

Why the Editor Got Licked.

A small debt of 30 cents was what set our honorable (?) county judge W. I. Warrey crazy, and he set out from Sherbrooke to Hope for the express purpose of licking the editor because his brother-in-law owed us 30 cents—and the debt has at this writing increased to 40 cents.

Here are the facts in the case. F. V. Wallace, of Page, wants his paper stopped without paying his account, and we wont do it. We sent Mr. Wallace about six weeks ago, a statement showing the small balance due us, and requested him to kindly remit the same, when we would be pleased to discontinue his paper. Instead of remitting us, he went around the house and picked up the five or six back numbers that he owes us for, and sent them to us by mail, with a one cent postage stamp, saying upon the wrapper, in writing: "I wont pay for them."

Now, for an illustration, Mr. Wallace might just as well go to one of our merchants, purchase a suit of clothes on time, put them on and wear them out, and return the fragments six months or a year later, to the merchant by mail—with a one cent postage stamp, and say in writing upon the wrapper: "I wont pay for them."

What is the difference? No difference at all—only one is clothing, and the other is newspapers. Can any senseable man blame The Pioneer for taking exceptions to such a case? The trouble with our friend Charley Park, of Sharon, is identically the same, only his account is a little larger. We trust the gentlemen will please remit the small amounts due us and we will drop them off the list. Warrey, of Sherbrooke, took up his relative's troubles and came into The Pioneer office and assaulted us from behind.

What had this Wallace trouble to do with Warrey—you may ask? And^s that is just what we want to know. It certainly is none of Warrey's business. □

About one o'clock Monday of last week, we were in the hardware store of McCollom & Merriell, when Warrey entered and immediately commenced a quarrel. His language is not fit for publication. Shortly he cooled off a little, and we came over to the office to settle the account. (It seems that Warrey is a guardian over all of his relatives.) There was no one there at the time, and no sooner had we turned our back than he delt us a heavy blow behind the right ear, that laid us out. And you know the rest—and so do we. The editor got licked—and so bau too, that we were confined to our room for more than a week, under the personal care of Dr. Philip. Those shooting pairs in the head, caused by the blow behind the ear, would lead a man to believe that Warrey's fist is as big as his feet—or else he struck us with a pile driver. We attempted at once to have him arrested for assault and battery—mostly battery—but States Attorney Murray wanted time to investigate the trouble, as Warrey had told a story of his own—differing widely from the truth. Mr. Murray did not get down until yesterday and a warrant was sworn out today for Warrey's arrest. The trial will accur later.

The report is current in Hope, that Warrey told Williams, at Sherbrooke, that if he gave him the worst of it in the Tribune, he would give him a similar dose; and if reports are true—this is not the first like cowardly assault th. Warrey has made in Steele county—a nice record for a county official.