

MARIETTA DAILY LEADER
ESTABLISHED 1881.

GEORGE M. COOKE, EDITOR.
JOHN W. LANSLEY, ASSOCIATE.
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FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1896

For President,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
Of the United States.
For Vice-President,
GARRETT A. HOBART,
Of New Jersey.

Republican State Ticket.
For Secretary of State,
CHARLES KINNEY, of Scioto Co.
For Judge of the Supreme Court,
MARSHALL J. WILLIAMS, of Fayette Co.
For Food and Dairy Commissioner,
JOSEPH E. BLACKBURN, of Belmont Co.
For Member Board of Public Works,
FRANK A. HUFFMAN, of Van Wert Co.

Congressional Ticket.
For Congress, 15th District,
H. C. VAN VOORHIS, of Muskingum Co.

County Ticket.
For Probate Judge,
D. R. ROOD, of Belpre.
For Sheriff,
JOHN S. MCCALLISTER, Fourth Ward.
For Auditor,
W. A. PATTERSON, of Waterford.
For Recorder,
JOHN W. ATHEY, Marietta Towns p.
For Commissioner,
JOHN RANDOLPH, Wesley Township.
For Infermary Director,
WM. SCHNAUFFER, Newport Township.

HEAD END COLLISION.

A Bad Freight Wreck at Vigo, Near Chillicothe.

PARKERSBURG, July 30.—A bad freight wreck occurred early this morning on the B. & O. S. W. at Vigo, a small station a few miles this side of Chillicothe. Two fast freights, Nos. 97 and 98, came together while running at a high rate of speed. Strange to say none of the crew on either train were injured in any way excepting some slight bruises received from jumping from the swiftly moving train.

The wreck is the worst that has occurred since last winter when the series of serious mishaps occurred. The engines were both so badly mashed up that they will be totally worthless as they were going at terrific speed when they came together and they ploughed right through each other when they struck. The cars in the train immediately following the engines were mashed into kindling wood. All trains have had to transfer around the wreck all day and it is not thought that the wreck will be cleared up before tonight. The cause of the wreck is somewhat obscure, but it is thought that the engineer on train No. 97 is responsible for it owing to a misunderstanding of orders.

Resolutions.

The Ecclesiastical Council, which met in the chapel of the First Congregational Church, July 28th, to consider the resignation of the pastor, unanimously passed the following resolutions:

1. That inasmuch as the action toward dissolving the pastoral relation has been taken with due deliberation, we concur therein.

2. That whereas Dr. Dickinson has for thirteen years been unwearied in his labors for the kingdom of Christ, not only in connection with the First Church but also in the other churches of this vicinity, we hereby express our sense of loss in his departure and we cordially commend him to any church desiring his services as an able, faithful and successful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

3. We further specially note with commendation his valuable services to the churches in historical research.

4. Furthermore, in view of his unselfish devotion to the interests of the church, we suggest that the church should treat him with due generosity in respect to the further use of the parsonage, and in all other ways.

5. That we trust the church will take immediate steps to procure another pastor, who will lead them in aggressive work for the Master.

Havoc at Clouster.

Telegraphic reports of Thursday evening conveyed intelligence that the heavy windstorm which passed over this city shortly after noon had wrought death and destruction at the little town of Clouster, Athens county. Many buildings were completely demolished and every structure in the path of the storm, which was not wide, was more or less damaged. Several lives are reported to have been lost.

The sides and roof of one house containing a family of seven persons were lifted bodily from the foundation and carried away, none of the inmates being injured.

Here's a piece of advice for you, old boy.
Ere you enter the battle of life:
Should you ever grow vexed on account of your sex
Never don the attire of your wife.

Of man's garment you should always feel proud.
'Tis an honor, and not a disgrace.
And, while onward you plod, you should strive to show God
That his confidence wasn't misplaced.

J. M. S.

GUIANA'S BOVIANDERS.

Origin and Social Customs of a Remarkable Race.

They Inhabit the Disputed Territory Between Venezuela and British Guiana—Curious Admixture of Civilization and Primitive Savagery.

[Special Kingston (Jamaica) Letter.]

The Guiana boundary dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela has attracted considerable attention to the wild and practically unknown country about which it arose. For months past the press of the United States has teemed with more or less descriptive articles in which the word "Boviander" frequently occurs. It seems to be quite freely used without definition, on the assumption that the general reader un-



WEDDING DRESS REHEARSAL.

derstands the appellation. In point of fact, however, nine out of ten people in the states are at a loss to know whether it means a bushman, a boatman, a guide or a trailer—for it might mean either of these. In reality the word implies either, according as used, but means neither.

The Bovianders of Guiana are a distinct race of half-breeds, descended from the intermarriage of the original Dutch colonists with the Indian women of former generations. There are also black Bovianders, descended from the intermarriage of Indian slaves with runaway slave women, who fled to the wilderness in the days of slavery; but these are not nearly so numerous as the white class, by whom they are looked down on. These people inhabit the wide and indefinite region now known as the disputed territory, lying between the Orinoco and Essequibo, and maintain the freest relations with the native Indians on one side and the negroes of the British colony on the other. They are spread over the whole country, but their chief settlements are nearer to the English than the Venezuelan side.

In color the Bovianders of Dutch extraction are a light brown-yellow, somewhat fairer than mulattoes, and with the European cast of features far more strongly developed. They are well formed, and, for the most part, handsome. The black class are of a dirty reddish black, flat featured and ugly. In habit and manner, the white is tidy, clean, pleasant and attractive; the black slovenly, foul, sycophantic and repulsive. Their language is English, but so full of Indian and Dutch idioms and variations as to be a sort of Volapuk.

The customs of the Boviander, like his language, are an admixture of primitive savagery and civilization. In him socially as well as ethnologically the European and the native Indian meet; and it is often difficult to tell where the one ends and the other begins. Formerly the Bovianders lived their peculiar life pretty much to themselves, being but infrequently disturbed by wandering explorers. With the opening up of their country consequent upon the discovery of gold, they have been brought more into immediate touch with civilization, and the dozen or so of years



THE HYMENEAL PROCESSION.

that have elapsed have wrought quite an interesting change.

Let us visit the Boviander and have a passing glimpse of him in his home beyond the first line of the cataracts—which forms the natural boundary between the colony proper and its backwoods. What we wish to see is how he combines his inheritance of primitive customs with the new ideas of civilized life that he has imbibed, and nothing could be more apt to the purpose than a little experience of my own.

Bunting was to provide us with boatmen to go up the river, but on arriving at his settlement a delay occurred. Chloe, his daughter, was to be married, and all outstanding engagements must await the event. Now Bunting was a Boviander, and the groom elect was a white man of local celebrity, a Mr. Gordon, of Glasgow. Apart from its annoyances the incident was a very interesting affair. We were fortunate to be in the nick of time to witness a full dress (wedding dress) rehearsal, too. As we approached the Bunting homestead Miss Chloe emerged onto the balcony radiant in the best up-to-date wedding costume, fresh from the Georgetown milliners. She was a tall, slender and very pretty girl, and ap-

peared in sharp contrast with her present surroundings. As she came forth to exhibit herself there was a rush of Bovianders, Indians and negroes.

What a to-do there was! Such a shouting and hand clapping! The pace was set by an old negro grumpy, fat and jovial, and a younger negro wench, who accompanied the bride from her chamber and danced around her whilst the naked Indians looked on in stolid astonishment. The wedding procession was about to start for the mission, a few miles up the river. Whilst the bride retired to doff her finery and prepare for the trip, Bunting explained that he could not attend to us till next day, so we decided to submit to the inevitable and attend at the function.

The hymeneal procession started, consisting of a huge freight bateau, square as a packing case, but comfortably seated for the occasion, and half a dozen Indian canoes into which the guests overflowed from the state barge. Each boat carried a flag, and the bateau had two. The scene was pleasing as it was novel, and not too brilliant to outmatch the vivid sunshine that beat on the glassy river's ruddy tide and the bewildering greens, crimson, white, purple and blue of the wild foliage and flowers along the steep banks. Shouts and song and laughter made the air tremble and woke the woodland echoes. The bride and groom sat together, and so far from resenting the personal remarks made about them freely joined in the jokes and laughter. The procession momentarily grew. Every descending canoe we passed joined it on the occupants hearing what was up. At each accession the blushing bride would clap her little hands and cry out in pleased welcome and—yes, and kiss the groom. A wedding is rare on the river, and poor Chloe had no precedents, only the dictates of her heart; so judge her mildly.

The little chapel was radiant with flags and flowers and palm leaves, but the novelty of the scene lay in the people. After dressing up for the ceremony, the negro and Boviander women were something to look at. What with the unaccustomed boots and corsets, they could but walk in limps and breathe in gasps—but they were fashionably attired, and that was the point. They smiled, were admired by the men, and what more was to be wished?

There followed the wedding feast, and such a feast as it was. The fore-dinner had been ransacked by Bunting's Indian relations. Of fried, boiled, roasted and stewed, there was no end; the



THE CATARACTS WERE A MILE OR TWO BELOW.

meats of deer, labba, acouri, parrots and other bush fowls steamed along with all sorts of fish from the river. Of fruit there were oranges, mangoes, pineapples and a lot else. Crowning all, on the bridal table, stood the mighty wedding cake specially ordered from Georgetown, and flanked with glass decanters containing wine, and a dozen or so of cheap porcelain dishes and plates of assorted patterns. The wine was served in tumblers, cups, pans, calabashes, etc., and the bride's health was formally drunk. All hands then fell to feasting, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon at the head of the middle table, Bunting and wife at the foot. Those who could not find room at the tables squatted on the floor. A crowd of other guests did likewise outside. Plates were scarce, and knives and forks scarcer; but there was plenty of banana bush and no lack of fingers. So the feast went on without a hitch.

The hitches—plenty of them, too—came later, after the half-dozen demijohns of rum began to circulate. The Indians were the first to be affected. A wild war-dance broke up the festal groupings, and thenceforward it was every man for himself. Gordon wisely cleared away with his bride, wishing to catch the falling tide and the Georgetown steamer. The orgy that followed baffles description. The curious mixture of savagery and civilization, of wedding gowns and nakedness, decanters and calabashes, plates and plantain leaves, toasts and swearings, got stirred to the drugs, and babbled up into a pandemonium. Then we saw the Boviander at his worst—and that is pretty bad.

I will not conveniently say, "let us draw a veil over that orgy." I see no reason to do so; the fact, honestly admitted, is that when it got to the pass of drawn knives, flourished clubs and flying stones, my companions and I determined that discretion was the better part of curiosity as well as valor—and we made tracks for the mission station. Returning to the settlement after dawn, we met a gold diggers' supply canoe, deeply laden, a drift on the current with the crew fast asleep. They had been among the volunteer wedding guests, and had been able to make a morning start—and no more. The cataracts were a mile or two below.

T. P. PORTER.

It Naturally Follows.

Bunting—I believe it is generally admitted that the face is the index of the mind.

Larkin—It is.

Bunting—Then the possession of a bicycle face proclaims the possession of mental wheels.—Town Topics.

THURSDAY'S RAINS.

General Over Southern Ohio and West Virginia.

It appears that the upper Ohio Valley is not yet through with a remarkable season of destructive storms and devastating floods. During the past 24 hours the section named has been visited by the most terrific thunder storms ever known.

High winds and destructive discharges of lightning accompanied the rains and destroyed much property. Several barns in Washington county were struck and some stock killed. The damage wrought to orchards, crops and shade trees has been extensive.

The railroads were inconvenienced by small landslides, grounded wires, etc., but were not seriously crippled.

League Games.

Cincinnati	4
Pittsburg	8
Cleveland	4
St. Louis	3
Baltimore	10
Boston	5
New York	9
Philadelphia	11
Washington	4
Brooklyn	3

	W	L	Pr.
Cincinnati	.61	.28	.685
Baltimore	.54	.27	.667
Cleveland	.55	.30	.647
Chicago	.52	.38	.578
Pittsburg	.45	.39	.536
Boston	.43	.39	.524
Philadelphia	.39	.44	.470
Brooklyn	.38	.45	.458
Washington	.34	.45	.430
New York	.33	.49	.402
St. Louis	.27	.58	.318
Louisville	.21	.60	.259

MURDERED HIS FAMILY.

W. E. Burt, of Austin, Tex., Drowns His Wife in a Cistern and Brains His Two Children.

AUSTIN, Tex., July 30.—One of the most heinous crimes ever committed in this city was brought to light at 10:30 o'clock Thursday morning. W. E. Burt, a member of one of the best and most respectable families of this city, murdered his wife and two children, aged two and four years, last Friday night and placed the dead bodies in a cistern. His residence adjoined the business portion and the foul stench led to an investigation. He left the city Saturday night after committing the terrible deed and informed several of the neighbors not to drink the water as it was polluted by a dead cat.

His relatives became alarmed at the disappearance of his family and when he departed something was suspected. The wife was asleep. He bound her in a blanket, tied her feet and neck and dropped her struggling body into the cistern. Both children had their brains knocked out. His brothers have offered a reward of \$300 for his apprehension. Old citizens say the crime was one of the most villainous ever committed in this section of the country.

OVERCOME BY GAS.

Heroic Action of a Man With a Wooden Leg.

PITTSBURGH, July 30.—Wednesday evening Peter Warbanic and Samuel Moody, top fillers at Lucy furnaces, Fifty-first street, were overcome by a rush of gas from under the bell. Warbanic fell head first down the mouth of the furnace, alighting on top of the bell, which was almost at a white heat. Moody called for help and himself attempted to rescue Warbanic. He also inhaled the deadly gas and fell into the bell. Other workmen came to the top of the furnace and were discussing plans of rescue, when John Reynolds, a one-legged man, jumped down on the bell and passed the men up to those above him. Reynolds was then assisted out, and, although almost overcome and badly burned, quietly hobbled away. Warbanic died within a few minutes after his rescue, and Moody can not recover. Reynolds' heroic action is the talk of Lawrenceville.

Date of Democratic Campaign Opening.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 30.—Mr. Bryan was informed officially by telegraph Wednesday that August 12 had been selected as the date for the democratic notification meeting at Madison Square garden, New York.

Still Creeping Up.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The treasury gold reserve at the close of business Wednesday stood at \$106,300,704. The day's withdrawals were \$321,600.

They Don't All Make Money.

BOSTON, July 30.—The Boston Daily Publishing Co., publishers of the late Standard, has gone into the hands of a receiver.

Executor's Notice of Appointment.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as Executor of the estate of Chas. W. Ward, late of Washington County, Ohio, deceased. J. W. WARD.

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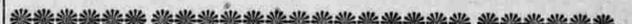


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The fact is demonstrated by the numbers who frequent the store during these cloudy, depressing days; who are evidently giving expression to their feelings as they want WRITING PAPER. We make special efforts to meet all demands in this line. We have a large variety of the best grades in bulk, and a splendid assortment of pound goods. A special offer—1 lb. of fine paper and 1 package square envelopes 25 cents.

A fresh line of the latest novels and varied literature, to throw light upon the financial problem.

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Instruction in Arithmetic, Geography, Grammar, History, Civil Government, Physiology, Orthography, Penmanship and Pedagogy will be free to all who are teaching or preparing to teach. Bring your text-books with you.

Those who wish to secure boarding are requested to write to Martin R. Andrews or W. W. Boyd of Marietta. The Normal Institute will close with an examination on FRIDAY, AUGUST 28th

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