

# RIOTOUS ROWAN.

## A Full Report of the Deplorable State of Affairs.

## A County Without Church or Courts.

## A Temporary Cessation of Hostilities.

## The Governor's Committee Reports a Plan of Compromise.

## The Call for Troops Refused and Both Factions Sign a Pledge of Peace.

(Special to the Courier-Journal.)

MOREHEAD, KY., April 3.—The report of the troubles in Rowan county have not been exaggerated in the essential particulars; the county has been given over to lawlessness, and not even Judge Lynch sits upon the bench. Law and order are traditions around Morehead, but the reality is not in existence.

When I reached Frankfort this morning I was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Z. T. Young, the County Attorney of Rowan. He had been down with some other citizens to implore military protection and was returning from a fruitless mission. The Governor told him that, until the civil authorities had exhausted their powers, he could not order out the military. The Sheriff had the right to summon every able-bodied man in the county to his assistance, and until this had failed the State would not interfere. In vain Mr. Young protested that the Sheriff belonged to one of the factions, and was a prime mover in the disturbances. Gov. Knott said that, unless the commission sent by him to investigate saw reason to report differently, Rowan county must settle her own trouble, grievous though it might be.

Mr. Young had on a new black coat, in the shoulder of which a round hole, the size of a nickel, had been darned. It had been made by a bullet from ambush on the 7th day of March, and Mr. Young's right arm is still hanging useless at his side. When he was informed of my mission he stared in amazement and said, earnestly: "Young man, don't go. It is as much as your life is worth to visit Morehead, for you will be shot down like a dog."

"Do you really think there is such danger?" I asked.

He made an eloquent gesture with his wounded arm. "I was fired upon from an ambush one evening during a snow-storm," he replied, "and was compelled to leave home to save my life. My son narrowly escaped the bullet of a desperado two days ago, and most of the prominent citizens have also had to fly. Several killings have been done already, and more may come any minute."

Mr. Young is now staying in Mt. Sterling, thirty miles toward Lexington from this place. He said that it was as near to Morehead as safety permitted, and that it was the temporary home of a number of other citizens of Rowan.

### ON THE TRAIN

with him were Mr. Jas. W. Johnson, Circuit Clerk of Rowan; Dr. R. L. Raine, proprietor of the Cottage Hotel at Morehead, and Mr. Warren Alderson, the richest man in the county. They had all received warnings, and had deemed it prudent to get out of the way, at least for a time; they had accompanied him to Frankfort and were returning to Mt. Sterling, whose healthy location they have been finding peculiarly adapted to their constitutions, shattered by Rowan county malaria.

Mr. Young talked freely, eloquently and enthusiastically. The subject was an interesting one, and he had an attentive listener. When the train reached Lexington he got off, and while shaking hands with some acquaintances, ran plump upon Judge and Mat Cleary and Howard Logan, the leaders of the Republican factions. Logan spoke to him civilly, and asked him if he had gone down to have troops brought up. Mr. Young declined to answer. The other said he asked for information.

"If that's the case," said Mr. Young, "I did, but I don't think they'll come."

Logan then said Young had caused all the trouble in Rowan. The other said he had left expressly to avoid a fuss, and had not been to blame.

"You are a d—d liar," was the retort.

The lawyer declared that he was not a fighting man, and wanted no trouble, retiring to the train in a highly excited condition. He said his life had been threatened so much that at any time he might be assassinated.

At Mt. Sterling we were met by the news that everything was quiet, both the Toliver and Cary factions having left Morehead. Dr. Raine concluded to return home, but the other exiles preferred remaining in the secure retreat of Montgomery county. The news of the truce caused great relief among the neighboring towns, and two or three adventurous drummers resolved to visit Morehead.

Another was the most disgusted, on the road; he was from Louisville, and was with Mr. Carlton, of the Carlton Opera Troupe. They were going to Lexington, and at Farmer station the train was boarded by two or three of the Tolivers. Carlton had an uncorked whisky flask in his pistol pocket and put his hand back on that, while the drummers asked the men what the devil they wanted with so many guns. The next instant Carlton was covered with a gun, and the commercial men learned what they meant. After begging awhile and throwing the flask out of the window, they were uncovered, and it was the happiest moment of their lives. The drummer went to Winchester this morning, but when he was asked if he meant to go to Morehead, snorted, with indignation.

"I shall sell a bill of goods and get back to Louisville on the first train," he declared with emphasis. The fright had knocked all the chippiness out of him when the train reached Morehead.

At 8:10 o'clock

### THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

seemed almost deserted except at the station. The neat frame houses were nearly all closed and the town lay under the frowning sky and drizzling rain as quietly as if it had not been the scene of pitched battles for two days. The train was met by a number of mountaineers who asked eagerly for the papers and passed jokes about the fight. They regarded the new comers with some reserve, which wore off after a little. Once started, all talked freely; some expressed the hope that there would be no trouble, and all were anxious to know if the troops were coming. Gen. Castleman and party had just left, but there was not much belief that their visit would accomplish permanent good.

It did not take me long to gather the particulars of the feud, though each man intimated that there was a world of unwritten history which nothing could induce him to tell. An old citizen, a non-participant, but

who begged that his name be withheld, told me the following:

The feud dates back to the Sheriff election last August. Cook Humphrey, Republican, and S. B. Goodman, Democrat, were candidates. Much drinking was going on, and in the afternoon Sol Bradley was shot and killed in a quarrel between the two parties. He was not in the row, but was killed by a stray bullet. He was a farmer and a married man. Circuit Court commenced in a day or two; John Martin and Floyd Toliver were jointly indicted for the murder. They were released on bail, and a month later met at the Galt House saloon in this place. A quarrel came up, and Martin killed Toliver on the spot.

The murderer was arrested and taken to jail at Winchester for safe-keeping. A forged order was sent down in a few weeks, and the jailer turned him over to Marshal A. M. Bowling, who brought him back, as he supposed, to an examining trial. At Farmers' station, eight miles below here, the train was boarded by a party of masked men, who shot Martin, in his handcuffs, seven times. He died next morning. They got off as quickly as they came. Who they were nobody appeared to be able to find out, and the February grand jury failed to return a single indictment.

The names of Floyd Toliver's avengers have not been whispered to this day.

The trouble had but begun. On the 7th of last month County Attorney Young was returning from some Magistrate's court a few miles out of Morehead. It was a stormy afternoon, the snow falling fast and furiously. In a hurry to get home, Mr. Young urged his horse to a gallop, but when about three miles out of town a bullet from a Winchester rifle took him in the right arm. He got to town with no further injury, but received warnings which he obeyed by leaving home and staying. Ten days later Deputy Sheriff Stewart Bumgardner was on his way to Hometown, as Elliottville is pleasantly denominated. The road runs for miles through a deep gorge, on the sides of which, six miles from here, an armed party laying in ambush riddled Bumgardner with bullets, making the fourth victim, and his blood has hardly yet faded from the mountain road.

### THIS LAST KILLING

set both factions in a blaze, and they armed openly. Firing began here Wednesday, then ex-Sheriff Day was missed by some one who was secreted in a house up town. Allie, youngest son of the County Attorney, was treated in the same way, and he too has fled. The next to follow were Taylor and his young brother, and both are now at Mt. Sterling. Many citizens have followed this example, among them being Robert and James Nickel, James Thompson, Wm. Trumbo, Warren Alderson and James W. Johnson. All are accompanied by their families, and will stay at Mt. Sterling till peace has been restored.

I asked the man why Sheriff Humphrey did not stop the fighting. "He can't do it, and besides he belongs to the Republican faction. He has always borne a good reputation, but it seems that he has been made a tool by some of the leaders. Deputy Bumgardner, who was killed, Humphrey brought from Elliott county, where he had the reputation of being a fighter and a desperate character. Nobody knew anything about him, and it was thought he was brought here expressly to fight for his crowd. Since his death Humphrey has brought a man named Pearce from Greenup, where he is said to be under indictment for murder. He is the man who shot at Allie Young, by direction of the Sheriff, who was heard by a prominent citizen to give the order. Humphrey would like to resign, but Judge Carey and Howard Logan, the Republican leaders, would not let him give up the fight. When or how it will end only God knows."

A few days ago, D. M. Dillon, a non-combatant and friend to both parties, was sworn in as Deputy, expressly to make peace. He carried messages between the two factions, and finally all but Logan and Carey promised to shake hands and bury the trouble. They said they wouldn't humble themselves to any man, and that settled it. Judge Carey keeps the Galt House, and Wednesday his gang fortified it and opened fire on the Tolivers. The fusillade was kept up, off and on, till yesterday, when Jeff. Bowling met Pearce and Humphrey on the street. Bowling is a dangerous young fellow, and demanded to know if the Sheriff brought Pearce to kill him, and he was told no, but suspected foul play and covered them with his revolver. They retreated, but when they were 100 yards away opened a fire, which he returned. Bullets flew around briskly for a few minutes, but no one was hurt. A little while afterwards one of the Carey boys came around the other faction, but was made to return by Craig Toliver, their leader."

He said further that the two parties are about fifteen in number, all

### ARMED WITH REPEATING RIFLES

and revolvers. The quarrel has been made a semi-political one, though there is no bitterness between the outside members of the other party. The Republicans, as near as my informant could recall their names, were Sheriff Humphrey, Jim Carey, H. M. Logan, L. D. Logan, Alex. Bradley, Mat Carey, Allen Sutton, Frank Hellman, Richmond Tunney and the man Pearce. The Democrats are led by Craig Toliver and Jeff. Bowling. Their followers are Marion Toliver, John C. Day and several others.

A good deal of firing was done last night, and it is reported that one man was hurt. The Carey and Logan faction withdrew. Judge and Mat Carey and Howard Logan are said to be at Frankfort, while their adherents are probably scouting around the country. The other party is reported as being in force at Farmers, but at any time either or both may return and the firing be resumed.

Craig Toliver and Jeff. Bowling came riding into town this afternoon. The two are typical mountaineers. Toliver is tall, all bone and sinew; his face smooth-shaven, and with a good-humored but stern expression. Bowling has a boyish face, but stalwart frame, though he can not be over twenty-two. They wear the usual garb of mountain farmers, and had their pants stuffed in their boots. They talked to me very freely and as coolly as if the whole affair was the commonest thing in the world. Both said they were willing to shake hands with the other side if they could be sure of peace.

"They are as treacherous as Indians," said Toliver. "When you've got to fight thieves and men under indictment for murder and every other crime, you don't know what to expect. We will give a bond of \$20,000 to keep the peace if the other side will, and we will stick to the bargain."

Both had their pockets filled with 44-caliber cartridges, which they showed to me in a joking way. Careless as they seemed they were always on the alert, and had their enemies appeared instantly they would not have been taken by surprise. Both men are said to be afraid of nothing, they have nerves of steel, and either looks fully capable of whipping his weight in wildcats. They are here yet, and will remain all night.

It must be remembered that the two sides tell different stories, and I have heard nothing from the Republican faction; they are out of town now, and it is to be hoped they will stay, for if they come back there will be bloodshed to-night.

Mr. Young told me that bitterness against him was caused by his prosecuting criminals within the past few months. Last November an old man named Gibson Hughes, who lives out in the country, was taken out one night and murdered, after a