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VOL XVI.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1891.

NO. 18.

THE MAXWELL-LOWE.

Tragedy of Know-nothing Excess in Kentucky.

ONE MAN KILLED OUTRIGHT

And Another Maimed for Life for Daring to Oppose the Intoler- ance of the American Party.

A THRILLING REMINISCENCE.

[William Sterrett in Galveston News.]

I know there is nothing more oppres-
sive or tiresome than for a writer to tell
of personal experiences in a newspaper.
He may be listened to around a board
loaded with grub and liquor, because the
drinkables and eatables will keep those
around the board steady, but when an
individual starts out to tell a story in a
newspaper, on a cold collar, mind you,
the average reader will throw the paper
aside and sigh that the economies of
nature require bores like it does fleas.

It was in 1857, to the best of my recol-
lection, (I will tell the story if subscrib-
ers are lost to us) when the great "Ameri-
can party" was in its zenith, it may have
been a year or two before, for I was then
very young, and am not prepared to
enter into a controversy with the man
who has dates at his tongue's end. But
about that time Kentucky lead in its op-
position to the further introduction of
foreigners, particularly the "damned
Dutch," who were coming over in great
numbers.

Maryland was strong in its opposition
to this immigration, but Kentucky was
the home of the American party. Ken-
tucky—where I was born—has never
made a move in the right direction, from
the time that Clay started, or helped
along, the protective tariff question till
the time when she announced, by vote,
that she intended to maintain a position
of armed neutrality in the late war, and
that the union or confederacy that invad-
ed her soil did so at the peril of the in-
vader.

My father had brought down on his
head the enmity of a great many good
neighbors by

LANDING FLAT-FOOTED

on the idea that when a man became
tired of Europe and European ways and
thought he could better his condition in
this country that he had as much right
to come here in 1856 and 1857 as he did
in 1700 or 1800. He went so far as to
hire a German boy, a carpenter, to
weatherboard our log house.

"America for Americans" was the cry
then as it is now on the tariff idea. It
was a peculiarity of our family that we
never had what might be called vocal
virtues. I have concluded from this and
from a close study of our genealogical
tree that there has been very little Irish
and Italian blood injected into the stock.
When the first hordes of blue-eyed
people started east from the northern part
of Asia our family was among the movers.
They made no cry, they did not yell,
they encouraged their companions to go
on and told them stories fine of the
beauties of a soldier's death and reward,
and in the meantime put in their work
in hunting eggs in the hay-loft. It was
only natural to the stock when the yell
of "America for Americans" was sound-
ed in the days long ago, they took no
part in it, perhaps because they could
not yell. I may say parenthetically that
the same cry is sounded to-day, and I
humbly, yet to a certain extent proudly,
thank God that we have lost our voices
and can not yell in harmony with the
cry. For he is small indeed who gauges
his ideas entirely by his purse, and that
is the protective tariff idea.

Then, I mean in 1856 and 1857, the
war against these people who had fled
from Europe that their bodies might not
be made targets in the fields of battle,
was most bitter. The election came on.
An "American party" candidate was
stumping the district for commonwealth's
attorney. His name was Cicero Max-
well and he was afterward a brigadier
general in the federal army. The name
of the Democrat who opposed him I have
forgotten. The two met in Cloverport,
Breckenridge county, Ky., a county in
the same district with mine, which was
Hancock county. Breckenridge was a
very hotbed of Americanism. The Demo-
cratic candidate was accompanied in this
instance by a gentleman of the name
of Lowe. He was

A THOROUGH DEMOCRAT,

a polished man in all things, but as hot-
headed as a man could be.

During the debate Maxwell called
Lowe a tool of his opponent. Lowe re-
sented this, but was unable to do any-
thing. He mounted a horse and, riding
up and down the streets, informed the
people that he would cowhide the first
Cloverport know-nothing that came to his
town, Hawesville, Hancock county.
Those who knew him knew that he
meant exactly what he said and those
who were skeptical had a proof of it in
a few days, when he literally whipped
with a rawhide a Cloverport know-no-
thing who came to our town, Hawes-
ville.

It so fell out that Maxwell was elected
and had to come to Hawesville to attend
the duties of his office, Hawesville being
the county seat of a county in the dis-
trict. For weeks it was bruited about
that as soon as he came Tom Lowe
would cowhide him. The people of the
whole county came, and I and Mose
Harris, known to Texas journalists,

avoided school to see the fun. When
the sheriff opened court from a window
in the courthouse, Lowe on the corner
of the street in a loud voice announced
that he was prepared to carry out his
promise to cowhide the commonwealth's
attorney, and told him to step out and
receive what was due him, and Mr. Max-
well did step out, not from the court-
house, where he was supposed to be, but
from a small hotel not far from the pub-
lic building. And at his back were a
dozen or more men, armed with shot-
guns. They fired at Lowe, and he stand-
ing his ground in the hall of lead em-
ptied his pistol and then fled.

Around and around the town they
pursued him till he took refuge in the
house of a widow woman named Mrs.
Smart. She, arms akimbo on her steps,
refused the mob an entrance. They in-
sisted on going in, when tradition says
she exclaimed:

"My husband, who is dead, was a
Mason. If there is a Mason in the
crowd, I call on him to protect my home
against those I do not want to enter."

Then there was a parley. The result
was that Lowe agreed to surrender him-
self and go to jail for security, the leader
of the mob guaranteeing that he should
not be hurt. As soon as he had deliv-
ered himself a man in the mob fired on
him.

Unarmed, bareheaded he bound away,
and running down the streets met a man
by the name of Mayo, the boss of the
coal mines in the town. Mayo drew his
pistol and kept the mob at bay, though
he and Lowe were enemies. Lowe was
put in jail for safe keeping. As I have
said, the district court was in session.
The jail was not a hundred yards away
from the courthouse and the jailer's
name was Mat Oldam. The day after
this the same Mose Harris and myself
were playing marbles between the jail
and the courthouse when we saw two
men, one named Davidson and the
other named Witherow enter the jail.
In a moment or two there was a rapid
firing of pistols in the building and they
both came out, one of them calmly smok-
ing a cigar. Tom Lowe had been shot a
dozen times

THROUGH THE HEART

and head. He was in his bed where he
was resting when his assassins entered.
Unarmed, without even an overshirt to
impede the deadly bullets, he had died.
When the first pistol shot was heard in
the court room, my father called the at-
tention of the court, Judge Stuart, who
was afterwards a great power in Kentuck-
y, to the fact that Mr. Lowe, in charge
of the court was being murdered. There
was no attention paid to him.

Lowe, the great fighter for the Demo-
cracy, was dead and the American court,
American judge and American district
or commonwealth's attorney were satis-
fied. The grand jury was in session, but
it failed to find an indictment. Terror
had struck the hearts of all except that
of my father.

For his gallantry in this I respect him
more for all he ever did in his long life,
and honestly he did many noble things.
As I have stated before there never was
a yell in our stock. So the old man did
not boast of what he would do, but went
quietly to work. He began to appease fear.
He began to show the people of that
country place that naturally one man was
not more terrible or dangerous than
another. Then the "American party," or
to be truthful in every particular, David-
son and Witherow began to fear him.

One day he was seated with a half do-
zen men in a store in the town. It was in
the winter or late in the fall. A great
fire glowed in the open fireplace. David-
son entered. On his arm he carried a
big market basket containing something
over which a towel was spread. He plac-
ed it within six feet of my father, and
as he did so there was a flare, a deafen-
ing noise, and the whole side of the
building was blown into the street.
Everybody in the house was grievously
hurt. The turpentine in bottles fell on
the floor, and in a moment the house was
in a blaze. The fire bell rang out, and
the village people came rushing from
their home to ascertain what was the
matter. Men went into the building
and rescued all the inmates. Among
them was Davidson. His arm was bro-
ken, his face disfigured and body lacerat-
ed.

They laid him on a floor of an adjoin-
ing building and there he died. Just as
the combustible went off, my father, be-
ing addicted to the vile habit of tobacco,
reached down to get a coal of fire in his
pipe. The great blast expended its force
over his head, and his life was saved.
But the fire burned his hands and ruined
his eyes, and he carried to his grave a
bullet in his face as a reminder of the
time when it was not entirely safe to be
a friend of the "damned Dutch" or a
friend of a man who was murdered for
Democracy. For Davidson's machine was
as simple as it was deadly. He had
procured a tin can about fifteen inches
in height, with a diameter of eight in-
ches. Into this he placed another can of
the same height, but of five or six inches
in diameter, leaving a space between the
two of two or three inches. The in-
ner can was filled with powder. The
space was filled with buckshot. The
muzzle of a pistol was soldered down in-
to the powder and a string tied to the
trigger. He expected to reach the door
and

FIRE THE MACHINE,

but he had on a long cloak and in some
way when he put down the basket con-
taining the machine the string became
entangled with his coat and went off.

It is a long story—too long for repeti-
tion—and naturally made a deep impres-
sion on my mind.

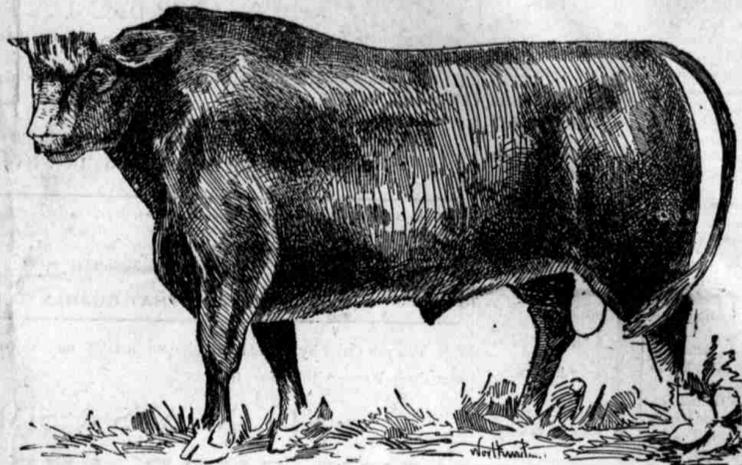
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Sunday Stamps.

The question of Sunday rest for pub-
lic officials has lately been to the front
in Switzerland. This has induced the
postoffice of the republic to test public
feeling in a somewhat original way.
Special "Sunday stamps" are being
printed, which will be for sale at every
postoffice. Any letters posted on Sun-
day with these new stamps affixed will
not be delivered on Sunday, but held
over till Monday. All those franked
with the ordinary postage stamp will
be delivered on Sunday. The number of
"Sunday stamps" used will decide the
future action of the postoffice depart-
ment.—London Tit-Bits.

ROUTES RHEUMATISM.—Mr. Charles

Lawrence, of Ashland, Nebraska, desires
that sufferers from rheumatism should
know his experience with S. S. S., and
writes under date of July 27, 1891, that
he was a great sufferer from acute rheu-
matism for more than six months. He
had quite a number of physicians to treat
him and also took other medicines, with-
out any permanent benefit. A friend
told him to try S. S. S. He did so, and
used only four bottles, which cured him
sound and well. He recommends it to
all who suffer from rheumatism. Rheu-
matism has been conceded to be a trou-
ble in the blood, and we have numbers
of reports from the most reliable people
in the country that it has cured the most
aggravated cases. We certainly recom-
mend every sufferer to send for our treat-
ise on blood and skin diseases, which
will be mailed free. Address,
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Men's Clothes.

"Men are becoming as bad as women
for the adoption of strange and uncom-
fortable fashions in clothing," said a
Fifth avenue custom tailor, "and they
need dress reform preached to them al-
most as much as the feminine sex. Take
the high collars that are in vogue, and
which are worn higher than ever this
fall. They almost strangle one and chafe
the skin until it is sore. Between the
heavy, hot beaver hat and the tight col-
lar, baldness is becoming rampant in our
cities. The high, tight collar has as
much to do with causing baldness as any
other one thing. Then the modern style
of fitting the clothes forces us to make
them tight and snug all around, and this
prevents one from really enjoying life.
Tight patent leather shoes sweat and
pinch the feet until walking is a painful
exercise. Every time I see a dude with
all of the latest style of modern clothes
I pity him, and wonder that he submits
to such voluntary torture. I can assure
you that if his clothes fit him he is mis-
erable. The old adage that 'if a man's
clothes don't fit him he is uncomfort-
able' has been reversed."—New York
Times.

Racing With Wolves.

Many a thrilling tale has been told by
travelers of a race with wolves across the
frozen steppes of Russia. Sometimes
only the picked bones of the hapless
traveler are found to tell the tale. In
our own country thousands are engaged
in a life-and-death race against the wolf
consumption. The best weapon with
which to fight the foe, is Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This
renowned remedy has cured myriads of
cases when all other medicines and doc-
tors had failed. It is the greatest blood-
purifier and restorer of strength known
to the world. For all forms of scroful-
ous affections (consumption is one of
them), it is unequalled as a remedy.

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er, our pills are smaller and our bills are
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Renew your subscription now. If
you can't send a dollar for a year send
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three months.

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gives universal satisfaction." Pleasant
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for coughs and colds your money will be
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manly years and other causes, producing some
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bility, nervousness, dizziness, confusion of ideas,
aversion to society, defective memory and sexual
exhaustion, which will be the victim for business
or marriage, are permanently cured by remedies
not injurious.

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Syphilis and complications, as sore throat, fall-
ing of hair, pain in the bones, eruptions, etc., are
perfectly eradicated without using mercury or
other injurious drugs.

Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture and all Urinary
and Kidney troubles are speedily cured by treat-
ment that has never failed.
He undertakes no incurable cases, but cures
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