

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

VOL. 2--NO. 242.

MAYSVILLE, KY., MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1883.

PRICE ONE CENT.

C. B. A.

HARDWARE Ornamental
—AND—
IRON FENCING,
IRON For Cemeteries and Yards.

FOR GOOD AND CHEAP

SHINGLES

—GO TO—
T. A. COOK & CO.,
a221w Mt. Carmel, Fleming County, Ky.

MRS. M. J. MORFORD,
Third St., opposite Christian Church.

Millinery and Notions.

A NEW STOCK just received and prices VERY LOW. Bonnets and Hats made over to the latest styles. a221d

PAINTING!

I am prepared to paint Buggies and Furniture of all kinds on more reasonable terms than any other painter in the city will offer. I guarantee my work to be first class. Leave orders at Ball, Mitchell & Co.'s.

ORRUGIES PAINTED FOR \$10.00
jyl33m C. B. DEAL.

THE PLACE TO GET CHEAP

BED-ROOM SUITS

—IS AT—
GEORGE ORL, Jr.'s,
mch31dly SUTTON STREET.

Public Sale!

WE will offer at public sale on Saturday, September 15th, 1883, on the premises, the farm four miles north of Maysville, lately occupied by Mrs. Maria Warder. It contains 175 acres, is well improved, and has on it a good house of eight rooms, two tobacco barns, all necessary out-buildings, and plenty of water. The land is superior tobacco land. Terms made known on day of sale. Sale at 2 P. M.

H. M. WARDER,
J. D. PEED, Auc'r. W. R. WARDER,
jnl3d&w3w

MAYSVILLE CITY MILLS.

ROBINSON & CO.

Are still grinding corn and are prepared to grind your own corn or exchange at any time.

Wheat CUSTOM Grinding

Will be done as heretofore, when good wheat is brought to them. ad&w3m

J. C. PECOR & CO.

Keep constantly on hand a full supply of

School and Blank BOOKS,

Penicils, Pens, Copy Books, Slates, Satchels, Inks, Writing Paper, Envelopes, &c. Carpet and building paper always in stock.

Wall Paper, Window Shades,

Pure Drugs, Teas, Spices, Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Oils and Varnishes, Cigars and Tobacco, Perfumery, Toilet Articles &c., &c.

PIANO MANUFACTORY.

F. L. TRAYSER,

—Dealer in first-class—

PIANOS & ORGANS.

ALL INSTRUMENTS WARRANTED!
PIANOS TUNED AND REPAIRED!

Front Street, Maysville.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

For Mason County.

THE following of the Eclectic Educational Series have been officially adopted by the County Board of Examiners for exclusive use in the public schools of Mason County, viz:

McClintock's Readers, Primer and Chart
Ray's Arithmetic and Algebra.
Eclectic Geographies, Kentucky Edition; Eclectic System Penmanship; Eclectic History of the United States and Brown's Physiology and Hygiene, etc.

Furnished at Publisher's rates by
MORRISON & KACKLEY,
a31d&w1m Maysville, Ky.

Established Business FOR SALE!

THE partnership of the firm of SULTSER, PERRY & CO., cigar manufacturers, of Maysville, Ky., will expire by limitation on November 1st, 1883. The machinery, office furniture, copyrights, stock and good will of the business are offered for sale. For years the firm has enjoyed the confidence of the trade and have now booked an exceptionally fine line of customers throughout the country on their numerous and very popular brands of goods. This is a most excellent opportunity for any one desiring to engage in the manufacture of cigars, to step into an old established business, fully equipped with all machinery and appliances for a large and profitable business. Terms can be made for a lease for a term of years on the factory buildings. For particulars call on address

SULTSER, PERRY & CO.,
a31d

AT THE OLD TRICK.

Dressed in a New Guise it Appears Again.

The Latest Addition to Chicago's Gambling Facilities—The "Phoenix Grain and Stock Exchange"—A Beautiful Resort for Men with Lots of Money and No Brains.

CHICAGO, Sept. 2.—For some weeks past three mysteriously-acting men have each morning gathered in a basement in board of trade alley and spent the day experimenting. They would get together around a box, and one of them giving it a whirl, the other two would say "wheat up," or "wheat down." Then would follow a consultation. The mysterious meetings have occurred day after day. The box has been whirled and whirled, "wheat up" and "wheat down" have been shouted some millions of times. There have followed little consultations until all records of these has been lost. The mysterious triumvirate was set down as conspirators—Irish Invincibles. But they were too well dressed. They acted like thieves; but, aside from the whirling which took place and then the consultations, there was nothing to cause suspicion. They acted something like lard experts, but they made no analysis. The trio, in fact, were Morris Martin, whilom bunco-man; C. L. Campbell, a horse-trader, and Jim Wolcott, a board of trade member, for the nonce down in the shoes. They were simply inventing a new game. Tuesday, at Springfield, the trio took out incorporation papers for the Phoenix Grain and Stock Exchange, with a capital stock of \$300,000. It is the first time on record that gamblers ever had the hardihood to go to Springfield and blandly ask for letter of incorporation for a chuck-a-luck lay-out.

The Phoenix Grain and Stock Exchange is not to be a bucket-shop, as one naturally, from its name, would be led to believe. It is to be a gambling saloon, wherein Martin's new game is to be played. The new game, it is said, beats faro or roulette; it even goes ahead of craps. It is really a species of chuck-a-luck. The name of the concern, the letters of incorporation, the pretended \$300,000 capital, are blinds. They are clever dodges to avert police espina. The lay-out is simple. There is a box. In it are placed cards upon which are printed the words "pork," "wheat," "ons," and "corn." The box is whirled. There are two places where the cards can lodge. If wheat flies up, the fellow who "speculated" on the "bull" side of wheat wins his money; if the wheat card drops down, the "bear" "speculator" takes the money. It is, in street parlance, a great fake. Martin always was a slick one. He was clever enough, when in partnership with Mike McDonald, to "get away with the boss." But it takes a far higher order of talent to inaugurate a new game of chance than to operate with the old ones. Martin when he opens his new "chance shop" will not have a card around the place. There will be no betting on color, nor "coppering" of kings or queens; nor any lay-outs; nor any green tables. There will not be any chips, either. The windows will be wide open, and there will not be any heavy doors with colored men or guard. Business will be opened up in the basement in board of trade alley where the extensive pool-room was. There will be a huge gilt and black sign as follows: "Phoenix Grain and Stock Exchange." There will be the box, of course, and the little pastboards with the "wheat," "pork," "corn," and "lard" printed upon them. There will be a man to do the whirling, to be sure, and a man to scoun in the money, but none of the horrid features of a gambling hell. All gamblers' alley is in a ferment over the new shop. The sports from one end to the other of the city are amazed at the simplicity of the scheme, and are cunning themselves that instead of "heeling" the police, they did not think of Martin's fake. Meanwhile the three incorporators are pushing things for their opening next week. The city is being flooding with paper. The little pastboard cards are being prepared by the hundred thousand. The room is being filled with benches and other furniture. Martin is likely to go down in history along with Poker Schenck and the French monarch who discovered whist.

A PRETTY PLAYTHING

What Mrs. Smith's Little Children Found in Pennsylvania.

STROUBSBURG, Pa., Sept. 2.—The singular fact that venomous snakes will frequently permit children to play with them and handle them without molestation, had an apt illustration in Eldred township. Two little children, one but two and the other but three years of age, were playing together. The former was the child of Franklin Smith, the other the child of John Heinz. They were playing in Smith's yard. Mrs. Smith having occasion to go to the door saw the children sitting side by side on the grass. Her child had a short stick in its hand, with which it was giving frequent light taps on the ground in front of it. Mrs. Smith supposed they were playing with a small land turtle which had been seen about the yard for several days, and after enjoying the childish mirth for some time she walked toward them to see what they were doing with the turtle. When she approached within a few feet of them, she was horrified to see that the children were amusing themselves with a large rattlesnake. For a moment she was speechless and motionless. The snake lay at full length, apparently enjoying the caresses and attention of the children. At each touch of the stick the snake would simply raise its head, open its mouth, and dart its tongue in and out several times. It was this that made the children laugh. Recovering herself, Mrs. Smith advanced a step or two and the snake discovered her.

WONDERFUL SKULL.

Too Hard for Pistol Balls to Penetrate.

How John A. Moran Attempted to Commit Suicide and Failed—The Diamond-Shaped Scar He Will Carry for Life and How He Got It—A Remarkable Case.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 2.—John A. Moran, of Norwich, shot himself four times in the head in his room at the Tremont House. The pistol was held close to his forehead, but being of small calibre the balls failed to penetrate to the brain, and the would-be suicide will probably recover. The thickness of his skull in flattening bullets fired at close range is pronounced phenomenal. Should the young man recover, he will carry through life, in the very centre of his forehead, a diamond-shaped mark. Two of the balls entered the forehead just above the nose in a straight line an inch and a half apart. The two other bullets lodged about an inch apart, laterally, the four forming a mathematically perfect diamond. The motives for the attempted self-destruction are not apparent, and temporary insanity is the only theory assigned. Moran, it appears, has for the past three years been in the employ of the hat firm of Weldon, Stark & Gallagher, of Norwich. Previous to that he served as steward on the steamer City of Worcester. He intended entering into the hat business for himself at New Haven, and his uncle, Walter Durkin, furnished him with funds. In company with a friend, Henry G. Weldon, of Norwich, Moran came to the city and stopped at the Tremont House. A place at No. 202 Chapel street was rented, the stock purchased and paid for and arrangements to begin business consummated. Moran and Weldon occupied a room at the hotel together and retired about 9 o'clock after drinking a glass of lemonade. Weldon arose first and noticed something wrong about his room mate.

WHERE IS SHE?

Inquiry For Hattie Jane Powell, Who Left Rochester Suddenly.

TROY, Sept. 2.—Superintendent Quigley has received the following interesting epistle:

"One hundred dollars reward will be paid to a relative or stranger who is the first to inform me of the abode of Mrs. Hattie Jane Powell. She left Rochester, N. Y., August 23, not very well and very weak, and almost broken-hearted. She left a letter stating that she would never go near or write to any of her friends. The cruel letter which she received on that day, and which was the sole cause of her great trouble and untold anguish, came from an unknown enemy and not from the person she supposed. The letter was probably a good imitation, and since she left it has been proved that it was wholly untrue and a base forgery. Mrs. Powell is responsible, and I am sure she would rather lose \$10,000 than not to receive the foregoing information. This is sent to her friends, relatives and others to get their assistance, that this information may be telegraphed to her the moment any one get word from her. For the assistance of strangers I will say that she is a neat little lady, twenty-four years old, dark hair and eyes, about four feet six inches high, and had two large trunks with her. I would like the following personal advertisement published in newspapers, and the editor of the newspaper in which Mrs. Powell first reads said advertisement will be paid \$100 cash. She may now be nervously prostrated from excitement and attended by a physician, and I am sure she will be as anxious to get this information as we are to give it. Address a letter and telegram to her and also to me, Mrs. Jennie Daniels, 488 West Fayette street, Syracuse." The following is a copy of the only "personal" to be published, to-wit: "Dear Hattie—That letter which made you feel so bad was a forgery, and was never sent by the person you supposed. Jennie Daniels, Syracuse, N. Y."

A SAD CASE.

A Ragged Ten-Year-Old Waif Tries to End His Existence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—Little Johnnie Cullen, a simple-minded child, about ten years old, weary, ragged and dirty, was found recently looking longingly into the playground of the Kings County Truants' Home in Cypress Hills. He told Superintendent Wagner that he was an orphan, but he did not know where he had lived. Mary Mack, his aunt, had given him 3 cents in the morning, he said, and told him to walk to the poor-house. Superintendent Wagner, after giving him a meal and sending him to the play-ground, communicated with the New Lots police to enlist their aid in searching for the relatives of the boy.

While the messenger was absent on his mission, Johnnie, although too young to know what suicide means, apparently tried to hang himself. He fastened the scarp rope about his neck, and was swinging clear of the ground when the Superintendent, hearing the other children scream, ran to the place. The child was black in the face from suffocation when cut down. He was turned over to the officer who had been sent to investigate his case, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children was notified. In the meantime he was sent to Raymond Street Jail. If his folks are not found he will be committed to the House of Refuge.

A CURIOUS DOCUMENT.

Amusing Letter Received at Castle Garden.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—The following letter, which explains itself, has been received by Superintendent Jackson. It was addressed to "C. O. D., Passenger Agent, Castle Garden, New York City, New York:

DETROIT, August 30.

DEAR SIR: I take the plural of Writing You a few Lines over Wich You May Laugh But I mean Business and Want to Pay you for your Trouble if tended to I Will pay you ten dollars \$10 in money next month. If there is any Emigrants from Germany I Wis you Would Make it your Business if you could find som Peasant Girl who is pratey and from 25 to 30 years of age Who Wished to get Married in respectible to a Machinist Who is 30 years of age and a Germen Who has an old Mother livin With him. A Red hair pison need not alype if pasably so from Saxon or a Mackleburg or Byron please Write to me and Then we can come to a better understanding I Will send a pass When the partie is found. My address is,

JOHN KEEL
435 Lefyett street, Detroit, Mich.

SENATOR SHERMAN.

The Lincoln Club Gives him a Reception.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 2.—A brilliant reception was tendered Senator Sherman at the Lincoln Club, at which were present nearly all prominent Republicans of the city including Judge Forsaker, candidate for Governor. Speeches were made by Forsaker and others, and responded to briefly by Senator Sherman, considerable enthusiasm being manifested. Senator Sherman expressed the opinion, as the result of his recent observations in the State, that Republican chances were good.

Killed with a Bell Punch.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 2.—John McDowell, a young man residing at 823 Columbia avenue, had a quarrel with Chas. Huston, conductor of car No. 123 of the Union Line, at Ninth street and Columbia avenue, during which the latter struck him on the head with his fare punch, fracturing his skull. The injured man was removed to the Pennsylvania Hospital. His condition is considered serious.

BRUTAL MURDER.

A Negro Assassinated for No Reason Whatever.

WARRENTOWN, Ga., Sept. 2.—While Mrs. W. Felts was shaking fruit from a tree, Peter Broomfield (colored) asked her to be careful that she did not break off any branches. The lady lost her temper, and made complaint to her husband. While Broomfield was at work roofing a house, in company with three other men, Felts appeared at the foot of the ladder with a double-barreled shotgun. Broomfield comprehended the situation and pleaded for mercy. Felts said: "If you will come down and let me flog you that will be the end of it. If you don't I will kill you." Broomfield's terrified companions urged him to take a flogging and save his life. As Broomfield commenced the descent of ladder, Felts, without saying a word, fired both barrels of his gun and two balls from a revolver into his body. Broomfield fell to the ground, face upward, a corpse. Felts walked to where the body lay, and with a curse, fired three bullets from a pistol into the dead man's breast. Then turning to the terrified spectators, Felts said: "Three, I guess that fixed him," and walked away, since which he has not been seen. The negroes are intensely excited, and say if they capture Felts they will burn him alive to a stake in the woods. Broomfield was an inoffensive negro and well liked. Felts is twenty-seven years old and a member of an aristocratic family.

BRUTAL MURDER.

Another Murder by a New York Policeman.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—A terrible case of police brutality has just occurred in this city. John Smith, a deck hand on the schooner Ellen Hasbrook, now lying at her dock in Philadelphia, was brutally clubbed to death by Officer McNamara, of the Mulberry street police station, at the corner of Canal and Mulberry streets. Smith had been visiting the second mate of the same vessel. When they parted Smith was the worse for liquor. He started for his home, at the corner of Sixty-third street and Third avenue. He had not gone far when he entered the doorway of 121 Mulberry street and fell asleep. Mrs. Hughes, who resides in the house, called Officer McNamara to get the man out. The officer entered the hall way and began to club Smith in the most brutal manner. Smith got up and proceeded up the street, followed by the officer, who kept clubbing him about the back and arm. Smith remonstrated with the officer, who became greatly excited, and on reaching Canal street, struck the unfortunate sailor two blows with his club. Smith fell dead on the sidewalk. A stretcher was sent for and the dead sailor was removed to the station-house, where the officers reported him sick, and, as in all such cases, he was treated with indifference. The excitement in the neighborhood became so great, and such a demonstration was made by the crowd that the body of Smith was finally examined, and then it was learned that he had been badly bruised and his neck broken. Several respectable citizens called at the station-house and left their names as witnesses. McNamara was arrested at a late hour and will be held to await the result of the coroner's inquiry.

SPECULATING ON DEATH.

A Flagrant Case of Graveyard Insurance at Shenandoah.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Sept. 2.—An old lady named Coughlin, residing near town, has just been buried here. Her death and burial aroused much public interest from the fact that it proved graveyard insurance to be still flourishing in this section. No sooner had her death become known than expectant beneficiaries flocked about her residence like buzzards to a feast. It was a part of the contract with those who speculated on the life of the old woman that after her death they were to furnish her with a stylish funeral. The "sharks" were five in number, and they had some difficulty in apportioning to each his share of the interment work and expenses. They could not agree readily on the limit of expenses to be incurred. One party wanted one kind of a coffin, shroud, etc., while another desired something different and finer. So spirited was the discussion that a fracas in the dead's presence was at one time imminent. Matters were finally arranged in a common pool, and the deceased dame given a burial wholly out of keeping with her circumstances in life. A magnificent casket enclosed her remains; hearse and mourners were decked in full mourning array, while all who wished to mourn could have an equipage. The insurance on her life aggregated \$1,200. One policy for \$1,000 was held by a local undertaker, who purchased it a week previous from the original owner for \$50, while the latter was on a drunken spree. The seller was furious when he heard of the death.

DISAPPEARED.

A Country Postmaster Silently Steals Away.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Sept. 2.—John T. Price, of Pickens County, who has heretofore stood well in that community, has left for parts unknown. He was Postmaster at Price's post-office, in that county, and hired an assistant to run the office while he was at the county seat studying law, and holding the offices of Warden, Clerk and Treasurer of the Town Council. Price kept the post office books at Pickens Court-house, ordered all stamps, postal-cards and envelopes for the office, and made returns in his own name. The office is a small country Post Office, where the stamps canceled during the quarter could not legitimately amount to \$10. As his pay depended on the number of stamps canceled, Price would order them in large quantities, about \$150 worth in three months, sell them at a reduced price, pocket his 60 per cent and report the number of stamps canceled. He carried on an extensive trade in postage stamps, and made a handsome thing out of it. He wore plenty of fine jewelry and dealt in blockade whisky. He also robbed the Town Treasury of tax collections. It is said that through his influence three other Post Offices were established in Pickens county which he manipulated in a similar way. A Post Office detective has gone to the scene of Price's rascalities.

BRUTAL MURDER.

A Gang of Them Getting in Their Work in Louisville.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 2.—Four men, John Edwards and George Smith, of Cincinnati, the former representing himself as residing at Central avenue and Court street, J. S. Hayes and James King, the latter of Greensburg, Ind., have been arrested on the Fair Ground here. All are charged with being pickpockets. King and Edwards had pistols on their persons, and additional charges of carrying concealed weapons were placed against them. A number of persons attending the fair lost their pocketbooks; one Mrs. A. J. Campbell, recognized as her own, a pocket-book taken from one of the prisoners. All of the men came here on the excursion train from Cincinnati. When arrested the men were all in one corner of the ground, where, it is asserted, they were dividing money. Several empty pocketbooks were found outside the Fair Ground fence. Edwards says his father is a horse trader of Cincinnati.