

**DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.**

For Governor, **THOMAS A. HENDRICKS**, of Marion.  
For Lieutenant-Governor, **Alfred P. Edgerton**, of Allen.  
For Secretary of State, **RETURN C. KISS**, of Boone.  
For Auditor of State, **JOSEPH T. BENDISCH**, of Franklin.  
For Treasurer of State, **JAMES B. RYAN**, of Marion.  
For Clerk of the Supreme Court, **JOHN S. LARSON**, of Cass.  
For Reporter of the Supreme Court, **H. A. O. PACKARD**, of Marshall.  
For Superintendent of Public Instruction, **JOHN R. PHILLIPS**, of Dallas.  
For Attorney General, **SOL. CLAYTON**, of Putnam.  
For Electors at Large, **JOHN R. COOPER**, of Huntington, **WILLIAM W. HANNA**, of Vigo.  
For District Electors,  
First District—**Thomas R. Cobb**, of Knox, **Continent**,—**R. S. Sprague**, of Vanderburg.  
Second District—**G. S. Doherty**, of Martin, **Continent**,—**John A. Howard**, of Carroll.  
Third District—**James G. Davis**, of Decatur, **Continent**,—**William C. Devere**, of Jennings.  
Fourth District—**John S. Reid**, of Fayette, **Continent**,—**Benjamin L. Smith**, of Randolph.  
Fifth District—**John M. Todd**, of Marion, **Continent**,—**John A. Johnson**, of Johnson.  
Sixth District—**A. B. Carlson**, of Lawrence, **Continent**,—**Samuel H. Russell**, of Sullivan.  
Seventh District—**T. P. Davidson**, of Fountain, **Continent**,—**B. B. Day**, of Carroll.  
Eighth District—**James P. McWhorter**, of Grant, **Continent**,—**S. R. Lindsey**, of Howard.  
Ninth District—**John Coleman**, of Allen, **Continent**,—**Samuel A. Shoup**, of Jay.  
Tenth District—**O. H. Main**, of Elkhart, **Continent**,—**E. Van Lint**, of Noble.  
Eleventh District—**Not appointed.**

**THE CHICAGO ELECTION.**

The result of the election in Chicago, on Tuesday last, was a grand democratic victory. Nothing to mar it, nor to detract from its glory. The organization of both parties was most complete, and the stereotyped republican excuse of "indifference" will avail the defeated party nothing. Both parties ran representative men. Mr. McAllister, the democratic candidate, was a gentleman against whose personal character his political opponents could not breathe a word of reproach, and his qualifications for the position were acknowledged by all. In short, he was a representative man of the democratic party. Col. Bob Smith, the republican nominee, was a fourth-rate lawyer, to Chicago and to "fame unknown" until about three years ago; a blackguard formerly, and now nothing who breathed out threats against foreign-born citizens, like the following:

"The d—d Dutch Catholics and the Mickies are off the same piece."  
"I do not think that any good Catholic can be a good American citizen."  
"I hope to be eternally G—d—d if I ever vote for a Catholic for any office."  
"I will kick any Irish or Dutch Catholic who votes for me."

These, together with other kindred sentiments, and a slight experience as an extortioner, doubtless procured for him the radical nomination. In short, Col. Bob Smith was a representative man of the republican party.

The welcome which Chicago extends to the convention which proposes to nominate Daddy Grant's son for the presidency is not encouraging.

The great reaction is moving grandly onward!

**THE BEAST.**

That loped-eyed mass of infamy, Beast Butler, has again made himself the laughing-stock of the whole country. His harangue last Thursday was more like the mad howlings of a dervish, or the war-dance of a Choctaw Indian, than an argument made to convince sensible men of the correctness of his position. He charged Johnson with every murder that has been committed in the south,—with being responsible for sundry treasury frauds, and that it was the intention of the president's counsel to prolong the trial until the expiration of his term of office. Telegraphic dispatches say that the like of Butler's speech was never heard before on any impeachment or other trial. "He jumped about the floor like a frog in the pangs of vivisection." How long is the public patience to be taxed by this "old man of the west"?

**THE "CASE."**

The managers on the part of the prosecution, and the counsel for the defense, in the case of "ALL the people of the United States" against the president, have closed the evidence on their respective sides. So far as the law is concerned the impeachers have failed to make a single point against the president. The question of "intent" has been proved against them in every instance, and as the "intent" is the foundation of nearly, if not quite all the articles of impeachment, there is but one verdict which the court can render without perjuring itself, and that is one of acquittal. People who are not so blinded by prejudice and bound up by party interests as to clamor for conviction without law or reason, are anxiously waiting for the decision of the senate. They wish to know how far radical senators will be influenced by radical "pressure," how far party interests will affect their decision in a case where law alone should govern.

**K. K. K.**

These magic initials are just now sending thrills of terror through the whole radical press. In the strictest confidence we will say to our readers that they are the initials of the most sanguinary, murderous, and diabolically destructive secret political society ever organized since the world began.—Ku Klux Klan! The membership is said to be composed of ferocious southerners, and the meetings are held in deserted graveyards at the dead hour of night. The object is to scalp Yankee schoolma'ams and psalm-singers, and to remove the epidermis from stubborn Ethiopians.

Some of the radical papers in this part of the state affect to swallow the whole story, and one of them particularly inquires, "Have we a Ku Klux Klan among us?" and imparts the astounding intelligence that a citizen of the place at which it is published has just received a letter written in blood! Is the editor sure that red ink was not the fluid employed? As the almanac men say, "about these days" we may expect all sorts of rumors. It is the presidential year, and the rads propose to raise an excitement in some way, but the Ku Klux Klan sell is somewhat too large a dose to be taken at one "gulp." The following delicious tit-bit we find floating around in the republican papers. The utter silliness of the whole thing should be sufficient to condemn it as a hoax, but the rads have found a "mare's nest," they think, and are rejoiced accordingly:

"ELROD'S SEPULCHRE, BLOODY GRAVES, Dark Moon, Times Up.  
"Special Order No. 1.  
"Shrouded brothers of Shiloh, division No. 89; The Great Past commands you. Awful times!! Trying hours!! Bloody scenes!!! Perish the oppressors and the guilty. Mark well, A silent tongue! A steady hand!! A true heart!!! Note well our friends, our enemies you know. The hissing bullet—the halter—and all's right. Be cautious! Be vigilant!! Be unsparing!!!  
"By order of Great Grand Cyclops.  
"Huron, G. S."

"K! K! K!  
FORT SAUNDERS CIRCLE, KU KLUX KLAN.  
"BRETHREN: The hour of revenge has arrived! Our beloved companions of the tomb of the west have long since arisen, organized and prepared themselves for the sacred duty. Can we be recreant? Another passage of the sun will seal the fate of our enemies. Revenge! Revenge!!!  
"By order of  
"TIE KLAN.  
"Make way for liberty, he cried!  
"Make way for liberty, and died—"  
To resurrect a Kukulux:  
"K. K. K.  
He thrice armed in whose quarrel is just. The moon bathed in blood. Stars shine in ghastly glimmer. The avenger walks forth and crime shudders. "Hole in the bluff." Eleven o'clock, when church yards yawn. Be vigilant; be brave. The future is ours. By order of the Grand Cyclops."  
"P. Y. Y. + + +"  
Sometimes a letter like the following is mailed to an obnoxious individual:

"CLOUDY MOON, LAST HOUR.  
Be prepared. Ten men of Division B of Ku Klux Klan will be at your shanty Monday night. By order of  
"GRAND MASTER.  
"Be prepared to give up Bill Burnett. He cannot be permitted."  
The radical press, with singular unanimity, are applying the whip to the south for refusing to degrade themselves by the adoption of negro constitutions. The country is given to understand that the men of the south are a blood-thirsty and unregenerate crew, whose delight it is to murder northern men and to practice all sorts of cruelties on the negro population. These same papers, with still more singular unanimity, forget to say anything of the military despotism which has been grinding the south as between the upper and the nether millstones, for the past three years. They forget that human nature is the same at the south as it is at the north, and that oppression long continued will beget its legitimate results, which are offenses against civil law and the rights of property and person. The radical papers are howling about a secret political organization which they call the Ku Klux Klan. We are no upholder or advocate of secret political societies, but if ever a people had just cause to form themselves into associations for their own protection, the south would be amply justified at this time. They have been subject, for the past three years, to sudden arrest and imprisonment, to persecutions of every description, and to indignities which should mantle the cheeks of every true American with shame. All this the south is expected to endure without a murmur, and to kiss the hand that smites them. It is to be wondered at that the south has not sooner taken steps to protect their lives and property from the spoiler. If harm should come from this Ku Klux Klan, radicalism will be responsible,—the blood will be upon its own head.

It is amusing to note the changes which the republican leaders ring on the importance of local elections, in connection with general elections. Before a local election they tell their party that everything depends on achieving a victory, as the fall elections will be controlled by the result. After the election is over, and they are defeated, they coolly announce that it is a matter of no consequence,—that their present defeat will prove the means of obtaining a greater victory at the fall election than if they had succeeded at the local election. They lie in either case, and in so doing come about as near the truth as they usually do.

The New York Tribune is of the opinion that all who do not admire the letter of Schuyler Colfax to the Indiana republican convention, are wanting, either in patriotism or intelligence. This is but a repetition of the oft repeated assertion of the radical leaders, that all the patriotism and intelligence are centered in their party. The increase in the number and extent of democratic victories, and the unprecedented rush which the honest masses are making to enroll themselves under democratic colors, indicate a great falling off in intelligence and patriotism—assuming republican statements on that subject to be correct. It is to be hoped that the day has passed, never to return, when the flashy clap-trap of Colfax and his confederates will have any influence on the people, when making up their mind how to vote. For a party guilty of almost every crime in the catalogue of infamy, from the petty thieving of the public offices, to the hanging of innocent women, and the robbing of millions of people of their liberties,—to claim all the decency, intelligence and patriotism of the country, is arrogating to itself virtues which it probably has less claim to than any political party which every existed in America.

The North Indiana conference, which has just closed its sittings at Warsaw, took strong grounds in favor of loyal reconstruction. The opinion of the conference on all the subjects of political significance before the country was not fully expressed, but the inference is that the action of the radicals was endorsed in spirit, if not in deed. These Aminadab Sleds doubtless neglected to ordain the Rev. Aminadab Butler and the Rev. Aminadab Wade, as bishops in the conference; these worthies are high priests in the radical synagogues, and the mere fact that Butler's idea of the rights of property is somewhat indistinct, or that Wade is one of the most profane men in the country, should not deter the North Indiana conference from taking them into full fellowship.

IMPEACHMENT.  
The evidence in the impeachment trial has been concluded on both sides. The arguments were to have commenced yesterday. A decision will probably not be reached before the middle of next week.  
At about half-past nine o'clock yesterday morning there might have been seen a number of republicans with an excessive development of under lip. We noticed several of our radical friends whose lips hung out far enough to hang a common sized door-key upon them with ease and safety.

THE STATE.  
—They steal flower-pots in New Albany.  
—Tough beef and growling at Terre Haute.  
—David Jordan, of Corydon, has a dog 26 years old.  
—N. J. Lynch, a Greenecastle physician, has gone crazy.  
—Man lost himself in Ligonier the other evening! Level head.  
—On the 13th a man in attempting to get off a train of cars, near Union City, was killed.  
—Democratic soldiers are organizing into clubs, under the title of "Union White Boys in Blue."  
—The Whitley County Republican has its inside printed at Chicago—a sign of delicate health.

WARSAW: Beef every day last week! ... Court house being repaired.... Bishop Talbot preached last Monday evening.... An influx of Chicago gamblers.... A business block to be erected opposite the Kirtly house.... A proposition is made to light the streets with lamps.... Henry Correll arrested on charge of bastardy;—released on bond.... Grant club in "prospect".... The Indianapolis has the Ku Klux Klan night wear.... North Indiana Conference was in session last week.

SOUTH BEND: But one occupant in the county jail.... Donation to Rev. T. P. Campbell, Baptist, of \$190.... Thirty families passed through, bag and baggage, for Iowa.... Firemen projecting stunning celebration for 4th of July.... Thirty additions to the Christian church during the winter.... Gas works to be completed and 10,000 ft. main pipe to be laid, on or before the first of next January.... Summer term N. I. college commenced on 15th.... Five fellows fined \$5 each for being found in bad company.... Odd Fellows' celebration 25th inst.... City election Tuesday, May 5th.... Geo. Hobbs had a note forged for \$150, sold it at Mishawaka for \$110, disappeared, was captured at Dowagiac, Michigan, and taken back.... Wolman, gambler, attempted to clean young man out,—was hoist with his own petard to the tune of \$850.... Mr. Shelton, in employ of Lantz Bros & Co. got on train to go to Elkhart, presented his ticket to conductor,—conductor came round again and asked Mr. Shelton for a ticket. Mr. S. said he had handed him a ticket,—conductor said not, and an altercation ensued, which ended in Mr. Shelton being put off the cars while they were in motion. Mr. S. threw one arm on the track in some way, and the car wheels ran over it, almost severing it at the elbow. Nice conductor, that.

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—Valentine Butsch, of Indianapolis, has a curiosity in the shape of a petrified turtle, twenty-three inches long by fifteen wide. Found near Mt. Vernon, Jennings county.  
—A rad at Columbia City was so certain of democratic defeat in Connecticut that he rushed to the depot to get the first daily, so that he could have the pleasure of telling his friends. Poor fellow!  
—At a Sunday school exhibition in Indianapolis, on Easter evening, one class had the following motto:  
"Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord, Largely Thy gifts should be restored." Offerings, 54 cents!  
—The "law's delay" has just been illustrated in Indianapolis. An old woman was arrested for stealing a blanket, put in prison, waited five months for her trial, plead guilty, and was sentenced to one day's confinement!  
—The remains of Joel Dewey were sent from Delphi to Lafayette by express, and the sympathizing friends of Joel were sadly disappointed to find a live hog instead of a dead man beneath the coffin lid. They bristled with indignation at the silly joke.  
—The heirs of Robert Evans, one of the founders of Evansville, are making arrangements for contesting the title to a large tract of land on which the city now stands. A large portion of the city south of Main street stands upon lots which were once the property of the Evans estate. It is claimed that a fraudulent conveyance was the cause of the defect in the title.  
—At Salem, last Saturday, a young ruffian by the name of Clark, shot and fatally wounded Mr. George Telle, an old and highly respected citizen. He also shot and wounded a nephew of Col. C. L. Dunham. The wretch is in prison, and fears are entertained that the citizens will cheat the law of its due by hanging him.  
—On Monday, of last week, two young bloods of Kokomo had a "duel." Cause—female. The word was given,—one pistol discharged a ball into an adjacent stump,—the other "snapped," upon which, neither being injured, one of them drew off his coat and proposed to "fight his antagonist in true Indiana style." This was objected to; and they finally walked home, arm-in-arm, as if nothing had happened.  
—There lives in New Albany an old woman who has made a discovery which she claims to be a panacea for "every ill that flesh is heir to." This discovery has been put to practical use, and the claims it is a medicine of rare curative qualities. Her husband, who is a scavenger, collects the carcasses of all the defunct dogs to be found on the commons, which he turns over to her. From these dead animals she distills an oil, which, with the addition of vegetable ingredients to remove the offensive smell, and to add to its efficacy, she bottles up for use. A few days ago, she recommended that a patient rub it on his back for lumbago; to another she ordered it taken inwardly for consumption, and to a third she recommended it for dyspepsia. When one of her patients learned the properties of the medicine, he refused to take it, whereupon she informed him that she thought dog meat excellent, and always ate it when she felt ill and wanted a dish. If it was good to eat, it certainly was a good medicine, thought she, but whether the patient agreed with her or not, our informant does not say. Those of our readers who desire to make money on small capital had better call on the proprietress of this new medicine, as we understand that a recipe can be purchased cheap.—Ledger.

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"Largely Thou givest, gracious Lord, Largely Thy gifts should be restored." Offerings, 54 cents!  
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—The remains of Joel Dewey were sent from Delphi to Lafayette by express, and the sympathizing friends of Joel were sadly disappointed to find a live hog instead of a dead man beneath the coffin lid. They bristled with indignation at the silly joke.  
—The heirs of Robert Evans, one of the founders of Evansville, are making arrangements for contesting the title to a large tract of land on which the city now stands. A large portion of the city south of Main street stands upon lots which were once the property of the Evans estate. It is claimed that a fraudulent conveyance was the cause of the defect in the title.  
—At Salem, last Saturday, a young ruffian by the name of Clark, shot and fatally wounded Mr. George Telle, an old and highly respected citizen. He also shot and wounded a nephew of Col. C. L. Dunham. The wretch is in prison, and fears are entertained that the citizens will cheat the law of its due by hanging him.  
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—There lives in New Albany an old woman who has made a discovery which she claims to be a panacea for "every ill that flesh is heir to." This discovery has been put to practical use, and the claims it is a medicine of rare curative qualities. Her husband, who is a scavenger, collects the carcasses of all the defunct dogs to be found on the commons, which he turns over to her. From these dead animals she distills an oil, which, with the addition of vegetable ingredients to remove the offensive smell, and to add to its efficacy, she bottles up for use. A few days ago, she recommended that a patient rub it on his back for lumbago; to another she ordered it taken inwardly for consumption, and to a third she recommended it for dyspepsia. When one of her patients learned the properties of the medicine, he refused to take it, whereupon she informed him that she thought dog meat excellent, and always ate it when she felt ill and wanted a dish. If it was good to eat, it certainly was a good medicine, thought she, but whether the patient agreed with her or not, our informant does not say. Those of our readers who desire to make money on small capital had better call on the proprietress of this new medicine, as we understand that a recipe can be purchased cheap.—Ledger.

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