

## Richmond Palladium

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Correspondence containing news of interest and importance desired from all parts of the country.

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SHELBYVILLE has contracted with E. B. Martindale, of Indianapolis for winter works.

MR. HENDRICKS is credited with saying: "It has only been discovered with in a few years that it was a great crime for one to want to fill an honorable position under the government." However this may be, it is certainly a more recent discovery that one must be guilty of a great crime before he can be thought worthy to fill an honorable position under the government.

It seems that the present administration has no feeling for the great body of the Democratic party. With a large portion of the postoffices yet undisposed of, the President is away fishing for a month in the Adirondacks, and Postmaster-General Vilas is out west at Brule River, also angling for trout. This is conduct entirely too heartless for the leaders of a party hungering for the offices.

THE Iowa Democratic State convention, which was held on Wednesday, nominated Charles E. Whitney, of Monona county, for Governor on the first ballot, and then fused with the Greenbackers and endorsed E. H. Gillette, their candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. Their platform demands the repeal of the prohibition liquor law and the substitution of a license system in its place. The position taken by the Democrats in their platform very much disconcerts the third party prohibitionists who cannot see how they can consistently aid a party into power which so openly repudiates prohibition.

MR. SUTTON, a member of the Iowa Senate and a prominent prohibitionist, has been making a tour of the South, and took occasion to study the temperance situation in that section. In writing upon the subject, since his return, he says:

The fourteen Southern States I visited have double the amount of prohibition laws than the entire North. They have about 400 entire counties and enough precincts to make a hundred counties more. Yet prohibition has never had the endorsement of a Southern political convention, as it could not carry a single Southern State as a State issue. If Northern prohibitionists had made prohibition non-partisan and made the fight by counties instead of States as the South has done, we might have to-day a majority of the counties in every Northern State, and nearly every county in every one of the States.

THE Democratic convention in Ohio yesterday renominated Governor Hoadly for Governor and the present State officers generally for re-election. There seemed to be no desire upon the part of any one to secure a place upon the ticket, and the old officers were made to accept as a matter of duty to the party. The platform adopted endorses the present administration of the general government, and takes a tilt at prohibition, pledging the party to "a judicious and properly graded license system." The resolution on this subject is as follows:

The Democratic party is, as it always has been, opposed to sumptuary legislation and unequal taxation in any form, and is in favor of the largest liberty of private conduct consistent with the public welfare and the rights of others, and of regulating the liquor traffic and providing against the evils therefrom by a judicious and properly graded license system. Under the present constitution of Ohio such system is forbidden and taxation is limited to property and required to be measured by its money value. We, therefore, are in favor of a constitutional amendment which shall permit such system, and we promise its submission for adoption by the people if the necessary three-fifths of each branch of the next General Assembly be composed of Democrats.

Dr. Leonard and his friends will, of course, labor to the utmost to secure the necessary majority for the Democrats, that they may be able to redeem their pledge to change the constitution and establish a license system in the State.

WITH the nomination of Hoadly for Governor and the endorsement of Cleveland's policy on civil service reform the Democrats of Ohio enter the political contest this year heavily handicapped. Not one in a hundred of the Ohio Democrats really approve the President's policy, and Hoadly has made himself many enemies lately who if they do not openly oppose will give him a very like warm support. With the general public of that State Hoadly's administration has been far from a popular one. When he and the Democratic Legislature which was elected with him came into power the State Treasury contained half a million dollars. It is almost empty now. The State debt has been increased ten millions in the meanwhile. The insufficiency of the revenue of the State to meet the demands of the Treasury was not due to any reduction of tax-

ation. On the contrary, taxes have been increased very materially. In fine, there is no explanation of the matter except in the one word, maladministration. Just what may be the measure of Governor Hoadly's responsibility it is not necessary to determine. That no improvement could be looked for under a second term is perfectly obvious. But no second term will be given Hoadly in Ohio, and no one knows this fact better than himself. It was for this reason he did not desire a renomination from the convention, and accepted it with undisguised reluctance. He declared when accepting the nomination that the party had brought him through on an ambulance and that he had made no effort himself to secure the result. The ambulance may have carried him through the convention but it will fail at the election. Foraker's election is a foregone conclusion.

Is noticing the annual session of the uniform rank of Knights of Pythias in Chicago, the Inter Ocean says of the growing importance of the order: "It is therefore not difficult to understand why, with the constituency of the Knights of Pythias in this State, such a session as that of the uniform rank of the order in Illinois attracts so much attention. The parade through the principal thoroughfares on Tuesday was a very imposing and creditable affair, and the order in this city and State can be congratulated upon the number and character of the representatives attending this annual meeting, the appearance of the divisions, and the favorable impression made upon the uninformed public by this body under the leadership of Grand Commander Brand, of Chicago. As might have been anticipated, this event has created much interest not only among the local divisions related more intimately to the uniform rank, but also among the thirty-one or more lodges of the order in the city, not to mention the seven endowment sections. The assembling of such bodies has been found to be highly beneficial to the societies or organizations under whose auspices they are held, as they revivify in an emphatic sense the interest of their own members, and at the same act on behalf of such societies or organizations as public educators. In both these respects the annual or other stated assemblies of fraternal bodies like this have come to be recognized as of high value, and gatherings to which each year more time and thought are given, and in which the intelligent, progressive men are to be found at the front."

### INDIANA NEWS.

The apple and peach crop are a failure in the region of Logansport.

Mr. W. H. Williams, of Patroville, was destroyed by fire Wednesday night.

Dawson Lyon, of Salem, on Thursday had gone thirty-five days without nourishment.

Harry Wyman, suspected of systematic car robbery at Indianapolis, is under arrest.

Mrs. Minerva Young, a wealthy widow, of Attica, was swindled out of \$1,430 by a fruit tree agent.

Poole and Orleans have voted a two per cent tax to aid in the building of a railroad from Mitchell to Jasper.

Burglars entered the residence of Dr. Piercy, at Greenastle, securing a gold watch valued at \$250 and a revolver.

The wife of L. W. Stanley, a sewing machine agent at Indianapolis, is missing, likewise \$300 belonging to Mr. S.

While pushing loaded freight cars at Terre Haute, Eddie Logan, aged 13, went between them and was crushed to death.

Burglars raided a number of residences in Milan and got away with a large quantity of jewelry and other valuables.

McFee, who murdered the marshal of Knightstown, has been heard from. He is making for Kentucky, the murderers' paradise.

George Engle, of Kewanna, is under arrest at Rochester for attempting to murder Joelich Cook because he loved Cook's wife.

The detective system for correcting the morals of Lafayette clerks and traveling salesmen has been adopted. Starting developments have been procured for employees.

A young Swiss girl employed by a Mr. Seitz at Union City, attempted suicide because the amount of money she expected from a relative's estate in Switzerland was reduced from \$1,000 to \$35.

B. F. Gardner, who escaped from the Hendricks county jail last spring, where he was serving a sentence for fraudulently using the mails, was arrested at St. Louis while engaged in the old business.

A peculiar disease is affecting the cows of dairymen in Clark county. While the animal seems in perfect health, the eyes begin to fill with a curious kind of moisture, and finally become blind.

Wm. A. Burroughs, serving a life sentence in the Northern Indiana Penitentiary, from Randolph county, for murdering his wife, committed suicide in his cell. He attempted to sever his jugular vein last Sunday, but was prevented.

**Note.—From the Quaker Standpoint.** By a Quaker:

To the Editor of the Palladium:

Music is a kind of language intended to attract—please and instruct, and to impress such instruction on the memory of the hearers; hence the Psalms of David, the King of Israel. And in later times the old Bards of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales served that purpose at an age when there were few books and but a small number of the hearers could read. The musical compositions of those old bards were chanted to their hearers and were generally patriotic, heroic or describing the many phases of human love, and served to communicate and commensurate true acts of loyalty, friendship or love. Even the methods or rhythm denoted the joy,

the sorrow or tenderness, and were intended to raise such emotions in the hearers. This being the case, tunes come into fashion or use, and all the improvements, divisions, etc., of modern music. And this purpose or true importance and real use of music or poetry still the same—to raise the emotions in the hearers, and to fix the subject in the memories of the hearers. For instance how "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," or "God Save the Queen," will thrill and enthuse an audience. And what curious effect is produced in another direction by "Rory O'More" or "Yankee Doodle." And in more pretentious musical compositions "Haydn's Creation" stands out prominent. Music and painting have of old been handmaidens and companions of religion. But many pious persons of all ages, having seen the base uses to which music and the arts have been prostituted, have refused the support, practice or use of either for the purposes or as aids of religion. The monks of old and the anchorites and recluses of the middle ages refused the offices of the muses or of art, and in more modern times George Fox and the early Quakers, seeing the sinfulness of their times, the deceit and hypocrisy of the priesthood, and the degeneracy of the Christian Church and the base uses of music therein, protested against it; and George Fox (page 75 of his journal) says he was "moved to cry out against all sorts of music," and he and early Friends adopted something of a middle ground, which was in character and in accord, as they believed, with primitive Christianity. They adopted silent worship and waiting on the Lord, except as they believed some man or woman was moved by the Holy Spirit and thereby influenced to pray or speak—but not together denying that one might be moved to sing in the spirit—but it would be with the understanding also, and then others could understand what they sang. All done in the true liberty of the gospel in Christ, which liberty some calling themselves Quakers have in modern times so much abused. Their practical departure from the doctrine and usages of primitive Quakers have been painfully manifest in this city, to the great damage and financial ruin of many.

**Inviting Cholera.**

[San Francisco C. C. Cincinnati Enquirer.]

In a sanitary point of view Chinatown presents a strange anomaly. With the habits, manners, customs and whole economy of the Chinese accepted, accepted by hygiene with open eyes, and with extortions from water-cells, sinks and sewers tainting the atmosphere with noxious vapors and stifling odors, with people herded and packed in damp cellars, living literally the life of vermin, badly fed and clothed, addicted to the daily use of opium the extent that many hours of each day or night are passed in a delirious state of orgiastic狂狂, it is to be denied that as a whole, the general health of the locality compares more favorably with other sections of the city which are surrounded by more favorable conditions.

It seems impossible to account for this state of things upon any other condition than that of the constant fumigation to which Chinatown is subjected. The Chinese are very fond of opium, and from cigar to cigar, tobacco and opium pipes all contribute hourly clouds of smoke to the fumigation process, and probably prevents the generation and spread of zymotic diseases, that otherwise could scarcely fail to rapidly decimate the Chinese population of San Francisco. These preventive influences can never be sufficient guard against cholera or other like visitations, for the terrible disease, no matter whether it is borne on the wings of the wind, or steals like a thief at night, will surely decimate and play sad havoc in these filthy habitations.

**Securing a Husband by Sticking the Saints.**

[St. James Gazette.]

Breton girls who want to get married go to Sene, near Vannes, and stick pins in the foot of the wooden statue of a Spanish saint locally called St. Uferie, who marries his devotees within a year. The pin must be well pushed, for if it bends the fumigation may not be effective. This is on the Atlantic coast. On the channel at Ploumanach, a rock accessible at low tide, there is a little shrine supported by four Roman columns and dedicated to St. Quiric, who landed there from England in the sixth century. His wooden image is stuck full of pins. So is a statue of St. Lawrence, near Quintin.

It is said that the saint sticks at the first push, for each failure retards the marriage for a year. The same practice has been traced further inland, at Laval, in the ancient province of Maine, where the bare legs and arms of a colossal wooden statue of St. Christopher are covered with pin holes and pins; and both young men and maidens join in the rite.

**Fine Arts Among Muscovites.**

[Boston Globe.]

Because the Turks, an ignorant, uncultivated race of savages, and have destroyed pictures, it is constantly asserted that no true Mussulman has ever patronized the arts of sculpture and painting. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The palaces of the caliphs of Egypt and Spain were alike adorned with statues of various kinds of which no trace remains, but the famous Bibliotheque Nationale and British museums all contain manuscripts illuminated as were the books of Christendom at the same time. These pictures represent, with the greatest richness of detail, Oriental life in all its phases. A legend in letters of gold explains each composition and gives the names of the persons.

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**Testing Horses' Steadiness.**

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

A singular reception rehearsal took place recently at Alix-la-Chapelle, just previous to the crown prince's arrival for the military jubilee of his regiment garrisoned in that city. In the court of the barracks a number of horses intended to be used in carriages were to be driven to a standstill, and a test of the steadiness and imperturbability as far as noise of any description was concerned. First buglers and drummers treated them to the full capacity of their instruments in an ensemble of more than ordinary power, enhanced by an occasional loud cheering of the men, and finally intensified by a chorus of several hundred school boys. With but one or two exceptions the competing animals stood the test bravely.

**Digging in an Indian Mound.**

[Chicago Paper.]

In spite of the standing criticism and ridicule in Europe on the nasal voices of American women, the cultivated voices of American girls continue to take high rank in the vocal schools there.

Robert Loomb, of Georgia, has grown feeble, and frequently walks supported by his negro valet. One who saw him in the Kimball house dining room, in Atlanta, recently, says: "As he walked in, his silvered locks falling in careless ringlets over his magnificent forehead, his giant form and striking countenance attracted the eyes of all. He was attired in a dark suit, wearing the old-style regulation cutaway."

"What are you digging there for? You just stop it."

"Oh," replied Dr. Green, "I was looking for curiosities in this Indian mound."

"That ain't no Indian mound," replied the woman, "that's where them Higgins children is buried."

American Voices.

[Boston Record.]

Dr. Green, the antiquarian and archaeologist, sought out one of the hostels at Mount Desert some years ago, and, finding nothing better to do, obtained a shovel and began to dig in an adjacent mound, which from its appearance, suggested to him an aboriginal origin. While engaged in the work, a woman rushed out furiously from the hotel and shouted,

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### SHOOTING THE MUSCALONGE.

**Novel Sport That a New York Fisherman Says Is Far Ahead of Trolling.**

[New York Sun.]

"There's more sport for me in lying in a cage on a runway to get a shot at a muscalonge than there is in standing on one in expectation of putting a ball into a deer," said George Bonnet, of the Rice Lake club.

"To get a shot at a muscalonge?"

"Yes. Why, there's more excitement in hunting the muscalonge with the rifle than there is in killing it in any other way. There is more, any rate, and when you shoot at a muscalonge you can always know that it will be a big one—a bigger one than you would catch on a hook if you fished for a year."

Then it requires great skill and wariness to shoot one of these freshwater monsters. They are as crafty as the fox and as fierce as the wolf. It also requires great patience, for the appearance of your first victim may be hours, or even days, away.

"I was al one fishing ground—Rice lake, in Canada—and in three days had not succeeded in getting a shot at a single fish. I caught a number of small ones, the largest being a fifteen-pounder, by trolling, but I was anxious to kill one of the immense fellows I knew were in the lake."

The way you hunt for muscalonge with the rifle is to climb a tree, or branch, extending over a part of the water, where you know that big fish naturally lurk. I built me a comfortable platform of boards in a tree situated in such a spot, just as deer hunters who watch salt licks from trees arrange for their comfort and convenience."

The first session I occupied the tree I built in three days. One of them weighed forty-two pounds. Muscalonge have a habit of slowly coming to the surface of the water on sunny days, and lying there, as if they were taking a sun-bath. The shadow of a bird flying overhead, the snapping of a twig or any sight or sound no matter how insignificant will send them to the depths again. In the twinkling of an eye, and they reappear again as it will be after hours have passed. Only the very largest fish come up to bask in the sun. Timid and suspicious as they are, it is a singular fact that if you succeed in shooting one it will instantly be surrounded by others which dart to the surface and snap at the dead fish with their jaws open just as if their attention is all centered in their brother and brother an active and skillful hunter may stretch the bodies of two or three others that are left.

The biggest muscalonge I ever caught in the lake with the hook was a twenty-five-pounder. I have gaffed them through the ice, though, that weighed thirty pounds. That is a style of fish that requires skill and nerve. You cut a big square hole in the ice and build over it a dark hole to keep the light out of the hole. This enables you to see far down in the water. Then you drive a wire gaff three or four feet long with a strong metal minnow on one end of it. You sink it through the hole with your left hand, and thrust your gaff down with your right. The gaff you hold very still, near the bait which you keep moving about in the water. It won't be long before you will see the shadowy form of a muscalonge swimming below you. You see the tail and the body coming toward it. He gradually draws near, until you can see his savage eyes glitter, and discover his long, sharp teeth between his half-open jaws. At that instant a man who does not become excited and trembled like an aspen has got a nerve that not one out of ten, even among old fishermen, has got. The big fish knows on slowly, never daring to approach the fisherman, who is a singularly bold and courageous fisherman. He will not be afraid to leap out of the water, and the fisherman sinks the strong gaff in his side, and, if it is managed skillfully, is sure to land him on the ice after a struggle, in which the advantage is all on the side of the fisherman."

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