

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 16, 1882.

ROSSER & McCARTHY,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	One day	Two days	Three days	Four days	Five days	Six days
One inch.....	50	60	70	80	90	1.00
Two inches.....	70	85	1.00	1.15	1.30	1.45
Three inches.....	90	1.10	1.30	1.50	1.70	1.90
Four inches.....	1.20	1.45	1.70	1.95	2.20	2.45
Half col.....	1.80	2.20	2.60	3.00	3.40	3.80
One col.....	3.00	3.50	4.00	4.50	5.00	5.50

Local notices ten cents a line; subsequent insertions five cents a line.

Wants, three lines, ten cents, subsequent insertions five cents.

Special rates where advertisers use both the daily and weekly.

One inch in the DAILY BULLETIN for one year costs \$5, and for six months but \$3.



Now, with the winter coming on,
Each poor shiv'ring soul
Must contemplate the stubborn fact,
Of higher price of coal.
But, never mind, perhaps there'll be
No great amount of harm,
And then, in that "sweet-by-and-by"
We'll all of us be warm.

COAL has gone up in price. It is now ten cents a bushel.

A RECENT visit to the jail shows it to be as clean as soap and water and whitewash can make it.

THE Buffalo Bill troupe will arrive by the steamer Morning Mail. The parade will take place this afternoon.

THE Bonanza will be out this week and relieve the telegraph. The latter boat will return to her regular trade, provided there is sufficient water for her to run.

For Sale.

Our book, stationery and wall-paper business at a bargain. Best of reasons given for selling. RICHESON & KACKLEY.

MR. A. F. RESPESS has lately been presented by a friend with an inkstand made from the various minerals found in Colorado. Twenty-six varieties are represented and it is a very handsome piece of work.

THE net proceeds of the supper given by the Good Templars on Saturday amounted to about \$20. The ladies of the order request the BULLETIN to return their thanks to Mr. F. F. Gerbrich, for the use of his organ and for his services.

Good weather prevailed during the Germantown fair, and in consequence it was a success financially and otherwise. It is the intention of the company, the coming season, to repair all the buildings, and make many improvements to the grounds.

A COLLECTION of oil paintings, the work of Miss Mamie Slack, attracted general attention at the Germantown fair last week. They were well executed, considering her age, and impressed all who saw them that she possesses considerable artistic talent. The pictures were awarded several premiums.

THE remains of M. Poynter on their arrival at Lexington Sunday morning were found not to be in a condition to be removed to Maysville and were buried there at 11 o'clock that morning. Mr. A. T. Cox, of this city, and other friends and the relatives of Mr. Poynter, attended the funeral.

MR. S. BOWLES, of Cane Ridge, Ky., advertises elsewhere, that he will sell privately 300 acres of improved land in Bourbon county. The land is well adapted for tobacco growing and has on it good barns and other conveniences, beside a two-story brick dwelling. For further particulars see the advertisement.

KILLED.

George Insko Shot and Killed by George Cooper, at the Germantown Fair, on Saturday.

COOPER ARRESTED AND LODGED IN MAYSVILLE JAIL.

The Germantown fair after a successful exhibition closed on Saturday with a terrible tragedy. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, John Insko, of Bracken county, was shot and killed by Geo. Cooper, a young farmer, who lives in Bracken county, also, about two miles from Germantown. The affair occurred on the promenade of the amphitheatre. Two shots were fired one of which took effect in Insko's head and the other in one of his hands, causing death about twenty minutes later. Cooper was immediately taken into custody by the fair ground police, and was afterward delivered to Constable Moran, who brought him to Maysville the same evening and lodged him in jail.

The particulars of the tragedy as we have been able to obtain them are about as follows: Cooper, who is twenty-four years of age, is a cripple and weighs but one hundred and six pounds. He has been married only a few weeks. On Friday, he was at the fair with his wife and while passing around the promenade the latter was addressed by Insko, who it appears was not acquainted with Cooper, although he had met his wife before. The lady declining to carry on a conversation with him—he had been drinking—words passed between Insko and Cooper, the latter being called all kinds of vile names. It is alleged that Cooper did not resent them, but passed on and endeavored to avoid a difficulty. They met several times during the day and each time it is claimed Cooper was cursed and abused by Insko, but it is alleged, made no effort to resent it.

The next day at the time named as Cooper was passing along the promenade the difficulty was renewed, but precisely what occurred we have been unable to learn. Cooper fired the fatal shot, and was instantly felled by a blow from Wilson Insko, George Insko's brother, who took from him the weapon he had used.

It was at first determined to take Cooper to Germantown, but as it was reported a number of Insko's friends had collected on the road, and would probably do violence to the prisoner, it was considered prudent to bring him to this city, which was done as stated. Both men at the time the affair occurred were considerably under the influence of liquor.

These are the particulars as we have heard them, but it is possible there may be another side of the story developed at the examining trial which takes place tomorrow.

SLAIN IN THE SANCTUM.

John A. Cockerill Shoots Col. Slayback—Terrible Tragedy in a St. Louis Newspaper Office.

St. Louis, October 14—7 a. m.—At 5 o'clock last evening A. W. Slayback, a prominent lawyer and ex-Congressman, was shot and instantly killed at the office of the Post-Dispatch by John A. Cockerill, managing editor. Slayback visited the office with a friend, Judge W. H. Clopton, denounced Cockerill for assaults in his paper, became furious, and, according to the statement of Cockerill's associates, drew a pistol. Cockerill, who had the advantage of being self-possessed, also drew a revolver and shot Slayback, who fell and died in a few minutes. The trouble dates from a political meeting Thursday night when Slayback made a bitter onslaught on the Post-Dispatch and its reporter, which

the paper vigorously resented last evening making uncomplimentary reference to Slayback.

Cockerill was sitting at his desk when Slayback entered, and the foreman of the composing room, Victor, and the business manager, John McGuffin, were also in the room. From Mr. Cole the story of what happened is learned. He says as Slayback entered, he said: "You are here, are you?" Cockerill was evidently expecting trouble, for, according to Mr. Cole, his revolver was lying on his desk. He made some reply to Col. Slayback, when the latter said: "Is that pistol for me?" Cockerill said: "It is for you if you want it, or when you want it."

At this Colonel Slayback pulled a pistol, a self-cocker, and as he covered Cockerill, McGuffin jumped forward and grabbed the pistol just as the hammer fell, catching the hammer between the thumb and forefinger, thus preventing the pistol going off. At the same instant Cockerill grabbed his pistol and fired as he rose. The ball struck Slayback in the left breast, and he fell, dying almost instantly.

There was a great commotion, and a rush was made for the room where the tragedy occurred. When outsiders reached the room they found Slayback on the floor, dead, and Cockerill kneeling beside him wiping the blood from his face.

At midnight Cockerill surrendered to the police.

A Prediction Fulfilled.

Natchez (Miss.) Democrat.

"Mosaic" has furnished us the following story of the fate of the late E. H. Poynter, as foretold by an astrologer several years ago:

"And so you don't believe in the power of the astrologer; let me convince you," said "Mosaic." "Some eight or ten years since while entering a hotel in Cincinnati, a young man was accosted by a poorly clad, old man, with the request for a dollar, stating that he was poor and in want, and in return would give the gentlemen a horoscope of his life, as he was versed in the reading of stars. A warm heart prompted the assistance, but the foretelling of his future was declined. On no other terms would he receive help, for as he said, he was no common beggar. To please, as well as aid him, therefore, the fee was given, and the old astrologer wrote out his tracings of the lamps of heaven, which told the tale of an honorable, prosperous life. Trials and vicissitudes would cross the young man's pathway, but they by his energy would be surmounted. But there was shown a dark cloud, obscuring in part, the brightness of his life and which told it was in jeopardy. An allwise Providence, however, would intervene and he would go on increasing in years, in the estimation of his fellowman and in worldly goods, until the year 1882, which, when it cast aside its summer dress and donned the garb to meet the touch of winter, there would befall him a calamity which, even with his knowledge of the stars, it was impossible to foretell the issue. If the same hand of Providence intervened, his would be a long and useful life; but the obscurity was too great—the ending could not be told.

"Years rolled on, until the month of May, 1882, the same young man while a passenger on the Rebstock, from St. Joseph to Natchez, had the horoscope of his life, as told by the old man, brought forcibly to mind by the danger of a violent storm in which the boat was caught. Danger number one was passed safely, and there now remained but the one other event, which would prove the truth or falsity of the teachings of the stars.

"Saturday, Sept. 30, in the early morn, a funeral pyre at Yucatan Landing told the sad ending of a life as pictured by the old astrologer, and the charred remains of Mr. Poynter rest in their grave beneath the musical whisperings of the winds among the leaves of the cotton-wood trees, there to sleep quietly until the final end of all, when his short, but well-spent life will bear on the tablets of the Most High, the record of his reward.

"The tale is true; the horoscope, as written by the old man in the hotel at Cincinnati, years ago, is in existence, and will bear out the statement."

"Why old maids multiply?" is a question ask and answered by a London letter. In London it may be all right, but in Petaluma they don't multiply at all. They daren't do it; society wouldn't stand it.—Pel. Cour.

Corn will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock in the autumn, in well-protected cribs, from twenty to thirty per cent. by spring. That is, 100 bushels will shrink to 70 or 80, according to how dry it was when gathered. Sound corn will shrink twenty per cent. so that 40 cents per bushel, as it comes from the field is as good as 50 cents in the spring.

IN MEMORIAM.

Brother Henry G. Smoot departed this life on the fifth day of this month, at the old home, and with his family and friends about him.

The midsummer of his life met the autumn of the year, and with the falling leaves and fading flowers he, too, went down to earth, in the full measure of the family love and hope, but with life's aims and earthly ends unsatisfied, yet without complaint or murmur.

Careful and reticent in speech, with an apology for the errors and mistakes of others, he had many friends and not an enemy.

With wasting form, unsteady pulse, and a continual consciousness of a doubtful issue of his bodily ills, he bore his burden bravely to the last. Paralysis touched his tongue to silence for a time, but as speech, blessed articulate speech came slowly back to him, there was not a word of sad repining, doubt or complaint. Out of the love he bore his family, tender, true and of blessed memory to them, he did not talk of the coming end. He loved his church, and was a constant worshiper. But the tenor of his voice is silent in the earthly temple. He no more passes the bread and wine, but has, we trust, already pressed the hand the nail print in it upon Calvary.

Gone, gone to the loved and lost of years ago, when in a happy meeting with our loved ones, they are waiting for the loved of earth.

To those loving hearts that know the deeper solitude and suffering, we offer tender love and sympathy and point them to the door of Heaven that stands ajar and to that better home which seems so much nearer for the loved ones gone.

Maysville, Ky., October 16, 1882.

WASHINGTON OPERA HOUSE

Monday Evening Oct. 16.

Late Guide and Chief of Scouts for the U. S. Army,

BUFFALO BILL,
HON. WM. F. CODY,

And His Own Mammoth Combination Consisting of

25-First Class Artists-25

Who Will Appear in the New and Startling Sensational Drama Written for Hon. W. F. Cody, by Chas. Foster, Author of "Save at Seven," Entitled

20 DAYS,

—OR—

BUFFALO BILLS PLEDGE

A BAND of GENUINE INDIAN CHIEFS, from the Winnebago, Sioux and Pawnee Tribes.

Also, the Beautiful and accomplished Princess,

HE-NO-KAW,

(the first born.)

will appear at each performance and in the **STREET PARADE.**

Grand Vocal and Instrumental Musical Olio by **Mr. Jule Kene and Miss Loie Fuller.**

Trick Donkey Jerry.

MR. FRANK THOMPSON.

The Great Cornet Soloist.

Military Brass Band and Orchestra.

Lookout for the Grand Street Parade.

ADMISSION 50 AND 75cts.

Seat For Sale at HARRY TAYLOR'S NEWS DEPOT.

Hon. Wm. Cody.....Proprietor and Manager.
Josh. E. Ogden.....Business Manager.
Ormand H. Butler.....General Agent