

## THE WESTERN NEWS.

Willie Romney, Editor.

### HAMILTON.

### MONTANA.

If the coat fits you, put it on, certainly was never said of a raglan.

The Agricultural Department has issued a pamphlet on the goat, possibly in response to the popular demand for good butter.

An Idaho merchant eloped with a Texas belle and was married in Colorado. He expects to reside permanently in a state of bliss.

Queen Wilhelmina is pretty well entrenched. She promised to obey Duke Henry as wife, but not as queen, and she can easily decide when she is acting in either capacity.

Young Mr. Rockefeller has begun telling other young men how to get rich. It will be impossible, however, for a good many of us to do this in the way young Mr. Rockefeller did.

Those poor Chinese mean well, but decreasing posthumous executions for people already dead is hardly going to quench the thirst for vengeance which is increasing so rapidly among their Christian conquerors.

Now that the theater-going woman with the high hat has been suppressed, the Philadelphia Ledger insists that something should be done with her masculine companion who elevates himself by sitting on his overcoat. Second the motion.

The correct style of corset now is one that "revolutionizes the human form," the human form as remodeled being shaped something like a letter S. Man is fearfully and wonderfully made, and woman is fearfully and wonderfully made over.

The reason foreigners laugh at American pretensions to aristocracy is that in spite of all that can be said social position in this country is based entirely upon money and is permanent or not as the money lasts. With all our efforts to sharply define the lines that separate one social condition from another the fact remains that most of our claims to aristocracy are based on affections, which are understood thoroughly in this country as well as abroad.

Testimony is cumulative to the effect that horrible and unspeakable atrocities have been committed in China by soldiers of the allied armies. There have been wanton and vindictive deeds of crime that are without a parallel in the wars precipitated by religious fanaticism, Christian or Moslem, or by the fiendish pirates of the Spanish main. Slowly has come the hideous truth that the worst and basest passions of men have run riot in the empire that we would punish for offenses far less revolting than those committed by civilization's chosen agents in the administration of planetary punishment.

Bull-fighting, Spain's national sport, was supposed to be too strongly entrenched in the spirit and traditions of the people ever to become distasteful to them, but it now appears destined to be swept away before the march of civilization. At a recent mass meeting in Barcelona, the scene of many a gory contest between matador and bull, resolutions were passed condemning the sport as cruel and brutalizing, and calling upon the government to suppress it throughout the peninsula. The fact attests the power of the humanizing ideas and influences which, slowly but surely, are transforming the world into a better and happier abiding place for man and animal alike.

America has become the great fruit country of the world. In no other country in the temperate zone is there so much fruit eaten by the people as in the United States. Oranges, lemons, strawberries, peaches, apples—all kinds of fruits, in fact—are grown in the United States, from those of tropic or semitropic character in Florida, Texas and California to the apples, blueberries and cranberries of the northern States. It is computed that the strawberry crop alone is worth \$80,000,000, while the grapes of the United States probably bring \$100,000,000. When it comes to peaches and apples it is almost impossible to estimate the yield or the value of these two great crops of delicious, wholesome fruit. There are orchards in the United States containing as many as 300,000 peach trees, while the apple crop is ordinarily considerably above 200,000,000 barrels, of which 3,000,000 barrels go to Europe every year. Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and New York especially are great apple-growing States, the apples of Illinois taking the first premium at the recent Paris Exposition. One county of Iowa (Mills) is said to have over 900,000 apple trees, while Niagara and Orleans Counties, New York, surpass even this record.

England is wrestling with the problem what to do with the juvenile offender. The summary jurisdiction act passed a year or so ago is generally regarded as a step in the right direction, and in its provisions is much like the juvenile court Chicago has established. The new act simply substituted a court of summary jurisdiction for the ordinary trial by jury. Previous to its adoption judges could be brought down from London to try cases relating only to a few shillings, petty larcenies and the like by juvenile offenders. By the previous act of 1879 the court was enabled to deal summarily with young

offenders by consent of the latter. The principle is now extended to include almost all classes of cases except homicide. Commenting upon the new law at the time of its adoption the London Times remarked editorially: "Generally we can trace his (the juvenile offender's) first fault to the breaking up or weakening of the family life, to the absence of kindly feeling and wholesome discipline at home. It is the view of many persons, and no better is put before us, that if he is to be mented he must have as nearly as possible circumstances akin to those which it was his misfortune to lose or never have. Perhaps it is the highest flight of legislative wisdom to try to give the young delinquent some substitute—poor at best, and with all the defects of an artificial incubator—for a mother who does her duty and a father who knows his place."

Writing about the iron industry of the Northwest, a correspondent makes some interesting statements concerning the salaries paid by the great mining companies. He tells of one man who began life as an office boy of the corporation that now pays him twenty thousand dollars a year; of another who receives thirty-five thousand dollars, and of many whose salaries range from five to fifteen thousand dollars. The company that employs the man who earns thirty-five thousand dollars produces annually six million tons of ore. An improvement that saves even a cent a ton makes a vast difference in its profits. The high-salaried man has suggested several such improvements. All these richly rewarded managers and agents are able to initiate as well as to direct and execute. The present organization of industry tends toward specialization. An old-time shoemaker would be lost in one of our modern factories where a shoe passes through forty-four different hands. Perhaps few of the employees could make a shoe unaided, as he could; but in his own line of work a laster, a stitcher, or any one of the forty-four could beat the old shoemaker "to a standstill." Yet a "specialist" in any industry is liable to grow narrow and get into a rut. It is important to note that the high-salaried ironmasters of whom we have spoken are men who stopped short of this danger point and broadened out. The fact that a certain thing had always been done in a certain way did not prove to them that that was the best way, and they earned their salaries by finding a better. When the young man at a machine grows dissatisfied with his wages, the thing for him to do is not to strike but to study. If he has the capacity to understand and improve upon the processes that go to the completion of any manufactured product, it is in his own power to rise to a plane where he can call the rich mine-manager brother.

**Armour and His Wealth.**  
"What good does your money do you?" a friend once asked of the late P. D. Armour.

"That is a question," Mr. Armour replied, "I often ask myself. I was raised a butcher boy. I learned to love work for work's sake. I must get up early now, as I have done all my life, and when 9 o'clock comes, no matter what's going on at home, I must get to bed."

"And here I am. Yes, I have large means, as you say; but I can't eat as much as yonder clerk; I can't sleep as much, and I can hardly wear any more clothes than he."

"The only real pleasure I can get out of life that yonder clerk with his limited means cannot get, is the giving now, and then, to some deserving fellow, without a soul knowing it, \$500 or \$1,000—giving him a fresh start upward without making the gift a hurt to him. That's the only real pleasure I get out of life."

"And as to possessions, the only thing I sometimes feel, I really own are my two boys and my good name. Take everything else from me, leave me them, and I would yet be rich. I would not care a snap for the rest. We would soon together make enough to keep the wolf a long way from the door!"

**Chestnuts for Food.**

In some parts of France, writes Consul John C. Covert, in what are called the schist lands, chestnuts from a very important article of daily food. They are boiled, pulverized and eaten like our mashed potatoes. In every city and nearly every village during the fall and winter they are sold in doorways and on street corners fresh from large roasting pans. About noontime numbers of poor people may be seen around these roasting pans waiting to invest their pennies. Nine or ten chestnuts are given for a cent. They are about the size of our horse chestnuts.

**Tibet and Its Religion.**

Tibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined and has a population of 6,000,000. It is ruled over by Dalai Lama, who acknowledges only nominal allegiance to China. He is the head of Lamaism, which is the oldest and strictest sect of Buddhism. Nearly all Mongolia is of the religion of the Dalai Lama of Lassa and an ambitious man in the place could make trouble for China.

**Windfall for a School Teacher.**

Ypsilanti Smith, the eccentric recluse of Boston, died and left \$45,000 of government bonds with coupons unclipped for thirty years and \$25,000 worth of pension vouchers. Mary C. Goddard, a poor young lady teaching in the schools of Cambridge, is believed to be his only heir.

**Caused Reduction in Arrests.**

The fee system for arrests in Jackson County, Missouri, was abolished a year ago. The number of arrests since that time has considerably decreased.

## KENTUCKY FEUD THAT GREW FROM A COURTSHIP

### Three Lives Already Sacrificed and the War Between Two Families Has Only Just Begun.



There has broken out in Corbin, Ky., a real old-fashioned feud. One with love as a beginning, and hate, murder and death as an ending. In the very beginning of it—the first battle—two men and a woman have been killed, one house has been blown up with dynamite, another riddled with bullets, and several people are in jail charged with murder. It is a feud which has every prospect of long life and is marked with all the wild passions and semi-savagery which have so long characterized the mountaineers of Kentucky.

The story of the love of Rolla White for Jane Shotwell would read much as other love affairs where the father of the girl objected, were it not for the fact of the peculiar temperament of the mountain people, and their custom, from time immemorial, of taking the law into their own hands and themselves demanding and taking "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Six years ago the Whites moved to Corbin from their Virginia home. There were the three sons, two daughters, and the aged mother. The boys—Bill, Roach and Rolla—established a restaurant and store in one part of the town and a hotel in the other. They lived as peaceful citizens until the present tragedy.

The Shotwells have been residents of Corbin for about the same length of time. Their family home is at Rockhold, about ten miles away. The father, James Shotwell, set up a flour and saw mill on his arrival in Corbin. John Shotwell and the other boys aided their father in the milling business. The Shotwells did not lead the same quiet life as the Whites, and were frequently in shooting affairs. In October, 1897, the Shotwells boys figured in a street fight in which Police Judge Moffett was killed and W. S. Holland badly wounded. Holland was the man who had quarreled with the Shotwell boys, and they ran him into a building and riddled him with bullets. Judge Moffett was killed by a shot from within the house. Last February they figured in another riot, in which Deputy Marshal Henry Hartford was killed.

**Rolla Meets Jane.**

About three years ago it was noticed that Rolla White had begun to "spark" Jane Shotwell, the pretty brunette daughter of Jim Shotwell. Time went by and other boys did not cease to call, but Jane seemed to prefer sitting out on the little porch with Rolla, resting easily against the railing and talking with him, to receiving the attention of other suitors who were more to her father's liking. The father banished Rolla from the house, and often the girl would slip out from the house, meet the boy in the "big road," just where the turn cut off the view from the house, and stroll away over the hills, planning

with Rolla what they would do when "father came to his senses." But Jim Shotwell was not to be deceived, and one bright afternoon some mysterious shots were heard up at the bend in the road, and rumor says that .44-caliber bullets buried themselves in the red clay close to where Rolla White stood waiting for the coming of his sweetheart.

But the Spanish war came on and Rolla White volunteered. He was made a sergeant, promoted for soldierly conduct. He came home with his regiment, was mustered out and brought to Corbin with him a wound received in action, which caused the girl to add compassion to the love which she already bore him. He renewed his attentions under the same protest from Jim Shotwell.

The other day the boy passed close by the spot where Jim Shotwell was sitting, his chair tilted back against the wall of the drug store. A quarrel followed. How it began no one knows. A passer-by heard the contemptuous words, "You don't stand for nothin' in this community, and you can stay away. You understand?"

With flushed face and uncontrollable anger expressed in the flashing of his eyes, the boy flung back the answer, "If you don't like me, you old scoundrel, you had better come and get me now and stop me for good."

Jim Shotwell started to rise from his chair, but only started. Like a flash, Rolla White had drawn his weapon and Shotwell fell, wounded in four places. He was carried to his son John's residence across the street, to die the next morning. Rolla White took refuge in his brother's store.

The shooting occurred at noon. At 6 o'clock it was dark and the Shotwells had gathered their clans. Old man Bill Shotwell, brother of Jim Shotwell, and his two sons, Dee and Parrish, the McHargues and other friends, had collected. Then the riot began. Who participated in it the courts will have to determine. The White store and restaurant was blown up. Windows and doors were wrecked and the men inside dashed to the ceiling. Well knowing what was attempted and what would follow, the White boys barricaded themselves in their back room, making a breastwork of flour sacks. The debris caught fire and Sutton Farris rushed in attempting to put it out. Then the first volley of shots was fired and continued until eighty or a hundred bullets had pierced the wall. There was a respite for a few minutes, and Roach White, stepping into the main room for other sacks of flour to add to the barricade, stumbled over the body of Farris.

Then the shots were heard half a square away. It afterward developed



that the White home had been fired into. Mrs. Bettie White, the aged invalid mother of the White boys, rose from her bed, and calling her daughters to her side knelt with them in prayer. She thinks she was spared on account of her petition to the Heavenly Father. But the wait at the White store was not long. Again the bullets whistled through the building, and the volley was repeated time and time again. "Let's fire in that door and see if they will answer," a voice was heard. The Whites crouched lower, but for some reason the volley did not come. They would have been killed had the suggestion been acted upon. Sheriff Sutton arrived at midnight from the county seat at Williamsburg with a force of deputies, and spent the night in the store with the White boys. From the time of the explosion no one inside dared strike a light, and in utter darkness the night was spent.

Morning dawned, and outside the store was found the body of Susan Cox. The woman had tried to climb a side fence in order to reach Rolla White and warn him. Two bullets had stopped her. They plowed their way through her brain and she fell, face down, to the ground. Two days she lay unburied. She was a woman of bad character, had left no friends and no money and the town was bankrupt. A private subscription finally was taken up and the body buried in the commons in a plain wooden box.

**The Cry for Vengeance.**

Rolla White and the Shotwell boys are in jail at Williamsburg, and nothing further is expected to happen until their release. While Sheriff Sutton was conveying Rolla White to the Williamsburg jail fifteen of the Shotwells boarded the train, armed with shotguns and rifles, and entered the baggage car, where the Sheriff had his prisoner. The train was then just leaving Corbin. "Jump and run for your life," said the Sheriff to White, and himself faced the intruders. The next day the militia arrived with a Gatling gun squad and the Shotwells were placed under arrest.

John Shotwell, since his father's death the leader of his faction, is about 30 years old, has a robust, sturdy figure, cold blue eyes and a light mustache. Determination is written in every line of his countenance, and he has said to close friends that he will not rest until he has avenged his father's death. He says they may put him in jail and refuse him bond or keep White behind prison walls, but they cannot keep him from accomplishing his revenge. He is something of a silent man and expresses himself in a few words. His brothers rely on him implicitly, and will support him in any action he may plan to carry out.

## BEST IN ALL THE UNIVERSE.

American Spectacles Are Worn in All Parts of the World.

"Up to fifteen years ago," said an optician, "four-fifths of all the finer spectacles used were made in France. In the past six or eight years French spectacles have been largely supplanted by American glasses, which are now sold even in France."

"American spectacles are now easily the best in the world, and their superiority is due to the same characteristics that mark so many American manufactured productions—namely, adaptability to their use, good workmanship, uniformity and interchangeability of parts. There have been made in this country great improvements in the special machinery with which the spectacles are made, so that the parts are produced with precision."

"You will see an increasing number of signs saying that spectacles can be mended while you wait. This can be done with these finely made American spectacles. You break a bow, for instance, of your steel spectacles any one out of a thousand bows of the same style will fit in place of it."

"American spectacles may not be the cheapest produced in world, but they are certainly the best, and a good proportion of the population of the world that uses glasses now looks through spectacles of American manufacture."

"We pay much more attention to our eyes in this country now than we

formerly did. There are many more oculists here than there formerly were, and many more skilled opticians. And of people who ought to wear glasses, including, for instance, children, a greater proportion now than ever before do wear them."

"I dare say that a third of the spectacles now made in this country are exported, and our exports of these goods are all the time increasing. We sell spectacles in China, in Australia and New Zealand, in South America and South Africa, and some, as I said, in France, and more or less of them in Germany and other countries of continental Europe. Large numbers of American spectacles are sold in Great Britain. I guess you would find that shipments of such goods from here to England are made as often as weekly. I imagine that there are now worn in England and in Scotland more spectacles of American than any other manufacture."—New York Sun.

## KILLED BY A DEAD MAN.

Tragic Scene Enacted on a Battlefield in South Africa.

So our dead lay and grinned at those other dead and the fierce sun dried flesh and blood on Briton and on Boer, for both remained unburied for a while, and so it came to pass that a Boer commando retook the lines where those who died for us were lying, and as they marched among our dead they saw a sergeant lying at full length, shot through the brain, yet even in

death the man looked like some fighting machine suddenly gone out of order. His rifle was pressed against his shoulder, his left hand grasped the barrel on the under side, the forefinger of the right hand pressed the trigger lightly, the barrel rested upon a rock and his death-dulled eye still glared along the sights, for dissolution had come to him just as he bent his head to fire at those who shot him, and now his hands had stiffened in the unbending stiffness of eternal sleep. A Boersoldier saw the sergeant as he lay and with rude hands grasped the rifle by the barrel and tried to jerk it from the dead man's grip, but as he pulled he brought the rifle in line with his own breast and the unyielding finger on the trigger did the rest—the rifle spoke from the dead man's hand and the bullet, passing through the Boer's heart, laid him beside the Briton.

Sounds like a journalistic lie, does it not? Read it in a novel and you would laugh, would you not? But it is the eternal truth, all the same, for the comrade of the Boer who died that day, killed by a dead man, told me the tale himself, and he was one of those who planted the dead Dutchman on the slope of Spion Kop.—London News.

**Italians as Cotton Pickers.**

In the south the Italians are found to be good cotton pickers. They are quick and have nimble fingers.

Stimulants seldom hurt a man—if he leaves them alone.

## NEW PROOF OF EVOLUTION.

Darwin's Theory Sustained by Comparing the Blood of Men and Apes. The latest proof of the correctness of Darwin's assertion that there is near relation between man and ape is furnished by a discovery of the correspondence between the blood of man and the ape.

Blood exposed to the air coagulates—forms a jellylike mass. After a time the coagulum contracts and expels a perfectly clear fluid called serum. Latest experiments with this natural serum showed some queer results. When the serum of a rabbit was mixed with the blood of an animal not closely related to it, for instance a guinea pig, the blood corpuscles of the guinea pig were thereby dissolved. But the serum of the rabbit mixed with the blood of a closely related animal, a hare, for instance, did not affect the blood of the hare at all.

The serum of a horse works no change in the blood of the donkey, but destroys (dissolves) the blood corpuscles of the rabbit, lamb or man. The dog, fox and wolf readily permit exchange of blood, while the blood corpuscles of the dog are dissolved by cat serum. This, then, seemed to furnish a new and sure means for establishing blood relationship between animals. Experiments with human serum showed that it dissolves the blood corpuscles of all vertebrates, also those of the lower ape. But the experiments with the higher apes gave different results. Neither the blood corpuscles of the orang-outang nor those of the gibbon were dissolved by human serum, and human blood was carried into the blood course of a chimpanzee without in the least affecting the latter's condition.

These experiments serve to show that the blood of man and that of the higher apes must be looked upon as identical. It is absolutely sure that none of the tested serum of animal resembles the human blood as closely as does the blood of those three apes—the orang-outang, chimpanzee and gibbon. This highly interesting scientific discovery furnishes new proof for the probability of man's evolution from lower animals. It throws some light on the sorry experience had with transfusion of animal blood in the blood suffering human beings. Some scientists maintain that the sheep and man, the calf and man stand too far apart in the order of descent to permit intermixture of their blood without harmful results.

## HAS 237 DESCENDANTS.



MRS. NANCY A. MITCHELL.

Mrs. Nancy A. Mitchell, 84, who lives in Lyon County, Ky., is believed to have the largest number of living descendants of any woman in Kentucky, if not in the United States. She has 237 living descendants, including 10 children, 100 grandchildren, 120 great-grandchildren and seven great-great-grandchildren. Mrs. Mitchell has been married seventy years. Only one of her children died. She belongs to a church, five miles from her home, and rides horseback to attend the services two and three times a week. The church organization is seventy years old, and she is the only living charter member.

## Some Nineteenth Century Wonders.

If the telescope of the seventeenth century reveals to us myriads of suns, the spectroscopic of the nineteenth tells us what substances compose these suns, and most wonderful of all, the direction and rate in which each is moving. The mariner's compass easily yields place to Morse's electric telegraph, perfected in 1844, while the useful barometer and thermometer are certainly less wonderful than Bell's telephone and Edison's phonograph. Dr. Roentgen's "X" rays, which pierce the hidden recesses of nature, and, literally speaking, reveal the inner man; Marconi's wireless telegraphy; liquid air; the bacillus or germ theory of diseases, for a notable group of the latest wonders.

## Lilacs Came from Europe.

The common lilac, which is known to botanists as *syringa vulgaris*, has been in cultivation for over 300 years and its native home is said to be on the mountainous regions of central Europe, from Piedmont to Hungary, whence it was introduced to cultivation in 1579. Botanists recognize about twelve species of lilacs found in a wild state and these are native from southwestern Europe through central Asia and the Himalayas to Mongolia, northern China and Japan. None of the species are natives of the American continent.

## Gold Product of Canada.

It is estimated that the Canadian gold fields yielded last year 1,257,322 ounces of gold, valued at \$28,000,000. Compared with the preceding year, 1899, this is an increase in ounces of about 250,000, and in value of \$5,000,000.

It can be said of almost any boy of 13 that he may be better looking when he has a mustache to cover his teeth.