

# The Times and Democrat.

Col M Glover Jan 1, '86

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## A SHOCKING CALAMITY.

### THREE SISTERS DROWNED WHILE BATHING IN A BAY.

#### A Home Robbed of all its Sunshine—The Parents Well-Nigh Crazy by Grief Over Their Terrible Bereavement.

Hand in hand they tripped merrily along together to their death—Nellie, aged twelve; Lizzie, aged ten, and Sadie, aged eight. As their little feet danced over the sand, the wind carried their shouts of laughter back to the home which they had just quitted, and brought a smile of affection to the face of their mother. Then the sea swept the three children away. The light of the household was out and it would be long before that mother smiled again.

They were the three children of Henry Wyman, a fisherman, living at Far Rockaway, not far from Breezy Point, which is about midway between the village and Rockaway Beach. On one side was the ocean, on the other Jamaica Bay. Their home was a plain but comfortable cottage. They were interesting children, of sweet disposition, and were not only favorites with their playmates and with the neighbors generally, but were frequently petted by strangers and visitors who happened to come across them playing on the beach. They were the delight of their parents. Accustomed by his vocation to the water it was natural that he should regard lightly the danger to the children of bathing alone, and the little girls themselves had no fear.

Yesterday morning they went to their mother and asked permission to go bathing. The little ones had been accustomed all the season to do so at a point in Jamaica Bay, which had been selected for the reason that the water was smoother there. It was supposed to be perfectly safe to leave them in the water alone. Mrs. Wyman consequently gave the desired permission without any hesitation, and the three little girls ran joyfully up stairs. A few moments later their little feet came pattering down the staircase, and Mrs. Wyman saw her three daughters, looking in their bathing suits like three little cherubs ready for bed. To each she gave a farewell kiss. She little knew that it was the last time her lips were to press their soft cheeks in life.

"Now, take good care of Sadie," was Mrs. Wyman's parting injunction, as with an affectionate hand she adjusted the bathing suit of her youngest child.

"Yes, mamma, we will!" lisped Nellie and Lizzie. Sadie broke away from her mother. She had a pet hen, which she had caught sight of in the yard, and she wanted to run after it. Her sisters caught her.

"Take Nellie's hand and give me your," said the eldest sister, who felt the confidence reposed in her by the mother, and who wanted to take good care of both the sisters. Thus they left their home forever, Sadie between Nellie and Lizzie. Mrs. Wyman watched them fondly as they waded through the sand until they disappeared behind a dune. Then she went back to her work without a premonition of the calamity about to fall on the home.

A man some distance away saw them pause at the water's edge, let the diving wave wet their feet and then run back on the dry land with merry shouts. The man turned his looks elsewhere and ceased to think of them.

No eye witnessed their death. It is believed that they died hand in hand. Probably one of them waded out of her depth or stumbled and the others were overwhelmed by a wave in trying to save her, too loyal and devoted in their little hearts to loose their hold on the hand they grasped, even if it meant death.

Only their cry for help was heard. It reached the ears of their mother in the cottage, and with pale face and anxious heart she ran down to the beach. It reached the ears of the people around, and they hurried in the direction whence it came, eager to render assistance. But one and all they could see only the crested waves breaking on the shore. The bay had seized its prey and carried it beyond the sight of men.

Mrs. Wyman was well nigh crazed by grief. It was long before she could be persuaded to leave the fatal beach. It was feared that she would lose her reason, and it was only by the use of opiates that she could be quieted.

The father's grief was as great. He had left home early in the morning, and did not learn of his great loss until a messenger was sent to him. He refused at first to believe she tidings.

"They can't be dead," he murmured. At last he understood what had happened.

"My God! my children!" he moaned. "Nellie, Lizzie, Sadie! Dead! all dead! my God! my God! all drowned!"

When he reached his home he was a broken down man.

Last night, Mrs. Wyman, half-conscious, was calling aloud for her children.—New York Herald, August 11.

#### Knocked Dead by a First Blow.

CHICAGO, August 17.—Dr. F. L. Trowbridge had a street altercation yesterday with Frank Packard, a barber. A blow from Packard's fist laid the Doctor flat on the sidewalk. He immediately lost consciousness and died two minutes later. It is supposed death was due to heart disease superinduced by Packard's blow. Packard affirms that Trowbridge was drunk.

#### Severe Storm in Dakota.

ABERDEEN, DAKOTA, August 17.—A heavy wind and rain storm again visited this vicinity yesterday and swept over a fifty mile radius, doing more damage than any previous storm. At Newark, thirty-five miles Northeast of here, on the new extension of the Milwaukee road, the suffering was the heaviest. Four persons were killed and another was fatally injured.

## COMPLEXION OF THE NEXT HOUSE.

### The Democrats Have Hopes of Keeping Their Majority.

Most of the members of the House go home now to attend conventions and to fix up their fences for the fall elections. Before they come back to the capital again they will go through a campaign, and at present the speculation is as to the complexion of the next House. The Republicans expect to make gains in the House, but they hardly expect to overcome the Democratic majority. The Democrats are in considerable of a tangle all over the country, but their quarrels are chiefly over internal factional ascendancy, and will be mostly settled in convention. Many men now in Congress will not return, but it is claimed by Democrats that the grand summing up will show as many Democrats in the next Congress, as this, if not more. One of the best informed Democrats about the House told a Star reporter to day that he found, after a careful study of the situation, that there were just five States where the Republicans might make gains. These were Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa and Ohio. They would probably gain two in Michigan, two in Indiana, and possibly two or three in Ohio. But in the State the Democrats were in better shape than was generally supposed. Halstead, he said, had aroused internal trouble among the Republicans, while the Payne affair had drawn the Democrats together to resist the Republican attack.—Washington Star.

### SERVED HIM RIGHT.

#### A Brutal Scoundrel Hung by a Mob at Macon, Ga.

MACON, GA., August 13.—James Moore, a white man, was taken from the County jail in this city last night by one thousand citizens and lynched. He was hanged to a tree in front of the notorious assignation house of Sarah Robinson, whether he had decoyed Mamie Little, an innocent white girl, and committed a rape upon her. Mamie Little is a poor hard-working girl, of unblemished reputation in Savannah, where she came from. She arrived in Macon a few days ago, to seek employment. At the depot, being a stranger, she met Moore and asked him if he could direct her to a good boarding house. Moore called a hack, and placing the unsuspecting girl in it drove her to a notorious assignation house, where, at the point of a pistol, he compelled her to submit to his brutal passion. Everything that has been gleaned tends to establish the fact that the girl's character is all right. She is of good sense, with a pretty fair knowledge of good breeding, as is evinced by her conversation. The poor girl was most outrageously handled by her ruffian assailant. Jim Moore has been long known and universally detested as a ruffian and a conscienceless fellow. He was on the police force, but was discharged last year for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and since then he has been a familiar figure in police circles. He was a married man, and his wife and several children survive him.

### DID THEY ELOPE?

#### Mysterious Disappearance of a Married Man and a Widow.

On Monday, the 2nd of August, says the Abbeville Messenger, J. P. Vaughn, a respectable and well-to-do citizen of the Sharon neighborhood, left home with his mules and wagon, to do some hauling, he said, in the neighborhood of Mt. Carmel. About the same time a Mrs. Sutherland, a widow with five children, of the same neighborhood, disappeared. Inquiry in the Mt. Carmel neighborhood has disclosed the fact that Mr. Vaughn has not been there in the past ten days. These two occurrences put together have caused quite a commotion in the usually quiet neighborhood, and speculation runs high as to the cause of the disappearance of these parties. These mules driven by Mr. Vaughn, we understand, are mortgaged to Messrs. Wallingford and Russell, and in addition to that, Mrs. Vaughn, the wife of J. P. Vaughn, has given Wallingford and Russell a mortgage on a piece of land owned by her. The seemingly deserted wife was in town yesterday in consultation with attorneys, to see what redress, if any, she had. Mr. Vaughn has heretofore borne a good character in the neighborhood, and his family are unable to account for his strange conduct in this affair. His friends predict that everything will turn out all right, while others are dubious about it.

### A WHOLESOME MURDERER.

#### She Poisons Eleven Relatives to Get Money from Benefit Associations.

BOSTON, August 12.—It is understood that the Somerville police have information of suspicious deaths of at least eleven persons directly or indirectly related to Mrs. Sarah Jane Robinson, who is under arrest, and who were insured in benefit organizations, the money in most cases falling into this woman's hands. A son of William J. Robinson died this morning at his mother's house in terrible convulsions, with all symptoms of poisoning. Medical Examiner Burrell commenced an autopsy on the body this afternoon. Mrs. Robinson and Thomas B. Smith, her supposed accomplice, were brought into Somerville Court this forenoon. Mrs. Robinson came in trembling and appeared very much shaken and shattered in mind and body. To the complaint, which charged them with "mingling poison with medicine, with intent to kill Wm. J. Robinson," both pleaded not guilty. Judge Story held Mrs. Robinson in \$25,000 and Mr. Smith in \$25,000. It is said that since the death of Mrs. Robinson's husband eleven of her relatives have died, all within four years, and Mrs. Robinson benefited by all of the deaths.

## DEAD IN A MILL POND.

### WAS IT ACCIDENT, SUICIDE OR MURDER, WHICH?

#### A Mysterious Tragedy in Greenville County—A Young Lady Found Drowned—A Strange Case.

Thomas J. Cureton is a respectable and well known farmer who lives in Grove township, nine miles from the city, on what is known as the "Old Adams' Mill" place. His house is about 250 yards from Reedy River, where it is yet dammed for a mill which has been abandoned. Mrs. Cureton is a daughter of John Adams of this city, and, like her husband, has a number of relatives living here, all people of the highest respectability.

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Cureton came to the city, leaving the house and their younger children in charge of their daughter Mary A. Cureton, known as "Mamie," a handsome girl of eighteen years. According to the testimony of one of the children, a girl of ten years, a young white man drove to the Curetons' gate in a buggy about 10 o'clock in the morning and handed Mamie, who went to him, a note. The child overheard him say something about meeting somebody "at the river at one o'clock." The man, who had come from the direction of the city, then drove away. Miss Cureton returned to the house, dressed herself in her best clothes and distributed her other clothes and trinkets among the children, leaving with them a handsome gold ring that her father had given her and putting on her finger a plain black gutta percha ring. She then kissed them good-by, saying she was going off to be married, and left. They made some attempt to follow or detain her but were repulsed.

When Mr. and Mrs. Cureton returned at night they were astonished and distressed by finding their daughter gone, and by the account they received from the children of her departure. She had no love affair that they knew of, but they were forced to believe that she had run off to be married, although they were at a loss to imagine who she had gone with. A messenger was sent to the nearest preacher, but no information was received and nothing more could be done until yesterday morning. Then the direction in which the missing girl was going when last seen was obtained from the children and search was begun.

In a path leading through a cotton field to the river Miss Cureton's tracks were found. They were followed easily in the soft ground to the brink of the river where a high and steep bank leads down to the deepest part of the mill pond, the water being about ten feet deep there. Down this bank there were distinct marks of the heels of her shoes—where she had slid from the top to the water, apparently standing straight with her feet close together. The neighbors were called, and with poles and hooks made for the occasion the pond was carefully dragged. After a long trying search, impeded much by logs and bushes which accumulated in the pond, the body was found about 100 feet down the river from the place on the bank described above. It was brought to the surface by a pole which had caught in the dress. The young lady had apparently died peacefully and without pain. There was no distortion of the face and the arms were crossed on the breast as if arranged for burial. Everything about the body was just as Miss Cureton had left her home for the last time.

Coroner McBee was notified by W. M. Lendermen, who had found the body, and immediately went to the scene of the tragedy. A jury of intelligent citizens was summoned and the inquest was begun. Dr. G. Tupper Swandale, of this city, made a careful examination of the body. He found that death had been caused by drowning and that there had been no other injury of any kind, and his autopsy and evidence based on it failed to give the least clue to the mystery. The facts already given were brought out by the testimony. The closest examination of the place where Miss Cureton evidently went into the water failed to discover any track but her's or the least evidence of a struggle. Her father and mother testified that she had at times during her life been in a condition of mind in which she did not have the full use of her faculties, although she had never been violent or really insane. It would have been easy enough to conclude from this that the unfortunate girl had gone to the river while suffering from a slight attack of insanity and fallen in accidentally or purposely drowned herself. But the case was mysterious and the jury was perplexed by the story of the strange man from the city, the note and the conversation about the meeting at the river, told by the child. Close and sharp examination failed to shake her evidence. The statement she had first made was stuck to in every detail so faithfully as to carry conviction of its truth. The grief-stricken parents could give no idea of who the man was or what was in the note, which could not be found anywhere. No man had been particularly attentive to Miss Cureton, and it would have been almost impossible for her, living at home and as quietly as she did, to have had friends who were unknown to the children or could not be recognized from their description. Her good character was beyond a whisper of question, and all the evidence went to prove that she was without doubt a pure girl as ever breathed. The jury could only find an open verdict and rendered one to the effect that the deceased came to her death from causes unknown. The general belief is that the appearance of the man with the note was merely a coincidence, that it was somebody on business with Mr. Cureton, and that the child got the fragment of conversation she overheard confused with something her

sister said, or with her subsequent departure for the river at 1 o'clock. If this be true, publication of the facts ought to bring an explanation, and it will be evident that the tragedy was the result of accident or design in time of mental distraction. Otherwise the mystery will remain, for it cannot be imagined what person would have a motive for luring Miss Cureton to the river bank to murder her or how a murder could have been committed without a trace of the murderer or struggle being left. Another theory that Miss Cureton may have readily gone to meet some friend and fallen into the river while waiting is met by the fact that nobody was seen in the neighborhood and that no affair of the kind could have been carried to that length without the knowledge of the family.—Greenville News.

### A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

#### Abduction and Probable Murder of a Young Lady by a Rejected Suitor.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, August 14. There is great excitement over the abduction and probable murder of Miss Luella Mabbitt, an estimable girl, living South of here. Last week, Amos Green, a rejected suitor, drove in a carriage to her home, seized her and carried her off. He returned home next morning and disappeared. Miss Mabbitt has not been seen since then, and as Green threatened her life, it is believed she has been murdered. An organized search for her has been vainly carried on. A trail has been found leading to Wildcat creek, and some believe the body will be found in the stream. Thursday night a mob, believing Green's mother knew the whereabouts of her son, went to her house. A rope was placed around the old woman's neck and she was threatened with death if she did not reveal the hiding place of her son, but threats of lynch were of no avail; the mother refused to open her mouth to betray her son. The mystery is deepened by the disappearance of another of Miss Mabbitt's suitors, John Yerks. On the night of the abduction, William Walker made a call on Miss Mabbitt's sister, and he has since been arrested as Green's accomplice. Mrs. Green has also been arrested.

### A NUN AND A YOUNG GIRL.

#### They Jump from a Train at Full Speed. Frightened by an Absinthe Drinker.

A sensational incident, with rather serious consequences, has occurred on a French rail. While a train was going at the usual rate of speed, between Nice and Marseilles, two women were seen to jump from it, evidently in a state of wild alarm. They were picked up, both of them being very badly injured by their desperate leap. They proved to be a nun and a young girl named Basset, who was traveling with the nun. The cause of their singular conduct was the behavior of a stranger, who had entered the compartment in which they were, notwithstanding that it was reserved for the ladies. The man was a sailor, who had been drinking absinthe to excess and was in a state of hilarious intoxication. When he got into the carriage he immediately began to sing wildly at the top of his voice and to behave like a violent lunatic, smashing the windows and proceeding to wreck everything within his reach. The nun and her companion thought the man was mad and were in fear of their lives, so they jumped from the door while the train was going to escape from him. The ladies are severely hurt and the man is under arrest.

### A BALL OF FIRE.

#### Which Brought to Death an Indiana Farmer—Believe It or Not.

Daniel Riley, a prominent citizen of Crawford County, Indiana, was instantly killed Monday evening by a bolt of lightning. Mr. Riley was sitting in the front room of his residence near Boston mending a pair of scissors. A slight shower was falling at the time, but there was no sign of an approaching thunder storm. Suddenly a huge ball of fire entered the window and passed apparently up the chimney. The family, were sitting on a veranda in front of the house, and noticed the phenomenon, ran in the room where Riley was sitting, and found his body lying on the floor burnt to a cinder and entirely unrecognizable. A black streak was found on the carpet passing within a few inches of the chair where Riley had been sitting and thence toward the fire-place. A horrible odor as of sulphur filled the room. The story is vouched for by a number of eye-witnesses.

### Trotters Killed by Lightning.

An Omaha dispatch of the 9th instant says: At 1:30 this morning lightning struck the main stable of the Omaha Fair Association, containing sixteen valuable horses, of which eight were either instantly killed by electricity or burned to death. The animals were in training for the races and were of excellent promise. John Simpson, a groom, was lying asleep in a stall within four feet of where the lightning struck. He was knocked four feet and thrown against the wall. Although stunned he at once realized the situation and yelled and aroused the other hostlers, all of whom worked desperately to release the animals, which were rushing about in their box stalls crazy with excitement. All the doors were thrown open and great efforts were made to drive the horses out, but several of them could not be forced to move and were left to their fate.

### Bad News From Texas.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, August 17.—Very unfavorable reports are coming in from every part of Eastern Texas in reference to cotton, which, owing either to rains or extreme hot weather, is shedding its forms rapidly. If this continues long it will entirely destroy the top crop, which will reduce the yield at least one-third.

## A MURDER CLEARED UP.

### Vince Bellinger Tells Why He Killed Jeff Bruton.

The following letter was written by Vincent Bellinger to a friend in Barnwell from Norfolk, Va., under date of July 30th, 1886:

FRIEND BILLY:—Finding that the United States has "gone back on me," I leave for Cuba to-day. I leave my native land forever. You have shown me kindness when I needed it. I have injured myself by standing by my friends, and yet, all who were once my friends in Barnwell, have condemned me without a hearing.

My object in writing this letter to you is to put myself in the proper light about shooting the negro near Grahams. The following statement is correct. I do not make this statement expecting it to have any weight at my trial, for I will never have one. I will never be taken alive. I do not fear death, and my only motive in leaving South Carolina, was to avoid killing those who might attempt to arrest me.

But to come to what was headed in the Charleston newspapers, "A foul murder by Bellinger."

While in Orangeburg County, I stopped near Cannon's Bridge, hitched my horse, and when I woke up he was gone. I met a negro who told me that Curtis Faust had taken up a horse that answered to the description of mine. I went to a negro and offered him five dollars to take me to Fausts. The negro sent his son, Jeff Bruton (a big burly negro about 20 years old) with me. The negro got a quart of whiskey in Grahams; on the way he drank freely. (I drank nothing.) This is the hardest part of my tale to believe. When within one mile of C. C. Fausts, and at a church the negro got out of the wagon to get some water at a well. While at the well, he asked me what I would give him for the horse; he was drinking; I told him thirty dollars (\$30); counted out the money and gave it to him. I took out my memorandum-book; wrote a bill of sale and asked him to sign it—it was a bright moonlight night; so bright that I could write without any difficulty. To my astonishment the negro said, damn von. I have got your money and will give you no bill of sale. He then walked up to me and put his hand on my shoulder; his general manner showed fight; I told him to give me back my money; he closed his hand on my shoulder; I stepped back and shot him at a distance of about 10 steps. While I was cocking my six shooter, he turned and I shot him again. He ran down the road in the direction of several negroes who had just passed.

"Now Billy, I was in this position at night, shot a man who I knew was mortally wounded. (What was I to do without a single witness? The negro had my money, so I took the horse out of the wagon, went 3 or 4 hundred yards on the road; told a negro that a man was badly hurt at the church and I wanted his saddle to go after the doctor. I went from there to where I sold the horse, and took the train to Augusta.

Now Billy, I tell you this in order to retain your respects, although I will never see you again, I will find some comfort in thinking that I have left a few who do not look on me as a "murderer." I have never yet killed a man only in self defence, or when I thought my life was in danger. If those who condemn me would look back, they would see that I could have killed, and the law of S. C., would have sustained me.

I went to Colorado after seeing you and sold an old gold claim (that I thought worthless) for five thousand dollars. If I could only have gotten this money sooner, my life would have had a better coloring in the future. But as it is I have joined a band of desperate men, who are fighting for liberty in Cuba, as we fought in the right of secession; if we win all will be right, if we fail we will be shot.

I doubt if you can read this letter, as I write it on the tug boat taking us out to sea, and it is rough.

Please let the Barnwell Sentinel copy the part of my letter relative to the killing of the negro.

I would have kicked back at the newspaper reports about me but I had not got out of the picket line.

Billy, if you ever need a friend, day or night, who is willing to put up his life for you, call for VINCE BELLINGER.

### A Ghastly Discovery.

PANAMA, July 31.—The work of erecting the new theatre is progressing satisfactorily. The building is to be on the site of the Los Monjas Convent, the outer walls of which are very massive and will be kept standing. The work now going on is the pulling down of the inner partition walls, which are about twenty inches thick. In the course of this work on Friday last there was discovered within the masonry, in a erect position, a perfect man skeleton, to which was attached a cross made of wood on which had been an inscription, but it is not legible now. Almost immediately after the discovery the skeleton fell to pieces, and the skull and bones can be seen lying on the ground. The skeleton was found in the wall which was very near the altar.

### Crazed by Drink.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., August 14. A cold-blooded murder was perpetrated at Rockford, Mich., to-day, and a landing is probable. The murderer, John Boyd, being drunk all night, stole a revolver from a shop, went to the house of William B. Johnson, a prominent citizen, called him out and shot him through the heart. Boyd bears a bad name, but is of a good family. After the shooting he coolly walked down the street, threatening to kill all he met and bragging of what he had done. He also attempted to shoot two other citizens. He is under arrest, awaiting an investigation.

## RICHLAND MAKES RETORT.

### WHO SHOULD THE NEWS AND COURIER "PILLORY."

#### The Support of Col. Miles by the Charleston Delegation in the Late Convention—Let the Punishment be Inflicted.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Aug. 11.—Some time ago the Chronicle mildly advised the News and Courier to let Georgia politics alone as it would soon be "monkeying with its own gubernatorial buzz-saw." The News did not take this advice, as it felt sure of the success of its own candidate in South Carolina, and preferred to extend its operations beyond the borders of the muddy Savannah. If it had wisely listened to the advice of its amiable contemporary it might have met with greater success at home. Its candidate for Governor was defeated and it is in much the same condition that it charged the Chronicle with being after the Bacon defeat, in "a very unhappy frame of mind." It is easily worried and the slightest allusion to combination, etc., is exceedingly "vexatious."

Your correspondent ventured to repeat a rumor current during the Convention that "a part of the Charleston delegates only gave Col. Miles a half-hearted support." The News and Courier to-day vigorously denies the "cruel story," and then proceeds to prove its correctness. It says: "With but four or five dissenting votes, the Charleston delegation resolved that it was injurious to have two candidates for State offices and the preference of the delegation, in about the same ratio was for Mr. Miles." &c. There were then "four or five" of the delegates who were not "enthusiastic" supporters for Mr. Miles; and who preferred to retire Mr. Miles in favor of General McCrady's candidacy.

Your correspondent simply repeated a rumor which has now been confirmed by the News and Courier, and if that journal wants to "pillory" anybody it is respectfully referred to the writer of the editorial from which I have quoted. Let the punishment be inflicted. If the News and Courier is not satisfied with its own confirmation of the report, let it order a poll of the Charleston delegation and see if it cannot find some "half-hearted supporters" of Mr. Miles among those delegates. If it fails to discover any such individual, your correspondent will make the proper correction. In the meantime, with the report corroborated by the News and Courier, he does not feel at liberty to retract. To do so would be a reflection upon the News and Courier, and your correspondent would not be guilty of that for any consideration.—Richland in Augusta Chronicle.

### THE FOE IN BERKELEY.

#### A County Convention Which Breaks Up in a Row.

MR. PLEASANT, Aug. 14.—Agreeable to the call published in the county papers, a convention of the Republicans of Berkeley county was held at the Court House at Mount Pleasant yesterday. Senator Robert Simmons took the chair and called the meeting to order.

After ordinary routine proceedings the question of the election of a county chairman arose, and J. H. Ostendorf, now of Beaufort and formerly of Charleston, except on election days, when he hails from Wappetaw, Christ Church Parish, called for a conference of the several precinct chairmen. This was held and Ostendorf claimed that he had been elected county chairman for four years, and that he still held over for two years longer. In this he was supported by W. H. Ahrens, of Summerville, and W. H. Thompson, colored, an old politician and would-be Congressman. The precinct chairmen disallowed Ostendorf's claim, and after so reporting the convention broke up in general confusion.

A little while after this irregular adjournment Senator Simmons called a meeting of "all good Republicans of Berkeley" and took the chair, with W. H. Singleton as Secretary. Senator Simmons made a little speech, the gist of which was that if any compromise in the coming election for county officers was to be made with the Democrats the colored Republicans were to make it and not Ostendorf or Ahrens. This was received with great enthusiasm, and on motion of W. H. Singleton the Rev. A. P. Ford, D. T. Middleton, F. J. Byas, Robert Simmons, N. J. Clark, J. Collins and T. Middleton were appointed a committee to confer with the Democrats, with full power to make any compromise they saw fit.

### A Cry For Bread.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, August 11.—Governor Ireland today issued the following proclamation for the relief of the drought sufferers: "Whereas it has been made known to me that on account of the unprecedented drought which has prevailed in the Counties of Brown, Coleman, Callaghan, Eastland, Stephens and others contiguous, many families are suffering for want of food. Now therefore, I, John Ireland, Governor, confidently call upon the people of other sections to contribute to the relief of their distressed fellow-citizens, by forwarding, without delay, funds to County Judges of the several Counties asking aid."

### An Entire Family Murdered.

MARICOPA, ARIZONA, August 12.—Bernard Martin, with his wife and two children, of Weaver, Arizona started July 20 for Erie, Pa., for a visit. Not being heard from a search was instituted, which resulted in finding the charred remains of the entire family between Yulone Mine and Phoenix. Martin was known to have had \$1,000 with him, realized from the sale of his ranch. He was waylaid by robbers, and the entire family murdered and the remains buried to cover the crime.