of "cleaning up the city." The camp is complimented quite frequently on the neat and tidy appearance of the tents and streets.

Capt. Smoot gave his company a 30-minute drill this morning before breakfast. They looked sleepy and hungry and breakfast would have been more welcome. The early morning drill will be a feature of this camp. Lieut. Test is taking great interest in the drill program, and a good deal of instruction will be gained.

A certain corporal is in immediate danger of losing his rank. Last night at about 12 o'clock Orderly Sergt. Whipp walked into camp. He was challenged by the sentinel on post 1 and the sergeant's answer was "friends with pass" (notice the plural of friend). Immediately behind the sergeant stood several of the men very anxious to get into their tents, but who had no passes and consequently had no business out of camp at midnight. The sentinel yelled "corporal of the guard, post 1," and Corp. Bunstrong answered the call. "Friends with pass" was repeated and at the same time Sergt. Whipp handed his pass to the corporal, upon which they all were passed and they lost no time in disappearing in the darkness among the silent tents.

The corporals and sergeants of the guard are inclined to test the sentinels late at night or in the small hours of the morning. A serious accident was narrowly averted in one of these "tests," when the sentinel was chasing the corporal of the guard. Private Graff walked the post all night as a penalty for having absented himself from guard mount. Private Reed has just picked up on the camp ground a very large old style John Brown bullet. Who knows but that John Brown himself fired the very missile? A number of small boys have taken possession of the rear of the camp grounds, and are having an encampment of their own.

A number of Camp Clay warriors headed by the drum corps marched over to the Hill Top House, where they enjoyed themselves very much. From there they climbed down to Mayor Dahl's residence, and they were treated royally there. Private Claggett was found sound asleep on the mayor's lawn. He is a very sound sleeper and the ordinary noise of a drum corps or a battery of Krupps would hardly wake him. It was at once decided to hold a military funeral over the apparently dead body of the soporific soldier. The mayor's porch was crowded with visitors, and there was nothing lacking in the scene to make it look like a real live funeral, save, perhaps, the expressions on the faces of the spectators. The long roll was beat, the funeral dirge was sung, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was rendered in fine style and taps was sounded, when the dead warrior was covered and a tomb stone erected bearing the inscription "Died with his boots on." Then, through an extra effort by the drummers, the sleeper was, with difficulty, awakened and the expression on his face was indeed serio-comical.

The Aryan Club is to give a dance at the Hill Top next Thursday evening.

Capt. Hursey, assistant chief of the southern pension office, is visiting here.

Mr. and Mrs. Weeks of Washington are enjoying themselves here for a few weeks.

Prof. Fava has kindly given up his room at the hotel to the wife of one of the officers. He is rooming in one of the tents.

L. E. B.

Correspondence of The Evening Star.

CAMP CECIL CLAY,
HARPER'S FERRY, W. Va., Aug. 23, 1893.

All are well at the camp. Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high. The fair at the Jonadab Hall is largely attended by the boys, and the lovely little blue-eyed girls know how to sell them votes. The people of Charlestown, Bolivar and other settlements attend the daily exercises of the military. The soldier boys are treated with true hospitality all around.

On Tuesday evening a jolly party composed of Actg. Maj. and Mrs. D. D. Smoot, First Lieut. John T. Test, Private and Mrs. C. E. Holmes and Private D. J. Van Meter, all of them—the ladies, too—of company C, drove two miles from the camp to the residence of Mr. Strider, a new-found relative of Mr. Van Meter. They were entertained in the true old Virginia fashion. The trip was a delightful one, and the mountain scenery in the moonlight was magnificent. Mr. and Mrs. Strider returned the compliment today.

Many of company C's boys would fare ill were it not for the wives of Capt. E. D. Smoot, Privates C. E. Holmes and Edwards. If one of the boys loses a button, wants a rent in his uniform repaired or even seeks the acquaintance of some handsome young lady—and, incidentally, of Cupid—they immediately run to them are full of 'em"—it is to these ladies the plea is made, "Will you kindly introduce me to Miss ——" etc., etc.

A number of the soldiers had a pleasant call from Rev. Mr. Campbell of the Harper's Ferry Presbyterian church. He is a relative of Private Van Meter.

The boys in the second division of the G. P. O. will be pleased to learn that Lieut. Orth's whiskers are still "dar."

Maj. Salmon, our gallant chief marshal, is in great demand among the fair sex. His whiskers are not long, but his head is, and his commanding presence and genial disposition infuse life in camp as well as in the parlor. Lieut. Mess is the astronomer of the camp, and he frequently out the constellations to a few soldiers. Some, however, refuse to see but one star.

Capt. Salmon got a good hour's drill out of his men this morning, and Capt. Smoot put his men through skirmish drill. Tonight's hop at Hill Top House was a brilliant affair, and many bright, neat and new dress uniforms were seen floating around the room, and pleasant recollections will linger with the boys for a long time to come. There will be a ball every night, except Sunday, of the remaining days of the camp.

Adjt. Leckie has arrived in camp. He was heartily welcomed. Private Kennedy has just put in appearance. His swans-down complexion will soon be changed to a copper color. Lieut. M. Speer says that he caught the bunch of fish that he hauled into camp today.

The prize winners at the euchre party were Miss Shields, Mrs. Wren, Lieut. Esty and Sergt. Harper. The success of the party was due to the efforts of Mrs. Shields. A number of the Hill Top House guests took part.

Corp. Cook was detailed to haul down the flag at retreat yesterday. Maj. Salmon is considering his promotion. The friends of Private M. L. Jones will be pleased to learn of his elevation. The corporal plays the guitar and harp at the same time. Chess is the most popular game in camp.

"Blackball," the barber, wants to know "what dah am in dis heah free coin'ge blabboose, anyhow."

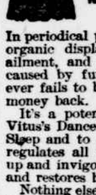
Mr. and Mrs. Smith left for Washington. Their departure is regretted by the boys.

L. E. B.

Heavy Burglary in Kentucky.

Ham Brothers' stores at Scottsville, Ky., were entered Tuesday night by burglars. The safe was blown open and about $10,000 in cash was taken. Ham Brothers have kept money on deposit there since the bank of Scottsville failed. The burglars are still at large, and there is no clue to their identity.

WITH YOUR HANDS TIED



by some chronic "female complaint" or weakness, what can you expect? There's nothing you can accomplish—nothing you can enjoy. And no good reason for it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will *cure* you, safely and certainly, if you'll give it faithful use.

For every one of these womanly troubles, this is the only remedy so sure that it can be *guaranteed*.

In periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, organic displacements, and every kindred ailment, and in all the nervous disorders caused by functional derangements—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's a potent remedy for Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance—for Insomnia or Inability to Sleep and to avert threatened insanity. It regulates all the natural functions, builds up and invigorates the entire female system, and restores health and strength.

Nothing else, though it may be better for a dealer to sell, can be "just as good" for you to buy.

THE OLIVER TRAGEDY.

A Trial That Recalls a Highly Sensational Case in Kentucky.

Henry Oliver was the first witness called for the state in the Delaney murder trial, at Morganfield, Ky., yesterday. He gave testimony as to the meeting of the parties before the murder. The witness detailed a conversation he had prior to the killing, when he tried to get George Delaney to persuade Henry Delaney to marry the murdered girl.

Taylor Oliver testified as to the conspiracy and the killing. The defense did not bring out anything. The history of the case is interesting. Henry Delaney, the prisoner, a young drug clerk of Sturgis, Ky., was accused of betraying Miss Abbie Oliver, but denied it. One evening Abbie's mother entered Delaney's place of business and at the point of a pistol compelled him to go with her to a carriage outside, in which her husband and daughter were seated. The quartet drove rapidly to Morganfield, fifteen miles distant, and at 3 o'clock next morning a license was procured and Delaney forced to marry the girl.

The party started home in the carriage, but when they had driven about four miles four men surrounded the vehicle and began firing into it. The newly wedded woman was shot through the head and died soon afterward. It was discovered that she was about to give birth to a child. Her father, T. T. Oliver, was shot through the face and in the right arm and died a few days later. At the first shot Delaney jumped from the carriage and joined the attacking party. Mrs. Oliver claimed that she recognized some of the attacking party and swore out warrants for them, but the community was in such a rage that several others were arrested, nine in all. They were Henry Delaney, the unwilling bridegroom, his two cousins, the Henry boys, and other intimate associates.

A few days later Louis Land, a young man entirely unsuspected, amazed the community by making a confession. He had been a warm friend of the Oliver family, was a pall bearer at the funeral of the murdered bride and one of the watchers by her wounded father. And after sitting up one night with the latter he broke down, went before Justice A. J. Berry and made a full confession and affidavit to the facts. As near as can be made out from his frantic statements the friends of Delaney gathered to rescue him, but finding that they were too late became enraged and attacked the carriage. The accused are Louis Land, himself, Frank Holt, George Delaney, Henry Delaney, Will Omer, J. L. Tate, W. H. Holt and Alexander Thomason.

BOIES BY ACCLAMATION.

Iowa's Democratic Governor to Run for a Third Term.

The Iowa democratic state convention at Des Moines yesterday renominated Horace Boies for governor by acclamation. L. B. Bristow was renominated for lieutenant governor; John Cliggott of Mason City for supreme judge; Knoepfler for state superintendent, and Thomas Bowman of Council Bluffs for railroad commissioner.

The platform declares confidence in the administration of President Cleveland; speaks of the financial stringency as the "direct legacy of a republican administration" and the logical result of the McKinley tariff and the Sherman silver law; urges upon Congress early tariff reform; denounces the Sherman act as a cowardly makeshift, and demands the immediate repeal of the purchasing clause thereof.

On the liquor question the platform says: As a partial reparation for the unjust confiscation of private property caused by the prohibitory law we favor such legislation as will permit the manufacture of spirituous and vinous liquors within the state, thereby giving to our own people at least equal rights in this respect with the manufacturers of other states.

Gov. Boies made a speech to the convention.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

PROFESSIONAL.

PROF. CLAY IS THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED advertising clairvoyant, astrologer and medium in this city.
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VIRGINIANS AT GETTYSBURG.

Members of Ashby Camp Mark Positions on the Field.

Sixty members of the General Turner Ashby Camp of Confederate Veterans of Winchester, Va., paid a visit to the Gettysburg battle field yesterday. They were met at Hagerstown by Gen. Forney and Col. Bachelder of the United States commission, who escorted them to the points of interest.

The afternoon was devoted to marking positions occupied by the commands to which the veterans belonged. They largely represented commands in Johnson's division and stakes were driven for the Second Virginia Infantry. Carpenter's Virginia Battery, every regiment in the Stonewall brigade, "Extra Billy" Smith's brigade and Crenshaw's battery. The result of the day's work was the locating of nineteen positions which will eventually be marked with enduring tablets. This excursion inaugurates the movement for assisting the commission in marking the field. The confederate veterans at first hesitated about coming, but were assured of hospitable treatment. That they were treated so was attested by the resolution adopted, in which they expressed their high appreciation of the kindness and courtesy extended by the commission and of the excellent work the commission is doing in preserving and handing down to future generations the positions and movements of the Union and confederate armies during their severe engagements.

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