

STATE NEWS NOTES

Incidents and Accidents and Doings of Note Throughout Hoosierdom.

SPIRITS IN A FLAME

Big Distillery On Fire at Terre Haute Causes a Fierce Sunday Blaze and Heavy Damage.

Four Firemen are Seriously Hurt While Engaged in Fighting the Flames.

Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 2.—An explosion at the cistern house of the Merchants' distillery, the independent house, and the fire which followed, Sunday afternoon, caused a loss of \$20,000, and four men were injured. The big tanks of spirits were at once ablaze and made a hot fire. When the firemen were at work an explosion of whisky in a subcellar threw four men on one line of hose violently to the ground. The loss is fully covered by insurance. The distillery was being operated at a capacity of 25,000 gallons a day. It is expected to be run temporarily at about one-fifth that capacity. There is no clue as to the cause of the mysterious explosion, which is of unprecedented character about a distillery.

BOUGHT A DUPLICATE

Saloonkeepers Buy a "Remonstrance" Which Didn't Remonstrate.

Nashville, Ind., Dec. 2.—Some of the men of Morgan county have been making an effort to establish a retail liquor house in Nashville for nearly a year, but have repeatedly met with organized and almost unanimous opposition and defeat, the last and recent defeat involving an increased cost to the saloon men. In view of the solid sentiment against the traffic the saloon men ventured to capture the remonstrance paper, paying over to the individual circulating the petition the sum of \$50 on condition that he destroy the petition in advance of the day of hearing before the county commissioners. The money was collected and the remonstrance duly turned to smoke and ashes, but it developed that the original paper had been filed in safe hands and that it was only a worthless duplicate that had been destroyed.

City Loses Out.

Rockville, Ind., Dec. 2.—The jury in the case of the celebrated Ohio street opening, venued here from Terre Haute, the Evansville & Terre Haute Railroad vs. the City of Terre Haute, returned a verdict for \$60,000 in favor of the plaintiff. The opening of Ohio street through the yards of this railroad has been in controversy and court for several years, and the railroad claimed about \$134,000 damages. The case will probably be carried to the supreme court.

Trespassing Charged

Elkhart, Ind., Dec. 2.—W. H. Maxwell of Angola, Ind., who has the contract for building the \$35,000 Carnegie library in this city has had two union masons arrested for trespass, in visiting the site of the library and taunting the non-union men there employed. One of the accused, John Esberg, pleaded not guilty, but was convicted and assessed \$17. The other defendant, Andrew Peterson, has not yet been arraigned.

A Particular Clerk.

Indianapolis, Dec. 2.—The clerk of the supreme court has refused to file 3,290 pages of typewritten briefs that were presented, because each page, instead of being nine inches long and seven inches wide, as required by the rules of the court, were five-eighths of an inch too "brief" each way. The briefs were bound in pamphlet and appeared to have been trimmed at a bindery.

Meters Not Satisfactory.

Wabash, Ind., Dec. 2.—The first month of consumption of natural gas by meter in Wabash ended Saturday night. The records of the meters varies almost as many times as there are consumers, and there is wide diversity of opinion relative to the cost of gas under the new system. Generally gas bills are larger than expected, and a good deal of grumbling is heard.

Kentuckian Pulls His Gun.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 2.—Claude Hall and Miss Hennie Forester of Hopkins county, Kentucky, came here to get married, and when Hall was refused a marriage license he pulled his revolver and threatened to kill the clerk. He was arrested, but was afterward released.

Farmers Organize.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 2.—The farmers of Warrick, Vanderburg and Gibson counties have filed articles of incorporation here of a mutual aid and benefit society. The purpose of the society is to insure the property of the members against loss from fire and lightning.

Killed in a Saloon.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 2.—James Love, colored, shot Woodson Smith, colored, in the abdomen Saturday afternoon and the latter will probably die. They had a quarrel in a saloon.

HELD TO ANSWER

Grand Jury Will Probe Strangling Case at Evansville.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 2.—Wilbur S. Sherwell, the Evansville policeman arrested two weeks ago at the instance of the coroner on a charge of having murdered Mrs. Georgia Bailey and Miss Lena Jenner, was held to the grand jury Saturday after a preliminary trial that lasted nearly all day. The presiding judge was Justice Poole and the hearing was in the circuit court room, in to which several hundred curious persons crowded. Large numbers of others were unable to gain admittance but hung about the court building throughout the trial.

Nothing particularly new was brought out in the trial beyond what was adduced at the coroner's inquest over the body of the murdered woman. A large number of witnesses were heard and the whole story of Sherwell's conduct on the night of the murders was reviewed. After the state had introduced 11 witnesses the prosecution rested. The defense stated that it had no evidence to offer and had no statement to make. The court then bound the prisoner over to circuit court without bail, and he was taken back to jail. During the entire proceedings Sherwell maintained his usual calm and unconcern and was regarded as the coolest person in the court room. The result of the preliminary hearing has strengthened the general belief that Sherwell is a guilty man.

A Singular Suit.

Indianapolis, Dec. 2.—A claim for \$11,945.20 has been filed against the estate of Helen J. Tate by Mary Brooks, who claims to have been indentured to Mrs. Tate as an apprentice to learn housekeeping in 1868 and served her as a domestic and waiter in her resort for 27 years. She avers that she did not learn until recently that she had been indentured, but was made to believe that she was an adopted child. It is charged that she was not allowed to attend school and as a consequence is unable to read or write. She demands \$5,000 damages. The claim for her services about the house complete the amount of the demand.

Found in the Cistern.

Brazil, Ind., Dec. 2.—The body of Julia Mullins, 30 years of age, was found in an old and abandoned cistern at the home of her father, John Sharp, at Asherville. Her husband was killed two years ago in an accident while hauling gravel, and since that time Mrs. Mullins has worried a great deal. It is believed she committed suicide while in a state of temporary insanity.

Probably Fratricide.

Greenfield, Ind., Dec. 2.—Saturday night Robert Glascock of Cleveland, a village six miles east of here, was shot and probably fatally wounded by his 18-year-old son Arthur. Glascock had been drinking, and the shooting followed a quarrel with his son over some work, during which the father threatened to kill the boy with a knife.

Fell to His Death.

Vincennes, Ind., Dec. 2.—At Oaklawn, Knox county, Henry Knapps fell into a corn bin in an elevator and was crushed to death.

Foiled the Robbers.

Lima, O., Dec. 2.—Harry Greer, night station operator at Bluffton, 14 miles east, was at work when three men burst open the door, revolvers in hand. Greer, instead of obeying orders to hold up his hands, rose and leaped out of another door. The men opened fire, several bullets taking effect in different parts of Greer's body, but it is not thought there will be serious results.

Squall Subsides.

Colon, Dec. 2.—Affairs are uneventful at Colon and Panama. Both Liberals and Conservatives are gradually resuming their customary intercourse and fraternizing the one with the other. There is no undue boasting on the part of the victors nor ill-concealed hatred on the part of those who sympathized with the vanquished. Consequently there have been no disturbances nor unseemly behavior.

Several Small Engagements.

Manila, Dec. 2.—Several engagements have occurred in Batangas province in the last few days. The forces of the insurgent leader Caballo have become badly demoralized. His followers are broken up into several small bands. Caballo holds two American prisoners.

Valley Forge Not Forgotten.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Early in the week Senator Penrose and Representative Wanger of Pennsylvania will introduce bills for the acquisition of Valley Forge and its incorporation into a national park as a memorial of the most historic places of revolutionary days.

Situation Well in Hand.

Pittsburg, Dec. 2.—Reports from the managers and operators of the different railroads affected by the switchmen's strike assert that they have the situation well in hand and that the new men who have taken strikers' places are now working to good advantage.

Killed By Fly Wheel.

Muskegon, Mich., Dec. 2.—James Tate, engineer, was killed by the bursting of a flywheel at the plant of the Central Paper company here Sunday. The building was damaged \$2,000, and 150 men will be thrown out of employment for some time.

BUT THREE LIVES LOST

Reported Ferry Disaster At San Francisco Not So Serious.

San Francisco, Dec. 2.—So far as can now be determined only three lives were lost in Saturday night's collision between the ferryboats San Rafael and Sausalito. Those drowned were: W. G. Crandall, secretary of the Long Syrup works; George Tredway, a waiter on the San Rafael, and a 3-year-old son of Mrs. Waller of Ross Valley. The body of Crandall was washed ashore at Angel Island Sunday.

In the panic that followed the collision about 20 passengers were more or less injured. Many were cut when crawling through the cabin windows. Mrs. Waller of Ross Valley was on the San Rafael with her two little children, a boy and a girl. The girl, Ruth, was safely carried from the San Rafael to the Sausalito by William Boyd of the North Pacific Coast Railroad company, when the two steamers were locked together. Mrs. Waller had the little boy in her arms and was going below to safety when the sinking steamer gave a sudden lurch and the little fellow was thrown from her arms into the bay and sank out of sight.

Tredway was pinioned by the splintering timbers when the Sausalito struck and after some difficulty was extricated. He was hurried to the upper deck of the injured vessel, and that was the last seen of him. According to the survivors if there were more than three persons drowned it will not be known for several days. No other persons are reported missing. At least 200 people were on the San Rafael. After the boats struck the Sausalito was brought up alongside the sinking San Rafael. It was 15 minutes at least before the latter vessel went down. This gave ample time to transfer the most of the passengers. There is a discrepancy in the statements of Captain Tribble of the Sausalito and Captain McKenzie of the San Rafael concerning the circumstances immediately preceding the collision. Captain Tribble says that the vessels bore on each other's port bows when first sighting each other, while Captain McKenzie says it was the starboard bow.

Of the many heroic stories told in connection with the accident, notably is the one relating to Fireman Gielow of the Sausalito. As the San Rafael was sinking it was remembered that her fires were still burning and her boilers still hot. There was imminent danger of a terrible explosion that would have rent both vessels asunder. Without a moment's hesitation Gielow volunteered to dive into the hull and shut off the steam. Diving through the submerged boiler room, he reached the valves and shut off the steam, coming out half suffocated.

James S. McCue, the well known horseman and old-time circus man, who lives at Corte Madera, was probably the most seriously injured of the survivors. His right arm was broken, his right ear almost torn from his head, and he sustained internal injuries.

Double Tragedy Due to Drink.

Petersburg, Ind., Dec. 2.—During a drunken quarrel late Saturday Fred Watson shot and fatally wounded his friend and companion, Harry Cummins, and then turned the revolver on himself and blew out his own brains. The young men were farm hands and they received their wages Saturday for husking corn and came to Petersburg and began drinking and carousing. They spent the day in visiting the various resorts and late in the afternoon started to their homes, about four miles from the town, in a wagon. They had gone only a short distance when they began quarreling and fighting. Cummins drew a revolver and shot his opponent four times, fatally wounding him. The terrible deed sobered Watson, and he turned the weapon on himself, blowing out his own brains. Watson died instantly, and Cummins lived but a few hours.

Dutch Brutality Punished.

Berlin, Dec. 2.—A private dispatch received here from Cameroons, West Africa, says that a merchant named Wittenberg has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary there for impaling a negro on a ramrod. A merchant named Keltich has also been sentenced to three years in the pen for pouring petroleum on a negro's hands and then setting him on fire. Another merchant named Haesloop has been sentenced to eight months in jail for destroying the eyes of a negro chief with a whip.

Judge Scores the Jury.

Modena, Utah, Dec. 2.—The jury at Pioche, Nev., returned a verdict of assault and battery against seven of the persons accused of participation in the recent hanging of the negro Ellis at Fay, Nev. Judge Talbot in his charge to the jury instructed them to either return a verdict of guilty of assault with intent to kill or one of acquittal. When the verdict was read in court the judge scored the jury for returning such a verdict. The men will be sentenced Monday.

Both Stories Confirmed.

Amsterdam, Dec. 2.—The statement that Queen Wilhelmina's aide de camp, Major VanTol, is suffering from peritonitis and not from the effects of a duel fought with the consort, Prince Henry, is confirmed. The assertion that Queen Wilhelmina's recent illness was caused by the premature birth of a child is also confirmed.

JIM MARTIN

A Hero of the Galveston Storm.

BY CATHERINE D. SCHUREMAN

Jim Martin's father was of a roving disposition, so after moving about half a dozen times or more in the northern states he decided to take his family and go south, as he expressed it, "to seek his fortune." Jim was then a boy about eight or ten years of age, the youngest of six children. Already he could build a dog house, a dovecot and even help his father in many ways. His talent pleased the old gentleman immensely, for he thought to be a good carpenter was all and everything that one could desire. At first they located in Louisiana, and then after accumulating and losing much of "this world's goods" they moved to Texas. All went well until the yellow fever broke out all over the south in a terrible epidemic, cutting down thousands of victims in its awful march. When at last it had spent its fury, Jim Martin came back to life, only to find that he was alone—father, mother, brothers and sisters all had fallen prey to the "yellow demon."

Jim had a brave heart, but this seemed almost more than he could bear. As health and strength came back to him his spirits rose, and he set about his old trade. He was considered one of the best carpenters in Galveston. And for so young a man he was a marvel. Neatness, strength and beauty were all combined in his work—in fact, Jim had more than he could do. Everybody wanted his advice when they could not get his work. It was a common saying that "Jim Martin's father's houses stood the storm of 1875 without so much as the loss of a shingle, and he can do better work than his father."

And so it happened that Jim made money and friends and became a favorite with the Galveston people. It was in the spring of 1892 when it occurred to him he was getting along in years and he who had built so many homes for others ought to have one of his own. He knew the woman he wanted to share it with him, so after getting her consent he cast his eyes about for the proper location. The Gulf of Mexico had a strange fascination for him. He loved to gaze on its glasslike surface in calm, and he was equally charmed when it rolled beyond its shore. So with love in his heart for this wonderful, beautiful but treacherous body of water he selected a spot only two blocks from his shore for a home. At the end of the year the house was complete, and such a home, for substantiality at least, had never before been built on the island. The enormous chimneys were started away down in the ground, and plenty of shell was used in the mortar to make them strong enough to stand the wind and weather. Jim married and took his wife to the beautiful new home. There they lived until Sept. 8, 1900, when a storm wherein a cyclone and hurricane combined swept over the Gulf and extended into the state of Texas more or less for nearly a hundred miles.

Wednesday morning, Sept. 5, as Jim was passing the signal station he saw a young doctor looking at the map which was made for the Cotton Exchange. He heard him remark, "The barometer is low, the wind is from the northeast, and the whole map pretty plainly shows cyclonic disturbances to the south or southeast of Key West." When the doctor passed on, Jim walked up to the man who was making the map and asked, "Are there any signs of a cyclone?" "There are," he answered, "but our office has received no notice of the kind." Jim thought of the storm of 1875 and shook his head. "Don't want to see another," he remarked to himself. Had he known that the coming storm was to make the one of 1875 appear as nothing he might have done differently, but all unconsciously he passed on to his work. At noon he went to his home and ate a substantial meal. As he passed out at the front door he said to his wife, who stood by his side: "Mollie, they say there are some signs of a cyclone. I haven't anything of importance to do this afternoon, so I'm going down to the Gulf to see how she looks. I'll be back in a little while."

When he reached the shore, he was astonished to see that, while the wind was in the north, the tide was running high, which was never the case with north winds. Thursday he again visited the Gulf and found much the same condition of things. Friday the wind was still from the north, and as night came on it increased in violence, the tide was high and the Gulf very rough. Again he went to the beach, gazed long on her turbulent surface, then walked briskly home. "Mollie," he called out, "come, look at our old friend. I have never seen her so wild and rough since 1875, and do you notice the peculiar hazy appearance that generally precedes a great storm?" "Yes, Jim, it does look like a storm; but, please God, we don't have another like the one of 1875." Jim felt a little anxious all night.

As early as 6 o'clock Saturday morning he arose and hastened to the beach. The tide seemed to be at a standstill, but while he stood wondering how it would end the tide began to rise and was soon over the street railway tracks. He went back to his home, told Mollie not to be frightened, that he was going up town to learn what the people thought of the weather. By 12 o'clock the wind had increased and was blowing between forty and fifty miles an hour. After talking to half a dozen or more and finding that very few felt any alarm he went to the wharf front. The wind had shifted a point or two east of north and was blowing more than sixty miles an hour.

One day water was over the wharves and was encroaching on the Strand, and all the low places were inundated. At 3 o'clock he went home and was not a little shocked to find that, while his lot and sidewalk were raised five or six feet above the street level, the water was within six or eight feet of his front door. He watched it slowly creeping up.

Mollie came out on the porch. Her face wore a troubled expression. "Jim," she said, "do you think the water will reach our house?" "No," he replied; "but if it does it won't hurt it, for I built this house to stay." At 4:30 the wind was blowing at a terrible rate, and the neighbors were flocking to Jim's house asking for shelter, for they feared their own little homes could not weather the storm. Now the water was rapidly flowing down the avenue to the west, and on its breast it bore boxes, barrels and small shanties.

It was only 6:30, but darkness was fast falling, when suddenly the water rose four or five feet at a bound and was now two feet on the ground floor of Jim's residence. Mollie begged Jim to come up stairs, but he was busy nailing up windows and doors and making things more secure below. "I'll be up there directly, Mollie. You stay there and try to quiet the folks." The house was filled with sobs, cries and prayers.

The wind had increased, and its shrieks and groans were awful to hear. And now the debris sped by with fearful rapidity, bearing not only boxes and barrels, but large barns and houses. A cry arose above the dreadful din of the wind, water and crashing timbers. Jim looked out.

In the uncertain light he saw the figure of a man, clinging to a large box with one hand and holding close to her heart with the other a little girl. The face of the man stood out from his black drapery in bas-relief and white as the face of death, but resolute and firm.

Jim saw the frail piece of debris to which she clung tip, dip and sway from its course. Another blast of wind, and it struck the corner of his veranda and broke into small fragments.

The man disappeared for an instant, then rose. The air was under her long black cloak, and as it spread out it acted as a life preserver.

For about twelve feet she floated with tremendous speed, and as Jim's eye followed the flying figure he saw her suddenly stop and cling to the post at the west end of the veranda. Quick as thought he raised his great hammer, broke out the window and plunged into the water almost up to his armpits. It was a desperate struggle to keep from being swept on with the mighty current, but he pressed close to the side of the house till he was just to the opposite post where the brave woman clung. His great fear now was that she would be blown off before he could reach her, and how so frail a being could hold on with only one arm (for she still held to the child) was a mystery to him. The wind was blowing at 100 miles an hour. He waited a second for the blast to pass over, then, with great effort, crossed the veranda.

He threw one arm around the post, the other around the nun and tried to lift her, but to his utter consternation he found he could not. Twice, thrice he tried, but to no avail. He saw that she was not only conscious, but in full possession of all her faculties. He could see her lips move, but no word reached him above the deafening roar. He put his ear close to her mouth and caught two words, "cloak and post." Jim comprehended the situation—the wind and water had caught her long cloak and wide skirt and twisted them around the post until she was lashed to it so firmly that even big Jim could not loose her, but his head must take the place of his strength. He whipped out his knife and while he held her with his left arm he cut away the garment. With the last stroke of the knife she rose, and Jim almost lost his hold, and now another frightful blast, and the water rose four feet. He clung to his post until he recovered breath, then struck out toward the window, swinging with one arm and holding the nun with the other. He found it impossible to get back to the window on the south, so, with almost superhuman effort, he swam to the west side and caught hold of a swinging blind. They were now somewhat sheltered from the wind and entirely from the current. He pressed his body against the wall and raised the nun in his arms and placed her on the window sill. He felt for his hammer; but, oh, despair, it had slipped from his pocket in the awful struggle for life on the veranda!

The window must be broken in, he must get up stairs with his double burden. It took only time enough for the brain to telegraph the message to the hand before Jim raised his huge fist and struck the glass a mighty blow, then another and another, until he could get through the opening. The blood was flowing from many a cut, but what was that to a man like Jim Martin? He got inside and found the water was now four feet deep. He held the nun so as to keep her head above water, while in her turn she held the child in like manner. Then they pressed forward, ascending till they reached the second story. Mollie gave a cry of joy and clung to her husband. "You are all right here, Mollie. Take care of the little woman and child. They are all but dead. I must go down stairs and try to fix up the windows I broke out."

It was dark, but he could see the tops of houses just above the water. As he gazed out of the window a terrible thought struck him. "Will my house stand, or will it, like all the rest, be swept away?"

Suddenly the wind veered round to the south, and, strange as it may seem, increased in violence. The water rose

Dyspepsia

What's the use of a good cook if there's a bad stomach—a stomach too weak properly to digest what is taken into it?

The owner of such a stomach experiences distress after eating, nausea between meals, and is troubled with belching and fits of nervous headache—he's dyspeptic and miserable.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia and have suffered almost everything. I have tried many different remedies, but could get no relief until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the use of this medicine I could eat without distress, and today I am as well as ever, but I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand." Mrs. J. A. CROWELL, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Cure dyspepsia, strengthen and tone all the digestive organs, and build up the whole system.

six feet at a jump. Jim was hurled against the side wall and then back. He kept himself afloat while he tried to get his bearings. He then struck out for the stairs. Three or four strokes, and he reached the top one, for the water was now within one foot of the second floor. He was obliged to sit down for a moment in order to regain his breath. The cries of the children and the sobs of the women mingled, while outside the sounds were like the demoniacal cries of triumphant fiends and the wailing of lost souls. All realized now that the end was near. Nothing that man was able to construct could stand the fearful wind and water. Jim worked like a hero, tore off the doors and lashed one after another to them. Mollie, with many others, sunk down in mute despair. The white faced nun worked, too, at binding fast to doors and blinds the terrified people. At last she took the child in her arms. Her eyes wore a determined expression, and her mouth was set firm. "I promised her mother to defend her with my life, and I must keep my promise."

The wind was now blowing at least 120 miles an hour. Now another terrific blast, the house shuddered, creaked, rose from its foundation like a gigantic bird. Thump, thump, against the great chimney in the center, then the timbers yielded, and Jim Martin's house rushed away bearing with it its human freight. Jim found himself struggling in the water. "Mollie, Mollie," he called, but no reply reached his ear. She, with many others, had gone beyond the reach of human voice.

He threw out his hand and caught at the flying debris and succeeded in laying hold of a small log.

Brained and almost beyond recognition, with the wind beating the rain against him until he was almost frozen, he struggled for his life. He was rushed on like a fast flying train, block after block.

Just as he felt he must soon land or drop into the water something struck the end of his log and hurled it from his grasp. With the instinct of a drowning man, he caught at the object. It proved to be the roof of a small building, and clinging to it was a woman holding a child. The black veil was gone, the small arms bare, and only the white band over the forehead left to tell Jim that it was the little nun whose life he had once saved.

With her fast falling strength she lifted up the little girl to him. He stretched his hand toward her, but she waved him back. As he caught the child in his arms the nun saw it was safe, a smile broke over her face, her fingers slipped from the roof, and she was swept away on the rushing tide.

The next day, when the searching parties found the body of a nun, they wondered why her face, even in death, wore so sweet a smile. But how could they know she had kept her promise and defended the child with her life?

Jim was an unusually strong, muscular man. Alone he might have saved himself, even after the hours of desperate struggle, but with the child he had very little chance.

Now, as the wind raged and howled, he thought he heard, borne on its breath, "Drop the baby." He was so terrified by the unholy thought that he pressed it closer to his side. "No! No! She defended it with her life; I will do no less than a woman!"

And so it happened, when the body of a man, holding close in his arms the form of a dead child, was piled on the dry with scores of others, then carried to the wharf, placed on the barge and taken out to the channel, there to rest until the sea gives up its dead, that a bystander remarked, "No doubt but that big fellow lost his life trying to save the baby."—Bohemian.

Hindoo Women.

Hindoo women wear very beautiful and when wealthy very costly jewelry. They wear a large ring in the nose, quite a number on each ear, and even so many bangles on the arms and wrists, also massive gold and silver anklets and rings on each toe. These rich ornaments are very becoming, and the women naturally think a great deal of them. But widows are not allowed any ornaments at all, nor must they wear colors.

The condition of women with living husbands is not much better. They must never look upon the face of any other man, so that they are not allowed to leave their homes, and these homes, even among the rich, are not pretty in the least. The small dingy rooms have bare walls and hardly any furniture, and look upon dreary interior yards without a vestige of tree or flower.