

MICHAEL D. HARTER DIES A SUICIDE.

An Ohio Ex-Congressman Fires a Bullet into His Brain.

He Was Found Dead in Bed, with Both Hands Clutching a Revolver.

Members of the Family at a Loss to Account for the Deed.

WAS A SUFFERER FROM INSOMNIA.

It is Whisped at Canton That the Financial Condition of His Many Business Enterprises Was Not as Sound as Some People Believed.

Fostoria, O., Feb. 22.—The city was thrown into a fever of excitement at noon today by the announcement that Hon. Michael D. Harter committed suicide at the home of Mr. S. Knapp, superintendent of the Grain Storage Company.

The first that was known upon the street of the affair was about 11 o'clock this morning, when a telephone call summoned Dr. Williams to the Knapp residence, on West Fifth street. The news spread like wildfire, and it was less than an hour that the whole town had been apprised, through one channel or another of the whole affair.

Mr. Harter came here from Philadelphia last Wednesday connected with the Milling Company, and was in the best of spirits, only complaining now and then of insomnia, and especially yesterday of dreadful pains in his head. He was in company with Colonel Brown last evening, and took supper at the Presbyterian Church. When he came to the Knapp residence, where he has been staying since his arrival here, he told Mrs. Knapp that he did not wish to be called in the morning, as he intended to try and get some sleep. His wish was observed, and he was not called until near the hour for dinner today, when Mr. Knapp knocked at his door. Getting no reply Mr. Knapp entered the room.

Mr. Harter laid in the bed, slightly on his left side, with his head turned so that the right temple was well exposed to view. A bullet from a .32-caliber revolver had been fired through the right temple and death must have been instantaneous, as his position when discovered was as peaceful as if he had been sleeping. The coverlets had been turned down carefully and the rest of the bed except where he had been lying had not been disturbed in the least. The weapon had been held at his head with both hands, the right hand holding the butt of the revolver, while the left held the barrel. After firing the shot his hands had fallen to his breast, still clutching the gun. His hands were powder burned and the wound had bled but little. Mr. Harter had disarranged his garments as if he expected to don them as usual in the morning, and was reclining in his night

Congress from the Fifteenth Congressional District. He was president of the Harter Milling Company, and on account of his death the mill is shut down. The employees had the deepest regard for the man, and he was their friend. He was a good man, loyal and true, and was looked up to by every one in his native city and wherever he made his home for the time being, as a model, upright person.

Corner Lepper arrived this afternoon and went immediately to the Knapp residence, where he held an examination and decided that the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot fired through his right temple, probably in a fit of temporary insanity. The letter addressed to his wife was read and it was found that part of it had been written February 20 and some added yesterday. There was not a word that refers to it. A telegram, dated this morning, was also found requesting that his wife see that his life insurance assessments were paid. There is no belief whatever that financial difficulties had anything to do with his untimely death, as all the institutions with which he has been connected were prospering.

Michael D. Harter was the son of Isaac Harter, a prominent merchant of Canton, Ohio. He was born at Canton April 10, 1846.

After a public school education Harter, at an early age, went into the dry goods business and subsequently became a banker and manufacturer.

At the age of twenty-three he was made treasurer and manager of the Aultman & Taylor Company, and in 1869 moved to Mansfield, Ohio, to manage the manufacturing of the company.

He cast his first vote in 1865 for General Grant, but soon afterwards became a Democrat of extreme views.

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TYPES OF DOGS THAT DIFFERENT TYPES OF WOMEN ADMIRE.



puppy to Miss Crawford for \$150. These three dogs were black, curly poodles. John A. Sheppard, of New York, paid \$150 for Moequo, a dachshund puppy, which he bought of the Venio Farm Kennels, Dr. Hill, of Dresden, Germany, bought from Dr. Longest, of Boston, a member of the Mastiff Club Cup, Mayflower, the Mastiff puppy.

At a meeting of the Pointer Club, held last night, the following officers were elected: President, George J. Gould; vice-president, James L. Anthony; secretary, Fred S. Webster; treasurer, C. F. Lewis; Board of Governors—Woodruff Sutton, A. C. Pickhardt, John S. Wise, James Mortimer and Dr. J. H. Daniels.

In regard to the disqualification of the bull terrier bitch Merie Goddess, winner in class No. 43, Westworth, from the membership in the following statement yesterday: A protest was laid against the bitch in question on the grounds that she was deaf. She was examined by Dr. Glover, the club's veterinarian, and the protest sustained. Merie Goddess has been protested in England on similar grounds, but the protest was not sustained there. In the event of the disqualification being sustained by the American Kennel Club, the bitch having won second prize will be moved to first, but no alteration of the awards will be made until the decision of the American Kennel Club has been reached. In the event of the protest being sustained, Mr. Frank F. Dole's Queen Hill Empress will win first prize.

The Metropolitan Kennel Club entertained the exhibitors throughout the week at their parlors, No. 43 Madison avenue. It became the headquarters for the dogmen, both out of town and in the city. The object of the club is to establish a social dog club in the city, with a public reference library, the need of which is greatly felt, and to hold a public library of reference for dog matters in this country. They elected about fifteen members at the last meeting and the membership is now between forty and fifty. The president of the club is Dr. H. T. Foote, and the secretary Mr. E. M. Oldham. The annual meeting of the English Bloodhound Club was held yesterday afternoon and the following officers were elected: President, J. N. Winchell; vice-president, C. A. Longest; secretary and treasurer, Charles H. Inis; delegate to the American Kennel Club, Dr. A. R. Stahl; judges, Mr. James Mortimer, Dr. Stahl and Dr. Longest. The annual meeting of the Mastiff Club was held late yesterday afternoon and the following officers were elected: President, Dr. Richard H. Derby; vice-president, John Stevenson; secretary, Herbert Moad; delegate to the American Kennel Club, John Stevenson; judges, Dr. Derby, Dr. James Mortimer, Dr. Longest and Mr. J. S. Winslow.

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GRAMOPHONE

Latest and most remarkable of the inventions of

EMILE BERLINER.

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Rendered with marvellous accuracy and distinctness, and with a purity of tone entirely free from the metallic quality so noticeable in other and more expensive reproducers.

Simply beyond belief. No battery—no electricity. The "records" indestructible. A child can operate the Gramophone. Hundreds can hear it simultaneously. Unquestionably superior in all respects to any other of the Talking Machines, and is sold for about ONE-EIGHTH their price!

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Brentano's

FICTION SALE. We continue for this week our Special Sale of Standard and Popular Novels, by leading writers, at five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five and thirty-three cents, being from 33 1-3 to 75 per cent below publishers' prices.

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Brentano's

Broadway & 16th Street (Union Square),

BILL NYE PASSES AWAY IN PEACE.

Continued from First Page.

of undergoing so severe a strain. It was against Dr. Hilliard's protest that he undertook the tour.

Mr. Nye's mother did not reach Asheville. It is understood that her age prevented her from coming.

Mr. Nye will be buried at Calvary Church, eight miles from Asheville, at 12 o'clock Tuesday, February 23.

Edgar Wilson Nye was born August 26, 1850, in Ehrlezy, Piscataquis County, Me. His father was a farmer, but was hardly able to make a living from the rocky soil of Maine, and in 1862 went West in the hope of finding a fortune. The family settled in St. Croix Valley, Wis., then on the frontier. Bill Nye first went to a little district school, and was then sent to River Falls, Wis., where he received an academic education.

Nye wanted to be a lawyer, and from school drifted to Chippewa Falls, where he got a position as office boy for the firm of Jenkins & Jenkins, the senior member of which is now a United States Judge. Nye's duties were to sweep out the office, look after the fires and act generally as janitor. When not busy with this work he was allowed to read all the law books he wanted to. It is of this reading that he afterward wrote:

I could read the same passage to-day that I did yesterday and it would seem as ready as the second reading as it did at the first. On the following day I could read it again and it would seem as new and mysterious as it did on the preceding day.

He continued in this work until the Fall of 1875, when he got uneasy. His pay was barely enough to buy food with, and he slept on a lounge in the office. He decided that the law was not a success, so far as he was concerned, and began to look for other work. He found it in the position of school teacher in Polk County, Wis., at a salary of \$50 a month.

The next move he made was a year later, when John J. Jenkins, in whose law office he had been, was made United States District Attorney for the Territory of Wyoming by President Grant. Mr. Jenkins had hardly settled himself in Cheyenne when Nye appeared and asked for work of some kind. He explained that he had proved himself no better as a school teacher than he had

been a law student. Mr. Jenkins got him into a law office in Laramie, then a place of 5,000 inhabitants. There Nye renewed his study of law and was finally admitted to the bar. During a political upheaval he was chosen a Justice of the Peace. In looking back at this time he has written:

It was really pathetic to see the poor little miserable booth where I sat and waited with numb fingers for business. But I did not see the pathos which clung to every cobweb and declined the rattling easement. Possibly I did not know enough. I forgot to say the officer was not a satisfied one, but solely dependent upon fees. So while I was called Judge Nye and frequently mentioned in the papers with consideration, I was out of coal half the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage.

Nye had much time on his hands and wrote a weekly letter to the Cheyenne Sun, for which he was paid at the rate of \$1 a column. In one of his humorous autobiographical sketches Nye says that the sum received from his newspaper work amounted to nearly \$90 a year, and so dowered his returns from his law practice that he decided to take up newspaper work, and applied for a chance on the Laramie Sentinel. The editor of this paper was glad to get an assistant, even if he was inexperienced, and Nye was installed.

It was in the Sentinel that Nye's quaint humor first showed itself, and he was soon editor-in-chief. Of this period of his life he has written that

The salary was small, but the latitude was great and I was permitted to write anything that I thought would please the people, whether it was news or not. By and by I had won every heart by my patient poverty and my delightful passion with regard to facts. With a hectic imagination and an order on a restaurant which advertised in the paper I scarcely cared through the living day whether school kept or not.

While Nye was making a success in the journalistic field a wrangle among the local politicians over the post office was at its height. Nye, being an ardent supporter of the Republican party and having a large number of friends slipped in and secured the position of postmaster. He held it for a number of years and resigned during the first administration of President Cleveland. His letter of resignation was what first made him known to the country at large. In this he resigned the office in his own quaint language and closed it by telling the Washington authorities where they could find the key. This letter was widely printed and was taken in all seriousness by the London Telegraph, which made a lengthy editorial comment upon the primitive condition of affairs in American official life.

Mr. Riley recently wrote the following sonnet:

O William, in thy blithe companionship What liberty is mine—what sweet release From clamorous strife, and yet, what bolsterous noise!

Ho! ho! it is thy fancy's drier-tip That dints the simple row, and links the lip That scarce may sing in all this glad increase Of ornament! So, pray thee, do not cease To cheer me thus, for underneath the quip Of thy droll sarcasm the wringing fret Of all distress is still, no syllable Or sorrow vexeth me, no tear drops wet.

My teeming lids, save those that weep to tell Thee, thou art a guest that oversteereth yet Only because thou lookest overwell.

Wyoming Grieves Over His Death. Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 22.—The people of Laramie and Cheyenne heard the news of "Bill" Nye's death with keen regret this afternoon.

The old Boomerang, over the stable, will be draped with mourning. It was there that the gentle William made his reputation, saying that "to get to our office you go down the alley, enter the stable, twist the gray mule's tail and immediately take the elevator."

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clothes. On the dresser had been placed his hat, purse, and a letter addressed to Mrs. M. D. Harter, Philadelphia, Pa. A small paper box containing seven morphine pills of one-eighth of a grain were also found there.

It is not known at what time the deed was done, for not a shot was heard by the other occupants of the house. The report of the shot was, of course, considerably muffled by the closed room and on account of the proximity to the head that the butt of the revolver was held. Mrs. Knapp says that about 5 o'clock this morning she thinks she heard Mr. Harter moving about, and that then he went to his son Robert's room and procured the revolver, a fine Smith & Wesson of the best pattern made, and returned to his own room. That is the last known of him, until he was found at noon dead.

A circumstance that occurred yesterday may throw some light on the affair. Colonel Fowler, of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, together with S. L. Gholster, called at the Harter Mill to see Colonel Brown, who took out a policy for \$10,000. By chance Mr. Harter was met and Colonel Fowler explained a new policy for \$100,000 in the shape of a 5 per cent gold bond to Mr. Harter. The scheme deeply impressed Mr. Harter, Mr. Harter did not take the policy, but he made an inquiry. He said: "Colonel Fowler, if a man should take out a policy in your company to-day and commit suicide to-night, would the policy be paid?" He was assured that it would, and he said yesterday to Mr. Gholster: "Mr. Gholster, do you think that a man who never harmed a person in the world should commit suicide, that he would go to Heaven?" Mr. Gholster replied that he thought he would. "This goes to show that the master of suicide was weighing heavily upon his mind."

Mr. Harter has been actively engaged in business enterprises at Canton, Mansfield and Fostoria, and has been a member of

branches and tariff matters, in both of which he got a position as office boy for the firm of Jenkins & Jenkins, the senior member of which is now a United States Judge. Nye's duties were to sweep out the office, look after the fires and act generally as janitor. When not busy with this work he was allowed to read all the law books he wanted to. It is of this reading that he afterward wrote:

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Mrs. Edgar W. Nye, Widow of the Nation's Greatest Humorist. (Drawn from a photograph.)