

Their Obfuscation.

Watson's Magazine. "Long 'bout two years ago, dar was a portly party over at Timkinsville dat was High Ram, or whichever dey calls it, de Calild Knights and Ladies of Suthin' orudder—I fuhgits what. Well uh, he done embezzeled de lodge funds and died and had a most pudgious fine fun 'n' anybody found it out," said old Brother Utterback.

Last Raid of Dalton Gang.

In the annals of the Southwest there is no incident so stirring, so full of dramatic features as the story of the last raid of the Dalton gang at Coffeyville Wednesday, October 5, 1892.

This is the way John J. Kioehr, the man responsible for ridding the world of the murdering band of criminals, told his story for the first time to the reporter of the Topeka Capital:

Just a word or two about the Daltons before beginning the story of their final raid. They were Kentuckians, born and bred. They were cousins by marriage of the notorious Youngers and James. In 1889 the Dalton family, father and mother and thirteen children, among them the three who met death here—Bob, Emmet and Gratton—came to Kansas.

They settled on a farm in Montgomery county, where they remained until the opening of the territory. They began the life of adventure that proved their undoing. First, United States deputy marshals, then train robbers, whis key peddlers and bandits in the mountain passes of California; then the final act, bank robbers.

On October 4, 1892, five men, Tim Evans, or Powers, "Grat" Dalton, Bob Dalton and Dick Broadwell, the last having been enlisted in the scheme a day or two before, rode up from the Indian Territory from that part known as the Cherokee Nation.

They passed the night hiding in the wooded fastnesses along the banks of town stands. Early on the morning of the 5th they took up their journey again, their blooded horses refreshed by rest and food.

For miles they followed one of the main roads into Coffeyville, the road that becomes Eighth street when it enters the town.

As they neared the town they were noticed by many people riding to and from the city. The Daltons, who were, of course, well known in Coffeyville, were disguised by false beards and by other means. Long cloaks concealed their weapons—Winchester rifles and heavy Colt's revolvers. They looked, as they intended, like a party of deputy United States marshals riding into the State on official business. This was an occurrence too common to excite wonderment or remark.

As they rode up Eighth street many eyes were turned upon them, but without arousing the slightest suspicion. It was evidently their intention to tie their horses in Eighth street, where they would be readily accessible when the need to flee came. However, the street was torn up, pending certain repairs, making this impossible. An alley running directly off the street attracted their attention. They turned down it, the only false move they had made thus far, and tied their horses to a paling back of my livery stable. Then in single file they emerged from the alley, their long cloaks removed, their spurs clanking, their guns swinging at their sides.

Three of them, Bob and Gratton Dalton and Powers, entered the Condon National bank, and, covering the cashier with their rifles, commanded him to open the vault. "Grat" hurried around behind the iron screen that partitioned the vault and the business part of the bank from the front, and, opening a heavy grain sack, commanded one of the three clerks to pour into it all the cash in sight. This done, he, with a fierce oath and threatening wave of the gun, commanded the cashier to open the vault and get the gold.

"I can't," replied the cashier. "The time lock is on the vault." "At what time will it open?" "At half past nine," returned the cashier. The time was only a guess on his part; it was after nine o'clock then, but "Grat" bit at the desperate expedient to gain time. "We'll wait," he announced.

All this time the citizens were not idle. The assault on the bank had been so sudden that no one was in the least prepared. Even the town marshal, Frank Connelly, was unarmed. The first intimation that I had of the affair was when some one ran into the stable shouting that Condon's bank was being robbed. I had no weapon in the barn, but, running across the street to a hardware store, I fitted myself out with a small Winchester, the first thing I came upon. Stationing myself on the street I began to fire on the Condon bank, hoping to frustrate the plans of the bandits. In this I was soon joined by others, who hurriedly procured weapons from the hardware stores. The plate glass windows of the bank were riddled and the bank people narrowly escaped death from the flying bullets, but the effect of the fusillade was to make the robbers chary of staying too long in the bank. In the grain sack was about \$4,000 in silver and greenbacks. The silver was discarded, Grat Dalton stuffing the paper money into his coat.

Then they made their way to the rear doors of the bank, driving the cashier and his assistants before

them. When they swung open the door they were confronted by George Baldwin, 23 years old, as brave and noble a lad as ever breathed. In his hand he held a pistol a toy compared to the weapons carried by the robbers.

"I'll have to get that man," said Bob Dalton, and raising his Winchester to his shoulder he fired, and Baldwin fell to the ground mortally wounded.

At the other bank, the First National, there was a similar scene. The cashier and others in the bank were made to hold up their hands, and the contents of the vault were emptied into a sack. Here, too, the fire from the streets became too severe, and they were forced to discard the heavy silver for the lighter and more valuable gold and paper.

Charles Gummy, another of the bravest men this or any other town has ever known, opened fire on the bank, but was wounded by a shot from one of the robbers that splintered the stock of his gun and smashed his right hand. Friends rushed out to him and dragged him within the shelter of a store.

After leaving the First National, Emmet Dalton and Dick Broadwell passed down Eighth street, where they were joined by the three from the shoe shop stood George Cubine, gun in hand, waiting for them. Two shots rang out simultaneously and Cubine fell dead. Charles Brown, a fellow workman of Cubine's, saw him fall and ran out to help him. Again the deadly rifics of the bandits spoke, and Brown fell a martyr to the ties of comradeship.

Passing down Union street, after killing Cubine and Brown, the five bandits espied Thomas Ayers, cashier of the First National bank, standing by the curb with a rifle in his hands. Bob Dalton's rifle rang out and Ayers fell, wounded in the head, although the distance was more than seventy-five yards.

Bob and Emmet then hurriedly dodged behind the buildings and were not seen again until they reappeared in the alley where their horses were tied. Grat Dalton and his companions, Bowers and Broadwell, regained the shelter of the alley first.

In the alley was standing a Standard Oil tank, to which a magnificent team of grays was hitched. Using the wagon for a breastwork, the three bandits prepared to deal death to all who should dare dislodge them.

All this time I was, so to speak, mounting guard over the horses. I saw Grat and his companions take up their position behind the wagon and I determined to wait before attempting to do anything. Just at this moment Bob and Emmet came down the alley from the other way, making for their horses. As I saw them they saw me. We had often competed in friendly shooting matches. He knew that when I fired I shot to kill.

"Hell!" he exclaimed. "There's Kioehr. I hate to do it, but he's got to fall." For a moment I was transfixed, watching the face intently as the bird watches the snake about to seize it. Then instinctively my own rifle came to my shoulder. I fired just as Bob pulled the trigger. His bullet went wild, glancing, striking the side of the alley, taking a tangent course and killing both the Standard Oil horses and entering my barn, where it demolished a buggy wheel. But Bob, poor chap, lay in the alley, shot through the breast. Emmet fired at me and I returned the shot. He was wounded, I could see that, but he kept steadily on. His companions behind the oil wagon now opened up on me. I had not time to care for Emmet. Skirting the alley paling until he came to a breach, he crawled through that way.

Grat Dalton, Powers and Broadwell kept up a galling fire on me. I was not hit. Some way I felt exalted, lifted above everything on this earth. I did not fear their bullets; it seemed as though I was invulnerable.

Finally, Grat exposed himself. I got him. Then, seized with a sudden terror, Powers and Broadwell made a rush for their horses. Before they could mount I had hit them, too, but Broadwell, exerting superhuman effort, dragged himself into the saddle and rode off. His body was found later beside a hedge a mile from town.

Emmet, who had made his way to a lumber pile, now reappeared in the alley, obviously trying to reach his horse. I shot him again. He had enough and surrendered, and is still doing time at Fort Leavenworth.

If your stomach troubles you do not conclude that there is no cure, for a great many have been permanently cured by Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try them, they are certain to prove beneficial. They only cost a quarter. Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

Her Status.—"Now, woman's rights—" "Do not interest me in the least," replied the plump and pleshing widow. "I am a man's wife, you know."—Watson's Magazine.

Don't be fooled and made to believe that rheumatism can be cured with local appliances. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the only positive cure for rheumatism. 35 cents, tea or tablets. English Drug Company.

Filth, Disease, Rotten Meat and Death the Product of Meat Packing Houses.

Another triumph for the yellow journals! They started the investigation of insurance frauds; they unearthed the political rottenness that is resulting in the overturning of bosses everywhere; and now they have turned the public attention to the filth and rottenness in the packing houses. They wrote of the fearful conditions existing there, and were hooted at as usual. But Congress is investigating and will pass stringent laws. President Roosevelt sent two commissioners to investigate, and their report has horrified the country so that the sales of canned meats has fallen off nearly fifty per cent. already. One of the awful conditions reported by the commissioners is that the privies of employes are in the same rooms where the meat is cut and prepared. Nothing in a long time has so aroused the country. The following is a summary of the report of James Bronson Reynolds and Commissioner Charles P. Neil, the special committee appointed by President Roosevelt to investigate the packing house scandals:

The report says that two and a half weeks were spent in the investigation in Chicago, during which we went through the principal packing houses in the stock yards district, together with a few of the smaller ones. A day was spent by Mr. Reynolds in New York city in the investigation of its leading slaughter houses.

The report says that in many of the rooms where water is used freely the floors are soaked and slimy and the dark and dingy rooms are naturally not kept suitably clean. An absence of cleanliness was found everywhere in the handling of meat pending preparation for the various meat food products. The parts that are sent from the cooling room to those departments where various forms of meat products are prepared, are handled with no regard whatever for cleanliness. The workers climb over heaps of meat, select the pieces they wish and frequently throw them down upon the dirty floor beside their bench.

"In a word," the report added, "we saw meat shoveled from filthy wooden floors, piled on tables rarely washed, pushed from room to room on rotten box carts, in all of which processes it was in the way of gathering dirt, splinters and floor filth. It was always the reply that this meat would afterwards be cooked and this sterilization would prevent any danger from its use. A very considerable portion of the meat so handled is sent out as smoked products and in the form of sausages, which are prepared to be eaten without being cooked.

"A particularly glaring instance of uncleanness was found in a room where the best grade of sausage was being prepared to be eaten uncooked. In this case the employe carted the chopped up meat across a room in a barrow, the handles of which were filthy with grease. The meat was then thrown out upon tables and the employe climbed upon the table, handled the meat with his unwashed hands, knelt with dirty apron and trousers in contact with the meat he was spreading out, and, after he had finished the operation, again took hold of the dirty handles of the wheelbarrow, went back for another load, and repeated this process indefinitely. Inquiry developed the fact that there was no water in this room at all, and the only method the man adopted for cleaning his hands was to rub them against his dirty apron or on his still filthier trousers.

"As an extreme example of the entire disregard on the part of employes of any notion of cleanliness in handling dressed meat, we saw a hog that had just been killed, cleaned, washed and started on its way to the cooling room fall from the sliding rail to a dirty wooden floor and slide part of the way into a filthy men's privy. It was picked up by two employes, placed upon a truck, carried into the cooling room and hung up with other carcasses, no effort being made to clean it."

The report says that the radical defect in the inspection system is that it is confined at present by law to passing on the healthfulness of animals at the time of killing, but that the meat that is used in sausage and the various forms of canned products and other prepared meat foods goes through many processes, in all of which

there is possibility of contamination through unsanitary handling and further danger through the use of chemicals. During all these processes there is no government inspection, although these products when sent out bear a label stating they have been passed upon by government inspectors. The report arraigns the sanitary provisions in the buildings as abominable, and says the men and women plunge their unwashed hands into the meat to be converted into food products. The report says the burden of protecting the cleanliness and wholesomeness of the products and the health of the workers and in proving the conditions must fall upon the national government.

The department superintendents seem to ignore all the conditions except the account book, and proper care of the products and health and comfort of the employes is impossible, and the consumer consequently suffers. Tuberculosis vietus expectorator on the spogy wooden floors of the dark rooms, from which falling scraps of meat are later shoveled up to be later converted into food products.

"Even the ordinary decencies of life are completely ignored," says the report in discussing the arrangement for men and women employes. The report says:

"The whole situation as we saw it in these huge establishments tends necessarily and inevitably to the moral degradation of thousands of workers, who are forced to spend their working hours under conditions that are entirely unnecessary and unpardonable, and which are a constant menace not only to their own health, but to the health of those who use the food products prepared by them."

The report urged compulsory examination after slaughter; inspection of meats for foreign or interstate commerce; increase of special work for night inspection and special legislation prohibiting declarations of government inspection on food products unless subject to government inspection at every stage of preparation; prohibiting interstate transportation of any meat or meat food products not inspected and labeled; urges considering the question of specific labeling of all carcasses sold as fresh meat which, upon examination after slaughtering, show signs of diseases, but are still deemed suitable for food, and recommends study of inspection standards of other countries.

General Miles has made the following statement: "The disclosures about packing house products now being exploited are no news to me. I knew it several years ago. I told what I knew then. Had the matter been taken up at that time thousands of lives would have been saved."

"I believe that 3,000 United States soldiers lost their lives because of adulterated, impure, poisonous meat. There is no way of estimating the number of soldiers whose health was ruined by eating impure food."

"I have a barrel of testimony on the subject in the way of affidavits which I collected when I made my investigation seven years ago. The investigating committee refused to hear 2,000 witnesses whom I had ready. At that time I could have secured the testimony of 100,000 men that the canned beef sold to the army was impure, adulterated and unwholesome."

"In my investigation of 'embalmed' beef during the Spanish-American war, I found poisons were used to preserve meat. I ordered an investigation, and learned from the reports brought to me that canned meats had been sold to the army that had been for months in the warehouses of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and at the docks in Liverpool."

"This meat had been relabeled and sold to the United States for soldiers' rations. I turned the reports over to the war department and a whitewashing investigation was instituted and successfully carried out. The official report was that a 'colossal error' had been made. As a matter of fact, it was a colossal fraud, and the persons who perpetrated it and were interested in it should have been sent to the penitentiary."

The Charlotte News, whose article is quoted below, gives an example of what the whole press of the country is saying: "The report of Messrs. Neil and Reynolds is harrowing in every detail. The facts, so thoroughly suggestive of the criminal inhumanity of the managers of the large packing houses, and of the most unpardonable and outrageous conduct of these large companies should be kept from the public print on the score of common decency, were it not for the fact that the outrages have been committed against Americans in every quarter of the country. It is consequently their duty to know just what has been committed against them through the past years."

"The story telling of the practice

of these companies in taking great masses of tainted and putrifying refuse from dead hogs and cattle and of manufacturing it into potted meats with different labels, as the kind of chemical used to conceal the crime might have been, are incredible.

"The filthy manner in which these mixtures were compounded are also hard for one to believe, but when some facts and figures are known as regards the effect upon the consumers, one is not so surprised after all.

"General Miles on yesterday stated that none of the revelations were new to him. He declared that he had thoroughly investigated the matter seven years ago and had striven then to inaugurate an investigation, all with little effect, however. He said that he was confident that 3,000 soldiers had died as the direct result of eating this tainted and poisonous meat. He also stated that an inestimable number of soldiers had suffered ruined health because of the unwholesome and foul meats they were compelled to eat. These figures, he says, he had then sought to have made public, but the matter was quashed."

"General Miles further states that he had several thousand sworn affidavits ready for presentation to the effect that these meats were poisoned. He went on further and stated that at that time, when he urged an investigation, he had 100,000 witnesses who were willing to testify against these packers and their rotten products, but that the committee then appointed to investigate the matter, refused to hear their evidence."

"The question assumes graver proportions at each step. We at once ask, was the testimony of these 100,000 persons deemed unavailable? Why was it that 3,000 soldiers fighting for their country's cause, must fall, slain not by Spanish bullets, but by poison equally as fatal, sent out from the land for which they were fighting, in tin cans under the smiles of national approval? Was it because the vast sums of money behind these death-dealing corporations was sufficient to check the progress of the investigation and close more tightly the eyes of the suffering public? Surely this must be admitted."

"But, thanks to the great ranks of honest American citizens and to some of their honest representatives, this year has been made one of reformation. Corruption in corporations and individuals has been brought to light and punishment has been dealt."

"And now it does appear that the Mastodon of modern inhumanity and criminality, the great Western packing houses, are to be brought into the glaring light of investigation and their conduct, reeking with infamy and outrage, made free to the gaze of the honest people."

"It was only yesterday that President Roosevelt submitted to Congress the Neil Reynolds report, along with resolutions, or rather suggestions to Congress. The developments of the next few days and months will be watched with the keenest interest by American people everywhere."

"We trust that every step possible may be taken to bring to light and punish those implicated in this, the colossus of modern corruption and infamous criminality."

What's the kind of keeping from him Any good thing you may see, That will lift his load of labor Like Rocky Mountain Tea, English Drug Company.

List-Takers' Appointments. MONROE TOWNSHIP. Mr. Carroll, June 10, 2 to 3 p. m. T. J. Smith's, June 10, 9 to 12 a. m. Tyndall's, June 10, 1 to 3 p. m. Baker's, June 10, 10 to 12 a. m. Grace Chapel, June 10. Lee's Lower Mill, June 10. Winfrey, June 10. Monroe, Johnson's Store, June 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 20th. A. C. JOHNSON, List-Taker.

SANDY RIDGE TOWNSHIP. Mineral Springs, Monday, June 11th. Price's Mill, Tuesday, June 12th. Clark's Store, Wednesday, June 13th. Washington, Thursday, June 14th. Marvin, Friday, June 15th. Colmear Mine, Saturday, June 16th. W. W. SLITTON, List-Taker.

BURFORD TOWNSHIP. Capt. R. F. Richardson's, June 10th. W. F. Pyle's Store, June 20th. J. E. Green's, June 21st. Alfred Funderburk's, June 22nd. Trinity School House, June 23rd. JEROME C. LANEY, List-Taker.

VANCE TOWNSHIP. Henry Old Mill, June 20th. Stone, June 20th. Lillian Trull, June 20th. J. J. McLeod's, June 20th. J. E. BRIDGMAN, List-Taker.

GOOSE CREEK TOWNSHIP. John Calvin Helms', June 16th. Will Robinson's, June 16th. Brief, June 16th. Long's Store, June 21st. John C. Griffin's, June 22nd. Linnville, June 23rd. J. A. CLOSTON, List-Taker.

LANES CREEK TOWNSHIP. R. F. Parker's, June 20th. Jenkins School House, June 21st. Thomas Smith's Store, June 21st. A. E. Rushing's, June 21st. A. E. RUSHING, List-Taker.

NEW SALEM TOWNSHIP. Olive Branch, June 11th. Stewart School House, June 12th. Snow Hope Church, June 12th. Rotts, June 12th. I. Nares, June 13th. Olive Branch, June 13th. R. T. BAUCOM, List-Taker.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP. M. W. Simpson's, June 12th. W. S. WADSWORTH, June 12th. Willis McCall's, June 14th. Henry McCall's, June 14th. Mackay, June 14th and 15th. R. T. NISTARK, List-Taker.

MARSHVILLE TOWNSHIP. J. Walter Hays', June 11th. Wm. T. Hamilton's, June 12th. Marshallville, June 13th, 14th and 15th. Maple Springs, June 13th, 14th and 15th. J. O. TRULL, List-Taker.

WHAT IS A BARGAIN? Look to the Other End and See Who Really Pays for These Bargains.

When you rush to the "bargain counter" and actually find that which you seek—a bargain—what have you really done? You have secured for fifty cents an article which was worth one dollar; or have bought at five dollars a garment that was worth ten.

But how did it happen that the merchant could afford to sell you the goods at half price? Why, he, in his turn, got a bargain when he purchased. He must have got the goods for one-third, or one-fourth, or two-fifths of their true value before he could offer them to you at one-half.

When you got your bargain, somebody had to lose one-half the value of the goods. Who was that somebody? It was not the merchant. Oh, no. He does business for the profit there is in it, and he is entitled to his reasonable gain. The loss did not fall on him, when you paid for one-half of the goods and got the other half for nothing. Upon whom did it fall? Upon the weakest man in the line, of course.

Many a time, my dear lady, when you have bought cotton fabrics at half price, it would have wrung your heart, if it be not wholly dead, to have seen the home of the Southern farmer who grew the cotton. It would have your eyes fill if you could see some of the little girls and boys who furnish the "cheap labor" which enabled you, dear lady, to get "a good bargain."

And, if you will inquire about the places where those garments of yours are put together, you will often follow a trail which leads to the "sweat shop," where hollow-eyed, hollow-chested, broken-spirited women and girls bend to a ceaseless, deadly task—stitching the garment which shall gladden your soul with a bargain.

William Thacker of Winston was married to Beth Clark, aged forty-two, in St. Louis on Monday. Owing to an Illinois law prohibiting marriages of persons under eighteen years, it was necessary to go into Missouri. The girl's father was along and gave his consent.

Glory to Bickett! Glory to Mr. Bickett and his program! If some man like Mr. Bickett will get out in every county in the State with a similar program, the fellows who want to go to Raleigh and spend sixty days drawing \$4 a day and drinking dispensary liquor will never know what struck 'em.

The sincerest tribute that can be paid to superiority is imitation. The many imitations of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve that are now before the public prove it the best. Ask for DeWitt's. Good for burns, scalds, chaffed skin, eczema, tetter, cuts, bruises, boils and piles. Highly recommended and reliable. Sold by C. N. Simpson, Jr., and Dr. S. J. Welsh.

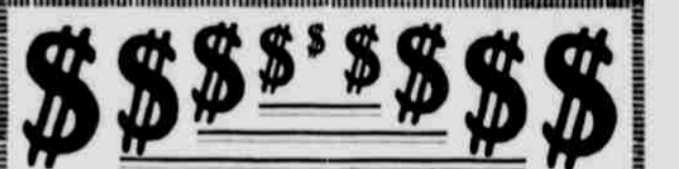
Not Compulsory.—The Hon. Thomas Rott—But, my dear sir, all politicians are not necessarily grafters!

Plain Citizen.—No, I don't suppose there is any compulsion about it.—Watson's Magazine.

Death from Lockjaw never follows an injury drawn with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning.—Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Bonusslaersville, N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch of this place of the ugliest sore I ever saw." Cures cuts, wounds, burns and sores. 25c. at all druggists.

John Charles McNeil, reporting for the Charlotte Observer, said of Marion Boutley's speech at the University Monday night, that it was "a harmless, sorry effort, and might be fairly summarized, 'To do right is, broadly speaking, the right thing to do.'"

Deadly Serpent Bites are as common in India as are stomach and liver disorders with us. For the latter however there is a sure remedy: Electric Bitters, the great restorative medicine, of which S. A. Brown of Bennettsville, S. C., says: "They restored my wife to perfect health, after years of suffering with dyspepsia and a chronically torpid liver." Electric Bitters cure chills and fever, malaria, biliousness, lame back, kidney troubles and bladder disorders. Sold on guarantee by all druggists. Price 50c.



If you lose your check book you have lost only a pad of paper that can be replaced for the asking. But if you lose the long green and the round coin it's gone. Put it in the bank where it will be safe. Open an account any time.

The People's Bank of Monroe.

100 Full Doses of the Best Sarsaparilla on the Market for 75c. C. N. SIMPSON, Jr.

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Just received solid car load of Hay Rakes, Mowing Machines and Disc Harrows. Our ware-house is chock full of buggies and surries of every description. Horses and Mules is our long suit. Sell or exchange. Cash or credit. Trade us your old buggy for a new up-to-date Summer rig. Try us once. THE SIKES COMPANY. THE SIKES COMPANY.

Disease takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use Scott's Emulsion summer as in winter. Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York.