

CRAWFORDSVILLE REVIEW.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, INDIANA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1898.

57TH YEAR.—NO 21.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

In endless variety in Gold, Silver and Art Metalware.

It will pay you to inspect our stock as it will make your selection easy. We are offering some special inducements. See our \$10 Gold Filled Watches for Ladies. Our \$3 solid sterling silver tea spoons. Our 15c solid sterling silver thimble.

Remember we engrave all goods sold free of charge.

OTTO, THE JEWELER,

111 South Washington Street.

MEDICINAL WHISKY

Doctors prescribe it in many cases and insist on their patients getting the best. You can always get it at

DRURY'S PLACE.

Where they sell nothing but the finest whiskeys made. A sample will convince you of this. No. 109 north Washington street.

JOHN DRURY.

WILL DRURY.

In Case of Fire

Ring The Towel

Before going to the fire stop and get a glass of good Cold Beer at

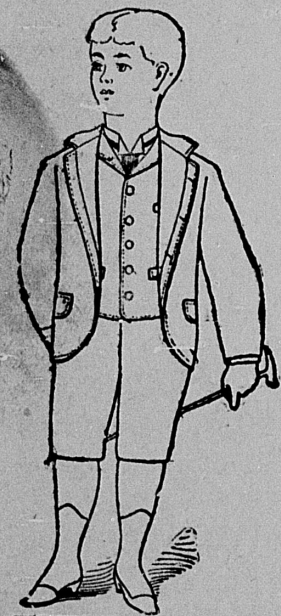
"The New Idea."

No. 126 North Green Street.

RUBEN'S

BATES : HOUSE : CLOTHING : PARLORS

60 West Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

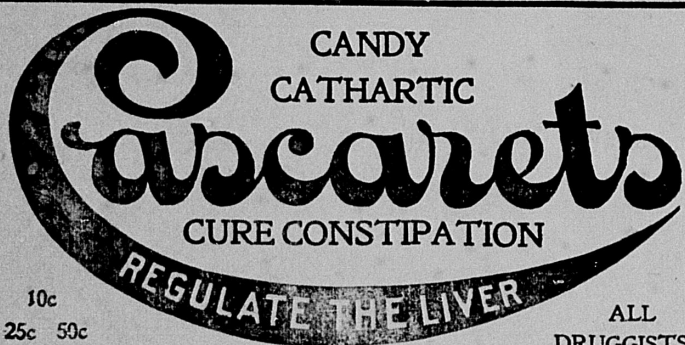


\$8.00 buys choice of 597 suits, consisting of Scotch plaids, clay diagonals, fancy cassimeres, etc. Every suit carefully tailored and elegantly trimmed.

\$10 buys choice of 357 Paddock Overcoats, made of fine all-wool Kersey cloth, raw edges, lapped seams, satin sleeve linings, Farmer satin body linings. These coats are an exceptional bargain.

\$12.50 buys choice of 479 extra fine suits, in plaid worsteds, silk mixtures, Scotch plaids, etc., many of them silk and satin lined, all French faced and finely tailored.

\$15 buys choice of 569 extra fine unfinished Overcoats, box styles, welt seams, French facings, fancy wool body linings, Skinner satin yokes and sleeve linings. See them in our west window.



Eat, Drink and Be Merry

When you come to town and feel like "taking something," with a bite to eat thrown in, don't forget

"THE LODGE."

No. 207 East Market Street.

J. S. Parsons

A PIONEER TRAGEDY

In Which a Murder Was Ascertained to Have Been Committed, But the Perpetrator of Which Was Never Known.

A Human Arm for a Club.

Early one morning of the summer of 1844, a small country lad was walking along the high ground, at the summit of what was known as the "Attica hill," directly north of the present iron bridge which spans Sugar creek. In the extreme northwest part of the city on hunt of a cow for his parents who resided near by. Picking up what he at first supposed was a club to throw at the slow moving bovine, he was astonished to find it to be a human arm with a portion of the hand attached to it. Hastening home with this gruesome encumbrance, his appearance with it immediately created a sensation in the household. Two or three near neighbors were informed of the find, and a consultation held regarding it at once. Somebody they reasoned had been badly hurt or murdered, and may be it had occurred close by. With this conclusion an investigation was determined upon. The men followed the roads of the neighborhood for some distance in various directions, also the paths leading through the woods, and were finally rewarded by finding only a short distance away from where the boy had picked up the arm, the body of a man dressed in the clothes of a laborer, and minus an arm. The clothing fitting around his breast was found to have been cut through with some sharp instrument, and on removing his coat and vest a wound from which blood had flown freely was disclosed on the left side of his breast. The wound had doubtless caused his death, and after a short time a large case knife, sharp and covered with blood, was found near by. A foul murder had been committed, and the instrument with which it had been committed it was evident was now before the excited men. The intelligence of the discovery of a murder soon reached the then village of Crawfordsville, and soon scores of people hurried across the creek to view the sight of a man murdered and speculate on matters connected with the affair. The body had been terribly mutilated by hogs, and the arm found at a distance of a dozen rods from the body, had been torn off and carried that distance by them. The excitement created was intense for some days, as much or more so probably than a similar event happening now would. It was soon ascertained that the name of the man whose life had been taken so clandestinely was Leak, who had for some time been engaged in the work of the excavation of the mill race north of town, known now as Sperry's, but then as Elston's. He was a young man and single. The next step was to ascertain the guilty individual and his method for the deed. Leak had no known enemies, had quarreled with no one, and his conduct as far as known was correct. In those early days detectives were unknown and the manner of ferreting out crimes not systematized as now. Suspicion was directed to a man named Taylor for a time, but as he worked as zealously as any to find out the author of the dark deed and had had no wrangle or trouble with Leak, this was soon abandoned. To the west of the scene of the tragedy about a fourth of a mile stood a cabin in a field, occupied by a man named Felton, a quiet unobtrusive individual, but of a determined mien, whose wife, unlike Caesar's, was not above suspicion. In delving around for clues, it was ascertained that Leak had made occasional visits to this man's home during his absence. It was thought that Felton had encountered Leak one night returning from there and killed him with the knife. There was no proof of this, however. Felton made no effort to leave the locality, and seemingly was as anxious to unravel the mystery and capture the murderer as any in the neighborhood. After a short season interest in the matter began to fade away. Felton continued to reside in his cabin, although in the minds of many he was the guilty one. No arrests were made, and time soon obliterated the affair from the memory of the residents. Felton lived for some years in the neighborhood, dying, we believe, here in town. His widow, the supposed cause of the trouble, afterwards was married to an old German, who up to only a few years ago resided in the neighborhood of the fair ground, but both of them now are dead. The tragedy is remembered particularly from the fact that it was one of the first homicides in the county, and that the guilty party, whoever he was, escaped punishment and remained forever unknown.

One day in July, 1864, Mr. Boots was granted a short furlough, from sickness, and took the train at Bridgeport, Ala., for Nashville. Getting into a box car in which were a few plank seats, his fellow passengers were three beautiful young ladies, sisters, guarded by a soldier with a Winchester, who was taking them to the Nashville penitentiary. Their lady like appearance, refinement of manner, and at the same time sad and humiliating countenances at once attracted his attention. Just after he was seated one of them remarked to the domineering individual with the rifle, who seemed to aim to inspire and awe the women with his importance: "You one hundred day's men have not the courage nor sense enough to kill a rebel." The remark at once interested Boots, and drawing close to them, and posing as a Confederate soldier, he at once asked them the trouble and why they were there. Their names he ascertained was McFadden, and their homes Kingston, Ga. One of them at once replied that they had been arrested as spies for the Confederate army and were being taken to prison, and between the outbreaks of grief with which she was filled, said:

"We are not spies nor do we want to be. But you know our father is a colonel in the Confederate army, and our two brothers were in his regiment. On the night of July 7th my father and two brothers crossed the river, the Etowa or Chatahoochee, I have forgotten the name. As I said, my father and brothers felt sure that their army would leave at once for the further South, and of course he wished while so close to come home once more and did during the night, but they did not leave for several days. So we girls concluded to cross the river and see them on the day named. And Oh, what a trial. We went down the river some distance and then took our clothing off and tried them on our heads and proceeded to wade the wide shallow river. We had scarcely crossed half way when those horrid Yankees began firing on us, and it seemed that they would kill us, and running down to the waters edge ordered us to come out of the water or they would surely kill us. We were almost frightened to death. They would not let us dress until we came clear out of the water. Oh dear, it makes me sick when I think how cruel they were. We soon dressed and they marched us off to headquarters, and we are now on our way to Nashville Tenn., there to be put in the penitentiary. Oh, aint this awful."

Convinced that the words of the woman were true, that they had simply aimed to call on their father and brothers while they were so near their old home, that there was nothing contraband nor secret in their aiming to cross the river to the camp of the Confederates, Boots at once began to interest himself in their behalf, with the object of having them returned home as soon as possible. Arriving at Nashville, he had the prisoners held in the waiting room of the depot, after which he repaired to the quarters of Gen. Mitchell, in command at Nashville at that time. The facts were stated to him by Boots regarding the arrest of the women. Mitchell immediately issued an order releasing them and returning them to their homes.

In 1882 Boots made a short tour through the South, and Kingston being en route he stopped there for a few hours. Making some inquiries regarding the McFadden family he ascertained that a lady just boarding the car at the same time he was, bore that name.

Sheriff Canine took Henry Courtney, the young colored boy who robbed the home of Mrs. M. E. Steele, to the Jeffersonville penitentiary Monday.

A VETERAN'S STORY

IN WHICH THREE SOUTHERN WOMEN ARRESTED AS SPIES, WERE RESCUED WHILE EN ROUTE TO THE PENITENTIARY THROUGH HIS INTERVENTION.

Seventeen Years Afterwards He Is Recognized By One of Them and Thanked Many Times Over for His Kindness.

James Boots, of this city, served his country as a soldier for three years in the 20th Indiana Battery. The battery held a re-union, the other day, at the residence of Mort Litter, and out of the 156 men originally composing it, only about a dozen men were on hand. Death, the grim reaper, has gathered in probably two-thirds of the men who formed it, while the remaining third being generally widely scattered. In a very few years there will be no soldiers' reunions from the absence by death of all those who were in the war and are called annually together to talk over the camp, the march, and the battles of the years now hastening away. It will soon be all history with no survivors to relate the scenes of those dark days.

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BEFORE . . .

You make your Holiday purchases don't fail to call and look through the beautiful line of

Silver Novelties

Rings, Stick Pins, Watches, Chains, Charms, Pens and Holders, Kodaks (that are good), best Silver Plated Knives and Forks at \$3.50 dozen.

M. C. KLINE.

Call and look through whether you wish to buy or not. See our prices, they are low.

He spoke to her and learned at once that she was one of the three sisters arrested in 1864 and taken to Nashville as a spy. She was surprised to know that it was a "Yankee" soldier that had interested himself in behalf of her and her sisters, and that he was then before her, and whom she soon recognized after he stated many of the facts in the arrest and transportation to Nashville. Regarding her sister, who had done the talking and so strongly denounced the Yankees when they were at the mercy of the Federal soldiers, she had afterwards, burning with revenge for her treatment, donned the clothing of a man, enlisted in the Confederate army, and was shot dead in a quarrel with a comrade. The lady in recounting the facts of their arrest seemed much pleased in again after the war was over to have a talk with the man whose intervention had liberated her, and had very much changed her opinions regarding "Yankee" soldiers.

COURT NEWS.

Estate of R. P. Fowler vs. Vandalia R. R. Co. Complaint. Motion for new trial overruled and appeal to Supreme Court taken.

J. L. Shrum et al. vs. commissioners of Montgomery county. Appeal. Plaintiffs file motion for new trial.

J. M. Waugh vs. Virginia McLane et al. Complaint. Dismissed.

New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co. vs. Indiana Natural and Illuminating Gas Co. and Pat Slattery. Complaint. Judgment rendered on jury's verdict for \$470.16.

J. H. Shrader vs. M. E. Shrader et al. Complaint. Finding for defendants.

L. A. Foote and W. W. Morgan are appointed jury commissioners for the ensuing year.

Estate of Margaret Grimes vs. estate of Benj. N. Grimes. Claim. Plaintiff allowed \$320.

Joseph H. Airhart vs. Minnie M. Airhart. Commissioners' report of partition is made and approved.

Much Fiction.

A very pretty story is going the rounds about Wm. J. Cord, an old school teacher of Coal Creek township, thrashing one Wallace Mitchell, a stout rugged young man, who was a former pupil of his. The account further says that although 75 years of age, Cord easily threw the fellow down on the floor and held him until he bawled lustily for help, etc. It all sounds very romantic, but is probably much mixed up with fiction. Cord is not anywhere near 75 years of age, besides being small in stature and frail, and unless Mitchell is somewhat delicate physically the highly wrought affair did not occur.

Death of Hellie Haas.

Miss Hellie Haas, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Georgea Haas, died in Russiaville, where she was residing, on Christmas morning of pneumonia. The remains were brought to this city, and the funeral occurred from the residence of Joseph Grimes, on west Wabash avenue Monday morning at 10 o'clock. Revs. Brombaugh and Davis officiating. The deceased was a young lady of beautiful character, kind, gentle and a conscientious Christian, and leaves a host of friends to mourn her untimely death.

Hurt In a Runaway.

Last Saturday morning Mrs. John McIntire, living three miles north of the city, met with a serious accident. The lady with her three children were coming to town in a bobsled and when near the valley gulch, took fright and ran away, overturning the sled and throwing the occupants out. Mrs. McIntire sustained a broken arm and nose and was otherwise injured, while the children escaped with but slight scratches.

NOVELTY IN BRIDGES.

UNIQUE STRUCTURE ACROSS THE BUFFALO RIVER.

Folds, Lifts and Closes—Works Like a Charm, and Is Worthwhile of a Visit to the City to See It—Called Bascule Bridge.

BUFFALO has a new bridge. It lifts and folds, and is a source of wonder to those who see it. It is called the bascule or jackknife bridge, and spans the river at Michigan street. It is the only bridge of its kind in the

world, says the Buffalo Express, and was designed by John Guist, of Milwaukee, Wis., and appears to have all the qualities of easy operating, width of span, clear channel, durability and moderate cost. It is built of structural steel, and with good care ought to last fifty years. Its total length is 280 feet, and 500 tons of steel were swallowed up in its construction. There is a double roadway, twenty-two feet in width, with sidewalks six feet wide on each side of the structure. Work began on February 15 last, and the bridge was thrown open to traffic on June 20. The cost of the bridge was \$33,700.

The bridge is in two spans, each being seventy-six feet long. They are carried by two steel towers on either side of the canal. These towers are eighty feet high and contain the lifting machinery. When the spans are lifted they rise almost parallel with the perpendicular towers. Each span is hinged at the base of the towers and operated separately. There is a seventy-five horse power Kriebel engine in each elevated power house, which operates a chain and sprocket gearing attached to an immense and very powerful screw. This screw is fifteen feet long and six inches in diameter. It is stationary in the tower and extends to the upper angle of the nearest truss, passing through it at an angle of forty-five degrees, just enough to give it plenty of "purchase." Each revolution of the great screw draws the span inward and upward, precisely as a jackknife is closed. As soon as the weight of the span is removed from the live load tie bars which sustain it when down, it is taken up completely by monstrous counter-balances at the top of the tower, which work on a very steep incline and weigh thirty-five tons apiece, or 140 tons in all. Steel wire cables, one and a half inches in diameter, connect the spans with the counter-weights over an ingenious system of "sheaves," and the cables are also ingeniously controlled, so that the strain is always equal on each. The long hinged zigzag steel bars which unite the middle of the towers with the span fold up as the bridge is elevated, and unfold to assume the weights of the structure as soon as the spans settle and meet in the center. Simply stated, the bridge is lifted by the engines, the weight being taken off the engines by the counter-weights almost as soon as the span begins to rise. If the engine should give out there would be no harm done. The spans would be supported by the cables and could be raised or lowered by hand power from below.

The engineers claim it was a wonderful mechanical achievement to find the precise curve for the track on which the counter-weights travel. These enormously heavy cylinders are at the top of the towers when the bridge is down. When it is raised they roll down on tracks, pulling at the cables and almost wholly supporting the rising structure. When the strain is first put on the cables the counter-weights roll, or rather drop, down a track that is nearly vertical. As the span rises the strain is reduced and the vertical track gives way for a curve on which the exact balance was ascertained only after long experiment.

Special bargains in our 10 cent department at the 99 cent store.