

The Weekly Gazette.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1877.

THE HEROES AT THE DEPOT.

After Maanley—Not Dan.

Low whined the mayor merrily
The strike must be put down,
For if the depot once is lost,
As well wall in the town.

Just then a "cop" came flying;
A "Hill" livered down;
"What shall we do, O 'Aunty?"
The mob will be here soon."

"There are at least a dozen
Decked out with ribbons white,
And if they once the depot win,
Perchance we'll have a fight."

Up spoke a heavy banker,
Who shaves at cent per cent,
"Gainst every man upon this earth
Death's bow at last is bent;

Now, how can I do better,
Or more the public please,
That just by putting down my name
To cheer my mortgages?"

"Talk softly to the rabble,
And soothe them off you may,
I, with a few to help me,
Will glory win to-day."

If we but play it finely,
The tricks shall all be free,
Now who will quickly wag his tongue
And bend the trembling knee?"

Straight spoke another banker,
A hero without fear,

"Lo! I will stand just ten squares off
And flank you in the rear."

Out spoke a curbside broker,
Prompt as the man of Rome,
"Why I will get still further back,
And somewhat nearer home."

Meanwhile the smoke-smothered dozen,
Right fearful 'tis to behold,
With ribbons decked; which once were white,
Strode back and forth; blatant for fight,

With swaggering air and bold,
A dozen tongues were wagging
With sounds of merry glee,

As that small squad with measured tread,
With hardened cheek and digits spread,
Moved slowly on to each train's head
To set the eng'ne free.

But as they reached each entrance,
Halted the mighty (?) mass,

And waited for a man to come
To bid the trains to pass;

But, hark! the cry is "Caven,"

And lo, the ranks divide,

Room for the great "male Aunty"

Who pockets manly pride.

He smiled on these bold strikers

A smilech like an island;

He eyed the bold law-breakers,

Then took them by the hand.

Quoth he "Now boys you'd better

Just stand out of the way,

And trust the railroad officers

To raise your monthly pay."

Then turning to the captains,

With both hands, o the high,

Of those who plead for favors,

"Now, Sayre, this isn't right."

With ready tongue the leader

Quite soily turned the flow

Of words that came like half-breathed sigh,

Or sounds we hear when young lambs die;

They saw the fear within his eye,

And saw the mayor go.

As quickly toward his office

The meeked-voiced mayor broke,

As moves belated pawner

Tryng both sides to please.

Meanwhile both lip and lingua

Were far from straining still,

They generated power enough

To run a Dutch windmill.

In their "mind's eye, Horatio,"

They slew and slew and slew,

Until the gutters ran with blood

Too deep for wading through.

At last up rose the people

That dozen could not awe;

They buckled belts, and armed for fight,

Strong in the cause of legal right,

To vindicate the law.

"Curse on them" said the strikers,

With many a scowl and frown,

"Were they but livered like the mayor

We still had held the town."

Now we should make an image

Of putty easy worked,

And set it up to show the world

How our mild master shirked,

And underneath be written

In letters all of brass,

That Indianapolis no more

Will place in power an ass.

INFORMATION WANTED.

The following letter was received by Postmaster Filbeck and is published verbatim. The writer evidently wishes to know something of a "tail" or rumor that is at present having much credence and large circulation among the country folks, that a man is slowly burning up and cannot be moved, and that he lives near this city.

GEORGIA IND, AUGUST, 9 1877

DEAR SIR:

There is a tail out of a man 16 miles from Terre Haute that is burning all the time and can not be moved they hitched a yoke of oxen to him and could not move him if there is any of it please write to me and let me know i will put in an envelop and stamp for return postage. Please write soon

JOHN C. SPENCER Georgia,

Lawrence County, Indiana.

EX-MINISTER NELSON.

From the Danville Times of Wednesday.

Hon. Thomas H. Nelson, of Terre Haute, ex-Minister to Chili and Mexico, arrived on this morning's train from Toledo from a month's tour in Canada, dined at the Centennial in company with Judge Terry and left on this afternoon's train for home.

Col. Nelson says he took his trip for the express purpose of getting theague out of his system, a disease with which he was seriously afflicted in the early part of June, having shaken some ten or twelve days in succession. He has gained his rotundity of body and lost none of his rare conversational powers during his absence.

That new tea store to be opened on Main street, in the store lately occupied by Richardson, will soon be ready to open to the public, and it will be one of the most gorgeous and tasteful places in the city.

THE POLICE.

Work of the Guardians of the Peace on the Armstrong Mystery.

An Interview With the Horn Boys.

They are Released This Afternoon.

Fresh Arrests.

From Saturday's Gazette.

The murder case still attracts public

attention. The GAZETTE appends below all the news up to the date of going to press.

"THE HORN BOYS."

The above is the familiar title by which these young men are known. The GAZETTE has heard many kind and very few harsh words about them in inquiring as to their history. Their father, Mr. Horn, the butcher, is as honest and straightforward a man as ever wielded a cleaver on a block. The boys are of course not generally known.

A GAZETTE having obtained permission of Sheriff Carico this morning sought an interview.

John Horn, the eldest, yet nineteen, a large, stony, good looking fellow was brought into the office where a conversation, in substance as below appended, was had:

After a few preliminary remarks in which John said he felt not the slightest anxiety and was only desirous of being liberated from the blackhole in which he is confined, the reporter stated that he had heard there was a complete line of invitation. It should be possible for this meeting to do anything to the purpose. The few are present and what are here do not belong to the right class. Besides inclined to take a more hopeful view of the situation. Business seems to be brightening up. Within the past few days I have seen indications of returning prosperity. I think perhaps we had better not attempt any thing.

Reporter—Who is the young lady to question?

Horn—Emma Zeigler.

Reporter—What is her father's name and where does he live?

Horn—He is Fred Zeigler and he lives on the corner of 8th and Lafayette streets. He has a son named John.

Reporter—How long were you there?

Horn—from half after six until ten o'clock.

Reporter—When did you first hear of the murder?

Horn—Not until the next morning. My younger brother slept nearest the window. In the morning Jake Hawes came past and hollered at him. Jake is always hollering as he passes in the morning. He asked my brother if he had heard that Dr. Armstrong had been shot and my brother said no. He then ran down stairs and found out about it, and told my mother and I learned from her.

Reporter—Where and when were you arrested?

Horn—at our slaughter house between two and three o'clock in the afternoon we were charged with taking that money.

Reporter—You know Mr. King? You were not there that night?

Horn—Yes we know him and are on good terms with him. He buys his meat of us. We were not at his house that night. He lives about two miles from our house.

Reporter—When were you at his place last?

Horn—Not since pay time. We borrowed a rake of him then.

Reporter—Was there ever any trouble between you and Mr. Armstrong?

Horn—No. We just stopped him.

Reporter—What was the cause?

Horn—it was on account of my brother.

Reporter—What was the matter with your brother and how was he hurt?

Horn—He has the hip joint disease. He was hurt several times. The first I believe was once when he and some boys went out for paw paws. He jumped from the wagon and lit straddled of the shafts and I think the horse must have kicked him. Still he could walk first rate and the next day was jumping with the boys in front of the blacksmith shop when, all at once his hip hurt him very bad and he had to stop. It seemed as if something had snapped.

Afterward he took a serious fever and we thought he would die but the doctor brought him out of it. He kept treating him for it but he didn't get any worse. Another doctor told us the leg had never been broken at all that it was hip disease and we changed our physicians.

Reporter—How long had Dr. Armstrong been your physician?

Horn—Ever since we have been here until a year or so ago. We thought a great deal of him.

Reporter—Was there ever any trouble about the settlement of the bill for treating your brother?

Horn—No. He never presented his bill. He has bought meat at our shop since then and we expected to use that account in settlement.

Reporter—Was your brother with you that night at Zeigler's.

Horn—No. He was at home. He always goes to bed early.

Reporter—Is he very lame.

Horn—No. He can walk but not more than a square or two at a time with out sitting down to rest.

Reporter—What is his name and how old is he?

Horn—His name is Joe and he is only sixteen years old.

Thanking him for his information, the reporter saw him locked up again and withdrew. He soon met Mr. Horn, the father, come down with some fruit for his boys. There seems to be general sympathy with them.

LATER.

Since the above was in type the Horn boys having had their examination were released. It is probable that Cadden and Clark will also be liberated this evening.

Mr. Lafayette Mallory an acquaintance of Cadden wishes the GAZETTE to say for him that he was at his crossing on that evening and that he knows him to be a man of character. The report in a contemporary, of his having been arrested for stealing some brass castings is true but should also have mentioned the fact in simple justice to Mr. Cadden that he was promptly released. It would be a pity if all the parties arrested on suspicion should be always accused of the crime of apoplexy; humbleness of the limbs (espe-

MAYOR'S MEETING.

The Relief Meeting was a Success Numerically.

Speech by the Mayor Stating the Object of the Meeting.

On Motion of Wm. E. Hendricks it Adjourned Sine Die.

May at night), and chills, alternating with hot flashes, kidney and other urinary difficulties, dullness, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings. Only a few of these symptoms will be likely to be present in any case at one time.

TREATMENT.—Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery with small doses of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which act as an alterative on the liver. For Liver Complaint and the various affections caused by a diseased liver, these remedies are unsurpassed. The Golden Medical Discovery does not simply palliate the disease, but it produces a lasting effect. By its use, the liver and stomach are changed to an active, healthy state, the appetite is regulated, the blood purified and enriched, and the entire system renovated and restored to health.

The Discovery is sold by druggists, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Proprietor, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN LUCK.

Some people are in fond of denying that there is any such thing as "luck," but be that as may be, there certainly are persons to whom seems like fortuitous good fortune comes. Col. Green Wilderson gave a seat in his pew in London to an old gentleman, who left him \$40,000 a year. A young Bostonian crossed to England three or four years ago, and got into conversation with an elderly gentleman who observed that he found them had the same name. It turned out that they were second cousins. The elder had gone to California in the earlier days, made a vast fortune and entirely lost sight of his relatives. That chance meeting gave the young Bostonian a fortune of between two and three millions. Two ladies had a box at the opera in London. An old man opposite boarded them drowsily by perpetually "forgetting" them. The scene came to an end, and they thought no more about him. One day a year afterward, Mr. W., had left her proper several thousand a year. "Never heard of the man," she said, "must be a mistake." "Very extraordinary," replied the solicitor. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. "He lies in his coffin in St. James' street, close by at Banting's, the great undertaker's; will you come and see him?" She went. It was the old gentleman. And it is said he left to her under a mistake, after all, having intended to leave to her friend, whom, and not Lady Frances, he admired, but was misinformed as to the names of the ladies. And to give one more a quite recent instance. A young New Yorker went to San Francisco to seek the fortune which so many have failed to find. He got a poor clerkship, and had to be thankful for that. One day a year afterward, he watched a game of cards, saw that an elderly Englishman was being cheated, exposed the fraud, and had a tussle with the cheat. The Englishman has presented him with \$20,000 to start him in business, and there is every prospect that more are to come. —Exchange.

CHARLEY ROUSER.

"One who knows" furnishes the GAZETTE with the following partial list of the liabilities of the late Charles Rouser.