

SHOOTING OF GOEBEL.

COWARDLY ASSASSIN SENDS A RIFLE BALL INTO HIS BODY.

Dying Man is Declared Governor-Elect by Contest Board—Armed Men Fill the State House.

Frankfort, Ky., (Special.)—While walking through the capitol grounds on his way to the capitol building at ten minutes after 11 o'clock this morning, William Goebel, the democratic contestant for governor of Kentucky, was shot down and very dangerously wounded.

Harland Whittaker, a farmer from Butler county, the home of Governor Taylor, is now in jail in Louisville, charged with the crime. There is no direct evidence against Whittaker and he was placed under arrest more because he was caught around the capitol building when the shots were fired than for any other apparent reason. He denies in the most positive manner that he had any connection with the shooting or knew anything about it. He was running toward the scene of the shooting and not away from it, when he was caught and arrested.

Senator Goebel was wounded by a rifle ball of small caliber, not over .28, which struck him in the right side just below the arm pit. The ball passed through the back part of the right lung, across the body on a diagonal line, passing out below the left shoulder blade.

Mr. Goebel was on his way to the senate chamber, in company with Colonel Jack Chinn and Warden Eph Lillard of the Frankfort penitentiary. Mr. Lillard was a few feet in advance of Goebel and Chinn, who were walking side by side, Goebel being on the right and Chinn upon the left.

FROM TAYLOR'S BUILDING.

From the outer edge of the capitol grounds to the step of the capitol building the distance is about 300 feet. Two-thirds of this had been passed and the men were walking slowly, when suddenly a shot was fired from a large three-story building which stands fifty feet east of the capitol building. This building is used for offices by nearly all the leading officials of the state, Governor Taylor and the secretary of state having rooms on the first floor.

As the first shot was heard Goebel gave a quick, involuntary exclamation of pain, and made an effort to draw his revolver. His strength was unable to do this, however, and he sank upon the pavement. With great rapidity several more shots were fired, the bullets all striking the brick sidewalk close to where Goebel lay. None of them touched him, however.

Lillard hastily turned around to aid Goebel, who was supported by Chinn, who had his arms about him almost as soon as he touched the pavement.

"Get help," said Chinn to Lillard, and turned to Goebel. "Are you hurt, Goebel? Did he get you?"

"They have got me this time," replied Goebel. "I guess they have killed me."

Less than a minute a crowd of men was around Goebel. He was losing much blood and was becoming very weak. He was hastily carried to the office of Dr. E. E. Hume, in the basement of the capitol hotel, and about 1,500 feet away from the spot where the shooting occurred. Here he was laid on a sofa, while Dr. Hume made a hasty examination, pronouncing the wound to be of a nature that must cause death in a few hours.

SMILES AT DEATH.

Goebel, who showed great fortitude and courage throughout, smiled weakly as he heard the verdict and feebly rolled his head from side to side in token of dissent from the opinion expressed by the physician.

He was then carried to his room on the second floor of the capitol hotel, and in addition to Dr. Hume, Drs. McCormick and Ely were summoned to attend him. After a careful examination of the wound, the doctors announced that while exceedingly dangerous it was not necessarily fatal, unless complications or blood poisoning should set in. The patient himself kept up his courage, insisting again and again that he was not going to die.

It was decided by his friends to call in the services of Dr. McMurry, a prominent surgeon of Louisville, and urgent messages were at once sent for him. After the sound had been dressed, and it was announced by the physicians that he would in all probability die in a short time. He rallied, however, and under the influence of an opiate sank into a deep slumber, which lasted several hours.

WHENCE SHOT CAME.

The bullet which struck Mr. Goebel was fired from a window in the center of the third story of the office building just east of the capitol. That window was raised about eight inches from the ground and a direct passage for the bullet when Mr. Goebel should come within range.

Both Chinn and Lillard assert that, while the first shot came from the direction of the window, the other shots were fired from the different portions of the same building.

Some of those who heard the shots say that at least one shot was fired from the office of the secretary of state. This, however, is not true, as there were men in the office of secretary of state who rushed to the window as soon as the shots were heard and all of them declare that there was not shot fired at all from that part of the building.

The window in the third story was left open, no effort having been made to close it by the would-be assassin, while not another window in the building was opened, not were there any place where bullets had been fired through them.

Whittaker was arrested as he came down the steps on the east side of the state office building. Directly behind him upon Whittaker, winding his arms around him and calling loudly for help. It was right at hand, and in an instant Whittaker was surrounded by a group of men, many of them armed with revolvers. He made no attempt to escape, knowing well that the slightest attempt to do so would have brought a dozen bullets into his body. He submitted quietly to a search, which only quickly made of his clothing, the presence of which were three revolvers and a big knife.

REVOLVERS NOT USED.

A quick examination of the revolvers showed that none of the cartridges had been used and there was no powder smut upon any part of the weapons, proving conclusively that he could not have used any of his three revolvers.

THE ETIQUETTE OF PIGSTICKING.

As in fox hunting, so, too, in pig sticking, a man must be most careful to avoid riding in another's line of proximity that he cannot draw back in case of the leader falling, says Col. Baden-Powell, who is now penned up in Mafeking by the Boers.

The consequences of all such collisions as above are bad enough in ordinary riding, but in pig sticking their quality is enhanced by the fact that spears are added to the elements of the catastrophe, and also the tushes of an unscrupulous boar.

Many have been the accidents from carelessness in observing such rules, including the lamentable death of Mr. Startin of the Tenth Hussars, and it is therefore all the more necessary that a beginner should be most careful to carry them out.

The race for "first spear" is a reproduction of a coursing match on a large scale. The leading pursuers race the quarry, until a sudden "jink" on the part of the latter throws one or both of them several yards to the bad, and so they continue, first one leading and then the other, following every turn of the hog, until one or the other succeeds in getting within spear's length and, reaching out, pricks the boar, and so wins the honor of "first spear."

To establish a claim for a "first spear" the hunter must be able to show blood on his spear, even though it be but one drop, but this system of "pricking" the boar is not commendable, and should only be practiced in a very close race, or where it is desired to draw the pig on to fight. If the rider has it all pretty well his own way he can afford to wait until he is in a position to give a good spear, when he should deliver it with such determination and strength as will insure a partial disablement of the boar and the safety of the horse in the encounter.

SCENES DURING WEDNESDAY.

Never was there a more complicated political situation than that which tonight confronts the politicians of Kentucky, and never was there one of which it seemed so difficult to guess accurately at the outcome.

The republican party, which two days ago was vainly striving to hold its members in their seats upon the floor of the house and which seemed almost powerless, is tonight in the saddle strong and vigorous and carrying things with a high hand. The powerlessness of the republicans of a few days ago is more than equaled by the apparent helplessness of the democrats of today. All day long the democracy have been groping around, trying to find some way in which it could seat in the gubernatorial chair its leader, William Goebel, who lies slowly dying of the wound inflicted by the bullet of an assassin.

No matter which way the democrats turned they were confronted by the same prospect, a line of blue edged with steel, and it was fully understood by both parties that the line and the steel were there for business purposes only. There was no bluff, no false alarm about it.

All day through the streets of Frankfort soldiers marched and counter-marched. Drills in the street were frequently held in order that the men might be warmed by exercise, and they had remained in the biting wind around the penitentiary was a line of troops, in front of the opera house was a guard, three companies stood at rest in the open square in front of the capitol hotel, sentries patrolled every part of the building in which ex-Governor Bradley resides and a detachment of infantry held the court house against the possible coming of the members of the legislature, with the intention of declaring that not the living William S. Taylor, but the dying William Goebel was the lawful head and chief executive of the commonwealth of Kentucky.

GOEBEL SWORN IN.

William Goebel was shortly before 1 o'clock tonight sworn in as governor of Kentucky, and J. C. W. Beckham, a few minutes later, took the oath as lieutenant governor. The oath was administered to both men by Chief Justice Hazlerigg of the court of appeals.

The plan to make Goebel governor was set in motion early in the afternoon. A statement was prepared saying that the boards which heard the contests for governor and lieutenant governor had decided in favor of Goebel and Beckham, that the boards intended to report their findings to the legislature, but that they had been prevented from doing so by the action of Governor Taylor in declaring the legislature adjourned.

During the day the militarism established by Acting Governor Taylor treated a situation which threatened bloody results. Taylor issued a proclamation proroguing the legislature and calling another session at London, Ky., in the heart of the republican mountain country. The court of appeals adjourned indefinitely, the members fearing assassination at the hands of the same clique which was responsible for the shooting of Goebel. The legislators attempted to hold a session at the state house, but were ordered out at the point of the bayonets of the republican militia, and were told that if they attempted to hold a session elsewhere, or even indulged in a conference, they would be arrested as conspirators. Finally, Adjutant General Collier announced that if the democratic members did not meet at London February 6, at which date Taylor had called another session, each would be arrested and carried by military force to the meeting.

About 9 o'clock at night, however, the situation was radically changed. The majority of the legislature signed an order declaring William Goebel the duly elected governor of Kentucky and J. C. W. Beckham as lieutenant governor. Mr. Goebel, although dying, was immediately sworn in by a judge of the court of appeals. Governor Goebel signed two orders, one dismissing Taylor's adjutant general from command of the militia and appointing General John B. Castleman; the other commanding the militiamen to disperse to their homes. The result of his action will not be seen until in the morning when the new military commander will attempt to assume control of the state militia, which has been reorganized on a republican basis by Taylor, but about 100 militiamen say they will obey Governor Goebel.

Ultimatum to the Sultan.

Constantinople, Jan. 31.—Owing to the refusal of the minister of justice, Abdurram Pasha, to hand over the 15-year-old Italian girl, Sylvia Gemelli, who had been placed in a harem of a Turkish officer, the Italian ambassador, Signor A. Panzi, has sent an ultimatum to the porte, declaring that unless the girl is surrendered to the Italian embassy today, diplomatic relations between the two governments will be ruptured. Although the minister of justice contends that the girl has embraced Islamism, it is believed that the porte will yield to the ambassador's demand.

Later in the afternoon Sylvia Gemelli was conducted to the Italian embassy and handed over to her father.

DEADLY SHRAPNEL IN WAR.

It seems more than a little strange that, in spite of all the boasted improvements in weapons of war, the deadliest of all instruments of death in use today was as familiar to our grandfathers and great-grandfathers in the earliest years of the century as to us.

Machine guns, such as the Maxim and Gatling, each pouring forth a veritable deluge of bullets at the rate of several hundred a minute, and mowing down the enemy's ranks as a scythe mows down grass, as very terrible weapons; but for sheer destructiveness and the power to demoralize the enemy they must yield precedence to the shrapnel shell, within whose "operative area" nothing can live.

These deadly projectiles were invented early in this century by a Colonel Shrapnel, but as is the case with so many inventions, the original shrapnel shell was of very primitive construction. It consisted of a spherical shell, filled with bullets and a bursting charge of gunpowder; but, as it had a trick of exploding at the wrong time, and was only reliable in its uncertainty it was often a source of as much danger to friends as to enemies.

Derived from this crude prototype that the wonderful shell of today has been evolved. The modern shrapnel shell consists of three parts, the base, the head and the tube which runs through its body. The explosive charge is placed in the base of the shell and on a kind of diaphragm placed over this charge 200 or 300 bullets rest, being kept in position by resin, which is melted and poured over them.

FOR A BROKEN NECK.

New York Herald: Walter B. Duryea, who has been for five months the most carefully watched patient in the hospitals of this city, is rapidly sinking. It was even reported that he was dying. This was denied, but it is admitted that he cannot long survive. He has been in the Roosevelt hospital since last August.

Duryea's life will long be pointed to as an illustration, both of how much and how little science and love can accomplish. Both have exhausted their resources, and both have failed to arrest, except for a brief period, the vanishing life.

Never was there a more heroic battle, whether it be considered from the point of view of the scientists, who have arrayed their best wisdom against the forces of death, or from that of the stricken family, who have clung with the tenacity of faith, hope, then of despair, to the fleeting sands of life; or from that of the courageous sufferer, who has not flinched in his daily battle with pain, or lost for a moment the cheerful serenity of the loftiest moral heroism.

Walter B. Duryea is the son of Edgar E. Duryea, a rich starch manufacturer of Glen Cove, L. I. Last August he tried to accomplish what was considered an exceedingly difficult feat of diving in the Casino, at Oyster Bay. The water was, however, much shallower than he thought, and his head struck the bottom with tremendous force. He rose to the surface stunned, almost insensible; and was rescued by his companions. It was found that his neck had been broken by the shock.

No expense was spared, no care that could be lavished upon the sufferer was neglected. The father brought him to this city in a special train.

Conferences were held at which the best surgeons and physicians sat in long debate over the case, and it was decided that young Duryea could not live. But he did live, and when science so gently brought him back to life, death, it resolved to ally itself with an unconquerable spirit. Nature would be defied. The thin and frail shell of bone that protects the spinal cord that can be loosened but once, had been shattered; but science had its devices. It could counterfeit nature.

A metallic frame was made, which was placed about the head of the sufferer, and which supported the broken column and held the vertebrae in their original position, and kept the cord unsmothered, and permitted life and will to flow along their familiar artery.

Then the physicians consulted again. They reasoned it out that a surgical operation, of great delicacy and fearful responsibility, might, if successful, prolong the life of the patient. To this the sufferer consented.

Several months ago, to add to his sorrow, he was attacked by pneumonia, and this, while light affected the injured spinal cord and made a second operation necessary. From this he also recovered.

After this his neck was incised in places, and the plaster mould is turned held in place by a strong leather

"SNIPING BEFORE LADYSMITH."

A good deal has been written in South African dispatches about "sniping," and the word seems a new one coined since the outbreak of hostilities. It is described by the Ladysmith correspondent of the South African News as follows:

This sniping is an amusement, and is indulged in by the Town Guard when matters become unusually dull. In order to play the game you must advance at about 3 o'clock in the morning while it is still dark, some 200 or 300 yards ahead of your lines. If you can obtain any cover, so much the better, if not you must lie in the open veldt. You must carry provisions and drink for the day, because it is impossible to retire upon the fort while it is light on account of the fact that while you are sniping one enemy is sniping you also. Thus you lie for a whole day, waiting for an opportunity to obtain a shot at some unusually reckless Boer. These opportunities, I need hardly say, are few and far between, as the Boer generally finds the position of the sal-

FACTS ABOUT LYDDITE SHELLS.

It is very frequently stated that the lyddite shell contains a certain compressed gas, which, when exploding, means death to any living creature within a radius of 100 yards (some even say 400). This is an additional life-devouring agent to the ordinary destructive powers of the shell. This statement is no doubt an exaggeration, as the use of such shells would be in violation of the rules of civilized warfare. The composition of lyddite is held secret, and it is therefore impossible to give any details regarding it. Competent authorities, however, have no doubt that it is only a modification of melinite, the authorized explosive used in the French and German armies. This much is known, that lyddite stands between that explosive and thorite, a newly invented compound of which the secret has been purchased by the United States government. They are all compounds of picric acid or trinitrophenol, a pale, yellow, crystalline powder, with an extremely bitter taste, and possessing marked toxic qualities. Picric acid is an old compound, having been discovered in 1788 by the German chemist Hausman, who obtained it by acting on indigo with dilute nitric acid. At present it is largely manufactured by treating carbolic acid with strong nitric acid. Since the early fifties chemists have been experimenting with this substance, in the hope of producing an ideal explosive. Bollinette's famous powder, compounded of the ammonium salt and potassium chromate, was made in 1850, but found to be too sensitive. Fontain's mixture, in 1859,

caused a lamentable explosion which led to its being discarded as a military explosive. Desigolite was more successful, producing a mixture which was favorably received, and is still in use in the French army, though largely supplanted by melinite. This last famous explosive was invented by M. Eugene Turpin and consists of a mixture of fused picric acid and nitrocellulose dissolved in ether and alcohol. Mr. Turpin has produced many patent modifications of this mixture, of which lyddite is one. The alleged fabulous properties of the English lyddite are only imaginary. When melinite was first put forward, equally astonishing powers were claimed for it by General Boulanger, but these have not been justified. Lyddite has been experimentally tried in warfare, and authorities declare it to be little different from melinite, with which the Boers are well supplied. By the decomposition of the picric compounds by explosion carbonic acid gas is not produced, so poisonous gas is evolved. In a small and enclosed space this gas will probably suffocate animals, but it is difficult to see how it can have any death-dealing properties in the open veldt. Owing to the terrific explosive force of the compound, the shells will have a wide range, certainly a radius of 100 yards. For further particulars about these high explosives there is no better work to which one can refer than "Lectures on Explosives," the text-book on the subject in the United States military academy.

FACTS ABOUT LYDDITE SHELLS.

European epileurics. About 250,000,000 are shipped annually. The work on the beds is done by barefooted men and women, both clad in bright crimson knee breeches and sweaters, which renders the sexes quite unattractive. The regular trenches and dikes, kept in place with splices interlaced with wattle, looks like a Dutch garden.

To one accustomed to the plump, clean, white and green American bivalve, the flabby, yellow or greenish European specimen is not inviting. The shells are flat, thin, irregular and as slimy and corrugated as an old barnacle, while the inmates are about the size and thickness of a five-cent piece for a five-inch shell. On the spot they sell for from 7 cents to 10 cents a dozen. Elsewhere they command more, and the greener the higher the price. Oysters are never eaten here except on the half shell. A suggestion to put them into soup or patties, to scallop or stew them, shocks a French chef as a proposition to broil watermelon would a Carolina cook. I think a "pan roast" would be regarded here as little less than sacrilege. Even when by much persistence you have achieved some form of cooked oyster, the chances are infinite that the most noticeable result will be a fit of homesickness caused by the half shell. 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