

# A TALE OF BLOOD.

Origin and History of the Feud in Rowan Which, as Disgrace, the Entire State.

A Story That Reads Like a Chapter From the Middle Ages.

A Family Quarrel Encouraged by Political Demagogues the Beginning.

How Women Were Burned Out of Their Homes and Shot at as They Fled.

## THE LAW POWERLESS.

(Special Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.)  
MOREHEAD, July 13.—The name of Rowan county has become a synonym for lawlessness, and right well it deserves its reputation, for here human life is not always safe; and though a visitor may not be molested, the native never knows when his last hour will come; for, should he be involved in one of these feuds which have disgraced the name of Kentucky at home and abroad, and brought deserved shame upon her people, he is likely at any time to fall a victim to the deadly revolver or unerring Winchester. The Rowanites will say that the troubles here have been exaggerated, and that the newspapers have made sensations out of very trifling occurrences; but when a single feud has caused the death of six men in the course of a little more than a year, the wounding of twice as many more, the burning of several residences, two calls for the militia, and two special terms of the Circuit Court, a thinking man will hesitate before he says the cause of it all is nothing. When business is checked; when men bite in the bushes at night, afraid to sleep in their houses; when trains are stopped by masked men and a handcuffed prisoner is filed full of bullets; when the residence of a defenseless woman is burned over her head it is time, indeed, for martial law to be declared in a county and the good people who have not shared in the murder and bloodshed to demand justice for their wrongs.

**THE TRUTH NOT EASY TO OBTAIN.**  
Amid the varying claims of the Tollivers and the Martins, the mass of counter statements, accusations, and recriminations, it is almost impossible for one to obtain a true statement of the lawlessness in Rowan county in the last two years, and only the investigation by a fair, unbiased court, with all the witnesses present, can arrive at anything like an accurate decision. Your correspondent, during a stay of several days here, has investigated as thoroughly as he could the different phases of this story, each chapter of which is devoted to a crime. Portions of it have been told at times whenever a fresh outbreak occurs, but the complete history from the beginning to the present state of affairs has never been presented to the public. The Martin women, who have suffered most, have never been allowed their statement, be it true or false.

**BEGINNING OF THE FEUD.**  
The feud of the Tollivers and the Martins dates from the August election of 1884. As, like nearly all these mountain vendettas, originated in politics, and the hatred of the hostile families was probably then fanned and kept alive by shrewd politicians wishing to turn these things to their use. In 1884 Cook Humphrey, a young man of twenty-five and a Republican, and Sam Gooden, a Democrat, were candidates for Sheriff of Rowan county, which on a full vote had ordinarily gone Democratic by a small majority. The contest was bitter. The mountainer is an intense politician. He had rather die than forsake his party, and is ready to believe that a man on the other side would poison his father. Gooden lived in Morehead, and Humphrey resided on his father's farm about seven miles from the county town. Election day came and Humphrey was elected by a majority of twelve votes.

**ONE DEAD AND ONE WOUNDED.**  
On this election day occurred the first tragedy. William Trumbo and a man named Price quarreled, and contrary to the mountain rule, which calls for rifles or pistols, were fighting with their fists. John Martin, a son of Ben Martin, a well-to-do old farmer who lives one mile and a half from Morehead, was struck in the face with a heavy instrument, and one of his teeth was knocked out and his forehead badly bruised. He afterward said that John Day and Floyd Tolliver struck him. He sprang to his feet and pistols were drawn. Solomon Bradley, a middle-aged man, with seven children, was standing near, and was shot dead, receiving two bullets through the skull. The Martins say that John Day shot him. The Tollivers claim that John Martin did it. There were quite a number of witnesses, but no court ever decided who did it. Ad. Seymour, another man who was not concerned in the controversy, was shot in the neck, but not fatally wounded. This began the feud; in this killing originated the hatred of the Tollivers and the Martins, and as the relatives of each family aided themselves to their kindred, almost the entire county, with reinforcements from Carter, Elliott and other surrounding counties, was involved.

**THE CAST OF CHARACTERS.**  
As was before stated, old man Martin lived a mile and a half from Morehead. His son John resided near by. Another son, Will, was a citizen of Morehead, and still a third, Dave, resided in Carter county. The Tollivers were several in number. Marion, Craig and Floyd were brothers. Marion and Craig lived in Morgan county, and Floyd in Rowan. Bud, Jay and Wiley Tolliver, their cousins, were inhabitants of Elliott county. Friends of theirs were Mace Keeton, Jeff and Alvin Bowling, Tom Allen Day, John Day, Boone Day, Mace Day, Jim Arkley, Bob Messer and others. All were Democrats.

The Martins were Republicans and friends of Cook Humphrey, who, with his brother Gave, had during boyhood boarded at their house and gone to school in Morehead. Howard Logan, whose son now lies at the point of death, was another friend of Humphrey, and so was Mat Cary, the present County Clerk. All were Republicans, and they nursed the animosity resulting from the death of Solomon Bradley.

**THE SECOND ACT IN THE TRAGEDY.**  
The second man to fall was Floyd Tolliver. The account of the Martin faction is as follows: In the December following the August victory John Martin went to Morehead in order to pay to John Tippit a small debt he owed him. There he met John Day, Sam Gooden, and Floyd Tolliver. The latter went up to Martin and said: "John, you have been wanting to bulldoze me, but I am not going to permit it. I haven't tried to bulldoze you, Floyd," replied Martin.

"Yes, by G—, you have," returned Tolliver, "and I am not going to permit it. I want you to understand me."

Martin turned and walked into the barroom of the hotel now called the Gault House, and was followed by Tolliver, Day and Gooden, remaining behind. Inside Tolliver repeated the same threat and put his hand in his pocket.

"Well, if you must fight," exclaimed Martin, "I am ready for you."

Each drew their pistols, and Martin was first, and as the second explosion Tolliver



THE NEW COON.—Mistake President, I done gone and throwed out them Mugrump trash and got some o' de good old sort. You gwino to feel better after dis, an' so is Miss Frankie an' de folks.

rushed in, and Tolliver, raising himself in his dying agonies, said to him: "Boys, remember what you swore to do; you said you would kill him, and you must keep your word."

This is the story of Floyd Tolliver's death, as related by the Martins. The other faction deny these statements. They claim that it was Martin who picked the difficulty; that Floyd Tolliver was not endeavoring to draw his pistol, and that he was slain committing no offense.

**JOHN MARTIN GAVE HIMSELF UP.**  
The members of the Tolliver faction were greatly enraged at the death of Floyd, and Martin was put on the train and carried to see Winchester jail, in order to prevent him from being lynched. He had been there six days when five men arrived with an order, signed by the proper authorities, commanding the return of Martin to the jail at Morehead. The Martins say that these five men were Alvin Bowling, Edward and Mace Evans, and two others named Hall and Easterlin. The order they had was forged. The jailer gave Martin to them, although the latter prayed him not to do so. Martin's wife was in Winchester, and she started back to Morehead on the same train that had her husband, although she was unaware of the fact.

The idea put Martin on the train, and after dark started back to Morehead. When they reached Farmers, a little town in Rowan county, a few miles west of Morehead, the train was stopped by a large body of masked men. Martin was sitting handcuffed on a seat of coach 38, of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. The men drew their pistols, and filed him with lead. Although shot many times, he did not die until the train reached Morehead, and his wife knew not that her husband was on the same train until she was called to see him die. The perpetrators of this deed have never been punished.

**SHOT FROM THE BUSH.**

The third victim was also a Martin man, and a deputy of Cook Humphrey. This was the worst of all the Rowan county outrages. Stewart Bumgardner was the man who fell. He was a native of Elliott county, but had lived a few years in Rowan. While riding along the Morehead and Martinsburg road, about six miles from Morehead, near the headwaters of Curd Creek, in Rowan county, he was shot from ambush and killed. It occurred in March, 1885. The names of the perpetrators of the deed have never been made known, although old Mrs. Martin says the grand jury of Rowan county could ascertain who are the guilty men, if it desired. The mail-carrier from Martinsburg, which is the county seat of Elliott, to Morehead discovered the body. It was utterly torn to pieces. Several charges of buckshot had been fired into the chest and neck, and there were numerous bullet holes in other portions of the body. Nearly every drop of blood had run out of him, and he remained in a puddle of gore, the remains of which could be seen in the road for miles after. Two boys named Blair came to the assistance of the mail-carrier, and the body was borne to the house of a neighbor and given burial. The Martins ascribed the murder to the Tolliver gang.

**MISSED THE MARK.**  
In the following month, Taylor Young, the County Attorney of Rowan, was shot from ambush and wounded. Young is a man of different stripe from the others who had hitherto figured in the vendetta. He is a shrewd man and a lawyer of ability. He emphatically disclaims all connection with either the Clay Tolliver or the Clay Martin, but the latter say he is bound with them. Young said to your correspondent that he believed both sides had committed wrongs, but he believed the Martins were guilty of the most.

While out on business, riding along three miles from Morehead, a bullet from a Winchester rifle, fired from the bushes along the roadside, lodged in Young's shoulder. It was not known at the time who did it. Not long after Ed. Pearce was arrested in Montgomery county on the charge of highway robbery, James Hagermann being his victim, and was tried in the Montgomery Circuit Court and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. While in the Mt. Sterling jail Pearce confessed that he and Ray Rayburn ambushed Young, but Rayburn fired the bullet which lodged in his shoulder. He said that Cook Humphrey had promised them \$2 a day and all the whisky they wanted while waiting for Young, and \$250 when they killed him. He said Humphrey paid them \$7.50 a piece after shooting Young. This confession was made to Jeff Bowling and Allen Young, a son of Taylor Young, who visited the prisoner in the Mt. Sterling jail. Pearce afterward said that the confession was extracted from him by the two men, and was not true.

**THE BURNED HOUSE.**

The fourth massacre was also a member of the Martin faction, and another deputy of Humphrey. As usual the accounts of either side are widely at variance, and each will be related. The families of the Martin family were witnesses of the tragedy, and their story comes first. Yesterday afternoon the COURIER-JOURNAL correspondent went alone to their house, or rather the little log cabin they occupy since the family residence was burned to the ground. The Martin House was a substantial two-story building, the front portion of frame and the other of logs standing about twenty feet from the public road. Back of it a hill covered with dense underbrush sloped to the height of a couple of hundred feet. On the other side, opposite the road, are the stables, and a few hundred yards off was the residence of Richmond Touse, the son-in-law of Ben Martin. The Chesapeake and Ohio railroad runs in front of the Martin house, not seventy-five yards off. To the northeast extends a long, narrow valley of level, fertile soil. On the site of the burned house the framework for a new residence is now erected.

It was a hot afternoon, when the reporter trudged out through the thick dust of the road to the habitation of the Martins. Mrs. Martin, a woman of between sixty and seventy, sat on the front porch of the little log cabin, and was not averse to telling her story of how Rayburn was killed and her house burned. Rayburn, it may be stated here, was from Elliott county, and until he had been made a deputy by Cook Humphrey had not lived in Rowan county for five years.

**WHAT A WOMAN SAYS.**

"Craig Tolliver and his gang came to my house early in the morning, during my absence at a funeral, after Cook Humphrey and Ben Rayburn," began Mrs. Martin. "During those days nobody lived at our house except defenseless women. Besides myself there were my two grown daughters, Sue and Annie, my little daughter Rena, and also my married daughter, Mrs. Touse, was at my house the day Rayburn was killed. My husband had gone to Kansas. He had received several warnings that he would be killed if he didn't go, and we women folks persuaded him to leave, although he did not want to do so. My two sons, Will and Dave, and also my two nephews, and they too had gone to Kansas."

"It was Sunday when the Tollivers came. Cook Humphrey and Ben Rayburn were at my house. They spent the night there. Cook was in the habit of coming to our house, and the children always treated him as a brother. The Tollivers found out they were there, because the night before Humphrey was afraid they might want to kill him, and he slipped into Morehead after his Winchester, which he had left at home."

There was some one with him, but they did not find out it was Rayburn until after they had killed him. They hid in the bushes around the house. In the party were Craig Tolliver, Mace Keeton, Jeff Bowling, Tom Allen Day, John Day, Boone Day, Mace, Jim Ashley, Bob Messer and others whose names I did not know. Tolliver was Town Marshal of Morehead and claimed that he had warrants for the arrest of Humphrey and Rayburn on the charge of attempting to assassinate Taylor Young, but they never had any warrants. They watched the house and saw everything that was going on. Rayburn helped my daughter Sue rob the bees that morning. One of them stung Rayburn, and he made a good deal of fuss about it. Sue laughed at him and told him he made more fuss than if the entire Tolliver gang were after him. Craig Tolliver heard it all, for he afterward repeated to my daughter the exact words of the conversation. Well, they came in the yard and demanded that Humphrey and Rayburn surrender. They asked them to show their warrants, and as they couldn't, they refused to surrender. Then the Tolliver gang hid all around the house and began to shoot. Some of them got behind the stable over there."

According to Mrs. Martin's narrative Humphrey and Rayburn took refuge in the second story. Rayburn had no arms, but he secured a revolver in the house. Humphrey had a Winchester rifle and a shotgun. The Tollivers were armed with Winchester and shotguns. Craig Tolliver slipped into the yard and got inside the house unperceived. He was creeping up the stairs when Humphrey, discovering his presence, seized the shotgun and discharged it into his face. Tolliver fell back down the steps, and his friends rushing in and grasping by the legs, dragged him out of danger. He was carried away, and took no further active part in the siege. He was badly scared by the load of shot discharged into his face, but quickly recovered.

**A DAY OF TERROR.**

In the meantime the others continued the siege. The half-grown boy was at work in a field. He approached the house, and two shots were fired at him. He ran off to the house where his mother was and gave the alarm. She, too, came to the house, and the besiegers allowed her to go in. The news of the affair was carried to Morehead, but nobody in this town of 500 inhabitants dared to go to the relief. Sue Martin, the eldest daughter, made her escape out of the house. As Sue goes outside she was met by Craig Tolliver, who, with his face still covered with the blood from his wounds, threatened to kill her if she dared to go to Morehead. Sue was a woman of spirit, and made a dash through the bushes, with Tolliver in pursuit. He fired two or three shots at her, but she eluded him until she came to a ditch, which had been cut in a piece of low land. She lay down in this and escaped observation until nearly night, when she went to town, where she was immediately arrested by officers of the Tolliver faction and put in jail.

**FLEEING FOR LIFE.**

In the afternoon the besiegers threatened to set the house on fire if Humphrey and Rayburn did not surrender. The latter decided to make a break for life. It was then about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and during the day several hundred shots had been fired. Trains loaded with people had passed by in sight, and quite a number of persons had approached to interfere, but had grown afraid and had gone back. Mrs. Martin aided in the scheme for escape. She went out to the stable where Tom Allen Day, one of the best marksmen, was ambushed, and, when he prepared to shoot at the fleeing men, knocked up his gun. The fugitives rushed out at the eastern door, leaped the yard fence, and dashed across the cornfield toward the mountain and the forest. The entire band rushed forward in pursuit, firing as they went. They rested their guns on the yard fence and took good aim. The fugitives were over 100 yards off, when one of them fell. It was Rayburn. Humphrey escaped into the bushes and hid. The pursuers, knowing he was armed with a Winchester, were afraid to go in after him.

**SEEN FROM THE BUSH.**

Humphrey says that he lay in the undergrowth and watched the crowd come up to Rayburn's body. They fired several more shots into it, and then robbed him and divided the money. Humphrey says he watched them all the time, and had his Winchester cocked with his finger on the trigger. After taking Rayburn's money they went back to the house, leaving the body where it fell. But to return to Mrs. Martin's story. She says that the gang remained all around the house, and after dark set it on fire. She put out the blaze, but they ignited it again, and the house and all the furniture were consumed. Mrs. Martin and her daughters ran across the fields into the woods, and were fired on as they ran, but were not touched. All except one daughter spent the night under a tree. The daughter went to town, was arrested and put in jail with her sister. The dead body of Rayburn lay where it had fallen for thirty-six hours. Mrs. Martin built a rail pen around it to keep the hogs from devouring it. Monday evening it was taken to town and placed in a pine coffin in the Court-house. That night 150 militia, under the command of Maj. Lewis McKee, arrived. Maj. McKee took a bayonet and prised the lid off Rayburn's coffin. The body was afterward buried near town. Before the militia arrived the Martin girls were released from jail. There was no charge against them.

**"DO WHAT YOU SAID YOU WOULD."**

After the militia arrived the Tollivers, Days, etc., and their examining trial before Equities William Phillips and William Moore. Moore was for holding them without bail, and Phillips was for their acquittal. They retired to the room on the second floor for consultation. When they came down Moore gave his opinion. Phillips assented. "Do what you said you were going to do, when we were upstairs," said Moore impatiently.

"Well, then," said Phillips, "I guess the boys did right in killing Rayburn."

The magistrates could not agree upon a punishment, and they were all discharged.

**THE OTHER SIDE.**

The Tollivers are entitled to their side of the story. They say they did have warrants for the arrest of Humphrey and Rayburn, and that they tried to induce them to surrender peacefully, the two men refusing to do so. They say that they offered to talk to Cook Humphrey if he would come to a window without his arms. He did so, and they again endeavored to persuade him to surrender, when they might have shot him. They deny setting the house of the Martins on fire, and say that the Martins themselves did it in order to obtain the insurance. It remains for a court to say which side was told a faithful tale.

**THE STATE INTERFERES.**

The killing of Rayburn created a sensation throughout the State, and the militia were sent to Morehead. There was a special term of court, and Attorney General Hardin was sent to Morehead to prosecute the case, while Z. T. Young defended them. Cook Humphrey was tried for shooting Tolliver, and was acquitted. The other cases came to nothing. About all Gen. Hardin accomplished was to get them indicted by the Rowan county grand jury on the charge of carrying concealed deadly weapons.

Jeff and Alvin Bowling, two of the thorn-

Rowan county, Jeff Bowling killed his father-in-law in Ohio, and is to be hanged in August. His brother Alvin killed Town Marshal Gill in Mt. Sterling, and has been sentenced to twenty-one years in the penitentiary. All the other living actors in this series of tragedies are at large and are in Morehead while this article is being written.

**MISCH MATTERS.**

In addition to these occurrences there have been numerous skirmishes in which no one was killed. At one time Cook Humphrey, Howard Logan, Mat. Carey and two or three others of their friends were besieged in the Gault House in Morehead, and dozens of shots were fired, but they did no damage beyond riddling the doors and windows.

After the term of court last year, all the leaders in the feud came to Louisville under the paternal auspices of Gov. Knott, and signed a treaty of peace which they swore to keep forever, and actually did observe for almost a year, when it was terminated by the fight of a few days ago, in which young Will Logan was fatally wounded. Craig Tolliver, however, denies any connection with the last fight. He says it is no affair of his, and he does not like to be connected with it.

**RESTING ON THEIR OARS.**

Tolliver is still in town. He makes his headquarters with the proprietor of the Cottage Hotel, Dr. Rain, who moved here from Lexington about three years ago. He meets Humphrey frequently, and always says, "Hello, Cooky," but the latter makes no reply. He says that he has no done anything wrong during the entire progress of the feud, only defending himself.

The troops are making themselves as comfortable as possible, awaiting the orders of Judge Cole. They are tiring of their inactivity, and are longing for something to do. They will probably be gratified in a few days when subpoenas for witnesses are issued, and they will have to hunt up all connected with the feud.

It should be mentioned here that Bob Messer, who was in the attack on Martin's house, shot Taylor Hawkins at Gate's Station several months ago, and has fled to Arkansas. Old man Martin has returned from Kansas, and is at home.

Maj. McKee is very anxious that the participants in these affairs be punished. In the Senate last winter he introduced a resolution to investigate the Rowan county troubles, but it was not adopted. While in command of the militia he will be sure to accomplish his share of the business. J. A.

**SLICK JACOB SHARP.**

**The Man Who Bought the New York Aldermen Makes a Few Interesting Observations.**

ALBANY, N. Y., July 13.—Jacob Sharp, of the Broadway railroad, in an interview with a Journal reporter hereto-day, said: "I want it distinctly understood that I was the contractor of the Broadway road. I made a bid to build it, and I went into the thing to make a good pile of money out of it, and I have succeeded, and that is all there is of it. Newspaper reporters don't put down things as told them, and that is the reason I don't talk to them when they come to see me. You know that the street railway company ought not to pay any taxes to New York. The largest tax is paid by them, and who does it come out of? Why, the poor people. The nabobs don't ride in street-cars; they have their carriages or go on the elevated roads. So, you see, the poor are paying the taxes of New York, and the rich are going scot-free. Now, if some of you 'wise men of the East' but come to Albany every winter to show the members and Senators how to run reforms, would frame laws exempting street railroads from taxation and compel them to reduce their fares to two or three cents a trip, then the revenue would be benefited and the poor equalize their taxation with the richer."

As to his present business, Mr. Sharp smiled and said: "I am in the measure business up to my neck. I give \$1 per year per head of 2,000 horses. I guess the measure, and am selling it by the car-load in the Mohawk Valley, and I am finding it a very remunerative business. Thirty-five years ago my name was used in the play-houses in New York, and I am cautious, and I don't care what they say about me; the only thing is, my family seem to feel it, and it is hard on them. The daily papers are not so bad as those picture bummerangs, who have no regard for a person's feelings."

**"THE ORPHANS."**

**Fifth Annual Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, C. S. A., at Cynthia, Wednesday, August 18.**  
(Special to the Courier-Journal.)

CYNTHIANA, July 13.—The fifth annual reunion of the "First Kentucky Orphan Brigade, C. S. A.," will be held at this place on Wednesday, August 18. The following is the order of exercises:

- The members of the brigade, ex-Confederates and allies, will assemble at the depot at 9 o'clock a. m., where, under the direction of Capt. Jo. Deane, the lines will be formed as follows:
- Music.
- General Officers, Mounted.
- Second Kentucky Regiment.
- Fourth Kentucky Regiment.
- Fifth Kentucky Regiment.
- Sixth Kentucky Regiment.
- Ninth Kentucky Regiment.
- Ex-Confederates.
- Soldiers.

The procession will march to the Court-house, where the members of the First Kentucky Brigade will be received by Capt. W. H. Ratcliffe.

**Response by Gen. Jos. H. Lewis.**

At 3 o'clock p. m. the members will assemble at the New Opera-house for the purpose of selecting officers and time and place of holding next meeting.

Banquet at the Court-house at 7 o'clock p. m. promptly. Gen. Wm. Fruton presiding.

Prayer by Elder Jo. Deane, Pastors, Brigade Chaplain.

First Toast—"Gen. Roger W. Hanson," response by Gen. Wm. Fruton.

Music.

Second Toast—"Second Kentucky Regiment," response by Col. H. McDowell.

Music.

Third Toast—"Fourth Kentucky Regiment," response by Sgt. Thos. E. Owens.

Music.

Fourth Toast—"Fifth Kentucky Regiment," response by Rev. Polk South.

Music.

Fifth Toast—"Sixth Kentucky Regiment," response by Rev. W. H. Stanley.

Music.

Sixth Toast—"Ninth Kentucky Regiment," response by Col. J. C. Wickliffe.

Music.

Seventh Toast—"Forty-first Alabama," response by Col. Samuel.

Music.

Eighth Toast—"Cobb's Battery," response by Capt. Frank P. Grady.

[Speeches were limited to ten minutes.]

Ben. Hedges of Nev. Dr. Keady.

After the concluding ceremonies of the banquet the members adjourned to the "Orphan Brigade Hop," given by the Cynthia Dancing Club, at the New Opera-house.

Note.—Prof. Schneider's band, of Louisville, will give an open air concert in the Court-house yard during the afternoon.

Jo. Deane, President.

J. T. Hogg, Secretary.

**THE D'RIVERA SUGAR FAILURE.**

**The Senior Member Takes Out for Canada Without Apparent Cause.**  
(Special to the Courier-Journal.)

NEW YORK, July 13.—Mr. Henry C. DeRivers, the senior member of the great sugar firm of J. DeRivers & Co., which failed yesterday, and whose unaccountable absence created some anxiety, is now known to be in Montreal, but the assignee says that after having made an examination of the books there does not appear to be any good reason for his making that trip to avoid creditors. So far it has not been ascertained how he took one dollar of the firm's money with him. He is about forty-five years of age, but is of excitable temperament, and his friends think he became alarmed without any positive necessity. How far the failure may affect other sugar houses in the present weak state of the market can not be determined for a day or two. On the exchange to-day there were various rumors floating of other houses trembling in consequence of the shock, but nothing could be traced to any trustworthy source. Although the father of Henry C. DeRivers will be a large loser, and many thought he ought to have been made a preferred creditor, Mr. Ross, the assignee, has decided that all should be treated alike.

**Howard's Acid Phosphate.**

Excelsior Brand—J. L. L. White.