

## A NIGHT OF TORTURE

BROUGHT A FORTUNE TO ITS INNOCENT VICTIM.

Twice Strung Up by Lynchers, He Confessed to Murder and Was Afterward Vindicated and Recovered \$25,000 From His Assailants.

Late in the fifties George W. King was the proprietor of a hotel in Oxford, 26 miles from Lafayette, Ind. In 1859 a stranger arrived at the hotel and gave his name as Dr. Rowe. He told King that he had no money and asked to be trusted for his board till he could get practice in the place, promising to pay him as promptly as possible. King consented to the arrangement, and Rowe soon became a favorite with the people on account of his companionable disposition and superior intelligence. The doctor, however, fell deeper and deeper in debt. He had been at the hotel for nearly a year when King reminded him one morning that he had not paid anything on his board bill for three months. The conversation, it afterward appeared, was overheard by some one in the hotel, though nothing was thought of it at the time.

A week after the conversation Rowe was called out late at night to see a patient and failed to return. Days passed without any word from him, and his disappearance soon was connected with the conversation that had passed between him and the landlord about the unpaid board. One night three months later a party of disguised men entered the hotel and, overpowering King, took him to a woodland adjoining the town.

He recognized the voices of several of his captors and especially of the leader, who told him that he was suspected of murdering Rowe and demanded that he confess. King stoutly maintained his innocence, and the leader of the mob ordered his companions "to string him up." A rope was placed around his neck, a dozen men pulled down a stout limb, over which the other end of the rope was thrown, and when the limb was released it carried King off his feet and left him hanging by the neck. He was nearly unconscious when let down and again ordered to confess.

After much delay he was restored sufficiently to understand what was said to him, and he again refused, declaring his innocence and saying he did not know what had become of Rowe. A second time he was strung up and a second time let down, but life was nearly extinct, and he was much longer in being restored than before.

The luckless landlord knew he could not pass through another such ordeal and live, so he consented to confess. He purposely lengthened the confession in order to gain time, and said that he and two men, named Rogers and Haggard, had poisoned some whiskey and induced Rowe to drink it, and after his death they had buried him in a hollow some distance away. It was nearly daylight when the confession was made, and the lynchers determined to take King to jail in Lafayette and then arrest Rogers and Haggard.

Before the jail was reached day had dawned, and King recognized his captors as members of the Horse Thief Detective company of Benton, Warren and Tippecanoe counties, nearly all of whom were known to him. Confident of his guilt, the men made no attempt to conceal their identity. So great was the excitement and so intense the feeling against King that he waived examination and went to jail, hoping that something would turn up to establish his innocence.

From the jail at Lafayette King addressed letters to editors of papers in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and other cities, setting out the circumstances of his confinement and asking them to keep his letter in the papers in hopes that it might fall under Rowe's notice. The appeal was a pathetic one and was copied into many papers throughout the northwest.

Two weeks after his first appearance Dr. Rowe rode into Oxford and, attended by a number of citizens, proceeded to Lafayette, where his appearance caused the immediate release of the accused landlord. In explanation of his disappearance Rowe said he had left his home in the east on account of domestic troubles; that he had learned that his wife was on her way to Oxford and he had determined to leave the place secretly in order to prevent her from learning where he had gone. He had gone to a little town in southern Illinois, and it was there that he learned that the man who had befriended him was suspected of his murder and was in jail in Lafayette.

As soon as King was released he brought suit against 32 members of the Horse Thief Detective company for \$5,000 each and also against the company as a corporation. Thomas A. Hendricks, afterward vice president, was his counsel, but the case was not allowed to come to trial, the lynchers compromising by paying King \$25,000. With this money he purchased a farm and other property near Lafayette, where he lived till his death, at the age of 78 years.—Indianapolis Correspondence.

**A Natural Inquiry.**  
"Papa," said Tommy Treadway.  
"Now, Tommy," replied Mr. Treadway, "I shall answer only one more question today. So be careful what you ask."  
"Yes, papa."  
"Well, go on."  
"Why don't they bury the Dead sea?"—Household Words.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it doesn't matter what.

## THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

An Incident That Happened in the Franco-Prussian War.

It is a peculiar circumstance that hardened and trained troops will go through a long fight surrounded by all the horrors that are inseparable from war without flinching and with the utmost apparent callousness, and the same men will be struck terrified by a single trifling incident.

Every war of any importance, particularly wars between civilized nations, is prolific in incidents of trivial character in themselves, but so unusual and unnatural that they appeal to the natural instinctive horror of men more suddenly and intensely than perhaps the main terrors of days of carnage and surrounding scenes of suffering. Such an incident is the one, for example, which occurred at the battle of Worth in the early days of the Franco-Prussian war.

In the heat of the great battle a wing of the Prussian army was charged by the regiments of French cuirassiers in the hope of turning the wing and facilitating the falling back of the French infantry. But the cuirassiers were driven back by the unflinching Prussians. Again the cuirassiers charged, and again they were driven back by the withering fire of shot and shell.

For a third time they came down again, and as the enemy waited for them to draw nearer a horrible, blood freezing terror seized the Prussians, and for a moment it looked as if they would turn and fly or be cut down without defending themselves. But in a moment they had pulled themselves together and beaten back for the third and last time the gallant cuirassiers.

The sight that terrified the Prussians appears nothing very much in black and white. It was a regiment of cuirassiers led at a dashing rate toward them by a headless officer sitting upright in his saddle and apparently encouraging his men after having been decapitated by a cannon ball.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## WHAT ARE VOLCANOES?

They Are Not Burning Mountains as We Understand That Term.

"What are volcanoes?"  
Nine out of every ten persons would immediately have an answer of some sort to the question above, for have they not a lively remembrance of having learned in their schoolbooks that "a volcano is a burning mountain, from the summit of which are sent out smoke and flames?" This popular fancy has been exploded by scientists, whose work is to explode popular fancies.

In the first place, volcanoes are not necessarily mountains. In reality they are just the reverse—that is, holes in the earth's crust. Out of these are thrown the materials which, accumulating, form the heaps which we popularly call mountains.

These are, then, the result and not the cause of the action. Neither are they "burning," as we understand the term. There is no combustion, nor any action we might reasonably call "burning."

The action need not necessarily take place at the summit, for eruptions are just as frequent at the sides or even at the base. The so-called "smoke" is nothing more or less than the clouds of condensing steam which are formed on every occasion when an eruption occurs.

Lastly, the "flames," so called, are merely the reflection of the mass of molten rock and material inside the crater on the clouds of steam above, thus appearing as a glowing light. The friction, too, set up by the motion of the materials causes electricity, and hence the lightning discharges which add to the illuminating effect.—Pearson's Magazine.

## Beau Brummel and His Boots.

In the "Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Grounnow" (who was himself a famous dandy) occurs the following anecdote of Beau Brummel, the time being 1815.

The dandy's dress consisted of a blue coat, with brass buttons, leather breeches and top boots, and it was the fashion to wear a deep, stiff white cravat, which prevented you from seeing your boots while standing.

All the world watched Brummel to imitate him, and order their clothes of the tradesman who dressed that sublime dandy. One day a youthful beau approached Brummel and said:  
"Permit me to ask you where you get your blacking?"

"Ah!" replied Brummel, gazing complacently at his boots, "my blacking positively ruins me. I will tell you in confidence. It is made with the finest champagne!"

## An Unexplainable Fact.

"The old superstition," said a leading physician, "that when death lays his hand on us our bodily health is made perfect has now been substantiated by the most advanced medical science. People dying of paralysis and bodily ailments which have kept them confined to their couches for years and palsied their limbs so that movement was impossible regain all their physical strength just as they cross the borderland. No; we can't explain why. All we know is such is the case."

## Wanted to Remain Popular.

"I have only one request to make before I go," said the prominent Kansan on his deathbed, "and that is that my real friends will shoot the man who, after I am gone, starts a movement to erect a statue of me by popular subscription. I am supposed to be popular, and after I am gone I don't want that idea broken."—Wichita Eagle.

## No Fun.

May—You didn't go to the theater with your Cousin Tom after all. I thought your fiancée had no objection.  
Mabel—He hadn't. That's why I didn't go.—Judy.

## A JERICHO FAILURE.

THE ATTEMPT TO FORM A COMPANY OF HOME GUARDS.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells How Bill Lapham Sprung His Scheme on the Meeting and How Lish Billings Gave It a Black Eye.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. R. Lewis.)

I was gittin the mail ready to put into the Tarrytown bag when Bill Lapham comes in. Bill runs a goose farm just out of Jericho and has bin gittin up in the world like a basswood tree. I've known fur the last year that he wanted to do sunthin smart to git hisself talked about, and when I seen him come in with his chin in the air I'spected he'd hit it.

"Look here, pap," he whispers, though we was all alone, "I've struck the biggest, broadest, tallest, heftiest idea ever thought out by mortal man, and I'm hev'n hard work to catch my breath. I'll be hanged if my head don't swim and my knees wobble over it."

"Is it how to grow geese feathers on hens?" says I, knowin he'd bin experimintin in that direction.

"I'd tell you, pap, quicker'n any other man in the United States, but I



"I'VE STRUCK THE BIGGEST IDEA EVER HEARD OF."

want to keep it to hit the crowd with tonight. I want the biggest, bustiest crowd to gather here tonight that the town of Jericho has ever seen. Give every man notice as he drops in today, and along about 7 o'clock I'll hev the fire bells rung and the horns tooted. Tell 'em it's a big thing, pap; tell 'em it's sunthin that's bound to jump this town over a ten rail fence and make city lots wuth a thousand dollars apiece."

There was a good deal of excitement around town that afternoon, and when night came the crowd at the postoffice was as big as the time when war was declared ag'in Spain. Most of 'em thought Bill Lapham was goin to declare war ag'in Mexico or Canada, and everybody was lookin pale when Deacon Spooner called the meetin to order and said:

"Sons of freedom, we hev gathered here tonight to hear some remarks from our esteemed feller townsman, William Lapham, and we kin take it that them remarks will go beyond geese and goslin's. Make your pint, Bill."

"My pint is this," says Bill as he draws a long breath and steps out to git room. "We ar' now in the midst of the turmoil of a political campaign. Somebody is goin to be elected. I ain't sayin who it'll be, but the golden opportunity fur which Jericho has sighed is at hand. When the newly elected official takes the oath of office, he will be escorted to and fro."

"That's k'rect," says Deacon Spooner as Bill pauses for breath. "The speaker ain't through yit, but he's made a pint already. When he refers to the turmoil of campaign, it's not only high down language, but a strong p'int. Go ahead, Bill."

"That escort will not only do the president proud," continued Bill, "but every man in it will be mentioned by all the papers in the United States. They'll speak of his wife and children and town and home, and he'll be a big man fur the rest of his life. He kin be elected sheriff without opposition, and if any one runs ag'in him fur the legislature they'll be snowed under. What I'm here tonight fur is to ask the questions: Why not organize the Jericho Guards? And why shouldn't the Jericho Guards be that escort?"

There was yellin and whoopin fur the next five minits, but when the deacon could make himself heard he said:  
"It's a pint, gentlemen—six or seven pints. I've read all the speeches ever delivered by Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, and both of 'em put together never made the p'int's our Bill Lapham has. Bein I hev the floor, I'll say I favor the idea. Yes, sir, I'm wuth it heart and soul. I want my name to go down fast fur the Jericho Guards, and I'm even willin to sacrifice myself and be captain of the company. S'posin we hear from Abner Jones on the subject."

"I s'pose it's known in this town that my great-grandfather was killed at the battle of Monmouth," says Abner as he gets off the counter, "though I ain't braggin about it. I'll jest say that I'm willin to die fur my country any time I'm called upon, and if I'm elected captain of the Jericho Guards I'll promise that no invader shall set foot on these shores and live for five minits."

"That's a pint in that," says the deacon as he looks a bit put out. "When a man's willin to die fur his country, that's a pint in his favor, but of course we want to hear from other patriots. How is it with you, Moses Plumber?"

"Does any man here doubt that I'm willin to die fur America?" asks Moses as he draws himself up. "My great-grandfather didn't die at Monmouth, but the blood of them seven uncles o mine that fell durin the civil war flows in my veins, and my watchword is

"Liberty or death!" As captain of the Jericho Guards you'll find me at the front, and if I don't kill at least seven invaders a week you kin bounce me out."

"The seven uncles and seven invaders is a pint, Moses," says the deacon, "and I'm proud that we both live in the same town. Bill Lapham seems to be oneasy, and I'll ask him if he has anythin more to say."

"In the fust place," says Bill, "I'd like to know if everybody is in favor of organizin the Jericho Guards."

Everybody swung his hat and yelled out that he was.

"In the second place, I'd like to know if everybody wants to be captain."

Everybody swung his hat and yelled out that he did.

"But everybody can't be," protested Bill. "I don't want nobody to charge me with bein selfish or conceited, but I'm tellin you that this idea is mine and that I'm the man to boss the Jericho Guards. I believe I'm the only man in this town who wanted to enlist to fight the Spaniards."

"Bill makes a pint, and we can't deny it," says Deacon Spooner, "but when I offered to lead them guards to victory or death I felt that I was the man to do it. I don't want to crowd Bill Lapham out of place, but—"

"Neither do we!" yell 40 men.

"But he must see!"

"Of course he must!"

Then thar was yellin and shoutin and a great uproar, and Bill Lapham said it was a doggone crowd, and he could lick any two of 'em rolled together. Deacon Spooner hammered on the stovepipe with his cane till he could be heard, and then he said:

"It appears as if we all want to lead the Jericho Guards and die fur our country, and it further appears as if this meetin was gittin mad about sunthin. I notice Lish Billings over by the 'lasses bar's. Lish, what d'you think about things? D'you want to be captain, same as the rest?"

"Noap," replies Lish in his keersless way.

"Ain't you willin to die fur your country?"

"Not by a jugful, but if I was thar wouldn't be any Jericho Guards to die wuth. You've all bin wastin your breath."

"How's that?"

"Thar's jest 96 men in this town," continues Lish, "and when the war was goin on and thar was talk that it might come to a draft the hull crowd of us went to the doctors to be examined. We had busts and ruptures and short legs and sprung knees. We had consumption and rheumatism and heart trouble. We was deaf and nigh sighted and toothless. Thar wasn't one blessed critter in the hull 96 who was fit to jump over a tow string or chew peanuts, and I kinder reckon we'd better git sunthin soft to eat fur breakfast and carry each other home."

M. QUAD.

## A Cruel Joke.

A Yale Summit girl recently played a cruel joke on her mother, and this is how it happened: She accidentally found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship. She read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved with anger and stamped her foot in disgust, forbidding her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write such nonsensical stuff to a girl. The girl then gave the letter to her mother to read, and the house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the cat winking in the back yard.—Salisbury Press.

## Down and Up.

"Hello, Mike, do you find much to do now?"

"Yis. I'm jest after cuttin down a tree, and tomorrow I'll have to cut it up."—Albany Journal.

## The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church Will Serve Supper and Luncheon during the entire evening of election day at the city hall, Nov. 6th, 1900. By order of committee.

83-11 LOTTIE D. LEY, Pres.

When you cannot sleep for coughing it is hardly necessary that any one should tell you that you need a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to allay the irritation of the throat, and make sleep possible. It is good. Try it. For sale by Cassaday & Co.

**Dr. C. S. Leech, New Dentist, over Bank of Denison. Special attention to Crown and Bridge work**

**Penn Mutual Life Insurance ESTABLISHED 1847.**

ALL FORMS OF LIFE INSURANCE.

C. H. & H. E. RUMSEY, Gen. Agts. Des Moines, Iowa.

W. W. Cushman, - Local Agent, Denison.

**HOWELL'S Anti-Kawf** Chilly Fall evenings breed coughs and severe colds. One can hardly go to church for fear of annoying everybody at all. Anti-Kawf cures it every time. Only 25c a bottle at the drug stores.

**PATENTS GUARANTEED**

Our fee returned if we fail. Any one sending sketch and description of any invention will promptly receive our opinion free concerning the patentability of same. "How to Obtain a Patent" sent upon request. Patents secured through us advertised for sale at our expense. Patents taken out through us receive special notice, without charge, in THE PATENT RECORD, an illustrated and widely circulated journal, conducted by Manufacturers and Investors. Send for sample copy FREE. Address: VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. (Patent Attorneys), Evans Building, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## THE BON TON.

They sell such good things and they make such good things at the Bon Ton. We will go there.

The Bon Ton Lunch Counter.

On Broadway Under Prill's Store.

W. A. McHENRY, Pres. SEARS McHENRY, Cashier.

## First National Bank.

DENISON, IOWA.

Capital and Surplus, \$125,000.00.

Deposits, 425,000.00.

Loans, 450,000.00.

With our thirty years of experience in the banking business and our large capital and constant increasing deposits we are able to take care of our customers at the lowest rates. Deposits received subject to be drawn at sight. Time certificates issued drawing three per cent for six and four per cent for twelve months. We make a specialty of loaning money on cattle to be fed for market as well as individuals. Also make first mortgage loans on improved farms at current rates. We sell lands, town lots, furnish abstracts of title and sell steamship tickets for foreign ports. Our officers speak German. We solicit your patronage.

## MONEY TO LOAN ON LONG OR SHORT TIME.

## Silver and Gold!

Have we some—manufactured into the finest Rings and Watches, Tableware and Household Ornaments. Watches Rpaired and Engraving done.

## SEEMAN RROTHERS,

Broadway, Denison, Iowa.

## THE INTERNATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA.

REVISED 1898 EDITION.

## DO YOU WANT A CYCLOPEDIA? GET THE BEST

Hundreds of educators say the International is the Best for the home, the school and the public library. Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, late superintendent of the Chicago school, says: "Many of its articles are marvels of comprehensiveness and of concise and accurate statement." Write for sample pages and Easy payments.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Pubs., 168 Adams St., Chicago.

## Once Tasted Never Forgotten!

That is what the say about our ICE CREAM SODA. With all the latest flavors drawn from our new, superb fountain. We are headquarters for the finest line of Perfumes in the city. The verdict of all—"Oh, what nice stationary." Call and see—visitors more than welcome. Do not miss the Broadway Pharmacy when you are looking for an up-to-date drug store.

## C.F. CASSADAY & CO.

## EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable, monthly, regulating medicine. Only have the purest drugs and be used. If you want the best, get

**Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal**

They are prompt, safe and certain in result. The genuine (Dr. Peal's) never disappoint. Sold for