

## INDIANA HAPPENINGS.

### EVENTS AND INCIDENTS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crime, Casualties and General News Notes.

#### White Caps Brutally Whip an Idiot.

White Cap methods have again been brought into play to regulate Hoosier affairs. The latest incident occurred in Washington County. Ben Clifton, an idiot, has for many years been a source of great annoyance to his neighbors, and the trouble he caused them is presumed to have been the excuse for the brutal treatment the demented creature received at the hands of the lawless regulators. Instead of adopting legal means and having Clifton sent to an asylum, another mode was used to discipline him. A few nights ago a body of White Caps took Clifton from his bed, and, carrying him into the darkness, gave him a severe whipping. After finishing their task the White Caps turned the man loose, and, bleeding profusely from the lash's cuts, the poor idiot crept back to bed. He was clad only in his night clothes. The White Caps said the beating was administered to improve Clifton's manners.

#### Patents.

Patents have been issued to Indiana inventors as follows: Charles Anderson, assignor to South Bend Iron Works, South Bend, sulky plow; John F. Brown, assignor to A. R. Baker, Indianapolis, temporary binder; William W. Campbell, Cambria, fence; Oliver H. Castle, Indianapolis, steam-engine governor; Charles E. Egan, Columbus, O., assignor of one-tenth to N. W. Halley, Tipton, incandescent electric lamp-socket; Henry H. Fisher, New Paris, washing-machine; Viola Fitz, Richmond, crib attachment for bedsteads; Adelbert E. Fobtch, New Albany, stereoscope; Artemus N. Hadley, Indianapolis, shock-forming table for corn-harvesters; Emmett Shanks, Huntington, truck; Fremont Swain, Indianapolis, percentile-measurement chart; Allen J. Wolf, Newburg, rail-chair.

#### Reported Case of Wholesale Poisoning.

A singular case of wholesale poisoning is reported from Ravenstad, Warren County. In the house of James McGill, a well-known farmer, a package of "Rough on Rats" was left lying on a shelf just above a pail of drinking water. By some means a portion of the poison fell into the bucket, from which the whole family drank. The father, 65 years of age, and his son, James, died from the effects of the poison, while the mother and daughter are said to be in a critical condition and not likely to recover.

#### Minor State Items.

New York capitalists have invested \$350,000 at Muncie.

Incendiaries burned the house of Mrs. Henry Kerns, four miles south of Seymour.

Valparaiso has abolished the offices of Street Commissioner and Chief of the Fire Department.

An incendiary fire destroyed the stable and outhouses of Dr. J. W. Rucker, at Shelbyville.

John Storns, 62 years old, and deaf, was instantly killed at Fairland, Shelby County, while walking on the track.

A 3-year-old child of Mrs. Fred Boyles, at Greensburg, was seriously scalded, by the upsetting of a tub of hot water.

While feeding a corn crusher, at Rushville, Henry Winegard had a finger crushed off, pulling a tendon out to the elbow.

The third annual State encampment of the Sons of Veterans will be held at Logansport, beginning June 11, and continuing four days.

The Board of Commissioners of Harrison County has made an order bonding the indebtedness of the county, amounting to \$60,000.

The daughter of Thomas Gephart, Elvoro, Daviess County, aged 5 years, was fatally burned by her clothing catching fire from a pile of burning rubbish.

Mad dogs have made their appearance in Decatur County, and the citizens are adopting the shotgun treatment to prevent their doing damage to man and stock.

William Pike, an employee of the Winchester saw and handle factory, had his right hand crushed while working at a bolting-machine. Amputation was necessary.

Elkhart county's oldest resident, Jarvis Clark, died at Elkhart, aged 91 years. He was a pioneer, was in business many years ago, and was very prominently known.

The Union Grand Army Association of Madison, Delaware, Grant, Blackford, Randolph, and Jay counties will hold their fourth annual encampment at Marion, July 30, 31, and Aug. 1.

At Terre Haute, while making a run to a fire, Major Holden, a prominent farmer of Vigo County, was struck by a ladder wagon and received injuries from which it is thought he will die.

The directors of the Knox County Agricultural Association elected officers as follows: M. O'Donnell, President; J. W. Emison, Secretary; William Berry, Treasurer; J. T. McCimsey, Superintendent.

Jacob Brown, who had been closely identified with almost every interest and improvement in Jackson County since its settlement, died at Seymour.

Twenty tramps make their headquarters in a sugar camp, near Muncie, and spend the day in begging money and insulting women. An effort will be made to capture them by the city authorities.

An old California miner claims to have discovered a rich silver mine two miles east of Spencer. He exhibited samples of ore, which he says will yield \$400 a ton, but refuses to divulge the location of his "find."

Mrs. Belle Crane, wife of James Crane, a druggist at Clinton, killed herself by sending a bullet into her temple. Mr. Crane's place of business was several times destroyed by fire, and the financial loss had weighed heavily on his wife's mind.

The vicinity of Columbus is a great rendezvous for tramps, and on bright days dozens of the vagrants can be seen sunning themselves on the roadways leading to the city. All the fences in the neighborhood are covered with curious chalk marks, which are thought to be guides to the visiting members of the tramping fraternity.

The citizens of Huntington are much annoyed by the nauseating odor of escaping oil from a break in the Chicago tank-line. The stench permeates every corner of the houses, and even food is impregnated with it. They also live in fear, because of the danger of the accumulated oil taking fire and causing a serious conflagration.

The Commissioners of Randolph County have agreed to appropriate \$25,000 toward a soldiers' monument to be erected at the east side of the public square, Winchester. This amount, in connection with a bequest by the late James Mormon, will be sufficient to erect a fitting tribute to the memory of Randolph County's heroes.

Arthur Cypher, aged 17, living near Birmingham, Miami County, was killed while hunting, in a peculiar manner. He was sitting on a log resting, and seeing a squirrel, drew his gun hastily toward him by the barrel. The lock caught on a piece of bark, exploding the charge, which entered his head. He died in a few hours.

Miss Lillie Bain, daughter of Auditor Wm. Bain, of Martinsville, was sitting on a stone wall chatting to friends. In alighting from it, her dress caught on a stone and throwing her violently to the ground, pulled stone weighing 150 pounds down on her. The stone fell three feet. The young lady was seriously injured internally.

Jesse W. Griffiths, of Huntington, was an eccentric character. He ran a drug store over thirty years, and rarely left the place, except to get his meals. He died in his store, refusing to be moved, and about his person was \$4,000 cash, while other amounts were found concealed in jars and other receptacles. His estate aggregated \$50,000, nearly all in cash.

A case of alleged faith cure is reported from Fort Wayne. Mrs. Falkner had been ill with consumption for over a year, and was not expected to live. Friends in Columbia City who believed in curing by faith were induced to visit her, and she put herself into their hands and ceased taking medicine entirely. Now, it is said, she is being gradually restored to health.

Charles Westbrook, of Evansville, has been stricken with aphasia, or the loss of the use of words. It is a peculiar and unusual disease, and the patient, while knowing the name of the object he wishes to call, cannot recall the word until some one does the same within his hearing, and a moment later it is forgotten again. Frequently it is followed by a loss of speech altogether.

A singular accident occurred at the Olds Wheel Works in Fort Wayne. A flying spoke struck John McCaffrey, an employee, squarely on the head, and peeled his entire scalp off as clean as the scalping-knife of an Indian could have done. The man was rendered senseless, and blood ran from his head in torrents. McCaffrey will recover, but he will be bald-headed for the remainder of his life.

A short time since a colored family named Bowman moved to the west end of Xenia and a month ago a "White Cap" notice, with skull and cross-bones, notifying the Bowmans to leave in thirty days was found posted on the door. Though probably intended as a joke, the family took it in earnest, and the other night, when some small colored children rapped at the door and refused to answer when spoken to, a little Bowman boy, who was alone in the house, fired through the door, the shot striking a 12-year-old lad named Williams in the neck, inflicting serious and probably fatal injuries, the ball lodging near the base of the brain.

A singular incident in the life of David E. Martin, an old soldier, was brought to light at his funeral services in Russiaville recently. At the battle of Russiaville Mr. Martin was shot in the left breast by a Minnie ball, but fortunately had a leather-bound Testament in his pocket, which caused the ball to glance, thus saving his life. The old pook, with its bullet-torn back, was shown to the congregation during the oration, and the touching allusion to the incident by Rev. Knox brought tears to the eyes of the comrades, and to almost everyone in the house.

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## LINCOLN'S ASSASSIN.

### FACTS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED CONCERNING J. WILKES BOOTH.

#### A Graphic Description of the Pursuit and Capture—Dangerous Journey with the Corpse—Disposition of the Remains.

[LANSING (MICH.) CORRESPONDENCE.]

Before a clerk in the office of the Auditor General of Michigan sits the man who commanded the handful of cavalry that captured J. Wilkes Booth, saw the assassin shot down in the old Virginia barn, heard the last words he ever uttered, and lowered the body into its grave.

Rather below medium height, but still straight as an arrow, he is now gray-haired and gray-bearded. In the museum of the State Agriculture College, three miles from here, is the figure of the warhorse used during the pursuit. The sturdy old horse was the playmate of Lincoln's children for years, and when he died recently full of years the college faculty requested permission to have the skin mounted and placed in the museum.

The Lieutenant tells the story of Booth's capture modestly, and as he was with the murderer from his death to his burial his narrative contains a great deal of valuable matter that has never before been published.

At the time of the assassination Lieut. Baker was in the employ of the War Department's Cavalry Corps, and was a member of the same company as his cousin, Gen. L. C. Baker. Ten days later, when word was wired from lower Maryland that the first definite trace of the murderer had been found—a negro stating that two men answering the description of Booth and the man Harold had crossed the Potomac the Saturday night before—the chief detective placed under his command a squad of cavalry and tersely directed him to run Booth to earth. There were twenty-five cavalrymen in the party, and to these at the Lieutenant's request, he added himself as assistant and companion. His friend, Col. Conger, was also of the same company.

A gunboat conveyed the party down the river to Belle Plain that night, and the squad scoured the surrounding country until daybreak. Baker and Conger, dressed as civilians, riding some distance in advance and representing to a sleepy but sympathetic population that they had been pursued by "Yanks" and had become separated from two comrades whom they were now trying to find. No clew was obtained and at daylight the party struck directly across the country, arriving at Port Conway in the afternoon. Here the jaded men dropped out of the saddle, the sturdy war horse of a decidedly fleet nature. The restless little Lieutenant soon found a fisherman named Rawlins who had seen Booth and Harold in company with Capt. Jett and Lieut. Bainbridge, two rebel officers just mustered out of Mosby's cavalry, cross the Rappahannock the night before. Did he know where they went? He imagined they would push straight on to Bowling Green, twenty-two miles southward. Rawlins agreed to guide the party to Bowling Green, but at his insistence was placed under guard to convey the impression that his service was compulsory. As they crossed the river two mounted men watched them interestedly from the brow of the hill above. The cavalrymen galloped up the slope in pursuit, but the two made a dash into the pine woods, and it was deemed advisable to waste no time in pursuit, but to head straight for Bowling Green. "And those two men," said Lieut. Baker, with a queer grimace at the recollection, "were Harold and Bainbridge, as we afterwards learned, and Booth was only half a mile away at the farm of Garrett in Maryland."

Midnight and the party had reached Bowling Green. The hotel to which Rawlins believed Capt. Jett would take his friends was quietly surrounded, and Capt. Jett himself was roused from his slumbers to find a revolver thrust in his face. He promised to tell all he knew of the matter if shielded from the charge of complicity, and informed the Lieutenant that Booth had stopped at the Garrett place. He was shortly ordered to get out his horse and accompany the party, and the men were directed in his hearing to shoot him down if he attempted to escape. The Lieutenant did not shoot him, but if he attempted to escape he would shoot him.

"Tell mother I die for my country," Booth gasped to the officer.

Baker lifted one of the nerveless hands. It fell back by his side again. "Useless, useless," murmured Booth.

These were the last words.

Conger had been sent on to Washington twenty minutes before the death of Booth, and, after a hurried breakfast, Lieut. Baker started after him with the body. It was wrapped in a blanket, and was placed between his legs, and at length he revived again. His eyes looked with dumb appeal into the faces of those about me. "O, kill me; kill me quick," he whispered bitterly.

Another lase into unconsciousness, and it seemed impossible that he could revive again, but just before sunrise there was a last brightening of the stunned brain. As he revived, he put out his tongue and Lieut. Baker, thinking he wanted to know if there was blood in his mouth, told him there was none.

"Tell mother I die for my country," Booth gasped to the officer. "I did what I thought was best."

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