

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.

Terrific Fight with an Indian.

Stowe's Indian show and circus arrived at Vincennes, stopping at the Grand Hotel. The Indians and cowboys proceeded to get drunk at the bar. Soon they became boisterous, and created such a din around that corner that Mayor Murphy, who was on the third floor, was awakened by the noise. Mayor Murphy went below, thinking there was a row. On inquiring what it meant, policeman Gus Robertson, who was already upon the scene, replied that the Indians would not be quiet. Murphy ordered Robertson to arrest them. He proceeded to do so when a young Comanche Indian, named "Split Bark," resisted. The Comanche is a powerful man, tall and muscular, as lithe as a panther, and as savage as a grizzly bear. When "Split Bark" resisted, Robertson struck at him with his mace. The Indian suddenly squatted down, and the terrific blow of the officer's mace swung harmlessly above his head. Quick as a flash the Indian seized officer Robertson around the knees and then straightening to his feet with him, threw him into the air as if handling a child. As the officer descended Split Bark grabbed his mace, tore off his star, and pouncing upon the prostrate form of the officer, began to batter him in a most savage manner, with his own mace. The Mayor seized a heavy chair, dashed into the affray, and after battering the Comanche over the head several times with the chair, finally knocked him off of Robertson. Another Indian, a cousin of "Split Bark," rushed to the rescue of his companion, but was seized and held by a bystander. "Split Bark" started to run out. As soon as Robertson regained his footing, he rushed out after the Indian, and began firing at him, bringing him down with a bullet in his back, fatally injured. The fight was a hard one. The officer is badly used up and but for the Mayor would have been killed.

Minor State Items.

—Anderson has a small typhoid fever epidemic.

—An unusually large peach crop is predicted for Southern Indiana this year.

—The Diamond Plate-glass Company, of Kokomo, has struck another big gas well.

—Clark County paid out, during the past year, on account of sheep, killed by worthless dogs, \$1,422.50.

—The annual reunion of the Sixty-third Indiana Regiment will be held at Waynetown on September 25 and 26.

—Newton Weston, of Lafayette, was shot from ambush, while passing a cornfield, and received a painful wound in the leg.

—The labor organizations and citizens of New Albany have appointed committees to solicit aid for the Clay County strikers.

—The Diamond Plate-glass Company, of Kokomo, has opened a monster gas well near that city. Experts say the well is the largest in the State.

—Hog cholera has broken out in Jackson County and Fred White, one of the best farmers in that section, has lost over fifty head recently.

—Mrs. John Shelton, a young wife of Seymour, has given birth to an unusually large and hearty boy with six well-formed fingers on each hand.

—Southern Indiana has produced this season one of the largest peach crops ever known in that section. Brown County seems to be "humping" herself especially.

—Charles B. Dougherty, of Bluffton, becomes heir to \$10,000 by the will of his aunt, Mrs. B. G. Stults, whose death at the sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich., occurred recently.

—James Spencer, living six miles north of Brazil, died from blood poisoning. It was caused by a wound on his face coming in contact with a horse having the distemper.

—The other night a meteor crashed through the roof of John Faschnicht's house, near Lafayette, and was embedded in the floor near the bed where Mr. and Mrs. Faschnicht were sleeping.

—An attempt to wreck a south-bound O. & M. train was made by piling rocks on the track, at the Silver Creek bridge, near Jeffersonville. The engine was thrown from the track, but nobody was hurt.

—John Unison was in the act of getting on the east-bound Vandalia accommodation, at Greencastle, when he slipped and fell, crushing his left foot beneath the rail. His injury is severe, though amputation may be avoided.

—James Ferrell, foreman on the Evansville Suburban and Newburg Railroad, was fatally injured at Newburg, while working under an embankment. A huge pile of earth caved in, burying him beneath it and breaking his back.

—During the past few years a number of valuable pearls have been found attached to shells in White River, near Rockford. One resident of the village has realized over \$300 from that source, and a large specimen recently picked up by him sold readily for \$38.

—At Spencer, S. H. H. Mathis and daughter were thrown from a buggy by a runaway horse and seriously hurt.

—While S. H. H. Mathis, formerly editor of the *Journal* at Spencer, was out riding with his daughter the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing both violently to the ground and seriously injuring the daughter. The father sustained only slight bruises.

—While driving near Falmouth, Rev. Taylor, of Milroy, was seriously, though not fatally, injured. The axle broke, causing the horse to run away, throwing Mr. Taylor out, and breaking his collarbone and forcing it down upon the lungs. His head was also badly bruised.

—Chris Ziedler, a butcher at South Bend, met with a terribly painful accident. He was climbing into his slaughter-house through a window, when he lost his footing and fell. He was caught by a meat-hook which pierced his leg and held him suspended, head downward, until help arrived.

—Berry Thompson, aged 25 years, while fishing in White River, just above Martinsville, with James Walker, and Al Reed, attempted to wade across the stream and was drowned. The current was quite swift and he was steadily borne down stream into deep water. His body has not yet been recovered.

—It is stated that the Mayor of South Bend has received a letter from Benedict, Field & Co., of Chicago, boot and shoe manufacturers, asking what that place will do for them if they locate their factory there. They propose to build a factory with a capacity of 500 pairs of shoes a day, and they will employ 300 hands.

—Six townships in Hancock County voted on the gravel-road question, and the majority of the votes were for free roads. This will practically make every road in the county free. The three precincts in Greenfield gave a majority of 241 in favor of free roads. There is great rejoicing at Greenfield, as every road now leading into that city will be free.

—James Morgan, the eccentric old citizen of Morgan County who recently advertised that he would give \$5,000 for a wife, who must be "young and pretty," has not yet made any selection from among the hundreds of applications he has received. He is having a great deal of amusement in reading the affectionate epistles, some of which are oddly worded and from all classes of girls.

—The large fly-wheel of the power engine of J. T. Barnes & Co.'s furniture factory at Kingstown, weighing several tons, burst from its bearing, tearing the roof from the engine room and otherwise damaging the building. Parts of the wheel were found several hundred feet away. Omar White, the engineer, and a brakeman on a passing freight train narrowly escaped being hit by flying fragments.

—A 2-year-old son of Robert and Mrs. Etherington, residing near Kokomo, was burned to death. The mother, after lighting a fire in the kitchen stove, went out in the garden, and during her absence the little one went to the stove, when its clothing ignited. After suffering great agony for ten hours, death came to its relief. It was their only child, a great pet in the neighborhood, and the idol of its parents.

—These patents to Indiana inventors have issued Charles A. Bertsch, Cambridge City, bending roll; George W. Crozier, Muncie, gas pressure regulator; Abram DeWitt, Bluffton, measuring vessel; Theodore Doup, Jr., Columbus, road gate; Wesley T. Finney, Bentonville, suspender buckle; Leander W. Freeman, Liberty, hay rake; Hiram H. Gibbs, Indianapolis, road cart; Wickliff B. Mitchell, Owensburg, match-safe; Simon Shoup, Fish Lake, saw set.

—The thrasher engine of Georg Heath exploded with terrific force at the home of Jerome Galliher, near the city limits of Muncie. When ninety pounds of the required 120 had been raised in the old engine preparatory to starting in to thresh a field of wheat, suddenly the old rusty bolts in the head of the engine gave way, and the explosion that followed could be heard miles. It lifted the engine from the ground and carried it forty feet away, where it fell in a heap. Lon Furr, an employee, was badly burned and severely hurt otherwise by a large piece of flying iron hitting him in the breast. Two boys were blown off a fence near by, while the machine, which had not yet been started, was stripped of its belts and every loose article. A beard fence, 150 feet away, at the other end of the engine, was blown down.

—A stranger came to this city a few days ago, says a Columbus special, and hiring a conveyance, was driven through the hilly region of Brown County, remaining some time in that section and carefully examining the neighborhood where gold has been found. It develops that the man was a gold expert, who went there for the purpose of investigating the extent and wealth of the alleged gold fields. On his return to this city he reported himself as well pleased with his prospecting tour. He found a large amount of rich gold-bearing sand along Bean Blossom Creek, and took back with him to Cincinnati a number of fine specimens of the precious metal in its original state. He announced before his departure that he would return immediately with a number of other experts, and that a thorough examination of the gold field will be made by them.

THE TALL SYCAMORE.

SENATOR VOORHEES, OF INDIANA, INTERVIEWED.

His Views on Protection—A Parable and a Fable Applied—Who Profits by Monopolies—The Tariff Plunderers Denounced.

"The best successes of my political life," said Senator D. W. Voorhees to a Chicago *Herald* reporter who interviewed him at Terre Haute, "have been at times when papers and men defending national evils have said their worst things about me. I am now charged with using harsh terms toward the millionaire monopolists of the country in a speech at Bloomfield the other day. That reminds me of a story. You remember the case of the boy found stealing apples in an old man's orchard. Well, while the owner used soft words and tufts of grass to dislodge the plunderer, the boy only laughed and taunted the owner. When, however, the old man exercised a little of his real force and strength, the robber was driven away. Now, that boy was an infant industry in another man's orchard. He and his kind would have soon monopolized the whole crop. If there had been a high protective tariff to keep the rightful owner away, what a high old time that young robber could have had! And when the old man put in an appearance this sturdy, dishonest infant industry had no idea of abandoning either perch or plunder. How dreadfully abused and wronged he must have felt when the rightful owner was restored to possession! No doubt he called the old man an anarchist and denounced him as an enemy to the Government; or, failing in all else, he may even have made faces at the old man. That is what protectionists do nowadays.

"The moral is, that tariff plunderers now do not intend to give up their clutch on the fruits of labor. They are appealed to and argued with in vain. They tighten their grip and increase their clutch on every necessary of life, from salt to sugar, from lumber to woolen clothing. If I have been conservative in the past it does not imply inconsistency that now, having exhausted mild measures, I use harsher words and counsel sterner measures to secure justice for the people. The time for gentle means with public plunderers has gone by. The question now is whether the laboring people of the United States shall govern themselves or be governed by the power of money wrenched from them by privileged classes under unjust laws. That is the question from now on, and hard words will be given as well as received."

"Has the character of tariff doctrine undergone a change in recent years?" he was asked.

"Yes. The ideas of Henry Clay on the tariff are no more in harmony with Republican policy to-day than are the ten commandments with robbing stage coaches. Henry Clay's tariff was to be temporary, and in no case over 50 per cent. The Republican tariff is permanent, and often exceeds 100 per cent. It does not depend on the needs of revenue, but is for the sole protection of the manufacturer. This bold claim to a right to enrich one class at the expense of another is wrong, and will be met at all times with the aggressive courage of men who know their cause is just. This later idea of protection legalizes plunderers like Carnegie to grind the faces of the poor, to oppress the helpless, to reduce wages and increase prices of necessities. They devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers and build music halls for the poor. Of such the Savior of mankind has said: 'They shall receive greater damnation.' Carnegie's income is estimated at \$4,120 a day, \$71.66 an hour, \$2.86 a minute. He gets more money for every breath he draws than thousands of his men receive for a whole long day's labor. Here is a picture from a locality near Pittsburg, where labor lives that was to have been protected:

"The houses are filled with pallid humanity, black with age, paintless, carpetless, and uncomfortable. In summer they are dreadful places to live in. The bare hills tower on each side, making a sort of urn in which the hot sun turns the dense air fetid. The sewage runs through open gutters. A walk through the streets tells all. There are no disguises. The bare, brown doorsteps, the tables seen through the open doorway, the frowsy bed standing by the open window, all bear their testimony of a comfortless life in plain view of the passer-by. You may know how much or how little the families have to eat. Courtship and marriage, sickness and sorrow, deaths and births all go on in the purview of men, for poverty can afford no secrets.

"There is protection for you. Not enough to keep children from being born in full view of the street, nor from dying in the same way. Carnegie's income from the labor of these men—not from his own—leaves them so poor that a mother can find no hour in all the day in which to suffer the pangs of childbirth in privacy.

"Suppose the Savior were on earth again, and would relate the story of Dives. Every Carnegie in the land would say that Christ meant him. If our merciful Lord thought hell a proper place for Dives and those like him, I have no reason to change the locality. At Bloomfield, Carnegie ordered a reduction of wages, and when a strike was threatened he forced the men, with Pinkerton guards, to submit in silence, and now they bend their heads to heavy tasks, and take such pay as he sees fit to give them."

Clarkson's Rapid Work.

Nothing approaching Mr. Clarkson's record has ever been made in the department. During the same period of time in which his predecessor, Mr.

Vilas, removed 4,000 fourth-class postmasters, Mr. Clarkson has removed 13,000. His best record was 1,015 in one week, or an average of 169 each day for six days: for, of course, no assistant of so good a man as Mr. Wana-maker would be allowed to work on Sunday. This would be about one removal every three minutes, which is extremely rapid work, and which would not be possible under a system which allowed removals for cause only. The present rate is about 600 a week, and this is liable to be the regular pace, kept up with slight variations, until every one of the 55,000 fourth-class postoffices in the land has a good Republican in it.—*New York Evening Post*.

HARRISON'S BAD BREAK.

HE MAKES A SERIOUS BLUNDER IN LOUISIANA.

The Appointment of Ex-Gov. Warmoth Collector of the Port at New Orleans Likely to Cost the Republicans a Congressman.

[Washington special.]

The President has made a pretty mess of affairs in Louisiana in the appointment of Editor Warmoth to be Collector of the Port at New Orleans, and of John Patty (colored) to be Naval Officer. Harrison's usual timidity and his penchant for refusing to decide between rivals have led him into a great political blunder. There were two strong candidates for Collector—Chairman Herwig, of the State Committee, and Major Hero, who was supported by Coleman, the Republican Congressman from Louisiana. Herwig is the Louisiana lottery man who has been keeping the Republican party of his State alive during the last ten or twelve years by his contributions to the campaign funds. When he left Washington a few weeks ago it was with the promise that nothing should be done about the New Orleans offices prior to the campaign for Congressman in the Third Louisiana District. Herwig announced his willingness to spend \$20,000 to secure the election of his friend, ex-Congressman Duval. Now comes the announcement of Warmoth's appointment to the collectorship, just as Herwig is paying out the last dollar for delegates in tomorrow's convention. His friends here say he has been shamefully played upon, and that he will be more than human if he does not suffer the election in that district to go by default. The President has set his heart on having another Republican Congressman from Louisiana, but in thus abandoning Herwig on the very eve of the canvass he is showing how little he knows about the game of politics. It is understood the President has a string tied to Warmoth's appointment, for which the papers have not yet been made out. Warmoth has pledged himself to carry the Third District vacancy, and if he succeeds in fulfilling his promise he will get the collectorship. Herwig thought he had made the same bargain, but the President repudiated it at the last moment, probably because Herwig is connected with the Louisiana Lottery. Warmoth's candidate for Congress is H. C. Utmar, who has taken the lead in the White Man's Republican Party movement. As the district has 4,000 negro majority it is not easy to see how his nomination could brighten the Republican prospects. The two negro leaders of the State, Pinchback and Lewis, are already up in arms over the appointment of Patty. Of course, the Republicans can carry the Third District if they can raise enough money. At the same time Congressman Coleman is bitterly disappointed, and the independent movement of Southern Republicans for the purpose of controlling the organization of the House is likely to receive an accession from Louisiana. Coleman, though elected as a Republican, is and always has been a Democrat, turning Republican simply to help preserve the tariff on sugar. Now that the President has concluded to snub Coleman in the appointment of a Federal officer at his own home, the Congressman, in retaliation, may veer a little toward Democracy before snow flies. Warmoth, who, as Collector of the Port, will resume his old place as dictator of the party in Louisiana, is an Illinois man, who found himself in New Orleans after the war as Provost Marshal under military rule. He owns probably the finest plantation in America on a bayou of the Mississippi about 100 miles from New Orleans, and 7,000 acres of rich lands are under cultivation, and a dozen or more sugar-houses turn out an immense product every year. The house in which Warmoth lives is described as an American palace. This property was inherited by his wife, whose family are all Democrats, and Mrs. Warmoth's five young sons she declares she is rearing to be good Democrats like their grandfather.

Foraker and Washington.

One of the anti-machine Republicans of Ohio is Gen. John Beatty, who generally speaks his mind. At least he did on Thursday last at a speech at a picnic. He said Foraker is sending thousands of pictures to Ohio voters in which he is lithographed alongside of Washington. "The only way I can account for this," said Beatty, "is that the 'boss' wants the people to see the picture of a man who could not tell a lie and at the same time see a picture of a man who could." These rather cutting remarks would seem to indicate that some of the Ohio Republicans have found Foraker out. The next thing for them to do is to kick him out.—*Harrisburg Patriot*.

REVOLT SOON QUELLED.

VAIN ATTEMPT TO OVERTHROW KING KALAKAUA AT HONOLULU.

Dissatisfied Sandwich Islanders Make an Attack by Night on the Royal Palace, but Are Quickly Suppressed by the Military—A Move for a New Ruler.

The steamer Alameda, just arrived at San Francisco from Australia, brings news of a daring though futile insurrection that broke out in Honolulu Tuesday July 30. Two half-breed Hawaiians named Robert W. Wilcox and Robert Boyd, who have been sent at Government expense to be educated at an Italian military school, had been plotting insurrection for some time, but rumors that were current were little heeded until the movement culminated in an armed band of about 130 native Hawaiians marching from Palama to Honolulu, two miles, and securing an entrance to the palace grounds.

In Honolulu all was quiet during the night, although in most of the native houses lights were seen burning at midnight. About 1 a. m. an unusual number of natives and Chinamen were seen on the streets, as if something uncommon was about to happen, but while people went to bed as usual the rebel rioters formed at Palama, and about 3 a. m. Tuesday they marched from that suburb to the city, arriving at the palace at 4 a. m., where they entered the grounds unopposed. These rioters were joined by others, and at one time the rebels upon the palace grounds must have numbered 250.

The King was absent from the palace at the time and an alarm was sent him. The royal party then hastened to the King's boat house, where they remained during the day guarded by the household troops. Meanwhile the rebels summoned Lieut. Parker to surrender the palace, but that official refused to surrender, although repeated demands were made by Wilcox to do so. The general alarm was sounded throughout the city and the Honolulu rifles were immediately ordered to report at their armory.

There was a great deal of excitement, especially among the Portuguese and Chinese. A number of families fled to the top of the hill and a few ladies took refuge at the American legation, where a corps of marines from the United States steamer Adams was stationed.

A cabinet council was held, and with three ministers present were convened the American, British, French and Portuguese commissioners, also Capt. Woodward of the Adams. The cabinet decided to demand the surrender of Wilcox, but this move was unsuccessful.

Several shots had now been exchanged on both sides. By 11 a. m. the rioters had all taken shelter in a house in the palace grounds, while the Honolulu Rifles had secured a splendid position commanding this. Shots were fired from both sides at intervals. Finally a corps of government volunteers began hurling giant powder bombs.

About this time thirty or more rioters surrendered, one of whom had been fatally shot. Early in the skirmish Robert Boyd, Chief Lieutenant of Wilcox, was severely wounded in two places.

While this bombardment lasted the sharpshooters kept up a steady and furious fusillade, until finally, after hours of bombardment, the rioters rushed from the building waving a white sheet upon a pole and shouting, "Peace," "Surrender." The gates were thrown open and the force of volunteers entered and took the rebels prisoners. Firing ceased about 7 p. m. and Wilcox was marched to the station house at 7:15 p. m., his comrades arriving at the lockup a few minutes later.

Among those opposed to the rioters the only serious casualty was a wound in the shoulder received by Lieut. Parker, and it is supposed it was from a shot fired by Wilcox. On the side of the rioters there were seven natives killed and twelve wounded, several seriously.

An armed patrol was formed to watch the city during the night and afterwards, composed of the Honolulu Rifles, blue jackets and marines from the United States steamer Adams, and citizen volunteers as special constables, besides the police force. The plans are said to have been formed by Wilcox. One report was to the effect that he intended to secure the person of King Kalakaua, compel him to abdicate in favor of his sister, Liliuokalani, heir apparent, and demand a new constitution and a new cabinet. Honolulu papers state that this was probably the plan proposed, either in whole or in a modified form, but matters were kept so secret that the exact plans are yet unknown.

The opera house, palaces, government buildings and many private dwellings were more or less damaged by bombs. The inquest was in progress on the bodies of those killed in the riot when the steamer Alameda left Honolulu Aug. 2. A cabinet meeting was held, but the officials declined to state the result of their conference as regards the probable fate of the instigators of the riots.

A LEGAL LIFE ENDED.

Death of Judge Williamson of the Cook County Bench.

Judge Rollin S. Williamson of the Cook County (Ill.) Circuit Court died at his home in Palatine on the 10th. Judge Williamson was born in Cornwall, Addison County, Vt., May 23, 1839. When 17 years of age he came West, locating in the township where he died. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1870, and practiced for ten years. In 1880 he was elected to the Superior Court bench and served eight years. One year ago he was chosen to fill a vacancy on the circuit bench. Judge Williamson was a man of marked personal popularity, a member of the Masonic fraternity, and an earnest and conscientious Methodist, being deeply interested in church and Sunday-school work. He leaves a wife and one daughter. Judge Williamson was prostrated by illness on July 2, and subsequently suffered a stroke of paralysis. His critical condition was not known even to his intimate friends of the bench and bar, and the announcement of his death was a surprise to them.

