

GROVER IS THE VICTOR.

Our Own Glorious Democracy Triumphant.

TARIFF ROBBERS ARE SEVERELY REBUKED.

A Significant Victory for the People Won by the People.

THE PARTY OF JEFFERSON ONCE MORE SUPREME.

American Workingmen Will No Longer Bow to Protected Monopolists.

CLASS LEGISLATION IS DOOMED TO EXTIRPATION.

Fruits of the Ominous Ante-Election Stillness Have Been Made Known.

VERSATILE TIN-PLATE LIARS NOW OUT OF A JOB.

Cleveland and Stevenson, Vindicators of the People's Cause, Are the Nation's Exalted.

The Dreams of the Dawn of Democracy's Day Have Been Realized.



No more force bills.
No perpetual war taxes.
No more minority rule.
No more billion-dollarism.
No more bumptious diplomacy.
No everlasting tariff for monopolies only.
No more bounties or subsidies to favored classes.

We have won. Cleveland and Stevenson are victorious and Democracy, our own glorious Democracy, is triumphant. The people, the plain working people who reap but that which they have sown—and that only after the tax-gatherer has made his liberal deductions for the use of the tariff-fed millionaires—have again come into their own. For the second time in thirty-two years the Democratic party has triumphed over the allied forces of plutocracy and political corruption. Politically this country is ours. Let Democrats everywhere rejoice!

It means much to have a Democratic Vice President ruling over the sessions of the United States Senate, but the victory is chiefly significant when considered with deference to the platform upon which it has been won.

Never was the fundamental difference between the two great parties more clearly put in issue. "We denounce Republican protection as a fraud; the labor of the great majority of the American people for the benefit of the few," declared the Democrats assembled in convention at Chicago. "We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the federal government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purposes of revenue only—and we demand that the collection of such taxes shall be limited to the necessities of government when honestly and economically administered."

The battle was fought and won upon the issue of tariff for revenue only. The gauntlet was thrown down to McKinley, Carnegie, the champions of wealth, of vested "rights"—which are often vested wrongs. They responded by pouring money extorted from despoiled consumers and underpaid workmen into the Republican campaign fund. The three big safes in Chairman Carter's office were crammed to repletion. We of this State know something of how that gold flowed in slimy streams, corrupting whatever it touched. We have seen the procession of so-called independent newspapers, with editors destitute equally of conscience, convictions, and cash, sneak, shamefacedly, into the Republican ranks. Just for a handful of silver they left us; just for a ribbon to wear in their coats. They have the silver, we the victory.

It has been said that the campaign was dull, that there was a lack of brass band enthusiasm and marching

club oratory. And the wisecracks have dolorously prophesied that this portended Democratic defeat. They know better now. The fact is that there never was a campaign in which there was more thinking and less shouting. There was never a campaign in which the arts of the professional campaigner counted for so little. Notable factors these in the Democratic triumph, for the professional campaigner has been on the side of the heaviest money bags, while the men who did the thinking went to the polls with Democratic tickets in their hands.

Magnitude of the Victory.
Let us not underestimate the magnitude of the victory gained nor the extent of the obstacles surmounted. "Harrison's administration," said recently an eminent man of his own political faith, "has been four years of political campaigning." He has subordinated everything to his desire for a second term. His cabinet was shrewdly formed, so as to take out of the field some of his principal rivals in his own party. How he undermined and drove into private life the most able of all Republicans, James G. Blaine, is matter of notoriety. Blaine's diplomacy was distorted to the President's glorification. Blaine's shrewd device for sugar-coating with reciprocity the unpalatable pill of McKinleyism was heralded by Harrison as his own. And when the Secretary of State withdrew from a position made a false one by the duplicity of the President the cry of "treachery" was raised by the Federal officeholders who were even then gathered like a body of paid retainers to vote for the re-nomination of their chief. Every executive department of the National Government has been employed for the personal ends of Harrison. The diplomatic and consular service was filled with shrewd political managers from pivotal States, who, when the campaign opened, came home to do battle like a well-drilled army for their leader. The Treasury portfolio was given first to a possible rival and, upon his sudden death, to an Ohio politician whose time has been about equally divided between political work in Ohio and devising new forms of book-keeping to conceal the treas-

ure deficit due to McKinley and the billion-dollar Congress. The post-office was given to John Wamamaker in exchange for a \$100,000 campaign fund. For his assistant Clarkson, the most unscrupulous of practical politicians, was chosen, and the heads of Democratic postmasters fell faster than a score of swift perfecting presses could have turned out copies of the Republican platform with its hypocritical civil-service reform



plank. The pension bureau under "Corporal" Tanner and, later, under Green B. Raum, who does by indirection and sneaking effort what Tanner did with brazen effort, was a mere vote-making machine for Harrison. The Navy Department served its turn when jingoism was thought to be politically profitable, and the expensive and discreditable Chilean complications were political tribute paid to him. And if the army has not been employed to serve his personal ends and further the designs of his party it is not for lack of desire. Had not the execrable an infamous force bill been beaten there would have been soldiers at every doubtful polling-place under orders of Federal officials, whose very livelihood would have been dependent upon a Republican majority. There will be no more force bills now.

What It Means.
What does it mean, then, Democrats, this victory we have won? That the doctrine that the many may be taxed for the benefit of the few is finally overthrown by the stroke of the people. That this nation rejects with abhorrence the theory that bayonets at the polls are essential to—or, indeed, not fatal to—a free expression of the people's will. That the extravagance of the Republican party during the brief period when it was in uncontrolled possession of both branches of the Government, has received a second veto. That Grover Cleveland's sterling integrity and uncompromising devotion to duty have stood forth convincingly when contrasted with four years of self-seeking and partisan juggling under Harrison. Finally that the voters of these United States have come to recognize the Republican party as the party of plutocracy, the party of privilege, the party who robs the poor to further enrich the wealthy, a party without principle or excuse for being, maintained for the profit and glorification of an army of mercenaries, living on the record of its past and having no future. The statesman to whom Republicans point



REPUBLICAN COMMITTEE ROOM
REMEMBER WHAT THERE IS IN IT FOR U.S.
IF HARRISON GETS A MAJORITY OF VOTES HE WILL BE ELECTED IN SPITE OF US.
GONE OUT OF BUSINESS.
first and most proudly as their greatest character, once said in homely phrase: "You can fool all the people part of the time, and you can fool part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all of the time." Thirty-two years is not an eternity, but it was a long time for so shallow a body of pretenders as the Republicans to fool even a majority of the people.



It is a victory for Democracy won by Democrats. There was no mug-wump aid this time. It was won upon the merits of the parties, not through adventitious circumstances. We were aided by no blatant Burchar, crippled by no lying Murchison. Democratic principles—the creed of justice which declares that every man shall enjoy the same rights and liberties as every other man—have triumphed. It has been a battle

against personal privilege and unconstitutional restriction from the very opening of the campaign. In Wisconsin and Illinois the citizens who held that they possessed an inalienable right to educate their children as they chose found a champion in the Democracy. In Kansas and Iowa all who denied the power of other beings to regulate their diet turned to the Democracy for aid. All over the face of this broad and prosperous land the sturdy citizens who hold that none should be taxed save for his own benefit, and that the purity of the ballot could better be conserved by removing the temptation to protected millionaires to de-

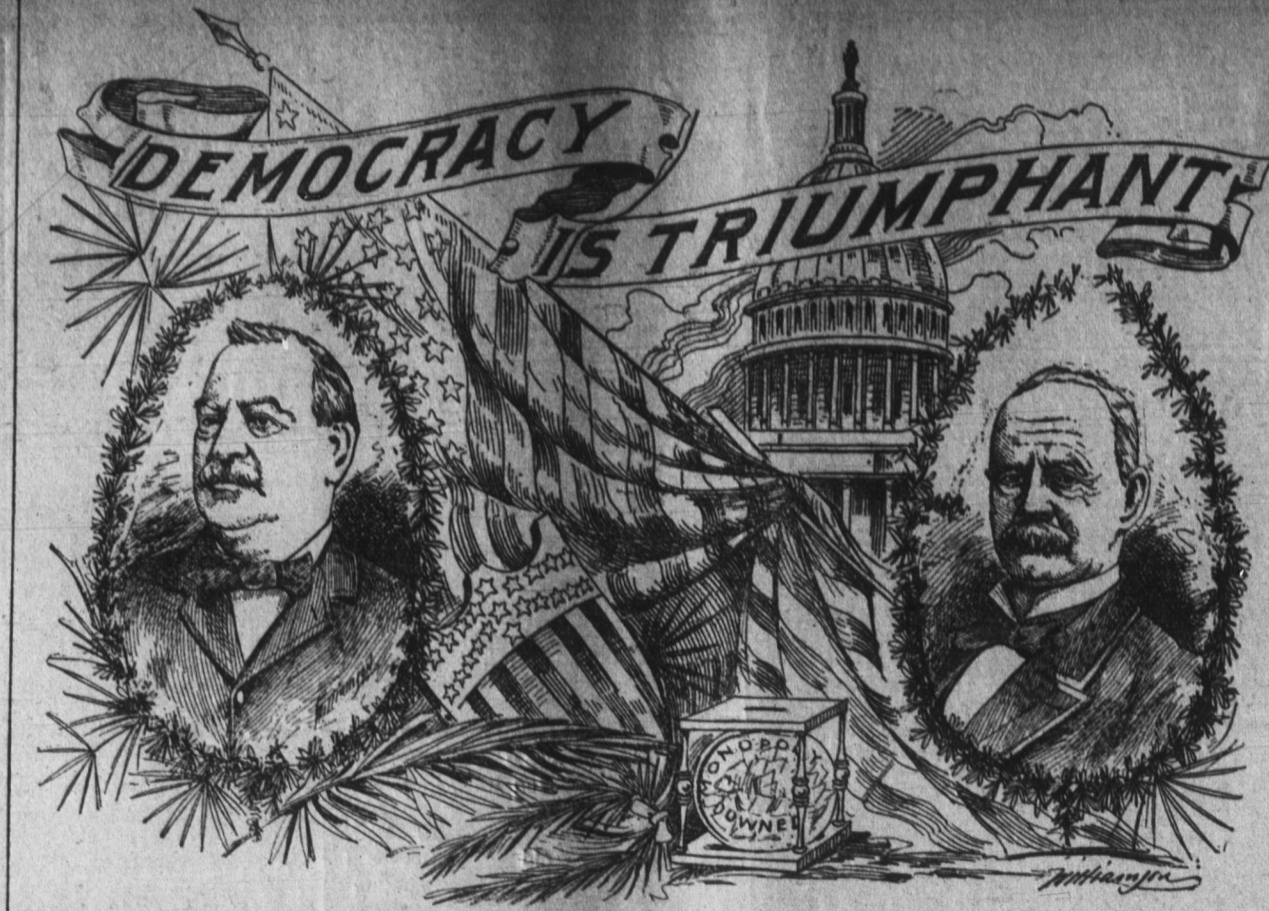
WHY HE VOTED DEMOCRATIC.
I was one of them "fool farmers," yes, I'll own it like a man. There was plenty of us fashioned on the same mold. And I've lived out here in my State more than five and twenty years. A grovin' poorer and poorer, as it certainly appears.
I seldom read the papers—I work too hard for that. And I never knew why I got lean while other men got fat. I didn't fool with politics, I had too much to answer. But I always voted as I shot, and as they told me to.
The day before election, just imagine my distress. When I ketched my wife a-readin'—now, what ever would you guess?
A free trade publication, and to make it worse she'd read it regular each night before she went to bed.
And do you know that wife of mine just faced me up and down. That farmers slave to make a few monopolists in town. I always try to get around these warm domestic spats; but when I praised protection she laughed and answered, "Rate."
I bristled up; it kindled all the sentiments of strife. To think that this free trade stuff should be I quit her then and there, before her argument was through. As every good protectionist makes it a rule to do.
That night we had a campfire, and our Congressman was there. We gave him "John Brown's Body" when he wore my old blue uniform, to spite the Democrats. But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rate."
Our Congressman was eloquent; he made a stirrin' speech. I could almost see the battle's smoke and hear the bullets screech; and when he bade us vote as we had shot at Halvern Hill. We rose with one accord and cried, with one acclaim, "We will!"
We sang the good old war songs and we ate a miser 'o beans. And we passed the evening pleasantly, recallin' bloody scenes; and we took the straight-out tickets and we pinned 'em on our hats. But all the time I wondered what my Mary meant by "Rate!"
When I reached home I noticed that my Mary wore a smile. Which seemed to me as indicatin' storms ahead of bile. To head her off I said, "You call me early, mother, dear. For to-morrow will be the liveliest day free trade will have this year."
Next mornin', just at sun-up, as I woke and rubbed my eyes, A-wonderin' what she meant by "Rate," I saw, to my surprise, My clothes and hat and shoes, all ranged in order on the floor. And hearin' each a card I'd swear I never saw before.
My flannel shirt displayed this sign, "Taxed 10 per cent." My trousers, "Taxed 100"—so this is what "Rate" meant. My vest said, "Taxed 100," and my shoes, "Taxed 25." My coat and hat "200," with "Protection makes us thrive."
I went to fill the basin, and I noticed as I came "Taxed 45 per cent." Great Scott! the towel had said the same. The soap was marked at "20." As I dropped it on the floor I chanced to see a scuttin' full of coal chalked 24.
I passed into the kitchen, and it gives me pain

to state That my wife had on a woolen dress stamped "only 68." And in shootin' out a guinea she she made a little dive at a pair of stockings with a card marked "33."
The baby in his little bed was lying fast asleep; I always held the little chap as most uncommon cheap. But when I saw them cards on blanket, pillow, crib and sheet, I felt a lump rise in my throat, I knew that I was best.
No matter where I went I struck them pesky little signs. The stoves, the plates, the knives, the forks, The scissors, needles, thread, all bore their terrible per cent. Bigosh, I didn't dare to ask what card was on the rent.
That was the shortest meal I ever ate in all my life.
And, as I left the table, in remarkin' to my wife That I was goin' to the polls, she helped me with my coat. And said, "I reckon, John, I needn't tell you how to vote."
I walked down to the votin' place; it looked like every yard.

Was full of farmin' implements which bore a little card. And seemed to say, from plow to spade, from threshin' down to ax. "Good mornin', John, and don't forget the tariff is a tax."
I voted straight—oh, yes, no doubt of that; I straight. But not exactly in the way expected of my State. And I showed the boys the little cards provided by my wife; less now appears. That night our Congressman took formal leave of public life.
I was one of them "fool farmers" durin' five and twenty years. But I learned a little common sense, as doubtless now appears. You can run and tell McKinley—and say—don't forget to state

Forty years ago the party of high taxes was swept out of existence by the demand of the people for a relief from exorbitant taxation. The lesson of 1852 has been repeated. The Republican party has passed into history as the last relic of that barbarian which taxes the people and proclaims that it is enriching them.

CLEVELAND'S campaign: Dignity, Decency, Delicacy.
Harrison's hustle: Rabble, Riot, Ruction.
The Republican managers used every endeavor to get out Corporal Tanner, ex-Pension Commissioner, to whom up the soldier vote, but he steadfastly refused to stoop.
GENERAL SICKLES will have the felicity of listening officially to Mr. Cleveland's second inaugural.



CLEVELAND GETS IT.

Elected President of the United States.

ELECTORAL VOTE 276.

NEW YORK GIVES GROVER 42,000 PLURALITY.

INDIANA DEMOCRATIC.

THE OFFICIAL COUNT MAY BE NECESSARY IN OHIO.

Iowa Solid for Harrison—Illinois Breaks Its Mooring—How the Election Has Gone—In the Fifty-third Congress the House stands 217 Democratic, 192 Republican and 9 Populists; the Senate 44, 39 and 5, respectively.

Verdict of the Voters.
Grover Cleveland has been elected President of the United States. He has carried New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, by large majorities, and at the time this is written the Democrats also claim Ohio and California, though it is probable that the official count may place these States, particularly Ohio, in the Republican column. Cleveland's vote in the electoral college, without Ohio, is 276.

Electoral Vote.
The total electoral vote of the States is distributed, according to the press reports, in the following manner:

State	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.
Alabama	11	9	1
Arkansas	8	6	1
California	9	7	1
Colorado	8	6	1
Connecticut	8	6	1
Delaware	3	3	1
Florida	11	9	1
Georgia	11	9	1
Idaho	3	3	1
Illinois	24	20	1
Indiana	13	15	1
Iowa	13	15	1
Kansas	13	15	1
Kentucky	13	15	1
Louisiana	13	15	1
Maine	6	6	1
Maryland	10	10	1
Massachusetts	15	15	1
Michigan	9	9	1
Minnesota	13	15	1
Mississippi	9	9	1
Missouri	17	17	1
Montana	3	3	1
Nebraska	8	8	1
Nevada	3	3	1
New Hampshire	4	4	1
New Jersey	10	10	1
New York	42	42	1
North Carolina	11	11	1
North Dakota	3	3	1
Ohio	21	21	1
Oregon	4	4	1
Pennsylvania	32	32	1
Rhode Island	4	4	1
South Carolina	9	9	1
South Dakota	4	4	1
Tennessee	13	15	1
Texas	13	15	1
Vermont	4	4	1
Virginia	12	12	1
Washington	4	4	1
West Virginia	13	13	1
Wisconsin	13	15	1
Wyoming	3	3	1
Total	165	276	28

Necessary for election, 273.

Party Strength in Congress.
The complexion of the House of Representatives will be materially changed, all three parties having made important gains and losses. The returns of Congressional districts, while not absolutely complete, are sufficiently full to indicate that the Democrats will have a large majority in the House, but probably not as large as in the present one, which is divided among the parties as follows: Democrats, 235; Republicans, 88; Alliance, 9; total, 332. The next House will contain 354 members, of whom the Democrats will have, as now appears, 217, the Republicans 128, and the populists 9.

The political divisions by States are as follows:

States	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.
Alabama	9	6	1
Arkansas	6	6	1
California	1	6	1
Colorado	2	2	1
Connecticut	1	1	1
Delaware	1	1	1
Florida	11	11	1
Georgia	11	11	1
Idaho	1	1	1
Illinois	9	10	1
Indiana	19	1	1
Iowa	1	1	1
Kansas	1	10	1
Kentucky	1	1	1
Louisiana	1	1	1
Maryland	1	1	1
Massachusetts	10	3	1
Michigan	1	1	1
Minnesota	6	1	1
Mississippi	1	1	1
Missouri	1	1	1
Montana	1	1	1
Nebraska	4	1	1
Nevada	1	1	1
New Hampshire	1	1	1
New Jersey	15	1	1
New York	1	1	1
North Carolina	1	1	1
North Dakota	10	1	1
Oregon	2	10	1
Rhode Island	1	1	1
South Carolina	2	7	1
South Dakota	2	1	1
Tennessee	13	1	1
Texas	13	1	1
Vermont	1	1	1
Virginia	10	1	1
Washington	1	1	1
West Virginia	1	1	1
Wisconsin	4	6	1
Wyoming	1	1	1
Total	124	217	9

The Senate, which is now controlled by the Republicans, will pass into the hands of the Democrats next March. The present political complexion is: Republicans, 47; Democrats, 39; Independents, 2; total, 88. The new Senate will consist of: Republicans, 39; Democrats, 44; Populists, 5. When this table is compiled, there is yet some uncertainty as to the result on Legislature in some of the States, principally as between Republicans and Populists, but there is little doubt that the above division will be substantially maintained, in which case the Populists will hold the balance of power if they choose to exercise it.

The Republicans will lose one member from Illinois, one from Nebraska, one from Nevada, one from New York, and one from Wisconsin.

Last Words of Famous Men.
I do not sleep. I wish to meet death awake.—Maria Theresa.
LET me hear those notes so long my solace and delight.—Mozart.
TO DIE for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.—Marco Bozzaris.
We are as near heaven by sea as by land.—Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
I RESIGN my soul to God; my daughter to my country.—Jefferson.
INTO thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.—Christopher Columbus.
I WOULD not change my joy for the empire of the world.—Philip Sidney.
FAREWELL, Livin', and ever remember our long union.—Augustus Caesar.
REMEMBER! Remember! Write it! Write it! Largest Letter.—John Randolph.
We are all going to heaven, and Van-dyke is of the company.—Gainsborough.
I HAVE sent for you to see how a Christian can die.—Addison to Warwick.

SPICED AND PICKLED

ARE THE INDIANA NEWS ITEMS IN THIS COLUMN.

Fresh Intelligence from Every Part of the State—Nothing of Interest to Our Readers Left Out.

Minor State Items.

RICHMOND has a new brush and broom manufacturing establishment.
WILLIAM DIERING, aged 50, was found dead in bed at Warsaw, from heart disease.

FIRE destroyed the Howland Block at Lapel. Loss, \$3,000; insurance, \$100, on the stock.

JOEL DAVIDSON, a well-to-do Richmond farmer, has gone crazy from campaign excitement.

CHARLES GRAVES, a young man of Corydon Junction, was run over and killed by a train.

The Peru Electric Manufacturing Company, capital stock \$100,000, has been incorporated.

JACOB NOEL, a convict in the Michigan City penitentiary, has fallen heir to an estate valued at \$6,000.

JESSE CUMMINGS, son of Ellen Cummings of Terre Haute, a railroad engineer in Iowa, was killed by the cars.

JOEL DAVIDSON, a citizen of Wayne County, is reported to have been driven insane by political excitement.

WILLIAM KORSMEYER, young farmer near Evansville, committed suicide by shooting himself with a shotgun.

The Moore's Hill railway station looks as if it had passed through a cyclone, owing to a storm of rocks by hoodlums.

DUTCH SMITH, of Muncie, had one of his hands smashed off while coupling cars on the L. E. & W. railway at Tipson.

GARLAND E. ROSE, an old citizen and one of the leading dry goods merchants of South Bend, has died as a result of brain trouble.

GEORGE BECK, a Councilman of Huntington, had a Roman candle in his pocket, when it was touched off and seriously burned his leg.

ELIZA ELLIOTT, 14 years old, was struck by an Ohio and Mississippi train at New Albany and died an hour later. The girl was very deaf.

JACKSON HORNOR, of Moore's Hill, while intoxicated, took his wife busy riding with another man's horse, and got a sentence of two years in the penitentiary.

The Southern Furniture Company's office, storehouse and manufacturing plant in Evansville were totally destroyed by fire. Loss \$25,000; partly insured.

The combination of Indiana gas companies, organized to fight the piping of natural gas to Chicago, will make no new moves until the decision of the Supreme Court in the injunction case now pending.

A MAN named Johnson was killed in Mine No. 3, belonging to the Brazil Block Coal Company at Coalville. He had recently gone to that place from Clay City to work in the mine. He was instantly killed by falling slate.

MR. JOHN RINEHART, a young man aged 18, while out hunting, near Seymour, was accidentally shot and instantly killed. He is the son of one of Seymour's prominent citizens and was a young man well-liked by everybody.

BILLY LARKIN, an Anderson man, swallowed a turkey turtle. It is a glass of beer the other night, just to show off. Then, like the whale that couldn't stomach Jonah, he threw up his job. The turtle is well, but Billy is indisposed.

A LARGE fox-terrier dog of Nell Coleman created a panic at Elkhart by going mad. The animal ran wildly about the streets, his eleven persons, several seriously, and he attacked a number of dogs. It was finally shot by Dr. Turner.

Mrs. MARY MORRIS, a helpless paralytic, aged 67, was burned to death near Kokomo, during the temporary absence of the family. A spark from the pipe she was smoking ignited her clothing, and being powerless to help herself, she perished in the flames.

CONOR DUNSCULL, of Muncie, has decided that William Moffett of Yorktown, who died a week ago, met his death from natural causes. A few days since Miss Ida Mann of Indianapolis, to whom Moffett was affianced, went to Muncie as she suspected he met his death in an unnatural way.

NEAR Batesville, while hunting William Shover, aged 19, got on a stump and in pulling the gun up, the hammer caught, exploding the charge. The ball took effect in the groin and passed out near the spinal column. The young man lingered in great agony a few hours, when death relieved him.

A GAS well on the Storms farm, six miles west of Hartsville, has been supplying that vicinity, commenced flowing all the other day, and in a short time the patrons of the line were bothered with oil so much they were obliged to turn off all lights and fires, and could gather a pall of oil at any of the jets or burners in a short time. The school at Dundee were using gas from this line, and the teachers dismissed the students because they could not control the oil that was flowing into the house.

Gov. CHASE has extended executive clemency to the following convicts: Daniel West, colored, of Grant County, a "sifter," who fought with a rival named McMath, was his friend Casey slipped up in the rear and killed McMath with a blow over the head, was the first on the list. Gov. Hendricks pardoned Casey years ago. Charles Pfeiffer of Huntington county, was convicted in 1888 of manslaughter for killing W. B. Morse, his former employer. Before Morse prevented him from getting work elsewhere, and also because he believed Morse slandered his wife, was also pardoned: Currie L. Arbuckle, a bigamist, of Kokomo, dying of consumption, and brakeman Wm. F. Roberts and Joseph E. Brown, of the Peru Prison, both convicted of stealing a pair of shoes from the company, completed the list.

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH, proprietor of the Brighton Beach road-house, Indianapolis, was shot while hunting near New Philadelphia. Wambaugh received a load of shot from the gun of trap-shooter Cook, which was tussled for a bird. The wound is not serious.

LEVI ROGERS, an old citizen, while standing on the depot platform at Pendleton, was struck in the breast with a package of Indianapolis papers thrown from a fast mail.

The platform and picked up unconscious. Internal injuries are feared, as indicated by hemorrhage. His recovery is very doubtful.

The house of John Lowry, near Idaville, was burned, the roof falling in on the sleeping family. Gracie, a 7-year-old daughter, was burned to death and Mr. Lowry himself and another daughter badly injured. The remains of the dead girl when recovered were horribly blackened. All the personal effects of the family, including money savings, were destroyed, leaving them entirely destitute.

A TERRIFIC natural-gas explosion occurred near Kokomo, on the Chicago platform. Seven men were frightfully burned, two of whom, Charles Newell and Arthur Moon, will die. In removing a plug from the mains the escaping gas ignited, causing the explosion.