

Use of a Great Name.

Here's a tip for some of our old friends who have big names and need little ready money: Turner Beall, president of the Produce Exchange Company used to be secretary of the Produce Exchange and of the New Southern Society. Among the members of his acquaintance he admires so much as he does Colonel William Herburne Washington. A little while ago he asked Colonel Washington if he might use his name in a financial transaction. Having implicit faith in Beall, the colonel consented, and was pleased to receive a short time afterward a check for \$15,000, his share of a deal made by his friend on the strength of the name of Washington.

The machinery moulders of Pittsburgh have decided to ask the manufacturers for an advance in wages of at least 10 per cent, and the establishment of a minimum wage rate of not less than \$2.75 per day. The attendance numbered over 300, representing every machine shop in the city and almost 1,000 skilled mechanics. The moulders have made no demand for a wage advance since 1889, when they won their fight after a short strike. Since that time wages have gone up and down, and all semblance of uniformity has been obliterated. Some of the shops are paying as high as \$3 a day, while others pay 40 to 50 cents.

The Elder's Inspiration.

At the close of a forenoon session of a ministerial conference, in announcing the opening subject for the afternoon, the presiding officer said: "Elder H. will present a paper on 'The Devil.'" Then he added, earnestly: "Please be prompt in attendance, for Brother H. has a carefully prepared paper and is full of his subject." And the Homiletic Review says that it was some minutes before the presiding officer understood the laughter which followed his remarks.

Stunned With Woe.

The gentleman with the red, red nose got aboard the trolley car which by some mischance had stopped for a moment. The silence was intense. The little boy looked at the man with the nose.

And the little boy didn't ask his father anything.

"Merciful heaven!" muttered the fond parent "I am the father of a freak!"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Brutal

"He tried to kiss me, judge," said the female complainant.

"Did he succeed?" queried the court.

"No, sir."

"Five dollars' fine!" thundered the court, turning to the prisoner. "Be more careful next time."—Philadelphia North American.

The Unpardonable Breach.

"Maud, would you like to sue a man for breach of promise?"

"Not unless the promise he had made was to buy me ice cream."—Chicago Record.

Beginning Tuesday last, the Denver Overland Cotton Mills put on a double shift of workmen in response to the demand for low grade cotton stuffs throughout the country. The company will run day and night. The former force was 250 employees, but this will be doubled as rapidly as the works can be adjusted to the new conditions.

German production of pig iron in the first half of the current year was 4,000,000 tons, against 3,000,000 in the same time in 1898.

Secret of a Girl's Beauty

Hon. J. H. FLETCHER, formerly Governor of South Dakota, but now a resident of Salem, Ore., says:

"For over two years my daughter had been declining from a strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked girl to a pale, weak and helpless invalid. She was afflicted with terrible headaches, and gradually grew weaker and more languid, apparently without cause. I tried several doctors, but all without avail. Finally, to please a friend, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to our surprise, before it was used her headaches ceased, the color began to return to her cheeks and her strength began to assert itself. I bought five boxes more, and by the time she had finished them she was completely restored, and to-day she is a robust, rosy, healthy girl instead of a pale, tired, and sickly one."

From the Oregon Independent, Salem, Ore.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

FEUDS IN KENTUCKY.

WILD VENDETTAS OF THE MOUNTAIN REGION.

Three Desperate and Bloody Feuds Raging in One County—Hundreds of People Killed—Wars of Extinction Waged by Three Families.

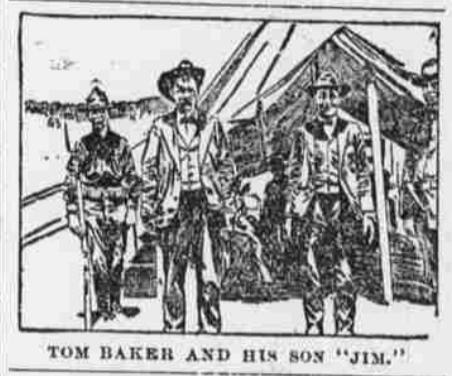
Clay County, Kentucky, is probably the most famous district of its size in the United States, says a correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean. Kings County, New York, and Cook County, Illinois, are of slight interest to the general public, compared to the little moonshine borough, whose largest town has only 250 inhabitants. "Bloody Clay" holds three distinct feuds within its borders. Its simple, uncouth natives live in a state of continual warfare. Every gathering is enlivened by a shooting affray. Conditions in Clay County hark back to Scotland's border warfare, when one bugle blast assembled Highlanders and Lowlanders in deadly conflict. Very few of the bitterest partisans on either side of the feuds could tell at this time what their quarrels are about. Fighting with one faction or another is a point of honor with every male inhabitant 15 years old and owning a Colt's or a Winchester.

The three vendettas now in progress here are known as the Philpot-Griffin, Garrard-Baker-White-Howard, and Markum-Roberts. In addition to this the fires of two other hatreds are smoldering ready to break into flame at the first crack of a rifle. These are the Sizemore-Asher and the Stapleton-Blige feuds.

Up to date twenty-two people have been killed in feud warfare in Clay County. In comparison with Kentucky's two other historic feuds—the French-Eversole and Strong-Army, in which 131 people were killed, the loss

Hon. Granville Philpot, an ex-State Senator. They are prosperous farmers and timbermen. This faction numbers about two hundred, and nearly all live in the "Pigeon Roost district," seven miles from Manchester. The leaders of the Griffins are Sol Griffin and Dave Chadwell, and their faction is composed of a little less than two hundred of the Griffins, Chadwells, Barnetts and Hamptons. Excepting the Chadwells, all are poor farmers, but are game fighters. They also live in "Pigeon Roost," two miles from the Philpots' headquarters.

In the fall, two years ago, John Philpot and his father, Granville Philpot, met Aaron Morris and William Bundy,



TOM BAKER AND HIS SON "JIM."

his father-in-law, who accused John Philpot of having named some of them as "liars." Words grew warmer until the fighting commenced, and John Philpot was shot by Morris in a hand to hand battle with revolvers. Hostilities went no further until Christmas Day, 1898. Smith Cheek, a "bad" man and nery shot, kept a little store on House Creek, two miles from "Pigeon Roost." Green and Hugh Griffin, Aaron Morris and William Bundy were assembled at the store celebrating the day by shooting turkeys, eating cheese and crackers, and drinking moonshine whisky. Up the road came three young Philpots, "Jim Crow," Pete, and Pleasant. They rode past the store at a gallop, consulted together, and rode back.

opening in the forest where the road crosses Hooker's branch. George Philpot began writing out a bond, the rest of the little party grouped about him. Suddenly Hugh, Harve, and Greene Griffin dashed into sight on horseback, led by Aaron Morris. As they galloped up Morris fired, striking Philpot in the back. "Pete" Philpot grabbed a rifle from the wagon and put a bullet into Morris' head, and the leader of the Griffin boys rolled under his horse, dead. While this was going on the three Griffin boys confronted Ed Fisher, getting between him and the wagon. Fisher had a stock of weapons beside him and pluckily faced the three single-handed, throwing away weapons as he emptied them and grabbing loaded ones. At last he fell back, dying, and in falling his revolver was discharged, killing Hugh Griffin. Only four men were left now, Harve and Green Griffin on one side, and George and Pete Philpot on the other. The deputy sheriff had disappeared in the woods at the first fire. The Griffin boys fought desperately, even after they were wounded and unable to aim their weapons. Both were killed finally, and of the seven who began the battle only two, George Philpot and his son, "Pete," were left. They were untouched.

Since the battle of Hooker's branch the vendetta has been waged unceasingly. A few nights afterward Sol Griffin's house was surrounded by a posse of armed men, who riddled the cabin with bullets. The family lay down flat on the floor and escaped almost miraculously. Dave Chadwell, a deputy sheriff and member of the Griffin clan, was next ambushed and shot to death. Bob Gregory, another Griffin sympathizer, was shot and killed as he rode along the highway near Manchester. At the trial, a farcical proceeding, after the battle of Hooker's branch, Deputy Sheriff Thacker testified that Morris had fired the first shot in the fight. This threw Thacker in line with the Philpots, according to Clay County

blood in their veins, a fact which may account for the alacrity with which they take to the methods of fighting peculiar to the red men. Susan Callahan, a half-Cherokee, is among their ancestors. Captain "Bill" Stroug, who is reported to have slain twenty-five men with his own hand, was her grandson. Dr. Abner Baker, who flourished in Clay County half a century ago, killed a number of men in his time and finally was hanged for murder.

General Garrard a Factor.

Gen. T. T. Garrard, who figures in the present troubles as a friend of the Bakers, performed the same service for Dr. Baker fifty years ago. He tried to get the Governor to pardon Dr. Baker on the ground that his killings were the result of homicidal mania, and in recent years he has been giving bail for others of the Bakers when they got into the clutches of the law. The old General declares that he cannot be driven out of Clay County, where he proposes to remain the rest of his natural life with his pet cat, but his son, Gilbert Garrard, has had to move away to escape assassination.

Efforts were made to have Judge Eversole, who is related to the Whites, vacate the bench and call a special term of court, to be presided over by a special judge, to try the murder cases, but the plan fell through.

The first killing in late years was on June 6, 1898, when Wilson Howard and Birch Stores was killed, and A. B. Howard, father of Wilson, was wounded. This, it is thought, was done by Tom Baker, as there had been a dispute between them regarding a \$40 note. The next day James Howard met George Baker, father of Tom, and shot him. Shortly after this Charles Wooten, son-in-law of A. B. Howard, was shot by Sid Baker. In August Tom Baker met and killed Will White, and Sheriff Beverly White, Jr. Later, in the same month, John Baker was shot by two men from behind two trees on Goose creek. His negro, who was with him, was likewise killed. July 10 of this year Tom Baker, who was to be tried in Manchester for the murder of Will White, was taken to the courthouse under the protection of a hundred State troops and a Gatling gun; but while standing in a guard tent in the courthouse yard a shot rang out from Sheriff White's house, directly opposite, and the noted Tom Baker, cousin of Captain William Strong, of Breathitt, fell dead. Court was adjourned, and every one who could left Clay County. The troops then took Wiley and James Baker to the jail in Barboursville. To show what intense hatred exists, John D. White a few days ago cheered, as Edward Garrard passed, for Carlo Brittan, who killed Edward's brother Daniel ten years ago.

Owing to inadequate State laws Gov. Bradley has been powerless to quell the disturbances. Martial law he cannot declare, cannot appoint a judge and a grand jury from another county, and cannot have a Clay County citizen indicted elsewhere. The only way a new judge can be had is for the Circuit Clerk to hold an election of the bar, and in this case the Clerk is Daugh White, one of the feudists. He cannot take away their arms. In fact, the State laws are such that Governor Bradley is less able to prevent further disgrace to the State than any of its citizens; and yet all look to him to preserve order. His only course is to call a special session of the Legislature, and either change the laws or repeal the incorporation of Clay as a county, and divide it into four adjoining counties.

How He Crossed the Bridge.

The unaffected modesty which marks the best type of courage is one of the most winning traits a man can have, be he soldier or civilian. During a recent battle in the Philippines, a Kansas regiment was brought to a halt at a wrecked bridge. The trying situation is thus described by a hero of the war, Lieut. Col. Little:

"As the colonel was across and my battalion at the head of the column, my bugler, Berry of Company F, and I were the first to reach the bridge, and, of course, the first to cross.

"I've read of men crossing bridges under fire at the head of columns, and supposed the sensation was peculiar. It was not. A man simply tries to paddle along as fast as he can, and get across. I beat Berry over, but we haven't decided yet whether I was the braver or the worse scared."

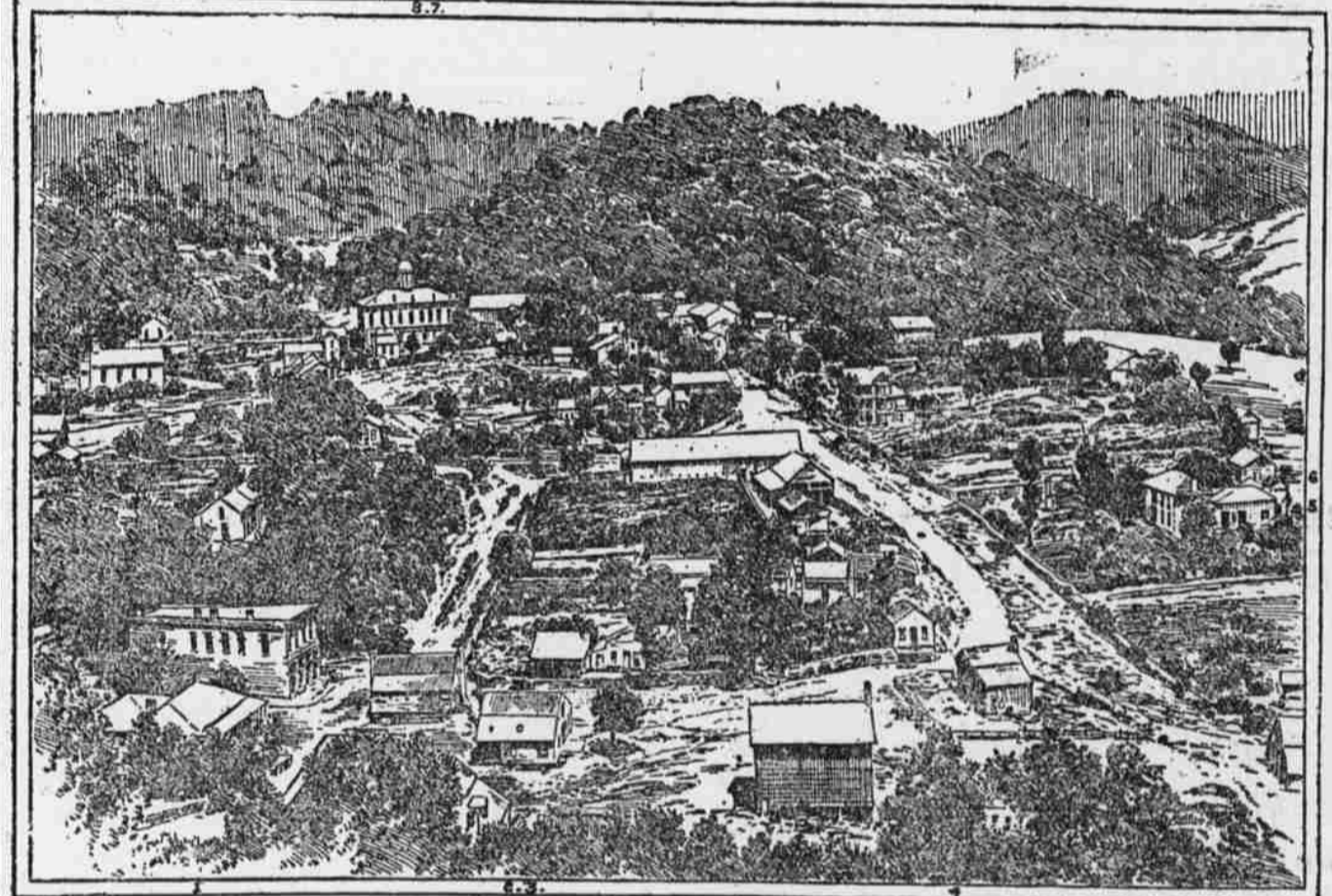
Advertised.

A new and verdant postmaster in a small rural town had received instructions to advertise all letters uncalled for at the end of a certain length of time. He obeyed orders by inserting the following advertisement in the village weekly paper at the end of the first week of his term of office:

There are ten letters in the postoffice that nobody has called for. If them they belong to don't take notice and call by the end of the month the letters will be sent to the dead letter office. Anybody expecting letters they aint got can come and see if any of these letters belong to them. All take notice.

Mrs. Mulligan—An' what did his 'onner say to you this morning? Mrs. Mulcahy—Can't you and your husband live together without fighting? Mrs. Mulligan—An' what did yer say? Mrs. Mulcahy—No, yer 'onner, not happily.—Boston Traveler.

FEUD REGION IN CLAY COUNTY, KENTUCKY.



1—Webb's Hotel. 2 and 3—Blind tigers. 4—Little white building is postoffice. 5—Daugh White's house; Daugh is said to have killed John Blake and Frank Clark. 6—Spot in road where Sheriff White threatened to kill the Inter Ocean correspondent. 7—Courthouse. Whites' arsenal, where they store Colts revolvers, Winchesters, and ammunition. 9—The jail.

of life in the Clay County vendettas has been slight.

Philpot-Griffin Feud.

In importance the Philpot-Griffin feud now ranks first. Years ago one of the Philpot allies called one of the Griffin mountaineers "a liar." The insult flew from lip to lip. Clay County took up arms—the one party to avenge, the other to repeat the injury. Fighting rages still, and not many of the bitterest foemen now know the original starting point of their enmity. They are lined up for the Philpots and the Griffins, their kinsfolk and retainers, and will fight till the last drop of bad blood has been spilled. The Philpot-Griffin feud is well organized. Each faction has its recognized leaders. When a great battle is anticipated they have appointed gathering places; each day every member of the faction is visited and given the latest news. Every few days all gather and formulate plans, each faction meeting at night at the homes of their leaders. Guards keep vigil; the pistols are laid in the holsters under the edge of the bed, and the Winchesters stand on the stock at the head. Each has his arsenal, in which are stored extra weapons, ammunition, etc. Both clans have a countersign for night work. If a Philpot meets a rider in the lonely hills at night he hails him with the greeting of the Philpot band. If an answer does not come promptly and accurately there is a blaze of powder and a midnight duel. The Griffins are equally alert, and all their followers are drilled in the proper Griffin countersign. On each side the clansmen are all magnificent shots, and carry the very best of weapons.

The leaders of the Philpots are George, Pleasant, Timothy, and the

"Smith Cheek, lemme in your store. I'm the best shot in Clay County, and I kin prove it," shouted "Jim Crow" Philpot to the Griffin gang inside.

"No, ye ain't," retorted Morris, "I live in the same county," and with this he fired on young "Jim Crow" Philpot, and the "fightin' began." Every man in the crowd joined the fracas, and when the smoke of battle cleared away William Bundy lay dead, and Smith Cheek, the storekeeper, had "drapped



TYPICAL MOUNTAIN HOME.

part o' one ear." Not long after that Evans Chadwell was shot and killed by one of the Philpots, who fired at him from ambush.

Battle of Hooker's Branch.

On July 17, 1898, occurred the battle of Hooker's branch, a terrible affray, unequalled in the annals of Kentucky feuds. George Philpot, his two sons, Pete and Bob, and a nephew, Edward Fisher, started for Red Bird Creek to cut timber. On the way they met "Wash" Thacker, a deputy sheriff, who had a bench warrant to compel "Bob" Philpot to appear as a witness before the Grand Jury. They met in a little

ethics. Accordingly, as he and his half-brother, Jim Smith, rode home, they were murdered on the very spot where the Hooker's branch battle had taken place. Finally Governor Bradley called out troops, and two of the Griffins and two Chadwells were arrested. They will be tried for participation in the feuds within a few days at Manchester, and it is expected that they will be released. Then, according to the popular belief, "h—I will be turned loose again in Clay."

The White-Howard Feud.

The Garrard-Baker-White-Howard feud runs back several years. Two of the most powerful families in the county, the Whites and the Garrards, are involved. At the head of the one faction is Judge Beverly White, related to various lawyers, Congressmen and Governors. Gen. Theophilus T. Garrard, leader of the opposing clan, is a member of a family distinguished in this country and in England. Members of both factions in this feud, with the exception of hired retainers, are an advance upon the illiterate clansmen of the Philpot-Griffin vendetta. At present the Whites and their connections hold all the county offices and are in a position financially to carry on the quarrel to better advantage than their enemies. Two of the Bakers are now in jail at London, twenty-four miles away from Manchester, and active hostilities have ceased temporarily. Much of the fighting in this vendetta has been done by hired men, who received \$1 a day and their "keep," by which is meant the supplying of ammunition, bacon and corn bread.

Of the personal courage of the leaders of the feud there can be no doubt. The Bakers are said to have Indian