

ON WAR'S BRINK.

The Political Feud Which Is Raging in Rowan County.

The County Officers Forced to

Flee For Their Lives.

The Election of a Sheriff Causes the

PEACEFUL CITIZENS TERRORIZED.

Rowan county is experiencing a reign of

lawlessness. A quarrel which arose last August over the election of the Sheriff has grown into a most bitter feud which has already caused several tragedies. The trouble has been made a political one, and one side or the other has been espoused by nearly every citizen of the county. A short time ago a Deputy Sheriff was killed, the County Attorney waylaid and wounded, and the other authorities have fled the country. The factions are now in such a state of excitement that an outbreak of guerrilla warfare is expected at any moment.

Morehead, the county seat, is a thriving little town on the C. and O. railroad, and is the center of the hostile operations. A Cou-

the seat of the hostile operations. A COURIER-JOURNAL reporter on his way from Grayson passed through that place yesterday, and met Mr. Charles L. Gray, a drummer of this city. Mr. Gray had just returned from a trip of several days through the country, and had been in a position to observe.

"People outside of this section have no idea of the condition of affairs," observed

"I went there ten days ago," he continued. "Some of my friends at Mt. Sterling told me the trip would be risky, but I never

told me the trip would be risky, but I never stopped to inquire what they meant. When I got to Morehead I found out. I saw men standing around on corners with repeating rifles on their shoulders and two or three revolvers buckled around their waists. There didn't seem to be much business going on, and finally I asked a man what was the matter. At first he wouldn't talk, but finally he said there had been trouble and there was going to be more.

"After further questioning, he told me that the county was on the brink of warfare. Since the murder of Deputy Sheriff Baumgardner there has been no county gov-

Baumgardner there has been no county government, all the officials having fled. The County Judge, the Sheriff, the Marshal and deputies are all gone. County Clerk Major Casey, a non-combatant and a non-partisan, is the only one left, and he has received two or three warnings that he had better go. Armed bands of men patrol the country, and make regular visits to Morehead. At any moment a collision is looked for, and when it comes a hundred lives may be lost and the scenes of the Breathitt war re-enacted. This sort of talk was not very encouraging, but I concluded not to turn back, and the next day I started to Elliottsville to see a tobacco man in that county. I left in company with the mail-carrier, though he did not invite my company. Still I was afraid of losing my way, and I begged permission to join him. He didn't say much till we got to a deep gorge, through which the road goes for about ten miles. I asked him some question about the country, when he turned around suddenly.

"'By —, sir,' he said, 'I didn't want to be with you here. Stop your talking and fall back at least ten feet behind me.' I didn't like this talk, and was about to say something, when he pointed to some blood on the side of the road. 'That's where they killed Baumgardner,' he remarked. 'They were in ambush, and right now there are men hid above us ready to shoot down their enemies if they pass this way. If they take you for one of these they may pop you over.'"

"He didn't have to say any more to keep me quiet; and the ride through that lonesome

me quiet, and the ride through that lonesome hollow tired my nerves as they never were before. I fell back the ten feet at once, and we rode single file till we got through the pass. The mail carrier didn't say a word even then, but I couldn't keep quiet any longer and asked him if I couldn't say something. He answered that I might, as the danger was then over, but that he had felt mighty ticklish before. It was customary, he remarked, for people who had to come that way to put their hands behind their back as a sign they meant no harm and to keep in that position till they got clear of the woods.

"Wherever I went I found the people in the same fix. They were disposed to keep mum, but upon my assurance that I only wanted to gratify my curiosity, they talked freely. Everywhere in the county the same state of affairs existed, and as nearly every man took one side or the other the accounts differed on all but material points. All agreed that war might break out any day or hour.

"I got back to Morehead last night. Not a one of the officials have returned, and even the farmers who lived in the place have

a one of the officials have returned, and even the four lawyers who lived in the place have fled. There isn't the vestige of government, and you can readily imagine the state of affairs. I saw one man who had moved into the county some years ago, and he is on net-tles. He wants to leave, but he can't, as all his property is tied up. He has about \$3,000 owing to him by different parties, and not a cent can be collected. He would bring suit, but there isn't a lawyer in the county, nor even a judge. He says he don't dare dun a single one of his debtors for fear of being shot, and doesn't know what to do.

"The trouble all comes out of the election of the Sheriff last August. As well as I can learn, John Martin, the Republican candi-date, received a majority of only eleven

date, received a majority of only eleven votes. There was some trouble over this between him and a man named Tolliver, but they did not fight. A short while ago Tolliver met old man Martin, a relative of the Sheriff, in a saloon. They got into a quarrel and Tolliver shot him. Afterward some witnesses swore the killing was done by the Sheriff, and the trouble kept on growing till Baumgardner was shot. Now it seems the fighting will be general.

"Friday night Mrs. John Martin rode in to Morehead and said a mob was being made up to go to Lexington and hang Bowling. She carried a shotgun, and her story threw the place in a panic. Word was instantly

"The Bowling affair is mixed up with it all. Some people, among them his brother-in-law, say he ought to be hung, while others declare he ought to be set free. I don't know which is true, as both sides give

"One significant thing," he continued, "is to be observed in Morehead. It is a rather small place of about 500 inhabitants.

to be observed in Morehead. It is a rather pretty little place, of about 500 inhabitants, but it has neither church nor school. I saw four or five school-houses in my rambles over the country, but there was not one which was not deserted, and every window was riddled."