

**THE LAST STRIKE..**  
**AT**  
**Overcoats.**  
**ONE-HALF OFF**

of all Light Weight Overcoats, Mens, Boys and Childrens.

**One-Third Off**

of all Heavy Weight Overcoats, Mens, boys and Childrens.

**These Prices Begin Monday Mar. 1,**  
 and will soon wipe up our entire stock.

**J. H. ANDERSON & CO.**



**Our \$3 and \$4 Shoes are equal to \$5 ones, at other stores. All the new styles and colors.**

**PETREE & CO.**

**We Give You**  
**Just What You Ask For.**

THERE are several ways of doing business. One is, to put off any old thing you may have, on your customers. Our way is, to give you just what you ask for, and at prices that defy competition.

**Now a Days**

No one wants to pay exorbitant prices for first class goods. We are way down on prices, and know that you cannot find a better class of goods in the state. We would be glad to have you call and examine our stock of

**Harness and Saddlery,**

If you do not want to buy it makes no difference we want to show you what we have.

**F. A. YOST & CO.**

No. 7, South Main St., opposite Wintree Bros.

**CREAM OF NEWS.**

IF IT IS NEW AND TRUE THIS COLUMN HAS IT.

**Four Burglaries in Neighboring Towns--Eloped--Skull Crushed--Judicial Primaries.**

**A Senator Dead.**  
 Senator Jno. P. Salyers, of West Liberty, one of the six gold Democrats in the Senate, died very suddenly of heart disease Sunday. He was 42 years old.

**Work of Tramps.**  
 Three L. & N. box cars, loaded with merchandise, were broken into at Guthrie a few nights ago. It is thought that they were entered by tramps. Nothing of much value was missing.

**Failure in Clarksville.**  
 A. A. Johnson, proprietor of the racket store in Clarksville, made an assignment Saturday for the benefit of his creditors. His liabilities amount to about \$6,000, \$4,000 of which is preferred. Assets not stated.

**Little One's Skull Crushed.**  
 Clarksville, Tenn., March 13.—The child of Ivy Ragsdale, at Lockertsville, Tenn., while playing in the yard in some way upset an ash barrel. The child was caught under the barrel. The little one's skull was crushed and death was instantaneous.

**To Aid Poor Girls.**  
 London, March 13.—The Marquis of Bute has celebrated his silver wedding by giving \$5,000 to the town council of Cardiff, the income to be given to the poor girls to assist them to marry. The only condition attached is that the Mayor shall read the recipients the first eleven verses of the second chapter of John.

**Burglars at Nortonville.**  
 Burglars entered the store of J. M. Mills at Nortonville last Thursday night and secured \$125 in cash. They also broke open the I. C. depot at that place the same night, but were not very well rewarded for the latter work. Blood-hounds were put on the track of the thieves, but after going three miles the trail was lost.

**Eloped to Clarksville.**  
 George Pollard, a son of Esq. J. B. Pollard, and Miss Carrie Morris, daughter of Mr. R. A. Morris, eloped to Clarksville Saturday night and were married there. They returned home Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and went to the Phoenix Hotel to dinner. The groom is an employe of Boute's carriage factory, and is only 19 years old. His bride is only 15 years old and quite pretty. The objections to their marriage were based on the youth of the couple and they have been forgiven by their parents.

**Burglars at Madisonville.**  
 Madisonville, March 11.—Anderson & Waller's racket store, in the center of town, was burglarized last night. Burglars entered by the rear transom, with a ladder wrenched the cash drawer loose and took its contents—\$30.

They ransacked the desk drawers, scattered papers over the house, carried away two telescopes filled with clothing, etc. The safe could not be opened. Bloodhounds have been sent for. Total loss not yet known.

**The Lost Found.**  
 J. W. Smith, the saloonman, and Joel D. McPherson, the candy salesman, supposed to have been in the E. & T. H. railroad wreck, have arrived home safe and sound.

Mr. Smith had been to Chicago to buy new fixtures for his store, but on account of the hard rains, returned by the way of St. Louis, arrived here yesterday morning.

The report that J. D. McPherson was on the wrecked train and had been killed caused considerable excitement yesterday, until it was learned that he had been tied up at Owensboro by water and had gone by boat from there to Henderson. He arrived home yesterday at 4:25 p. m., to the delight of relatives and friends.—Madisonville Mail.

**The Judicial Primaries.**

On Saturday April 3, at 2 o'clock p. m. the Democrats of Christian, Callaway, Lyon and Trigg counties are called to meet in mass convention at their usual voting places and appoint delegates to the county conventions to be held Monday April 5. The delegates from the precincts are to divide the precinct vote according to the strength shown by the several candidates. This provision is mandatory and no candidate can get the entire vote of a precinct unless he receives every vote cast. The county convention will pursue the same plan in making a pro rata apportionment of the county delegates. The district convention will meet at Murray April 8.

The indictment at Hartford against Commonwealth's Attorney J. E. Rowe, for drunkenness, has been demurred out of court.

**AN EYE FOR AN EYE!**

**A Brave Officer Slain, But the Murderer Quickly Dies.**

**POLICEMAN HENRY LAYNE SHOT DEAD BY WALTER MERRITT,**

**Who is in Turn Killed in His Tracks by Officers Moorman and Cravens.**

**THE CORONER'S JURY EXONERATES THEM FROM BLAME.**

**THE FULL AND BLOODY DETAILS!**

**Scene.—Seventh St. Saloon.**

**Time.—Saturday, March 13th., 8:40 p. m.**

**Dramatis Personae.—Three Policemen, Walter Merritt and John Barleycorn.**

**Results.—Officer Layne Dead, Walter Merritt Dead and Officer Moorman's Ear Grazed.**

**Details.—Given in Full Below.**

Officer Henry H. Layne was shot and instantly killed without any sort of provocation by E. W. Merritt Saturday night at 8:40 o'clock. Five minutes later Merritt was himself a corpse, having been killed in a street duel with Officers Cravens and Moorman, who witnessed the murder of their brother officer from across the street.

The tragedy began in the doorway of the saloon of W. W. Lacy, on Seventh street near Main and ended in the saloon itself, where Merritt retreated.

At ten o'clock Coroner Allensworth held an inquest over the body of Merritt and the officers were acquitted of all blame.

**THE BLOODY STORY IN DETAIL.**

Saturday was a busy day for the police. A big crowd was in town and along towards night there were several cases of drunkenness being looked after by the police. Some of these were country people, some were occasional and some were chronic bums. The officers kept these men under surveillance until all but Walter Merritt had been either sent home or locked up. Merritt lived in town and was well known to the police. He had been drinking all day and along towards night began to get boisterous. Officer Layne went to him and urged him to go home and not get himself into trouble. Merritt promised to do so but instead of going home he bought four cartridges for a nickel and loaded four barrels of his five-chamber revolver and remained in and about Lacy's saloon. Of course this preparation for hostilities was not known until after the shooting.

About 9 o'clock Policeman Layne, Lucian Davis, John Feland, Jr., and Lee Ellis were standing on the pavement on the South side of East Seventh street, opposite Lacy's saloon, engaged in a pleasant chat. Pretty soon Davis left for home, Feland and Ellis turned into the barber shop of Boyd and Pool and Officers J. Mack Cravens and Jas. N. Moorman came up and joined Layne. Cravens was Layne's partner on night duty and Moorman, who went off active duty at six o'clock, was getting ready to go home. John Feland had just taken his seat in the barber's chair nearest the big glass window when the trouble came up and was eye witness to it all.

Merritt came out of Lacy's saloon and seeing the three officers in the little group across the narrow thirty-foot street bawled out in a loud voice: "I've got a hundred dollars and I'm going to spend it all to-night."

Officer Cravens started across to Merritt, when Officer Layne said: "Hold on Mack, let me talk to him. I think I can get him to go home."

Approaching Merritt with both hands rammed down in his pants' pockets, he held a short talk with him trying to get him to go home, reminding him of his previous promise to do so. Merritt stood with his left hand in the outside pocket of his long macintosh overcoat and there appeared to be no danger of an altercation until Layne, after warning Merritt again to go home and avoid trouble, turned as if to leave him. He had been standing with his back against the iron doorway, Merritt standing in the door. Just as Layne turned his head from Merritt, the latter said in a loud tone: "I've been bullied by you long enough. I'll fix your clock."

Before Layne could make any motion of defense, Merritt stuck his pistol into his face and shot him through the brain. The ball entered near the inner corner of the left eye, and came out at the back of his head. Layne's head being turned as explained above slightly from Merritt. The shooting was done with Merritt's left hand, as he was a left-handed man, and had evidently come out to provoke a difficulty and no doubt had kept his hand on his pistol all through the interview. Caught unawares the officer only had a single instant in which to throw up his hand to knock up the pistol, but too late and he dropped to his knees and then rolled face forward into the doorway, his head a few inches over the weather-strip in the door.

There is a sort of vestibule to the saloon made by a screen that sets four or five feet back from the outside door. Retreating into this vestibule Merritt stood over the dead body of his victim and shot two more shots at Moorman and Cravens.

These brave officers saw the killing from their position on the opposite pavement, about 30 feet distant. At the crack of Merritt's pistol both sprang towards him pulling their pistols as they advanced. Moorman's position was such that Merritt was partially concealed from him and Merritt's second shot was answered by one from Cravens, who was in front and whose temple was grazed by Merritt's bullet. Moorman in the meantime had shifted his position and taking deliberate aim fired, the three pistols firing so near together that many who heard them thought there was only one report.

Merritt exclaimed "Bill, I'm shot too," and ran behind the screen, turned around twice, laid his pistol on the bar and fell to the floor in the agonies of death.

Moorman felt a tingling sensation as the last bullet from Merritt's pistol scorched the top of his right ear, but he sprang into the doorway to follow Merritt, not knowing that he had received a death wound, while Cravens started down the alley to the back door to head off retreat. By the time the officers reached him, Merritt had ceased to breathe. The bullet had gone through near his heart. It is not known which officer killed him. The three men were standing within six feet of each other and the wonder is that other bullet holes were not made.

A crowd quickly collected and in a few minutes the body of Officer