

The Emporia News.

SUPPLEMENT

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1893.

A MURDEROUS MADMAN!

Edward Johnson, a Demented Negro, Assaults Deputy Sheriff James Spillman With a Knife

And Inflicts a Fatal Wound, Causing Death in Less Than Thirty Minutes

The Details of the Terrible Tragedy as Set Forth in the Testimony Taken at the Coroner's Inquest.

Last Thursday evening, at about half past 8 o'clock, the people of this city were horrified by the dreadful intelligence that Deputy Sheriff Spillman had been fatally stabbed at the house of Elbert Love, in the suburban settlement of Stringtown, by Edward Johnson, the negro who has been mentioned in this paper as having been adjudged insane some days ago, and who has been an inmate of the county jail since the early part of May, when he made a deadly assault upon Marshal Johnson and B. F. Romayne upon the occasion of his arrest by those parties for carrying concealed weapons.

It appears that Johnson had been importing Spillman for some days past to take him to Love's house, where he had formerly boarded, saying that he desired to procure some clothing which he had left there in a trunk. Spillman, whose only fault was his indiscriminate kindness, hitched up the Sheriff's rig and taking Johnson proceeded to the place which proved to be the theatre of his

CRAVEL MURDER.

Upon arriving at Love's house, Johnson's trunk was brought out of a back room, and upon being opened was found to contain, among other articles, four pistols and two large butcher knives. After looking over his effects and having Spillman take an inventory of them, Johnson replaced them in the trunk, and he and Spillman, together with Mr. Love, went into the yard, and sat down near the door. In a few minutes Johnson said he had forgotten that there were

SOME NEEDLES IN HIS TRUNK

which he wanted, and suiting the action to the word, started back into the house. Spillman, telling him that he could get all the needles he wanted of the Sheriff's wife, followed him in, but before he could reach him, Johnson had made his way to the trunk, and procuring a knife and a revolver attacked Spillman, firing at him without effect with the latter, but following up the assault with the knife, which he plunged into the side of his victim, inflicting a wound from which he died in about thirty minutes.

JOHNSON WAS PROMPTLY SECURED BY ELBERT LOVE AND HIS BROTHER AND BOUND WITH A STRAP, AND A MESSENGER WAS DISPATCHED TO THE CITY FOR MEDICAL AID FOR SPILLMAN, WHO, SHORTLY AFTER THE CUTTING,

EXAMINATION OF PAINTERS, and was taken into the yard, where he died in a little time after the physicians arrived at the scene of the tragedy. The coroner was notified and a jury impaneled, which viewed the body preparatory to removing it to the court house, where the inquest was subsequently held, and the result of which is given below. In the meantime a messenger had been dispatched to bear the dreadful tidings of his murder to the wife and family of Spillman, who reside on a farm ten miles from Emporia, on Phenix Creek, and who arrived in this city at about midnight.

PENDING THE EXAMINATION OF SPILLMAN BY THE DOCTORS, JOHNSON WAS TAKEN IN CHARGE BY POLICEMAN PAGE, WHO, WITH A COUPLE OF GUARDS, AND FOLLOWED BY A FEW BOYS, WALKED THE MURDERER BACK TO JAIL, WHERE HE WAS THOROUGHLY SEARCHED AND AFTERWARDS MANACLED. SHORTLY THEREAFTER THE BODY OF SPILLMAN ARRIVED IN A 'BUS, IN CHARGE OF SHERIFF MOON, EX-MARSHAL FLEMING AND OTHERS, WHO BORE THE REMAINS OF THE DECEASED DEPUTY INTO THE DWELLING APARTMENTS UNDER THE COURT HOUSE, WHERE THEY WERE PREPARED FOR BURIAL. AS THE VEHICLE CARRYING SPILLMAN'S CORPSE MOVED SLOWLY UP TO THE COURT HOUSE GATE A SPIRIT OF

FRENCH INDIGNATION

seemed to fire the crowd which had gathered there, and, while there were no noisy demonstrations, there were suggestions afloat that would not have contributed to the comfort of the prisoner if he could have heard them. This feeling, however, we are pleased to note, gave place to better counsels, and no attempt at violence despoiled the horror of the dreadful affair, which has so appalled the community.

THE PRISONER HAS LONG ENTERTAINED THE HALLUCINATION THAT MEMBERS OF THE MASONIC AND OTHER SECRET ORDERS ARE

and when arrested last May, he had tied onto his chest an old breast plate of sheet iron and was armed to the teeth.

AT ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK, CORONER HIBBEN, COUNTY ATTORNEY SEDGWICK AND MESSRS. I. D. FOX, T. C. FLEMING, J. C. BURNETT, C. S. WHEELING, D. HAMMOND AND J. D. DAVIDSON, WHO COMPOSED THE JURY, REPAIRED TO THE COURT ROOM, WHERE THE EXAMINATION OF WITNESSES WAS PROCEEDED WITH, AND WHICH WAS NOT CLOSED TILL 4 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING. THE FOLLOWING DETAILS OF THE TRAGEDY WERE BROUGHT OUT IN THE TESTIMONY:

S. B. LOVE, BEING SWORN, TESTIFIED AS FOLLOWS: My name is S. B. Love; I reside at B. Taylor's; I have been acquainted with Spillman five years; am acquainted with Johnson; saw Johnson and Spillman together at Elbert Love's at dark; Elbert Love lives in Stringtown in Kellogg's addition to the city of Emporia; I saw them when they came there; I witnessed Spillman's death; as they walked by me I spoke to them, and my brother got up and went in the room and lit a lamp; Johnson wanted to look at his goods he had

there; his clothing; they brought the trunk out; the trunk was in the back room; when they brought the trunk out in the front room I was looking through the front door; I don't know who brought the trunk out; I saw Johnson taking his things out of the trunk; he said to Aunt Jinsey the reason he wanted to look at his things was that he was afraid when she was gone to meeting some one would break in and steal them; then I got up and went in where they were; then my brother commenced examining Johnson's pistols; he had four pistols; I heard him tell Mr. Spillman that one of them was loaded; Spillman was sitting between Johnson and me; he had taken his things all out of the trunk and commenced packing his trunk back; Mr. Spillman took out his day-book and made a memorandum of what he put back; then after he put them all back but two butcher knives, he says to Mr. Spillman "I will sell you one of these knives for 75 cents"; he wanted it in tobacco; Mr. Spillman told him he would take it and give him the tobacco to-morrow; he took out a piece of dog skin and had left it out and Spillman said, "You had better put it in your dog skin"; then we put the dog skin in; my brother helped him; he spread it over the things in the trunk; then he took the dog skin up again and took a butcher knife out and looked at it and then put it back again; he then doubled up the dog skin and put it down over the things again; then locked the trunk, as I thought; then he and my brother took the trunk and set it in the back room; then they folded up his bed clothes and put them on top of the trunk; then he came out in the room where Spillman and I were; then Spillman says, "Johnson, let's go out doors where we can get more air; it is getting warm here"; and then they got up and walked out doors—Spillman and Johnson, Johnson took a seat at right angles to the door and Spillman sat between him and the door; my brother sat down on a big rock, used as a step to the door; I sat in the door; I and Mr. Spillman were talking about being out doors; Johnson spoke and says, "I forgot one thing and that is some needles; I wanted to get out of my trunk"; Mr. Spillman said, "Johnson, you need not mind getting the needles; Jake's wife will give you all the needles and thread you want"; then Johnson said he wanted another swig out of that bottle; Elbert's wife says, "Sheriff, I wouldn't let him go in that trunk any more"; then Mr. Spillman got up and walked in the house after Johnson, who had gone in and got to the trunk; then the pistol was fired; Spillman had gone in after him; could not say whether he had got into the back room; my brother jumped up and ran in, and when I got up they both had him; Spillman and my brother; I took hold of Mr. Spillman's shoulder; I could not get into the door, it was crowded so—the assistant door says "I saw you hurt"; says he, "I don't think I am"; then he says, "Love, he has cut me, but he did not shoot me"; he and I walked back, then, to the front room, and he laid the pistol on the table; he had taken it from Johnson. Then he says, "I am cut"; says I, "Let's see"; the blood was running down then; says I, "Mr. Spillman, you are cut bad; you had better lay down"; I took some of Johnson's clothing and put under his head. Mr. Spillman says, "I am not hurt very bad, but I am getting a little sick, though"; I called for some water; Elbert's wife brought me some water and I held his head up and gave him a drink; I told Jinsey then to run out and call Jones and send after the doctor; then I got up and went down to the fence and met Jones; I untied the horses Mr. Spillman drove there, and Jones got in the buggy and went after the doctor; I took theaching rain off my back and tied Johnson; then I went back to Spillman again; he asked me to take him out doors where he could get some air; I told my brother to get a quilt and pillow and take them out doors. We took Spillman out and laid him down; he asked me to get a fan and fan him; I did so; then I called for some more water; I wet his temples and he asked me to rub his hands; I did so; I got an old lady there to rub his right hand; it was not very long until Mr. Fox came; as near as I can tell he lived about thirty minutes after he was stabbed. Johnson did not say anything, only when I was tying him. When the pistol was fired Mr. Spillman and my brother caught him; while I led Spillman back to the table my brother had hold of Johnson; I did not hear Johnson say anything; Johnson cried when I tied him; my brother held Johnson from the time he struck Spillman until I tied him. Johnson said, after I took him out doors, "I am getting very sick; I don't think I will live, Love. I never did anybody any harm; I hate to die without seeing my wife and children. My brother, his wife and myself were present when the stabbing was done. There was but one shot fired; I did not see the knife in Johnson's hand; Spillman had hold of the pistol by the barrel. Johnson had four pistols and two knives in his trunk.

S. B. X. LOVE, MARK

Elbert Love testified as follows: I reside in Kellogg's addition to the City of Emporia. I was very slightly acquainted with Spillman in his lifetime; was acquainted with Johnson; have known him about seven years; he had made his home at my house since last June a year ago; I saw him and Spillman at my house this evening about 8 o'clock; I was there when Spillman came to his death; Spillman came up in the yard there with Johnson; I spoke to Johnson and offered Mr. Spillman a chair; Johnson walked on into his room, where he had formerly lived; I followed him; he commenced taking his bed clothes off the trunk; when he got them off he took out his keys and opened the trunk; Mr. Spillman spoke then and said, "Johnson, bring your trunk out"; Johnson said he could open it there; I stepped forward and took hold of one end of the trunk, Johnson put his clothes first, then afterwards took out his pistols; when he took hold of the first one, Mr. Spillman put his hand on it; he handed it to me and I took it to the table and examined it; it was unloaded; by that time he had the second out; I took it to the light and examined it; I said to Spillman, "this is fully loaded"; then Spillman had the third pistol in his hand; I found it unloaded; he handed me the fourth one; I examined it, and it was loaded all except one barrel; Spillman was taking the pistols as Johnson took them out of his trunk; next was his butcher knives—two of them; he handed them to me and I laid them on the table; he took out the rest of the articles in the trunk; Mr. Spillman then went to the table and commenced taking a memorandum of his things; after sailing over his clothing he came to the pistols and knives; I took the pistols and knives off of the table and handed them to Johnson; I made this one [with which the shooting was done] the last one; I would not trust Johnson with this one, but put it in myself, and he picked it up and laid it with the rest; I reached it and laid it back and said, "Mr. Johnson, they will rust if laid together." He was then about to shut the trunk, and Spillman said, "You had better put the skin in the trunk"; Johnson picked up the skin and laid it in the trunk; says I, "Johnson, fold it up and it will lay better." He then wound the skin up and took the knives out; then he spoke to Johnson about selling it to him; Mr. Spillman took one

knife, and Johnson walked back with the other and laid it in the trunk; he then took the skin and folded it down again and laid it in the south end of the trunk; the pistols laid in the north end; when he laid that, my wife asked him what he did that for; I don't recollect whether he spoke or not; as well as I recollect he closed up the trunk again; I helped him into the north end; then he came out first and I followed; Spillman, I think, was still sitting at the table; after being there a short time Mr. Spillman said, "Let's go out doors and test some"; Johnson took a seat about seven or eight feet from the door and Mr. Spillman one between him and the door; Johnson said, "You need not mind getting some needles; got up on his feet though he was going to get them"; Spillman said, "You need not mind about the needles; Mrs. Moon will furnish you all the needles and thread you want"; He went right on into the house as he went in my wife said, "I wouldn't let him go in; he wants that liquor"; Mr. Spillman rose to follow him, and did follow him; as quick as a man could I pushed the door in; I was sitting in the door at the time; my wife spoke and said, "This man is shot!"; I sprung up; I rushed to the room where Johnson and Spillman were sitting; I moved to the east in the room to give myself light to see what was going on; I took Johnson by the left wrist; I reached his hand and saw the knife in it; it was about his neck; I then reached around his shoulder and took his right wrist, and stiffened his arm with mine; Mr. Spillman took the pistol from his hand; the pistol was in his right hand, and the knife was in his left; Johnson said, "Damn you, let me go"; I said, "I won't"; I then took my left hand and took a knife out of his left hand; Johnson said, "What do you mean?" He said, "You know you fellows have been trying to kill me for some time"; says I, "You have killed my man"; Johnson said, "I wouldn't do that"; he said, "They'll hang me now"; My brother came in a few minutes after and we tied him; I have related all the conversation I had with Johnson at the time of the occurrence; Johnson was sitting on the bed and Spillman had hold of the pistol; there was not much light in the room; I did not see him do anything; they were present; I saw Elbert Love, Jinsey Love and myself; I was in the room as quick as the shot was fired; my wife was in the front room; the scuffle took place in the north room; I heard nothing they said after they went into the house the last time; I assisted Johnson to put the trunk back into the room; after we took the trunk back Johnson did not open the trunk while we were in there; I didn't think Johnson had time to unlock the trunk before I heard the shot; I am positive that I put the pistol in the trunk; I am not positive whether Johnson put the knife in the trunk, but think he did; I did not notice the trunk after I heard the shot; I have not noticed the trunk since; I laid the trunk on the table; I saw the knife in the trunk; when we first put in that skin we covered all the articles with it; Johnson folded it again and exposed them; I think he put his hand on this one and moved it down among the rest; I did not see him put the bed clothes in the trunk; the trunk was closed and, as I supposed, locked; he said he kept the pistols there to show to the Masons and Odd Fellows off of him; he has always said so. T. E. LOVE.

JINSEY LOVE, BEING SWORN, TESTIFIED:

My name is Jinsey Love; I am the wife of Elbert Love, the witness who has just left the stand; I saw Johnson and Spillman at my house this evening; it was raining; Johnson was present when Spillman met his death; they came into the house as I was putting away the milk; Spillman said that Johnson had been to him to bring him down; that he thought we were going to meeting so much some person would steal his things, so he wanted to take them out; and Mr. Spillman could take a memorandum of them; I was present when Johnson brought the trunk out into the room; Johnson took all his clothes out of his trunk and reached got his bottle and took a drink out of that and commenced taking out the pistols, and the sheriff told my husband to examine them and see if they were loaded; there were two loaded, lacking one ball; he laid the first pistol down and Mr. Spillman put his hand on it; I said, "You had better shoot off these pistols"; Spillman said there was no harm in him—he was a good old man. Then he got out his knives and took both of them in his hands and looked at them and laid them down; Johnson said he would like to sell one; the sheriff talked like he would buy one from him; he asked for a five-cent piece for it; the sheriff said that was pretty high; Johnson said that he would not get it for anything less if he had not wanted tobacco; he had put them down in his memorandum; Johnson then fixed all the things back in the trunk, and after he laid the things back into the trunk the sheriff said, "There is your shirt"; and he put the skin in and fixed it the long way of the trunk, and while he was fixing this he laid something back under the edge of the lounge; he said, "This is my shirt and buttons"; then he took the skin and turned it back; said I, "What did you do that for?" he commenced fixing them and shuffling them about; the sheriff said, "Shuffle them up"; and he commenced looking about and said he had lost the key; the sheriff said, "Here it is in the trunk"; he pretended he was locking his trunk; I told him to set his trunk back in the room; they set the trunk down and came out; says I, "Mr. Johnson, sit down there on the lounge"; the Sheriff said, "Johnson, let's go out and get some air, and where we can watch the horses"; so all five of us went out of the house, and I stepped out and went to put up some milk; just as I got to the door I saw Johnson go back into the house, and just as I got to the steps I stepped back very quick, and the Sheriff said, "Mrs. Moon will give you plenty of needles and thread"; says I, "Don't let him have any more liquor"; and just as I reached the door I heard the pistol shot; says I, "You are shot"; Spillman said, "No, I ain't"; says I, "Boys, run here"; and they ran; I don't know, but I think he shot first; I heard something that sounded like it had struck a button, and yet he said he had not shot; then my husband had ran in and grasped Johnson, and I called to my brother-in-law to go and help him; and just as Spillman stepped into the room, I saw a little blood on his shirt, and then I said to my brother-in-law, "Run and help him; he is getting sick"; then I holloed for Mr. Leslie; I did not see him fire the pistol; Spillman was in the room with him when the pistol was discharged; Spillman said, "I am cut"; my daughter was there and I told her to go and tell some one to come quick; by this time Mr. Spillman was out in the yard; I saw Johnson do something with the till of the trunk; the trunk lid was shut down, but was not locked; this is not the pistol he sold the Sheriff; a very little time elapsed between the time he came into the house and the time he fired; this stab I heard was almost at the same time; I think while he was fumbling with the trunk, he slipped this pistol in the till; don't know whether he put his knife in or not; he could not have the pistols and knives when he came to my house.

EDWARD JOHNSON, THE PERPETRATOR OF THE HORRIBLE CRIME, IS A LIGHT COLORED NEGRO, ABOUT FORTY-FIVE YEARS OF AGE AND OF A GRIZZLED APPEARANCE. HE CAME TO EMPORIA FROM INDIANA, HIS NATIVE STATE, ABOUT SEVEN YEARS AGO, AND FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS HAD BEEN BOARDING WITH THE FAMILY OF ELBERT LOVE, AT WHOSE HOUSE THE HORRIBLE TRAGEDY OCCURRED. HE HAS NEVER BEEN MARRIED. IN CONSEQUENCE OF A WOUND RECEIVED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION, HE LOST A LEG, FOR WHICH HE DRAWS A PENSION. THE LEG WHICH HE WEARS HAS MADE HIM A FAMILIAR CHARACTER TO EVERYBODY IN EMPORIA, AND UNTIL HIS ARREST LAST SPRING FOR THE DEADLY ASSAULT ON CONSTABLE JOHNSON, HE HAD NOT BEEN CONSIDERED A "CRANK" OR IN ANY WAY UNUSUALLY VOID OF MENTAL OR MORAL ACCOUNTABILITY. IN FACT A GREAT MANY NEGROES WHO ARE WELL ACQUAINTED WITH HIM, INSIST THAT HE IS A SANE MAN, AND THIS CLASS OF OUR CITIZENS ARE LOUD IN THEIR PROTESTATIONS THAT THE LAW OUGHT TO BE TAKEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE AND THE MURDERER BE

SUMMARILY HUNG

to the nearest tree. As a competent jury adjudged him insane no longer ago than July 12, however, this sentiment is frowned down by the law-abiding citizens, and there seems little danger of mob law at present.

A REPORTER OF THE NEWS VISITED JOHNSON AT THE JAIL UNDER THE COURT HOUSE, THIS MORNING, TO SEE WHAT HE HAD TO SAY CONCERNING THE PERPETRATION OF HIS HORRIBLE CRIME. HE LAY ON THE FLOOR OF HIS SOLITARY CELL, HIS REMAINING LEG LOADED WITH CHAINS. AT SIGHT OF THE SHERIFF AND PARTY HE ROUSED UP WITH A HALF AVERTED LOOK OF STUPID INDIFFERENCE. IN ANSWER TO INQUIRIES ADDRESSED TO HIM HE SAID HE FELT VERY BAD AND HAD BEEN SPENDING HIS TIME PRAYING, AS HE EXPECTED EVERY MINUTE THAT HE WOULD BE TAKEN OUT AND HUNG.

REPORTER—WHAT MADE YOU COMMIT THE MURDER?

JOHNSON—I believed Spillman was a member of the Masonic Order, which is persecuting me, and I wanted to make him confess it.

"DID YOU THINK HE COULD CONFESS IT AFTER YOU HAD KILLED HIM?"

"I did not intend to kill him. I only wanted to wound him."

"DID YOU NOT HAVE MURDEROUS DESIGNS ON SPILLMAN WHEN YOU INDUCED HIM TO TAKE YOU TO LOVE'S?"

"No, I had no thought of killing him until I saw my revolvers and the knives."

"THEN WHY WERE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO HAVE HIM TAKE YOU THERE?"

"I believed some of my things had been stolen, and I wanted to look through my trunk and see if everything was there."

SHERIFF MOON, WHO WAS VERY MUCH AT TACHED TO MR. SPILLMAN, COULD NOT RESTRAIN HIS FEELINGS, AND WITH MALEDICTIONS ON THE MURDEROUS DEMON HE CLOSED THE JAIL AND THE VISITORS WITHDREW.

SKETCH OF MR. SPILLMAN.

James A. Spillman was born in Ohio in 1836, and was, therefore, forty-five years old at the time of his death. While he was quite young he removed with his father's family to Van Buren county, Iowa, where his youth was spent until about 1860, when he removed to Oregon, remaining there until 1869, when he spent four more years in Iowa, and came to Kansas in 1873. For some time he lived with Mr. Moon, who was then running a farm a few miles west of Emporia. Not long after his arrival here Mr. Spillman purchased a farm on the head of Phenix Creek, about ten miles southwest of Emporia, and shortly after he went to Iowa and married Mrs. M. A. Young, and with her settled on his farm. When Mr. Moon was elected sheriff in 1878, Mr. Spillman, not being very strong then, and wishing some employment less arduous than farming, received the appointment of Under Sheriff, which position he held up to the time of his death. He had made a very popular deputy, and was announced as a candidate for the office of Sheriff before the county convention this fall.

THERE WAS NOT A BETTER CITIZEN IN THE COUNTY THAN JIM SPILLMAN, AND NO ONE SPEAKS OF HIS SAD TAKING OFF WITH ANYTHING BUT THE PROFOUND SORROW. HIS WIFE, WHO ARRIVED IN TOWN LAST NIGHT ABOUT MIDNIGHT, IS ALMOST DISTRACED WITH GRIEF, AND HIS CHILDREN ARE HEART-BROKEN BY THE AWFUL CALAMITY WHICH HAS BEFALLEN THEM. HIS FAMILY CONSISTED OF HIS WIFE AND A SON BY HER FIRST MARRIAGE AND THREE CHILDREN OF HIS OWN.

EDWARD JOHNSON WAS NOT LYNCHED AT COTTON WOOD FALLS ON SATURDAY NIGHT, THE CHAMP WIND THAT SOME OF THE "BOYS" HAVE BEEN RELIEVING THEMSELVES OF TO THE CONTRARY NOTWITHSTANDING.

S. B. LOVE, CROSS-EXAMINED: I don't know whether Johnson locked the trunk or not; he seemed to be locking it; I know Johnson took the keys out of the trunk.

Dr. Hibben, the coroner, also gave testimony concerning the nature of the wound, which he said was a very deep cut on the right side, which had severed the aorta and probably penetrated the lungs, and death resulted from internal as well as external hemorrhage.

THE VERDICT.

In accordance with the above testimony, which was not all given until about 4 o'clock this morning, the jury rendered the following verdict:

STATE OF KANSAS, LYON COUNTY.

An inquisition holden at Emporia, in said county, on the 4th day of August, A. D. 1881, before me, W. W. Hibben, coroner of said county, on the body of James Spillman, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed: The said jurors, upon their oaths, do say that James Spillman came to his death on the evening of August 4, A. D. 1881, in Kellogg's addition to the city of Emporia, Lyon county, Kansas, by a stab wound in the front part of chest, by a large butcher knife in the hands of one Edward Johnson, and that the killing was felonious.

In testimony whereof the said jurors aforesaid have hereunto set their hands, the day and year aforesaid.

I. D. FOX, J. C. BURNETT, C. S. WHEELING, D. HAMMOND, T. FLEMING.

JOHNSON, THE MURDERER.

Edward Johnson, the perpetrator of the horrible crime, is a light colored negro, about forty-five years of age and of a grizzled appearance. He came to Emporia from Indiana, his native state, about seven years ago, and for the last two years had been boarding with the family of Elbert Love, at whose house the horrible tragedy occurred. He has never been married. In consequence of a wound received in the war of the rebellion, he lost a leg, for which he draws a pension. The leg which he wears has made him a familiar character to everybody in Emporia, and until his arrest last spring for the deadly assault on Constable Johnson, he had not been considered a "crank" or in any way unusually void of mental or moral accountability. In fact a great many negroes who are well acquainted with him, insist that he is a sane man, and this class of our citizens are loud in their protestations that the law ought to be taken into the hands of the people and the murderer be

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