The Auburn Bulletin.

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The BULLETIN is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full afternoon service of the organization over its leased wires up to the hour of going to press.

THE MACHINE organ's cry for succor to the New York Press—to help it sustain the feeble boom for Mr. Jaeckel for comptruller—has not met any response so far as we have observed.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that a special meeting of the Common Council will be held to-night for the purpose of deciding on the proposition to readvertise for bids for pavement in Genesee street. Favorable action should be taken and the situation should not be complicated by calling for bids for brick and asphalt. It is settled that a brick pavement cannot be secured this year and the only alternative is to try the experiment of an asphalt pavement. That should only be ordered after a call for new proposals by which it is reasonable to expect that the city will be benefitted. The duty of the mayor and aldermen is plain. The consequent delay in the final award of the contract will not be material and cannot be set up as a defense by any one who opposes such a procedure.

CORN AND WHEAT.

According to a table of the production and values of corn and wheat in this country from 1880 to 1900, both inclusive, prepared by The American Banker, we have not had 40 cent corn since 1894, nor dollar-wheat since 1881. In 1894 this country had a corn crop of 1,212,000,000 bushels; the price on the first of December of that year was 47.7 cents a bushel. The next year, 1895, our corn crop was 2,151,000,000 bushels, and the price was 25.3 cents a bushel. That is to say, an increase of 939,000,000 bushels, with at least that much increase of labor in harvesting and handling, and doubtless in some other particulars, reduced the price received by the farmer nearly one-half. The purchasing power of our corn-growing farmers was not reduced in 1895, as compared with 1894, quite to the extent of the fall in price, because there was really more corn to be sold in the latter year. But this reduction of the purchasing power of the corn growers of 1895, so far as the corn crop was concerned, amounted to $10,000,000; and it is upon the net purchasing power of the farmers that our railroads depend, for the maintenance of their freight traffic, a good deal more than upon the mere bulk of any particular crop to be moved.

The nearest that we have come to dollar-wheat, in this country, since 1881, was in 1888. In 1888 the price was 92.6 cents a bushel; in 1881 it was $1.19.2. The only other year during the 19 when the price reached the nineties was 1883, when the price was 91.1 cents a bushel. The crop in 1881 was 383,000,000 bushels; in 1883, 421,000,000 bushels; and in 1888, 415,000,000 bushels. The increase of a cent and a half a bushel in the price in 1888, as compared with 1883, on the 6,000,000 fewer bushels produced in 1888, increased the value of the wheat crop from $383,000,000 in 1883 to $385,000,000 in 1888—an increase of $2,000,000. We have had four years during the last 20 when the total value of the wheat crop exceeded four hundred millions of dollars, these years being 1880, 1881, 1882 and 1897; and one year, 1891, when the total value reached $513,000,000. In 1893 the total value was the lowest of the period, namely, $213,000,000. During the last three years we have been running along in the three hundred and odd millions of value, with crops running down from 675,000,000 bushels, in 1898, to 522,000,000 bushels last year, and with prices from 58.2 to 62 cents a bushel.

There is no doubt that the corn crop is the most important in the country, measured by values. The differences as between the lowest corn year, during the last 20, namely, 1896, when the corn crop had a value of $491,000,000, and the lowest wheat year, namely, 1893, when the wheat crop had a value of $213,000,000, gives an advantage in value to corn of $278,000,000. A comparison of the highest corn and wheat years is equally on the side of corn. The biggest values for both crops, since 1880, are in the same year, 1891. In that year the corn value was $836,000,000, and wheat value was $513,000,000; difference, on the side of corn, $323,000,000; a difference equal to or exceeding the total annual value of wheat in 10 out of the last 20 years.

But this enormous value and importance of our corn crop is mainly for ourselves alone. We sell corn to other nations; but not much—not to any important extent. We use corn for human food, and almost all Europe does not. Some corn is used for food in Northeastern Italy, but it is grown there. But in almost all Europe corn—meaning our India maize—is regarded as a proper food for animals, and not for human beings. Last year we exported only 10 per cent. of our corn crop, and 4 per cent. of our wheat crop. The American Banker thinks that this is remarkable, in view of the fact that we grow about three-fourths of all the corn grown in the world. But it is not remarkable at all when one remembers that the European man seldom eats corn: and that, when he does by some rare chance eat it, he almost invariably dislikes it.

Wheat is our selling crop to other nations. So long as we have wheat to sell we shall do business with Europe; and if half the reports of small crops this Summer in Europe are true, we may sell more wheat to Europe during the next twelve months than ever before. There is no doubt that we shall have the wheat to sell. It is officially reported that we have 440,000,000 bushels of good Winter wheat already safely harvested. On July 1 there was a Spring wheat crop in sight of 291,000,000. Together that would make a crop of 731,000,000 bushels, or 120,000,000 bushels more than we have ever raised before. That leaves a good big margin for bad weather and other contingencies without furnishing any ground for solicitude. Twenty millions of bushels, thirty millions, fifty millions, could drop out of the calculation, and still leave us, as a nation, "well fixed."

While the talk about injury to the corn crop by lack of rains has had an effect on the stock market when the crop is harvested it will prove equal to every demand. American farmers have never suffered materially from scarcity of corn.

SENECA COUNTY.

A Sailing Party's Narrow Escape from Drowning—Other Notes of Interest.

SENECA FALLS, July 30.—During the afternoon Sunday, John Beckwith, who owns a sailboat, took a party of two gentlemen and two ladies out on the lake. On the return, when about a quarter of a mile from shore, the boat was struck by a squall, capsized, and the whole party were thrown into the water. The accident was witnessed by hundreds of people on the shore who were watching the craft, and willing hands soon manned a number of boats which went to their rescue, and all were brought safely to land, the ladies being in an exhausted condition. It was a narrow escape.

Frank W. Owen and wife, of New York, are spending a week in town visiting friends.

A heavy shower passed over this place Sunday evening and again last evening without, however, cooling the air to any great extent.

J. T. Miller is putting down a new kind of cement walk in front of his new block at the corner of Fall and Mynderse streets. It is a jet black in color, the claim made is that it is harder and more durable than the ordinary cement walk.

Cayuga Notes.

CAYUGA, N. Y., July 30.—Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Porter, Miss Josephine Porter and Miss Jennie D. Griffin drove to Auburn yesterday and returned via the Clark street road, stopping at Mr. Porter's farm on the River road. Just after leaving the farm for home some part of the gearing to the carriage broke and this scared the horse and it started to run taking the front wheels with it. This allowed the front of the carriage to drop down, throwing the occupants in a heap on the ground. Miss Griffin struck on her face, receiving a black eye which is rather painful. The others escaped with slight bruises and considerable mud. Miss Porter became mixed up with a basket of fresh eggs and she now says she prefers to have her eggs cooked. The carriage was quite badly damaged. The horse was caught near the lock by some young men who were fishing there.

Henry Stanley Ward has secured a position on the Clyde Times and wheeled to Clyde yesterday afternoon.

Miss Myra Shank and Miss Edith Shank, of Oakwood, are the guests of Mrs Mary Patterson in Center street.

Fred Cowles, of Cleveland, O., and Lew Cowles, of Willoughby, O., are in town.

Philip Rogers and family are the guests of Andrew Mackey.

Mrs. James Orman, of Auburn, is in town to-day.

Joseph Hamilton has traded with Watkins parties the Ada H for the Rover.

A SUIT FOR DIVORCE.

Yesterday's Syracuse Herald had the following: "Mrs. Ada T. Young, of Skaneateles, has a suit pending in the Supreme court for an absolute divorce from her husband, George F. Young, formerly of Auburn, but now of No. 359 Grove street, Paterson, N. J.

"An order has been granted by County Judge Ross in the case, allowing the summons and complaint in the case to be served upon Mr. Young by publication, as service cannot be made upon him within the State. The papers were sent to George S. Wood, sheriff of Cayuga county, for service, and returned.

"Mr. and Mrs. Young were married at Skaneateles, December 5, 1894. They have two children, a girl and a boy. Ida, the girl, was born September 5, 1896, and Roy Barber was born September 5, 1900.

"In her complaint Mrs. Young charges her husband with infidelity.

"The order of publication was granted on application of Charles R. Milford, of Skaneateles."

SENT TO THE PEN.

Says the Syracuse Herald: Robert Lawnmower, brought back from Auburn on a warrant sworn out by Mary Bilba, of 400 Marcellus street, who charges him with defrauding her of a board bill of $9, was sentenced in Police court yesterday afternoon to 60 days in the penitentiary. There were also charges of $1.60 against him."

MACCABEE MOONLIGHT EXCURSION.

Under auspices of Skaneateles Tent, No. 390, K. O. T. M., Wednesday, July 31, 1901, on Skaneateles lake. Maiden trip of new steamer, City of Syracuse. Music by Mandolin club; refreshments. Boat leaves dock at 7:30, returning in time for 11:15 Inter-Urban car for Auburn. Public cordially invited.

HE SHOT TO KILL

George E. Seibert, Hackman, Murdered by Jas. Gallagher, Horseman.

HE LIVED BUT AN HOUR

Tragedy Occurred in a Bar Room and There Was But One Witness.

Fred Leader, Who Was in Charge of the Place of William J. White at No. 16 State Street, Was the Only Man in the Room Besides Gallagher and His Victim at the Time of the Shooting—Two Shots Were Fired from a 32 Calibre Revolver, One of Which Did No More Harm Than to Break a Window, While the Other Entered Seibert's Head Just Back of His Right Ear—He Was Removed to the Hospital and Placed on the Operating Table Where He Died at 12:02 This Morning. Gallagher Surrendered Himself After the Shooting—The Details of the Tragedy and Some of the Causes Assigned.

The most sensational tragedy that has shocked this community in some time was enacted in the cafe of William J. White, No. 16 State street, last evening, and as the result of it one of the principals has given up his life while the other is held a prisoner. The victim was George E. Seibert, of No. 21 Seymour street. His assailant is James G. Gallagher, of this city, a well known follower of harness races throughout the State.

From things that transpired previous to the tragedy it would seem that Seibert's end was the result of a feud. Bad blood had existed between the two for some time past, starting over a trivial affair and increasing in intensity of feeling until the climax was reached in which one of the pair was called upon to give up his life at the hands of the other.

Little conversation passed between the two men at their last meeting which ended in the killing—a question by Gallagher, a "What's that?" from his victim, the repetition of the question, the short scuffle, the shots, two of them, and it was over. But in the brief exchange of words enough developed to show that Gallagher was nettled at Seibert.

"Have you got good evidence of what you are telling about me?"—this much from Gallagher bears out the statement.

It was the second shot that did the business, Seibert succeeding in evading the first. The second had to be effective if the job were to be done at all for there were but two cartridges in the revolver which Gallagher carried. The bullet entered the left side of Seibert's skull, back of the ear and at the base of the skull, traveling crosswise and with a tendency upward.

Seibert fell backward unconscious. Physicians were summoned and a call was sent for the ambulance, Seibert being removed to the hospital where he died at 12:02 o'clock, about an hour after the shooting.

Immediately after the shooting Gallagher gave himself up to the police and he was locked up at the City hall. The story he told there differs somewhat from that given by the only eye witness to the affair, Frederick D. Leader, the bartender. In his account Gallagher pleads self-defense and to bear him out in this to some extent at least is the fact that a pocket nail cleaner with one sharp edge was found underneath Seibert on the floor.

The Start of the Trouble.

The trouble between this pair dates back for some weeks. Gallagher for several years past has made his home when in the city with Cordelia Moulton, who conducts the well known house at No. 196 State street, and he has had more or less to do with the management of affairs there in the past. Seibert was a hack driver and he did most of the carriage work for the place. Both men were well known. In his capacity Seibert had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with the inmates of the Moulton house and was there frequently.

As near as can be ascertained Seibert, some weeks ago, induced an inmate of of the Moulton house to leave that place. This created an unfriendly feeling on the part of Gallagher and the Moulton woman toward Seibert. Subsequent to this and some two weeks ago an apparently friendly argument sprung up between the two as to their respective abilities in the art of wrestling. They were in bar a room at the time with two or three acquaintances. Seibert made the remark that a few years ago he wasn't afraid to tackle anybody in a wrestling bout and Gallagher followed up the statement with the remark that if he had a week's training he believed he could do himself proud at the game. One of the listeners present said that they ought to have a match. Seibert's back stood out in the street and all got in and drove to the fair grounds where the two principals took off their clothes, stripping down to their trousers, and squared away. According to one of the eye-witnesses, Seibert, in backing up, tripped and fell and the match ended. According to Gallagher's story he caught Seibert by the shoulders and pulled him forward, Seibert falling on his face. Anyway the bout ended here and the party returned up-town.

Since that time, so it is stated, Gallagher has been telling about his victory and his story of the affair got into print. This aroused Seibert who made emphatic denial that he had been worsted. Seibert, in turn, it is said, on two or three occasions and in public places, had made derogatory statements about Gallagher, referring to him in most uncomplimentary terms. Matters became more complicated still between the two last evening when, according to one story, one of the inmates of the Moulton house, who had been acting as housekeeper for the place "held out" $10 and another girl was put in her place by Miss Moulton and Gallagher. This aroused the other inmates and they struck, quitting the place. They were taken by Seibert in the latter's hack to the Windsor house and from there to the hotel, Seibert returning to the Moulton house where he secured the inmates' trunks. While in the house, Miss Moulton said, Seibert made some remarks that were not at all complimentary.

Later in the evening Gallagher started out from the house, according to Miss Moulton, with the statement that he was going to look for Seibert. She also stated that he had no revolver in his possession when he left the house. It developed that he borrowed the weapon of James H. Gaynor.

A week ago last Saturday Gallagher purchased a number of cows in the Southern part of the county. He intended to go to Albany to the races yesterday but instead he sent his men from the farm in Fleming after the cows and he remained home to look after the farm.

The Final Meeting.

Then the story comes down to the events immediately preceding the tragedy. Just before 11 o'clock last evening Mr. White stood in the dining room entrance to his place in State street when Seibert drove up, stopped and entered the place. A short time thereafter Gallagher came walking up the street at a brisk pace.

As he passed by Mr. White the latter said: "You must be sweating?"

"Yes, it is pretty hot," came the reply from Gallagher.

The latter entered the front door leading to the bar room. From this point on during the actual commission of the deed Bar Tender Leader is the only person qualified to rehearse the details. He was alone in the bar room when Seibert came in and he gives the following story of what transpired:

"It was about 11 o'clock and I was in the bar room alone when Seibert came in. He called for a glass of ginger ale and cider. He asked where Mr. White was, appearing to be a trifle nervous, and I told him that Mr. White was busy but I would call him. Seibert said, 'O never mind.' This was the first time he had been in during the evening from the time I went on duty at 8:30 o'clock and the one drink was all he had. Seibert had not been in the place to exceed five minutes and I was washing his glass when Gallagher came in. He looked a little pale. Seibert was on his way out and the men met in the middle of the floor. Gallagher said, 'Good evening, George' and as he passed by he asked, 'Have you got good evidence of what you are telling about me?'

"'What's that?' asked Seibert in reply and Gallagher repeated the question. I was still busy washing the glass and I didn't pay much attention to the two men. The first thing I noticed they were clinched and Gallagher fired, Seibert dodging his head just in time to avoid the bullet. I started around the end of the bar and I called 'don't Jim' twice. No words passed between them during the struggle and I did not see the revolver in Gallagher's hand until after he had fired the first shot. I saw nothing whatever in Seibert's hand. As the two men struggled, which was brief, they changed positions and Gallagher fired the second shot, Seibert falling backward in the doorway leading to the room in the rear of the barroom, with his head toward the entrance to the dining room. Gallagher turned around immediately and left the place without saying a word."

Mr. White knew that the two men bore each other ill will and in the morning he stopped a threatened fracas between them when they were in front of the place. When he heard the first shot he started for the front door. Just at the entrance door he met Gallagher coming out, revolver in hand.

Gallagher Asked For a Policeman.

"Where's a policeman?" asked Gallagher and Mr. White, without replying, demanded: "Here, Jim, give me that."

Gallagher turned over the revolver without a word and walked hastily down the street. He went immediately to Gaynor's saloon where he met the proprietor and, catching him by the arm, he said: "I've shot Seibert and I guess I've killed him."

Then he left the place and walked through Dill street. Word had already been sent to police headquarters and Officer Callanan had started for the scene. He met Gallagher at the corner of North and Water streets and Gallagher stopped him with this remark: "You needn't go any further; I guess I'm the man you are looking for."

"What's the matter?" asked the officer.

"I've shot George Seibert," replied Gallagher.

The officer conducted him to the City hall where he was locked up.

When Seibert fell and Gallagher had left the place Leader dragged the prostrate form into the rear room. Messengers were sent to the offices of Dr. M. P. Conway and Dr. F. E. O'Brien and they were soon on the scene. They worked over the unfortunate man, although it was easily seen that the wound was mortal. The ambulance was summoned but there was a long delay before it arrived, fully 35 or 40 minutes, long enough anyway for a badly wounded man to die even if there was a chance to save his life if immediate surgical attention could be given him. When it finally did arrive Seibert, who was unconscious but groaning was placed therein and taken to the City hospital where he was placed on the operating table. Despite the efforts of Drs. Conway and O'Brien the man's strength gradually failed and he died on the operating table at two minutes past 12 o'clock.

Gallagher Claims Self-Defense.

Gallagher was seen in his cell at the City hall by a BULLETIN reporter about 12:45 o'clock this morning. He had been visited by others previous to this and although he appeared nervous to them he had calmed considerably when the reporter interviewed him. Of his friends he asked how "poor George" was and appeared to be very sorry. When told that Seibert was dead he quieted considerably.

He called for a drink of water and after Officer Holmes had given it to him he told his story of the affair, talking in broken sentences.

"Hello," he said quietly, "well you see what the result of our little wrestling match has been. It's all the outcome of that. It hurt George and he was continually talking about it. It was on his mind all the time."

Continuing, he said: "When I went into White's Seibert was there and I spoke to him and he came at me, having in his hand what I supposed was a knife. He plunged it at me. I kept backing away, finally drawing the revolver in self-defense. The first shot I fired high to scare him but he kept on coming and I struck at him with the revolver. I think I hit him on the right side of the head and the gun exploded, Seibert fell and I left the place."

"Do you always carry a revolver?" asked the reporter.

"Only nights when I walk out to the farm," he replied.

Recorder Kent and District Attorney Dayton were both summoned from their homes and they reached the City hall before 1 o'clock. Fred Leader, the eye-witness, was also summoned and he made his deposition first to District Attorney Dayton and Captain Birdsall and later to Recorder Kent, telling the story of the affair as given above.

The recorder and district attorney worked on the case until after daylight this morning and they unraveled this story of the preliminary transactions leading up to the tragedy.

Where Last Night's Row Started.

About 10 o'clock last evening Seibert drove to the Moulton house for the purpose of getting Josephine St. Denis and Alice Davis, two of the inmates. While in the house he became involved in an argument with Cordelia B. Moulton, the proprietor, and she told him to get out, or she would club him. Seibert was abusive about Gallagher, who was not present, charging him with unnatural practices and then he left with the two inmates and their baggage. A short time after Gallagher reached the Moulton house and Miss Moulton told him what Seibert had said about him and according to her deposition said to him: "If you don't 'lick' him you ain't half a man and you're no friend of mine."

"I'll make him take that back," said

CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.

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Tuesday, July 30, at 8 p. m.

The session will meet in the Ladies' Parlor of the church all those intending to unite with the church either by confession or by letter.

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1 case Ladies' Lisle Swiss Vests at 25c, worth 39c
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250 dozen Ladies' Fancy White Handkerchiefs at 12 1-2c
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