

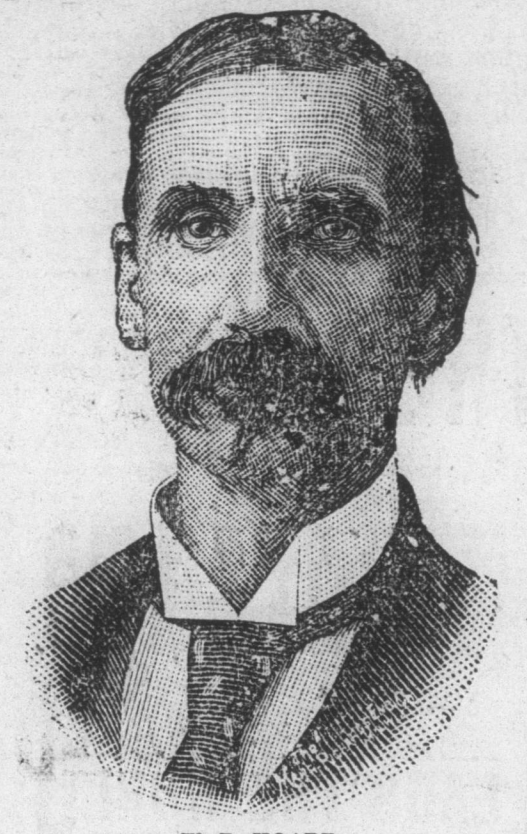
## HOARD AND MORGAN.

WISCONSIN'S REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

Brief Sketches of the Men Who Head the State Tickets—Mr. Hoard a Dairyman, Farmer and Editor—Mr. Morgan a Bachelor Merchant.

[Milwaukee special.]

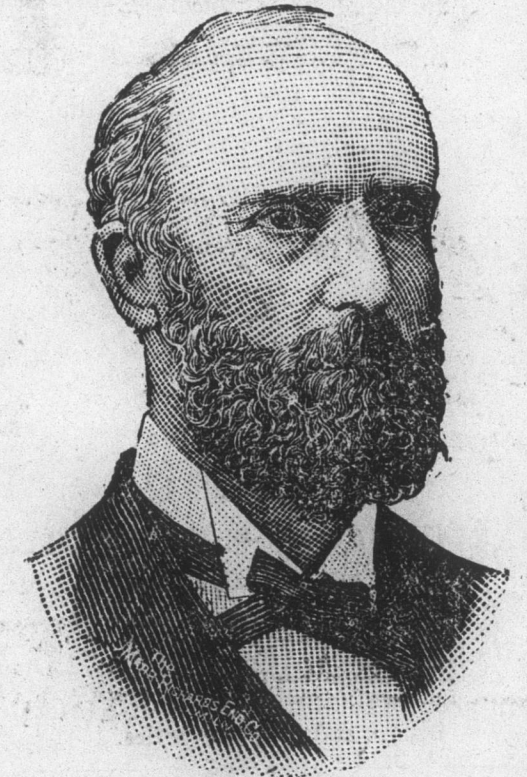
W. D. Hoard, the Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, came to this State in 1857, locating at Oak Grove, Dodge County, on Oct. 4th. In December he began teaching vocal music in Lowell, at Benedict's Corners, and also in Elba, and the next summer he remained in Lowell, after which he went to live in Waupun. He struggled hard in those days, working on the farm in summer and teaching singing in winter. Afterward he became a dairyman and an editor, his publication being known throughout the



W. D. HOARD.

State as *Hoard's Dairyman*. His present home is at Fort Atkinson, where he lives on a small farm. From childhood to manhood his life was upon a farm. He is a native of New York State and 52 years old. Since 1857 he has been a resident of the State, with the exception of the war period. He was the first man to volunteer in Lake Mills, Jefferson County, where he then lived, and enlisted in the Fourth Regiment May 21, 1861. He was discharged for disability from sickness in 1862, and went to his old home in New York, where, after a few months' rest, he re-enlisted in a New York artillery company and remained in the army till 1865. After the war he returned to Wisconsin, and in 1870 he started the *Jefferson County Union* as a local paper at Lake Mills. From the start he sought to awaken an interest in the dairy business, and largely to his efforts it is credited the development of the dairy interests of Wisconsin.

James Morgan, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Wisconsin, was born in Crieff, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1841, and was one of a family of nine sturdy boys and one girl. His father was a millwright and manufacturer of improved machinery. To this he added the business of a lumber or timber dealer, and in the *People's Journal* of Perthshire, of Aug. 18, 1858, a picture of the senior Morgan and a lengthy sketch of his life and value as a citizen are published. Soon after reaching New York young James went to Peru, Ill., and engaged as a clerk in a dry-goods store. For four



JAMES MORGAN.

years he was thus engaged at Peru and Ottawa, and, while in Ottawa, he declared his intention of becoming a citizen of his adopted country, and took out his final papers at Freeport three years later, or as soon as he could do so. He came to Milwaukee in 1874, and established himself in the dry-goods business. Mr. Morgan is a bachelor, worth half a million, and occupies rooms over his store, where he has a fine library. He is not a politician, and doesn't know much about practical politics.

### RANDALL GETTING WELL.

He Is Slowly Convalescing From His Recent Terrible Illness.

[Washington telegram.]

Encouraging reports reach this city from the quiet Pennsylvania town where Congressman Samuel J. Randall is slowly convalescing from the terrible illness which prostrated him three months ago. He is still confined to his room, but his strength is gradually returning and no doubt is felt that he will be able to resume his legislative duties in December. He communicates regularly from his sick chamber with members of his Committee on Appropriations, and is practically as familiar with their work as if he were back at the old quarters at the Capitol directing their movements again.



EDWARD BYRD, colored, and who is deaf and dumb, was struck by an engine on the Grand Trunk Road at Cassopolis, Mich., and killed.

## ABORIGINES AT HOME.

THE SAC AND FOX INDIAN TRIBES AT TAMA CITY, IOWA.

A Tenderfoot Visits Their Primitive Home and Graphically Describes What He Saw—The Red Man's Tepee—No Advantage Made in Fifty Years.

[Marshalltown Times-Republican.]

Indian Agent Enos Gibson was kind enough to invite your reporter to accompany him on a visit to the Indian camp some three miles from Tama City, Iowa, thinking, no doubt, the tenderfoot would see something new, and he did. This is not a reservation. The Sac and Fox tribes own some 1,400 acres, bought by the Government for them some years ago, the title deeds being held by the Governor of Iowa in trust for them.

As farmers, they raise corn and garden truck with fair success, and have some 30 head of ponies that have to shift for themselves, summer and winter, no feed or shelter beyond what nature supplies being furnished them by their owners. No cattle are on the farm—some say it's against their religion—and two hogs make up their live stock.

At present they are occupying their summer residences, which consist of sheds without chimneys, and the inside is generally one room. They still eat as their forefathers did when hungry, and the table is the lap of mother earth, covered with a matting made by the women from the rushes on the river banks. Stores are unknown, the schools they won't have, and clothes are the combination seen when they visit town.

When cold weather comes on, they move into the "tepees," a circular thatched hut, say six feet high, with an opening for the smoke to go out at the top, and a hole to crawl into. In other words, they live as they did 100 years ago, perhaps with a few more comforts in the way of clothing and food.

As we rode up, some three games of poker were going on, no "penny-ante" business, but game for keeps, a dollar-raise common, and the limit was off. We heard the continuous pounding of a drum from one cabin, and an inquiry showed we were fortunate enough to be on hand to witness an "adoption"—that is, a certain family was to adopt a healthy spring buck of twenty-five years of age. Across the bottom came the chiefs, who were invited to the number of twenty or more; an old fellow that would weigh 250, "fatter" a foot, a linen duster, some one-legged pants, and that's all; others were covered with red blankets, that as they walked showed they had forgotten to dress for company. Then the drummer had called two assistant musicians. A stick some three feet eight was stuck in the ground; this was covered with streamers, like a May pole, and the "Queen of the May" the adopted one, the prodigal, as it were, took his position near it. On the ground came matting, with bakers' biscuits, green corn, and other truck, and at a given signal, down on the ground, around the table (?) they sat, and the feast commenced, let the devil take the hindmost. The squares and hungry natives kept a respectful distance, waiting for something to turn up, that is the bucks. They make short work of it, and then the women and children gathered up the fragments and carried them off inside of them.

Old Kick'em Stiff, a youth of 71, with his head shaved, a Chinaman, face painted, clothes removed to his hips, then commenced a slow walk around the May pole, and a drum accompaniment; very soon he began a double shuffle, and sweet singers gave us, Dundee, or something like. Faster and faster he went, until his breath gave out, he gave a backward kick, the music stopped, and then he started toward us. Our interpreter said he was in the Sioux. At any rate he had a big time making believe he was doing something, and all of a sudden he stopped, and gave his battle ax to Stricken Deer, a 50-year-old chap, with his head tied up in a black band. He was scaped once upon a time. He put the battle ax between his legs, played horse, kicked up, bucked, and went down. Interpreter said "horse throw him away as he can." He had a good laugh, Indians included. Then he gave us a free trade speech, as nearly as your scribe remembers, and handing the battle ax to the next performer, he walked around once, did nothing, said nothing, and gave it to the end man, who asked some old chestnuts, which he gave up, and then the adopted one, covered with blankets, ribbons of all colors, stepped out, took the calico from the May pole, gave each chief a red rag, and the show was over.

This visit has knocked all of the Fenimore Cooper business out of the writer. He saw a little fat papoose, with a stomach on him like a four-week-old pig after drinking two gallons of buttermilk, getting him and some of the natives as white as baby ever did. He heard these dignified noble red men laugh at and guff a bashful speaker equal to any students' debating society. One of the speakers, the fellow that played horse, was a perfect clown, and kept chiefs, squaws, and papooses in a continual roar of laughter.

They treat their women as they always have—like brutes. They live to eat, making no provision for their horses or themselves for the winter months, any more than they did fifty years ago. They are inveterate gamblers. Out thing that perhaps some white folks can get a pointer from, is that when the noble red man comes home drunk, the squaws tie him hand and foot; till he sobers off.

Perhaps the most comical sight was an old chief, half naked, painted, dancing his war dance, with bells on his ankles, killin' and singing his imaginary enemies, all this in the most approved style, and wearing spectacles. This can be said to their credit, that they remember little dots of honor. Deputy Postmaster Austin says it is safe to trust them for a postage stamp. Agent Gheen says they appreciate kindness, and his successful work with them is on that plan.

Thirty minutes brought us back to town, and it didn't seem possible that within three miles of us lived 40 human beings, that had not advanced perceptibly, socially, morally, intellectually or financially, in fifty years.

### CONDITION OF OUR CROPS.

Report from the Department of Agriculture for the Month of September.

The report of the Department of Agriculture for Sept. 1 makes the average condition of crops 91.2 per cent.; wheat, 77.3; oats, 87.2; rye, 92.8; barley, 86.9; buckwheat, 93.7; potatoes, 91.6; and tobacco, 87. The returns show but slight falling off from the exceptionally high August report of corn, the general average having declined but one point during the month. The loss is almost entirely in one State—Kansas—where drouth and hot, dry winds caused a decline of eleven points since last report. This high average of condition has been exceeded but once during the last ten years—in 1885—when it stood at 95, and the largest crop ever grown was harvested. In the seven crop surplus States the average of condition is 85, against 64 at the same date in 1887.

The average condition of spring and winter wheat when harvested was 77.3, against 82 last year and 87.8 in 1886. In 1885 it was 72, and in 1884, 98. The winter wheat States show a slight improvement over the last report of condition (July), but there has been a serious decline in the spring wheat region of the Northwest. Chinch-bugs were again a serious evil in portions of Wisconsin and Minnesota, while unseasonable rains at and after harvest materially lowered the condition in these States and in portions of Iowa. Frost between the 16th and 18th of the month did some injury in the Red and Jim River Valleys. The averages of the principal States are: Winter wheat—New York, 83; Pennsylvania, 92; Tennessee, 96; Kentucky, 90; Ohio, 60; Michigan, 78; Indiana, 64; Illinois, 72; Missouri, 75; Kansas, 90; California, 85; Oregon, 94. Spring wheat—Wisconsin, 78; Minnesota, 70; Iowa, 73; Nebraska, 80; Dakota, 78.

The general average of oats at the time of harvest was four points lower than last report. In only one year since 1881 has the September report made condition less than 90. This was in 1887, when it was 83.4. Potatoes have fallen off less than two points during the month and condition is generally high in all sections. Tobacco shows slight improvement, mainly in the cigar leaf States.

The average condition of cotton is 83.8—a decline of 3½ points since the last report. The general average is slightly higher than in 1887 and 1886, when it stood 82.8 and 82.1 respectively.

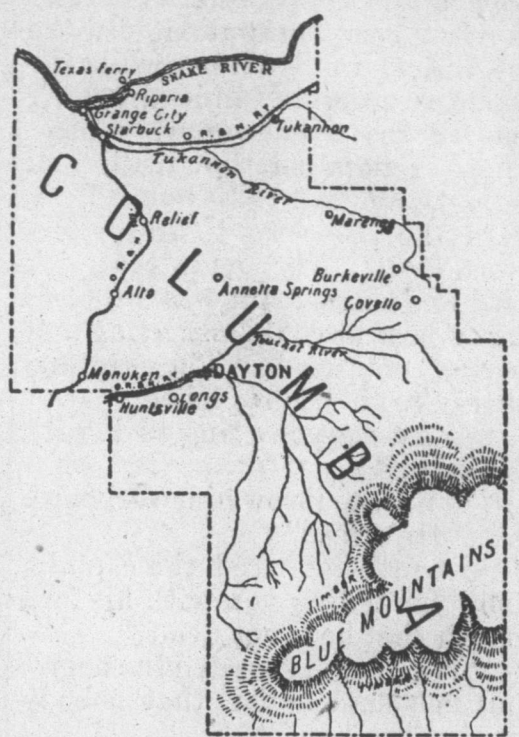
## AN ABUNDANT COUNTRY.

DIVERSIFIED RESOURCES OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

The Valley of the Snake River, One of the Richest and Most Prolific Sections of the Pacific Northwest—A Healthful, Temperate Climate.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

DAYTON, Wash. Ter., Sept. 15, 1883. It is a common though entirely mistaken notion that the farther north we go the colder it becomes. The altitude, the character of the surface, prevailing winds, abundance of water, and many other conditions give us entirely different climates on the same lines of latitude. Without attempting a treatise on weather lore we will content ourselves by reiterating the well-known fact that the western coast of North America is warmer than the eastern. This is due to the influence of the winds and the thermal currents of the Pacific Ocean in distributing the heat of the tropics to the shore. The Gulf Stream does for Europe and the British Islands, Sitka, Alaska, is on the parallel of Edinburgh,



Scotland, and while very much damper, it has the average annual temperature of Minnesota. It is not cold enough at Sitka to freeze merchantable ice. The northern boundary of Washington Territory is not so hopelessly near the arctic seas, when it has the same latitude as Paris, France, as the middle of the middle temperate zone attain their finest results. And here on the southern limit of the Territory, from whence we write, we are on the parallel of Rome, Italy. The great climatic feature of the Pacific Northwest is the trade wind, so regularly on hand when wanted to regulate the heat of summer and the cold of winter. This wind comes from the heated currents of the Pacific, and turns win into summer at a moment's notice. There is nothing in the climate here to deter any intelligent man from making himself more comfortable the year round than is possible anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains.

The long, winding Snake coming from Idaho divides the Territory into the southern and the northern part of Washington Territory in twain. South of the river are four counties of surprising agricultural possibilities, of which region Dayton is the geographical center. It is quite impossible to give the reader a clear idea of the appearance of this country, for the reason that it is unlike any region in the East. It is prairie, but does not correspond to the prairies of the Mississippi Valley. There are no wide stretches of level prairie, but the country is a succession of rounded hills with narrow valleys between, and a few broader valleys, sometimes called flats. The soil on the summits of the hills and on the slopes is even richer than in the bottoms. It is a curious fact that the upland soil often has a depth of from 50 to 100 feet, showing the ancient prodigality of nature in leaving such enormous deposits of soil on this region. Wheat has been known to mature with a drop of rain, moisture coming from below on the principle of capillary attraction. The soil is decomposed basalt, lava, and volcanic ash, a comparative analysis made by the Agricultural Experiment Station at Pullman, Wash., shows it is quite identical with that of the plains of Sicily, which was a granary of old Rome, and has a record for producing wheat extending through thirty centuries. The soil here is easily handled, and the amount of work that can be accomplished by an energetic man without fatigue or extreme weariness is as remarkable as the crops are prolific. It seems like a big story to say that one man can plow and seed from 30 to 400 acres of wheat and each acre yield from thirty to fifty bushels. The average yield is twice that of Minnesota, and three times that of Ohio. A single grain of wheat has been known to send out a stool of fifty or more stalks, each crowned with heads holding a hundred grains, or five thousand for one.

Dayton, the county seat of Columbia County, is located in the valley of the Touchet (Tu-say) River, a mountain stream of sufficient fall and volume to furnish power for several mills and factories, with lots of room for other industries. Where potatoes grow from 300 to 600 bushels to an acre a starch factory would be a paying institution. An oat meal mill is a legitimate war, and a paper mill would pay a paying investment, in account of the abundance of straw and the fine water. A furniture factory is a necessity, so, too, a woolen mill, a soap factory, a beet sugar factory, a cannery, a pork packing house, and, in short, a multiplicity of varied manufactures. Dayton has a population of about 2,000. It is a well-built town, with wide, shady streets, and variety enough in architecture to give interest and attraction. We have read of those who sit under their own vine and fig tree, and make them afraid. This is literally true of Daytonians, for they generally possess their own homes. The booming process has no foothold on real estate, and there is no speculation in the Territory where values in property are so truly representative and indicative of the actual prosperity. The courthouse is one of the finest in the Territory. There are two excellent newspapers, the *Chronicle* and the *Intelligencer*, ten public libraries, a public library, a telephone exchange, two banks, all the leading fraternal organizations, and a school system of which the citizens are deservedly proud. The city has a fine water-works system, the supply coming from a reservoir on the slopes of the Blue Mountains, twenty-one miles distant, Dayton, in the respect of a timber supply, being more fortunate than most of the towns of the prairie region, there being plenty of timber within five miles of town. There are some ten or twelve saw-mills in the county, and lumber retails at from 88 to 85¢ per M. The present railway outlet is over the O. R. and N. Road, 283 miles to Portland and shore, and a public library, the nearest point on the Northern Pacific, although negotiations are pending with the latter road to send a branch into the county. Dayton has an active Board of Trade, and is one of few towns with an office and committee to wait upon newcomers. If an industrious man can flourish anywhere, where "atop o' ground," he certainly can here. The farmer who can sell his place in the East for \$50 or \$60 an acre and buy better land here at \$10 to \$15, ought surely to profit by the change. He can have gardens and orchards on the hillsides and grain fields on the hilltops. His tables can groan with plenty. In the valleys he can have pastures, without need of expensive barns to shelter stock through a long winter, as in the East. Trees grow rapidly, and his home can soon be embowered in shade. The harvest season is long, and he can haul his grain from the field to the cars or coast. In time he will have a good, heavy horse, a cow, a pig, and a turkey. There are open public lands, but settlers with means can always find opportunities to buy improved places. Nothing seems to be lacking here to make ideal country life and living. There is no rowdiness, and the rough work of early settlement is all done, and churches, schools, roads, postal facilities, and intelligent and honest society await the newcomer.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

A CHRONICLE OF HAPPENINGS IN HOOSIERDOM.

Shocking Deaths, Terrible Accidents, Horrible Crimes, Proceedings of Courts, Secret Societies, and, in fact, Everything of Interest to the Hoosiers.

The Indiana Farmer gives its compilation and remarks thereon relative to the crops in the central States. It shows that in Indiana the area of wheat was about 2,700,000 acres, and the average yield per acre 13 bushels. This shows 35, 00,000 bushels for the State. In the southern division the average per acre is 16 bushels, in the northern division, 13½, and in the central only 8 bushels. The area of oats was 900,000 acres, in round numbers, and the average yield per acre 29 bushels, showing the entire crop of the State to be 26, 100,000 bushels. The present condition of the corn crop in the southern division is 101 per cent.; central division 100 per cent., and northern 75 per cent. In the southern and central division the season has been an excellent one for corn, while in the northern it was too dry in several counties, which cuts down the per cent. of condition. All the early planted corn is out of danger of frost, and it is now believed that the crop will be the largest ever grown in the State. The early reports indicated an area of about 3,300,000 acres, and the yield per acre this year, it is believed, will be about thirty-seven bushels. The fruit crop is one of the best ever grown in the State, especially is this true of apples.

### Burglar Shot.

One night recently Theodore Groub, of the firm of John Groub's Sons & Co., Seymour, was awakened by his wife, who informed him that there was some one in the house. Mr. Groub seized a revolver just in time to cover the retreating form of a burglar, who had gained admission to his residence by cutting away the window-shutters. Refusing to answer the demand as to his wants, and appearing demonstrative and as if accompanied by confederates, Mr. Groub fired two shots into the burglar, who then shouted, "Don't shoot any more; I'm shot." The wounded man dragged himself from the yard, leaving a trail of blood. In the morning a negro in a helpless condition, with a pistol wound in the back of his head and in one leg, was found near the O. & M. depot. He gave the name of George Mitchell, claiming Bowling Green, Ky., as his home. He is undoubtedly the burglar who entered the Groub residence.

### The Deadly Dynamite.

The citizens of Cutler, a small town of Carroll County, were terrified one night recently with a loud explosion that seemed to shake the earth for a mile. Some fiends had placed a dynamite cartridge under the postoffice and it went off, with terrible effect, totally destroying the entire building and blowing the contents of the postoffice into unrecognizable fragments. During the past year five attempts have been made to blow up this same building. Fortunately, no lives have been lost. Whether these attempts are aimed at the postmaster or the owner of the building, there is a difference of opinion. Some miscreants placed two pounds of dynamite under the hotel a few nights ago, but for some cause it failed in its intended mission. A great deal of excitement is manifested, and the citizens are determined to bring the guilty parties to justice if such a thing is possible.

### Badly Hurt by a Train.

Wilson Dawson, aged 64 years, was struck by a Bee Line passenger engine at Anderson, and received injuries that will probably prove fatal. Dawson at the time was walking east on the railroad track, apparently in deep study. The passenger train, with Engineer Lecclair at the throttle, came around a slight curve from the west. The engineer instantly blew the whistle but seeing no attention paid to the warning, reversed the engine and put on the air-brakes. Before the train could be stopped, however, the pilot of the engine had struck the old man. Dawson's left leg was crushed at the ankle, the bones protruding through the flesh. His right arm was broken between the shoulder and elbow, his head and face badly bruised and cut. The physician expresses the opinion that the foot will have to be amputated, an operation that may cost the wounded man his life.

### Survivors of a Powerful Tribe.

Col. W. H. Tallmage, General Indian Agent and payee of the United States Government, is at Peru effecting a final settlement with the Eel River Miami Indians of this county, now numbering twenty-two persons. This is the last and final payment to be made to them under the treaties of August 3, 1795, August 23, 1805, and September 30, 1809; aggregating a total of \$22,000, or a per capita of \$846.15. Considerable trouble is being experienced regarding appointments of guardians, etc., of the children. The greatest amount to any one family is that to Louisa Godfrey, wife of Peter Godfrey, and daughter of Shing-quah, who received \$5,076.90. This bare handful of twenty-six persons represents a once great and powerful tribe.

### Patents.

Patents have been granted Indiana inventors as follows: Jonas H. Aldrich,

Butler, journal-box; James R. Baker, Kendallville, back gear for turning-lathes; James A. Beecher, Mishawaka, screw-cutting die head; Lawson A. Boyd, Indianapolis, relief valve for automatic air-brakes; Annabella and M. A. Kelly, Holman Station, escape attachment for vapors and odors from cooking vessels; Edward C. Mead, Elkhart, wrench; Andrew J. Owens, Rushville, insect destroyer; William N. Rumely, assignor to himself and M. Rumely, LaPorte, steam boiler; Charles F. Sleight, Fort Wayne, rotary engine; Ezra Stalker, Westfield, weather-strip.

### Fatal Quarrel Between Farmers.

As two farmers, James Surber and James Railsback, were returning home from Pendleton they became engaged in a dispute over a woman, a relative of Surber's, whom he claimed Railsback was on terms of intimacy with. Both were in an intoxicated condition, and when about five miles from town Railsback struck Surber with a club. A scuffle ensued, but they were separated by a companion named Reedy, who persuaded them to shake hands, and both men were apparently on friendly terms again when Railsback suddenly renewed the attack. Both leaped from the wagon, and Surber, drawing a large knife, plunged it into Railsback's neck and then twice into his side, piercing his heart. Railsback fell and expired in a few moments. The murderer is still at large.

### An Unknown Disease Kills Husband and Wife, and Leaves a Child Fatally Ill.

One of the saddest incidents on record is that of the death of Mr. Isaac Woolley, one of the proprietors of the Curryville Coal Company, at Shelburn, which occurred recently. He was a prominent business man. His death came so sudden, that, as yet, his mysterious disease is not known. In a few hours afterward his wife suddenly expired, although she had been apparently well, and both bodies lay in the stricken home at the same time. One of the children is now at the verge of death's door of the same fatal disease. There seems to be no explanation of the dreadful scourge.

### Killed by a Freight Train.

An extra freight train going east on the "Big Four" road, struck and killed a stranger who was sitting on the rail near the water-tank at Waldron. The stranger was asleep, and the engine struck him on the head. He appeared to be about 60 years of age. The only evidence of his identity was a letter in his pocket addressed to Daniel Cousins, Oakland, Ill., from a collecting agency in Illinois. The body was placed in charge of the Coroner.

### Minor State Items.

—Two sons of John Turner were engaged in hauling logs about four miles west of Marion, when the younger, aged 15, fell from the wagon and the wheels passed over his stomach, producing fatal injuries.

—The Northern Indiana fair, at South Bend, was the scene of a shocking and fatal accident. As Miss Curtis, 16 years of age, the daughter of a Penn Township farmer, was stepping over the shaft which connects the engine with the machinery in machinery hall, her dress was caught by the rapidly revolving shaft. In an instant she was thrown to the ground, and, before the machinery could be stopped, her head, shoulders, and body were beaten almost to a pulp.

—The Fifth Regiment Indiana Volunteer Cavalry will hold its sixth annual reunion at Noblesville, Oct. 11 and 12. It is very desirable that every Fifth Indiana veteran shall attend.

—Grant Reed, a brakeman on the O. & M. Railroad, had his left arm crushed off and was severely crushed about his body, while coupling cars at Medora. His injuries are probably fatal.

—A 15-year-old son of John Turner was run over by a log wagon, four miles west of Marion, and killed.

—Thomas Stevens, of Monroeville, has brought suit for \$100,000 damages against Charles A. Mills and nine others for having him adjudged insane in 1886, and deprived of his liberty.

—Typhoid fever is having full swing at Brownsburg and Clermont.

—A boy named Foying, aged 16, lost both of his legs by the cars, while making a coupling at Elwood.

—Mrs. Warner and daughter, of Madison County, while riding in a carriage near Elwood, were thrown down the embankment by their frightened horse and very seriously injured.

—At Coxville, a mining town a few miles north of Terre Haute, Jeff Jefferson shot and instantly killed N. K. Jewell. Both parties are colored. The murder grew out of the rivalry of the men for the hand of a pretty colored girl named Ella Madison.

—As Levi Evans was riding a horse along a highway in Harrison County, the animal became frightened at a threshing machine and dropped suddenly dead.

—The Ninety-ninth Indiana will hold their first annual reunion at Peru, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 9 and 10. A large attendance is expected. Address all communications to Ira B. Myers, Secretary.

—Eugene Rankin a young man while feeding straw into a baling machine, near Thorntown, had his leg caught and crushed. About one year ago his father was paralyzed by a stroke of lightning.

—James Chamberlain, who disappeared from his home near Plainville several days ago, was found hanging to a tree.