A FREE NIGHT FOR REFORMERS

Sullivan's Backers from the Saloons and Rounders from the Precincts.

They Try the Patience of Respectability, and Rush Pell Mell Over Rules of Order in Spite of Continuous Appeal.

Democratic High Taxation Denounced by Jordan and the City Convention.

The Mayor Renominated and Offers a Campaign Document—Abrams Beats Swift and the Delegates Quit Work Until Tuesday.

A HOWLING MOB.

The True Dictators of Democratic Policy with Whisky and Yells.

Without question last night's Democratic convention was one of the wildest, noisiest and most unruly bodies of men ever assembled in a hall in Indianapolis. No idea can be formed by one who was not there of the confusion that reigned over the body from the time it convened until it adjourned. This is no unfair partisan statement. Everybody present realizes its truth, and the fact that the police were called upon to maintain order, that one delegate was put out of the hall, and that the officers of the body time and again appealed to the mob to "be quiet, for God's sake," furnish ample evidence of the truth of the statement. A brass band whanged away faithfully in front of English's Opera-house, from 7 o'clock until it was time for the show within to open up, and the unterrified were attracted there by it in great numbers, and they fell to pushing, pulling, hauling and swearing in the jam on the sidewalk and in the lobby, and enjoyed a real nice Democratic time. Within all was racket, confusion and a stifling mixture of tobacco smoke and the fumes of bad whisky. Through it all could be discerned the whiskers of Patriarch Woollen looming up on the first row of seats on the stage, and other faces belonging to the non-partisan administration appeared from time to time, as the clouds rolled by.

"Hello, there, Pierce Norton, by G—! Whoop! Whoopee!" It was the stentorian voice of "Governor" Wagner, a Virginia-avenue saloon-keeper, that arose above the rest of the din as he stood, or rather reeled, in the Twelfth-ward delegation, waving his hat.

"'Rah for Bud Swift! Hoo-woop!" This time it was another patriot hanging onto the railing of the dress-circle and displaying a "jag" that was the envy of every other good Democrat in the house.

"Reinecke! Reinecke! Heyee!" "Swift! Swift!" "Abrams!" "O h—ll!" "Wow!" "Down in front!" "Come off!" "Turn loose the band!" "Let 'er go-o!" These yells, mingled with howls and cat-calls from all over the house, made a perfect Bedlam of noise until the band appeared and was "turned loose" upon "'Rah for the teacher, who didn't care a d—." This drowned out the noise for a little while, but as soon as the music stopped it broke out afresh, and lasted until the room was filled and Chairman Bridges came to the front with his gavel.

TRYING TO GET ORDER.

It was just 8:16 when Bridges swung a heavy cane and pounded the top of a small table victously. One dose was not enough. It had no effect on the Democratic clamor and confusion. Again and again he hammered, and finally paused a few moments in despair. His voice was raised in an appeal to the delegates to get into their places, but the appeal wasn't heard a dozen feet from the stage. The Fifth ward delegates appeared to have harder work than any of the rest getting settled. The chairman abandoned any further vocal attempt to induce the delegates to come to order, and stuck to his cane and brute force.

"Oh, go ahead; what's the matter with you; call the roll," shouted an important delegate.

"The new city committee chosen at the primaries last night," Mr. Bridges had progressed that far when a discordant voice, much the worse for whisky and the wear and tear of the primaries, was raised in unmistakable tones of disgust at the delay in getting to the actual work of the convention.

As soon as the roll was called Mr. Bridges announced in a weak voice that he was instructed by the committee to present the name of George G. Tanner for permanent chairman. Then, as a matter of scant courtesy, he put a motion to elect Mr. Tanner chairman. It was carried with a yell, but there was one big, loud "No!" from the northeast corner. There were howls for Tanner, mixed with a few for English and others. "I recognize that you are here for business," said Mr. Tanner, as he came to the front, "and I don't intend to detain you. [A voice: 'Bully!'] I want to express my gratification for the honor. I enjoyed it two years ago, and am proud of the ticket then made. [Voice: 'Same old ticket.'] I desire to express my gratification at the record it has made, and I am sure we can duplicate it. You should select good men, and none other."

A little applause and more pandemonium followed, but finally S. E. Morss was recognized by Chairman Tanner and moved the adoption of rules for the government of the convention. They did away with all nominating speeches and fixed the order of nominations as follows: Mayor, clerk, police judge, six councilmen-at-large, all the latter to be voted for at once and no one selected unless he received a majority of the votes of all the delegates.

RACKET OVER A SMALL BONE.

At this juncture Will English rose to a point of order, saying that the organization had not yet been completed, and nothing but the election of secretary was in order. The chair held the point well taken, and the delegates began quarreling over this very small bone. One delegate insisted that editor Morss was the man for principal secretary, but Mr. Morss declined the nomination. Cries of "Jerry Foley," "Jerry Foley," filled the house and were met with counter-cries of "Peelle," "Peelle." Finally, when both men were put regularly in nomination, a section of the convention discovered that "Dory" Johnson ought to be a secretary, too, and the nominations, which had been closed, were opened long enough, at Charley Cooper's suggestion, to admit the deputy auditor. The three were finally elected and Judge Jordan shouted out a motion that the chair appoint a committee of five on resolutions. It was carried with a howl, and "Doc" Metcalf, of the Sixth ward, moved that editor Morss be made chairman of that committee. Chairman Tanner proceeded to sit on the Doctor with neatness and dispatch, remarking somewhat tartly that the chair had the naming of the committee. He then announced his selections as follows: S. E. Morss, Albert Lieber, M. B. Wilson, J. W. Jones and Daniel Sweeney. The announcement was greeted with yells, supposed to be of approval, and several irrepressible Swift delegates shrieked defiance to all rules in their desire to keep their candidate before the convention.

In the midst of the confusion constable Moore made a motion to vote by precincts, but "Joe" Gates immediately sprung to his feet with a motion to table. This motion was put, and apparently every man in the house voted on both sides at the top of his voice. Mr. Tanner declared it carried. Then he tried to take up Mr. Morss's motion for an order of business.

"Mr. Shairman!" cried a drunken delegate in the rear. "Down! S it down. Down, down, down!" came in a roar from all over the house. Mr. Tanner pounded vigorously for order, and as soon as he got it, another drunken delegate arose, and the scene was re-enacted. This occurred two or three times, and finally the chairman made himself heard. He begged the mob to keep quiet, as he could call these men down more effectually than they could. He finally got through a motion to appoint a committee of credentials, and announced the following: John Rail, S. U. Urmston, H. Seward, J. L. Keach and W. B. Lewis. Here somebody in the Twelfth moved to seat the delegates by precincts "so they could take the vote without jumping over each other." Another promptly moved to table it and it was carried both ways with a tremendous yell. Then the band played awhile, but as soon as it stopped the row began again with redoubled force, with calls for speeches, cat-calls and cheers. The chair called on John W. Kern to keep the crowd quiet, but he failed to respond.

WANTED RESOLUTIONS.

There were repeated calls for a report from the committee on resolutions, but none was forthcoming. The delegates grew restless and demanded a report. Still no report was in sight. The band tooted away, but there came no report. Finally Judge Jordan rose, and in a disgusted tone said he understood the committee was not going to make a report, and he moved, therefore, that it be discharged. At this interesting moment editor Morss put in an appearance, and, securing the floor, told the delegates that the municipal record of the Democratic party during the past two years afforded the best platform the convention could have, and the committee would wait a while before reporting any resolutions. He said that meanwhile they would care for any and all resolutions adopted by the convention. This didn't strike the convention altogether favorably, and Judge Jordan renewed his motion that the committee be discharged. The nays predominated, when the motion was put by Chairman Tanner, but he declared it carried.

No sooner had Judge Jordan gotten his motion through than he lugged a formidable-looking document out of his inside pocket. Nobody knew what awful things this might portend and "Billy" McFee jumped up with a point of order.

"I demand the right to have my resolution read!" cried Judge Jordan, and immediately bedlam broke loose. After vigorous pounding something like order was restored and McFee stated his point, claiming that it was too late.

Then up jumped W. E. English and defied anybody to deny the sovereign right of a Democratic convention to express itself. He was greeted with wild applause and another period of cat-calls and confusion. As soon as Mr. Tanner could be heard he ruled that the resolution could be read, but not debated, and would have to be referred to the committee.

TROUBLE FROM TAXES THREATENED.

"Let's hear it! Let 'er go!" and like cries were heard all over the house. The secretary read the resolution, which was a carefully worded threat that trouble would follow the new tax law unless the local authorities cut down the levies. One paragraph read:

One of these principles is that taxation shall be equal and uniform, and that no exclusive privileges or favors shall be shown corporations or the possessors of large wealth in the matter of contributing to the support of the government, and therefore we favor the faithful execution of the appraisement law of the last Legislature to the end that taxation shall be equal and uniform throughout the State. Another fundamental Democratic principle is that no more taxes shall be imposed upon the people than is necessary to support the various branches of the government economically administered. Therefore, we are opposed to a high tariff or to any increase of the aggregate of taxes heretofore paid by the people for the county, city or other local purposes, and we hold it to be the imperative duty of every officer charged with the duty of levying county, city or other local taxes to see to it that the rate of taxation is reduced, at least in proportion to the increase which has been made under the new law in the valuation of taxable property, to the end that the people shall pay no more taxes hereafter than they have paid heretofore, but that the same shall be more equally and more fairly distributed.

Tom Taggart, who sat right behind the secretary as he read this, was much interested. As soon as the reading was finished Judge Jordan demanded a vote on it, and Will English yelled a motion that it be referred to the committee, with instructions to report it back immediately.

"I hold," cried Judge Jordan, "that this is unnecessary——"

"Down, Jordan, down!" came in a roar from all over the house, and the motion was carried. Mr. Morss said that the convention might consider it reported back, and do as it pleased. English moved that it be adopted, and it was carried with a general howl.

The committee on credentials lingered in the "green-room" too long to suit the impatient delegates. "Doc" Metcalf wanted to suspend the order of business and proceed to nominate a Mayor. The chairman didn't agree with him, and the convention continued to wait for the committee. Some one suggested that the band wasn't earning its salary, and called for music. The band played "Auld Lang Syne" in a weary, disheartened way and the candidates got in their work upon the perspiring delegates with a vigor that betokened their full recognition of the fact that the homestretch was in sight.

KERN ON THE ADMINISTRATION.

There were calls for Kern, and after declaring that he couldn't take the contract to talk against the committee on credentials, that delegate spoke of the beauties of the Democratic city administration, told the delegates that there were no more thieves or foot-pads left in the city because a Democratic police force wouldn't let them stay; that the Democratic fire department was warranted not to let fires burn more than a few minutes, or words to that effect, and pointed in glowing terms to all that had been done by Mayor Sullivan and his assistants. When he had finished Will English was called for, and informed the delegates that he had given many shows in his opera-house, but had never had a performance which could touch the one in progress. After telling a story that failed to amuse the delegates to any extent, he determined to awaken some enthusiasm, and proceeded to move that Mayor Sullivan be renominated by acclamation.

MAKING THE TICKET.

Sullivan Goes Through, and Abrams Is Nominated.

Will English's motion to nominate Sullivan by acclamation wasn't down on the bills just at that particular spot, but the delegates swung their hats and yelled in a way that convinced Chairman Tanner he had better strain a parliamentary point and "let 'er go." So he very graciously put the motion, inviting the delegates to take a rising vote on it. There was a shout and more waving of hats, and the thing was done. Cries for Sullivan went up from all quarters of the hall, and he didn't keep the convention waiting.

The little fellow as soon as he was called for, came weaving through the crowd on the stage where he had been waiting all this time, carrying a roll of manuscript in his hand. When the slight applause that greeted him ceased he proceeded to read in a dry, monotonous voice. His speech was nothing more nor less than Controller Woollen's much vaunted sensation, consisting of a comparison of the detailed amounts spent for cisterns, fountains, and various purposes spent by his administration with those spent by its predecessor. It was a dry resume of figures, and excited little or no interest among the delegates. Half of them were asleep by the time the Mayor's metallic voice struck the viaduct; they failed to wake up and applaud. The whole reading was a sort of dead-weight affair, and the modicum of applause that followed the end of it was probably due to the fact that it was ended.

When the Mayor got out of sight the delegates began to rouse themselves from the lethargy into which their nominee's long string of sewer and street figures had thrown them. The city clerkship contest was imminent and it had its charms for the exuberant faithful. The committee on credentials reported the settlement of contests in the one-hundred-and-seventh precinct, Eleventh ward, and the fiftieth precinct, Fifth ward. The report was adopted without opposition, the delegates being impatient to get into action. The proceedings had grown altogether too tame for most of them.

THE HOWLING RENEWED.

When Chairman Tanner announced that nominations for clerk were in order pandemonium broke loose, and for five minutes the hall resounded with yells for Swift, Abrams, Reinecke and Smith. The followers of the two first-named candidates had the most lung power, and outshouted the others. It took the combined efforts of the chairman, Secretary Peelle, a couple of stout canes and half a hundred well-disposed delegates to make any impression on the delirious crowd. The impression wasn't lasting, however, and the Swift men broke out in a fresh spot every moment. Finally Secretary Peelle succeeded in getting started with the call of the wards for nominations. "Ed" Smith was nominated by a Fourth-ward delegate, and his name was greeted with a few feeble cheers. A Sixth warder placed "Bud" Swift properly in the race, and by this time, familiar yell of the clerk's henchmen pervaded the hall. Alfred Johnson was entered by a Seventh-ward delegate, but when the Tenth ward was reached away went the Swift men once more, and the chairman was in despair. Two Tenth-ward delegates shook their fists and hats at each other over a difference of opinion as to the fitness of Swift to make the race, and Chairman Tanner appealed to the police force to help him get some order out of the chaos. After a semblance of order had been secured R. J. Abrams was nominated by an Eleventh-ward delegate and Julius Reinecke by one from the Thirteenth ward. Nominations were then closed, and Secretary Peelle called for the First ward's vote. The delegates conveyed the unwelcome intelligence to the Chair that they wanted to vote by precincts and they were, of course, accorded that privilege. Before progressing far, however, there was a quarrel over Jerry Foley's proxy, and that delegate had to leave the Secretary's table and mount a chair in his delegation to straighten out the snarl which had developed considerable bad feeling. Balloting was finally continued, almost all the wards electing to vote by precincts, which made the work decidedly slow. When the Fifteenth ward had completed its vote the howling and yelling delegates again cut loose, and the chairman started the band on one of its most brazen and bass-drum tunes to drown them out. This move was one of the most eminently successful of the convention. The secretaries busied themselves with the figures, and, after five minutes' work, were ready to report. The total number of votes cast was 565, and 283 were necessary to a choice. The result of the first ballot was: Swift, 205½; Abrams, 135½; Reinecke, 118; Smith, 56; Johnson, 50. The announcement was greeted with the usual Democratic ebullition, and the delegates rolled up their sleeves for another ballot.

SECOND BALLOT.

There was a heap of howling and yelling when the result of the first ballot was announced, and the seats in the house were emptied in a moment, the delegates forming groups all over the house for the purpose of trading and "fixing" votes for the next ballot. The band played a selection, Mr. Tanner pounded with his cane and the fun began again. It took ten minutes of pounding and howling by the chairman to get the delegates into their seats again. Finally they got to work, and the call proceeded slowly by precincts. Mr. Tanner grew impatient. "Gentlemen," he cried, "you will be here at this time to-morrow, at this rate. Let us stop this wrangling and give the vote by wards." Again he stopped the call by pounding and crying, "No more votes will be taken until order is maintained. Either take your seats or get out!"

"Three cheers for the chairman!" yelled an individual in the gallery, and he gave them all alone. The chairman waited fully ten minutes for order to be restored, and begged the police to preserve it, but they were powerless. Finally, however, the call proceeded, showing constant gains for Abrams and losses for Swift. As the Swift men began to grow quieter the confusion subsided. A little row occurred when the Thirteenth ward was called and announced as solid for Reinecke. A dozen delegates jumped up and yelled their protests, and the ward was polled by precincts. The Eighth was the last ward called, and there was a loud wrangle before the vote was determined upon. As finally announced, the vote stood as follows: Swift, 218; Abrams, 184; Smith, 10; Reinecke, 141; Johnson, 10. Then there was a vast amount of yelling. The Swift men were tickled to death to find that their man was still in it, and they made Rome howl.

THIRD BALLOT FOR CLERK.

Each ballot required a fresh secretary. It was wearing work and Sam Perrott took Pierre Gray's place for the third round. The yelling which greeted the result of the second ballot continued five minutes and Perrott could make no headway whatever against it. The chairman's cane was equally powerless. Again was the band started, but the shouts rose away above the music and continued until "Ed" Smith appeared on the stage and withdrew from the race in favor of Abrams. This announcement made a slight break in the roar, and a Twelfth ward delegate wanted to adjourn until Monday night, but the rest of them were in for a night of it. The shouting broke out afresh, and Chairman Tanner's appeals had no more effect than his lustily-brandished stick. They couldn't be heard ten feet from the stage, so terrific was the confusion. Finally Captain Quigley and half a dozen policemen swooped down upon the more noticeable of the offenders and handled some of them a trifle roughly. Perrott managed to get started, but the confusion continued throughout the call of the wards. When the Fourth was called and came to the front with a solid vote of thirty-two for Swift the diminutive clerk's henchmen gave unmistakable evidence that they had by no means exhausted their lung power. There was intense excitement when "Charley" Stuckmeyer announced that Julius Reinecke had withdrawn from the race. "In favor of Bud Swift" shrieked one of the latter's lieutenants.

"In favor of Abrams, you mean," sung out a Third warder, and the vote proceeded all right until the Eighth ward was reached, when the wards previously called began changing indiscriminately, to the annoyance of the officers. A motion was put, and carried, that no changes be allowed until the close of the call. Meanwhile, Johnson had dropped gently out of the race, without any flourish of trumpets, but simply because nobody voted for him. When the Tenth ward was reached and the solid vote of 37 was thrown to Abrams there was consternation in the Swift ranks and corresponding joy among the followers of Randall J. The changes were most all in the latter's favor, and when the Fifteenth ward was reached he lacked only a few votes of the required number. He soon picked these up, and before three precincts had been called was certain of the nomination. His Fifteenth-ward friends started a shout but were rapped to order by the Chair, and as the Swift men were in the dumps, comparative quiet was secured. After the call of the last ward had been completed and it was seen that Abrams was the convention's choice, "Bud" Swift appeared on the platform and, without waiting for the announcement of the result, moved that the nomination of Abrams be made unanimous. This was carried with a rush, a score or more of the Swift adherents refusing, however, to be pacified, and voting against the motion. The ballot resulted: Abrams, 320; Swift, 248; Reinecke, 3.

Just then a pathetic little scene occurred on the stage. Swift's brother, a bright little fellow of eight years, was on the stage. He has worked incessantly for the past month in his brother's canvass, and was more interested in it than anybody. When he finally saw that Swift was beaten he burst into tears and would not be consoled. A moment later Abrams was carried up to the stage and introduced. His speech consisted of simply a bashful bow.

Then pandemonium once more broke loose and a dozen people in as many parts of the hall were howling for adjournment. When a semblance of order was restored nominations for police judge were called for and the names of John L. Reardon, Pierce Norton, E. C. Buskirk and Frank Wright were screamed out as the wards were called. In the meantime a little caucus of the Sullivan boomers was held on the stage and they decided to adjourn the convention to Tuesday night in order to give the News a chance to beat Hicklin and Yontz for councilmen-at-large. Tanner was taken into the scheme and promised to declare such a motion carried. Morss put the motion, and, though the noes were almost unanimous, he kept his word and the scheme went through.

The Sullivan Juggernaut.

Swift fell a victim to the Sullivan juggernaut, a fact which his friends fully realize. A month ago the Journal announced the fact that the administration was quietly at work, through the Board of Public Safety and the police and fire forces it controls, to encompass his defeat and cause the nomination of Abrams. The outcome last night, and the way it was accomplished, prove the truth of this statement. "Ed" Smith was nothing but a decoy duck, and he was pulled in at the proper time by his manager, "Jim" Keach, well known as the man who does a large part of Sullivan's and Holt's small political work. He publicly delivered the goods to Abrams and turned the tide. The Frenzels and other prominent Sullivan men were among the delegates all evening working for Abrams against Swift.

Notes of the Convention.

The convention adjourned at 12:25 this morning.

The boys are already beginning to talk about "getting even."

Judge Niblack and Controller Woollen sat together in the front row of chairs on the stage.

The police had to throw out a couple of obstreperous delegates during the first ballot for clerk.

The band sailed in with "Dixie," but veered around to something really patriotic after a moment or so.

Patriot Dunn recognized his friends with the slogan "Hello, Bill. I see yer at the Demmycratic corcass."

Chairman "Charley" Bridges, of the city committee, had to levy on the reporters for paper to start the ball rolling.

The eighteenth precinct, Ninth ward, was not represented in the convention. No explanation of the fact was given.

"Abrahams, thray," shouted a Fifteenth ward delegate, during the call of the roll on the second ballot for clerk, and the convention laughed.

Sam Perrott, resplendent in a white necktie, tube rose and suit of solemn black, loomed up on the stage like the price of lots along Illinois street.

"Jim" Haywood was there in charge of the Second ward. He was a Democrat last night, not a representative of the Citizens' Street-railroad Company.

The convention waited for "Bill" Hicklin to put in an appearance and was consequently late in getting started, as the "Colonel" lingered along the way until he was in good Democratic humor.

Abrams appeared to take a heap of satisfaction shaking hands with friendly delegates between the first and second ballots, and, as the result proved, he didn't throw away his energy in that direction.

"Just keep still, for God's sake, if for nobody elses," shouted Secretary Peelle, after his voice had grown husky in the frantic effort to make himself heard above the din. The delegates were impervious to the appeal.

Special Examiner Frick, of the United States Pension Office, at home on a furlough, was a delegate from the Third ward, and made himself very conspicuous in the convention. He was chairman of the Seventieth precinct.

The leader of the band made a great stroke when he struck up "Dixie" to quiet the awful confusion at the end of the second ballot for clerk. If there's anything on earth that will soothe a Democratic mob it is "Dixie," the old rebel hymn.

"I makes a move dat de gents trow away der seegars in rospect to de ladies," shouted a gallant Twelfth ward delegate early in the proceedings. His motion was not entertained, the chairman ignoring it diplomatically, and the Twelfth-warder sat down amid derisive laughter. The delegates smoked on.

While Pierre Gray was calling the vote on the second ballot he gave the impression of being very fresh. One ward was called very clearly and Gray cried: "That's the way to call 'em." He lived to regret it for the house guyed him unmercifully. Every vote he called thenceforth some delegate would yell: "That's the way to call 'em!"

One exuberant red-faced delegate from the Fifth ward couldn't be suppressed. Even the band failed to drown him out. His whoop was easily distinguishable, in spite of the beautiful bass tones of the trombone. The louder the band played the stouter his lungs seemed to grow, and finally a policeman led him out and he continued his potations.

Pierre Gray took Will Peelle's place at the beginning of the second ballot for clerk. There was an unexpected lull in the noisy proceedings, and the facetious secretary pro tem. took occasion to remark, "Now if you would behave like that we could get through nicely." Chairman Tanner frowned his disapproval of the unsolicited advice, and tapped gently with the big cane.

The secretaries made a futile effort to suppress the publication of Jordan's tax resolution. When a reporter asked for it none of them knew what had become of it. Judge Jordan was informed of this state of affairs and at once informed the secretaries that they must give up that resolution or he would call the attention of the convention to the matter. Mr. Peelle produced the resolution in short order.

Picking Up Clews.

Coroner Manker reached home yesterday from Fort Wayne, and drove to the Hanna farm to view the spring in which the body of the murdered man was found. He was not able to learn much of importance, and he says there are sources of information which are purposely closed to the officers. Detectives Page and Thornton spent the day in the locality, but stated that they had discovered nothing which showed the identity of the man. They learned that a coat had been seen hanging on a fence in some timber a half mile away as late as Monday, but the woman of the neighborhood who saw the garment knew nothing positive about it. It has since disappeared. The detectives recovered a scarf-pin of horse-shoe pattern which some boys found in a necktie in the pocket of the coat. They also learned that a relative of a family named Reamy, living near the Hanna farm, has been missing since a week ago Wednesday, and an opportunity will be given them to identify the clothing found on the body and also the pin.

Unconscious on Top of a Car.

Two tramps were discovered last night on top of the Big Four midnight express from Cincinnati, and when the train stopped in the station they were ordered to dismount. One of them was unconscious with the back of his head broken. His companion stated that he had been struck by the Noble-street bridge. His name is Anthony Hart, of No. 42 Friendship street, Cincinnati. The city ambulance was called and took him to the City Hospital. His companion gave the name of Luke Muldoon. He said they were each twenty-five years of age and were stealing a ride to Chicago to find work. Muldoon was taken to the station-house and slated as a vagrant. Hart is fatally hurt.

Schonacker's Apology.

Bert Schonacker is the young man whose giddiness led him to write to the newspapers that W. B. Judah and Miss Ella Bray were married. He wished no harm to either of the parties concerned, but through his folly he has been taught a severe lesson. With Mr. Judah and a friend he came to the Journal office and made such a statement: "I am acquainted with Miss Bray and the family," he said, "and know them to be of the best people in the city. I have worked with W. B. Judah about three years, and know him to be of a good family in every respect. I did not realize that the matter would terminate as it did. I regret it very much, and will do all I can to rectify it."

How a King Keeps Cool.

Harper's Young People.

The King of Siam is said to have in one of his country palaces a wonderful pavilion. It was built by a Chinese engineer as a refuge for the king during the extreme heat of the summer. The walls, ceiling and floor are formed of pieces of plate glass an inch thick. These are so perfectly fitted together with a transparent cement that the joints are invisible and no fluid can penetrate. The pavilion is twenty-eight feet long and seventeen wide, of beautiful colored marble. When the king enters the pavilion the single doors are closed and cemented. Then the sluice gates are opened and the basin is filled with water. Higher and higher it rises until the pavilion is covered and only the ventilators at the top connect it with the open air. When the heat of the sun is so great that the water almost boils on the surface of the freshest fountians, this pavilion is deliciously cool. And this is the way the King of Siam cools himself off in the hot weather. It sounds very delightful.

ANOTHER DISASTER IN OHIO

Middletown, on the C., H. & D., the Scene of a Horrible Railway Accident.

Freight Train Dashes in an Excursion Train Heavily Loaded with Employes of a Dayton Factory and Their Friends.

Seven Reported Killed and from Twenty-Five to Fifty Seriously Injured.

Two Cars Wrecked and Nearly All the Occupants Bruised or Mangled—Surgeons at Once Sent to the Place by Special Train.

DAYTON, O., July 25.—While a Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton excursion train of fourteen cars was returning from a picnic at Woodsdale Park a freight train crashed into it at Middletown Station, at 8 P. M. It is reported that five were killed and fifty wounded. The excursion train broke a draw-bar while pulling into a siding, and in the delay of recoupling a freight train came along, and, running into the rear coach, caused an awful wreck and disaster. The cars were packed full of people, and many were frightfully mangled. Several passengers who were on the train came home at midnight by the Big Four express, and they say that five to seven were killed. There are scores of others with legs and arms off, or otherwise horribly injured. The wrecked train and people cannot reach here until 1 A. M. News of the disaster spread over the city like wildfire, and the depot at this hour is filled with anxious families whose relatives are on the unfortunate train. The city ambulances and patrol-wagons have all been ordered to the depot to transport the injured to the hospital or their homes.

Two coaches filled with people were wrecked. A boy aged eleven, named Patterson, was cut in three pieces. A woman named Fryer was killed, and a little girl died soon after being taken from the debris. Middletown is thirty miles south of here, half way to Cincinnati, and now, at 12:30 A. M., the passengers are being transferred to a relief train, which will bring them here in an hour. Nearly all the people in two cars were injured, some of them frightfully mangled.

Three Cars Wrecked.

CINCINNATI, O., July 25.—News was received at a late hour to-night from Hamilton, O., of a collision of trains at Middletown attended by serious loss of life. The circumstances are as follows: The Dayton Cash Register Company to-day gave their employes and friends of their employes a picnic excursion to Woodsdale Island, a popular resort on the Great Miami river, about four miles north of Hamilton and about thirty miles from Dayton. The excursionists went by a railway train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road. The excursionists filled all the cars on a very long train and spent the day at Woodsdale. They were mostly young people, composed of about equal numbers of men and women with a few children. It was after 9 o'clock to-night when the long train, with its load of happy occupants, started to return to Dayton. It was a little after 10 when the train stopped at Middletown to let off some of the excursionists. This was twenty miles south of Dayton. While the passenger train was standing there a freight train ran into the rend of it. Three cars full of people were overturned and wrecked. Seven corpses are lying at the depot at Middletown, and twenty wounded people, many of them fatally hurt, are cared for at Carlisle, which is nearer the railway station than Middletown is.

General Passenger Agent W. O. McCormick, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road, as soon as he was notified of the accident, came down from his Walnut-hills residence to the depot, and dispatched a special with surgeons to Middletown. Through Mr. McCormick it has been learned that after leaving Woodsdale island the coupling of some of the cars became deranged, and the train was delayed in order to patch this up. Again, at Middletown the train was stopped to further repair the damage. There is a curve at Middletown which hides a train standing at the depot from the view of a train approaching from the south. A flagman was sent back to stop the on-coming freight, which was moving at a high rate of speed, and was heavily loaded. The engineer of the freight saw the flag, put on brakes, reversed his engine and apparently did all in his power to stop his train, but the impetus was too great, and a moment later the awful crash sounded.

The report of the killed and wounded at Middletown as given by the officials of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton road, at this city, is as follows:

FRANK SIMONER, of Dayton.
LILLIE TRICE, of Dayton.
YOUNG PATTERSON, a boy thirteen years old; cut in three pieces.

These three are the only ones of whom we have any definite account as being killed. The injured are:

R. O. PAPPLER, of Dayton, slightly hurt.
PEARL SHORTHILL, of Dayton, collar-bone broken.
FRANK PATTERSON, of Dayton, left arm badly injured.
WM. AMMON, of Dayton, foot crushed.
H. SCHLERIN, of Dayton, foot crushed.
MARY REES, of Dayton, arm crushed.
MARK EMERICK, of Dayton, hip injured.
ALLEN BERNARD, of Dayton, slightly injured.
W. L. THOMPSON, Dayton, slightly hurt.
MARY GRAIM, of North Dayton, foot crushed.
NELLIE FRITZ, of Dayton, slightly injured.
Mrs. BEASON, of Dayton, slightly injured.
Squire MURPHY, of Dayton, slightly injured.
JOSEPH CLEAL, of Chicago, left arm severely injured.
JOSEPH SWARBELLE, of Pottsville, Pa., slightly injured.
EDITH M. TUTT, of Dayton, slightly injured.

Superintendent Neilson sent two Pullman cars from Cincinnati to-night to take the injured to Dayton. Many who received severe bruises are not enumerated among the injured.

Business Embarrassments.

CHICAGO, July 25.—A bill for a receiver for the Anderson Common-brick Company was, this afternoon, filed in the United States District Court. The liabilities are estimated at $200,000, and the assets at $150,000. This company should not be confounded with the Anderson Pressed-brick Company.

BOSTON, July 25.—Henry S. French, boot and shoe manufacturer, of Brockton, has failed and made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. The liabilities are about $35,000, and the nominal assets aggregate about $25,000.

Murder and Suicide.

BROOKLYN, July 25.—A telegram was received to-night at police headquarters from Carona, Long Island, stating that Henry Nelson had committed suicide. An investigation made by the authorities brought to light in addition to the suicide a most horrible murder. At the house at No. 586 Union street, lying on the floor, was the body of Nelson's wife Jenny, fully dressed, with her skull split open, the floor smeared with blood and the body in a badly decomposed state. There were also found in the room scraps of paper upon which Nelson had written in a disconnected way the information that he had killed his wife in self-defense. From the appearance of the room a desperate struggle must have taken place before the woman was killed.

CLOSE CALL FOR A FERRY-BOAT.

The United States Torpedo-Boat Cushing Narrowly Avoids Colliding in East River.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The United States torpedo-boat Cushing narrowly escaped colliding with the Hamilton-avenue ferry-boat Montauk off the Battery, at half past 12 o'clock to-day. The Montauk was crowded with passengers, and for a time there was a panic. A rush was made for the life-preservers, and one woman fainted. The prompt action of the officers of both vessels prevented what might have been a very serious loss of life. The sharp prow of the Cushing was within a foot of the ferry-boat's hull when she began to back off. At the time of the occurrence the Cushing was going at a high rate of speed to overtake the flag-ship Chicago, that with three others of the White squadron had passed up the East river some time before on their way to Fisher's island. The Cushing was acting as Admiral Walker's dispatch boat, and had just delivered some special instructions to the Newark at the North river anchorage. Those who saw the Cushing swing round the Battery are emphatic that the speed at which she was going was altogether too high for safety, considering the crowded state of the harbor.

STRANGE ICE-CAVES.

Frigid Scenery of Beauty Below a Pine-Clad Hill in Northern Canada.

Toronto Mail.

The ice-cave at Dobschon was accidentally discovered in 1875 by some men of the neighborhood when upon a shooting expedition. They came upon an opening in the midst of a pine grove, whence a current of ice-cold air proceeded. Cautiously descending, they found themselves in glacial halls and passages, which were afterward thoroughly explored. The cold radiation from that part of the forest had been generally known for many years, but it was superstitiously attributed to other causes, and the neighborhood was carefully avoided.

Climbing the hill for about half an hour we came to the mouth of the cave. A fur coat, which had been a heavy burden in the walk, now became a valuable precaution against the chilly air which issued from the opening. The guide led the way down an inclined plank walk, carrying a torch, and the company followed. At the depth of about one hundred feet we came into a large hall of solid ice, brilliantly illuminated with electric lights. We passed on through three such "icy halls of cold sublimity," and along numerous passages, floored and lined with pure white ice.

The floor and walls were of solid ice, of immense thickness, while from the roof and along the sides immense stalactites of crystal ice were hanging. Great pinnacles of ice reared themselves at intervals from the icy floor. Trees, columns, frozen cataracts and fantastic forms of dazzling brilliancy were seen in every direction. As the light flashed upon these white and crystal masses they gleamed and shone with the luster of ten thousand diamonds. By means of paths cut through the ice, and well-arranged flights of steps, it was possible to explore a great part of this wonderful formation.

In some parts of the cave the constant dropping of water was forming huge icicles and the guide said that it often became necessary to blast away portions of the ice in order to keep the pathway open, so rapidly did it increase at certain seasons. The rock to which the ice clings, and over which it forms, is limestone, and through this the water percolates, but the mystery of the formation of ice in these subterranean chambers has not yet been solved.

There is no lofty mountain above the hill from whence a glacier could descend, and the ice grows apparently in the same manner as the limestone caves of Virginia and Kentucky and Adelsburg are created. Whatever may be the process, the effect is brilliant and enchanting, and we were loath to return to the upper air, which seemed, by contrast, like that of a heated furnace.

FISH AND BRAIN.

A Man Who Lived for Forty Days on a Fish Diet Explodes a Fallacy.

Temple Bar.

As a result of personal experience I may state that some years since I lived for a period of forty days, so far as what is called solid food is concerned, solely on fish, with of course the addition of bread (no potatoes were used during the period) but I cannot recommend that mode of living. I discovered, before the forty days had expired, that fish was not the staff of life.

In the course of my experiment I not only lost flesh, but also energy, nor did I feel my head clearer or my thoughts and feelings more alert than when subsisting on more varied food. Whilst living upon fish only, one feels a "want," a craving for "something you don't know what"—that is to say, you cannot give a name to your desires; nor does the feeling wear off as you continue the dietary. At all events, in my case "custom came not to the rescue," so, after forty days had expired I returned to the flesh-pots, not all at once, though, being convinced that caution was necessary.

One popular fallacy in connection with fish may be noticed, namely, the oft-repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power. No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion. A man might eat a huge portion of fish every day of his life, and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorous (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might probably suffice to tip a couple of lucifer matches.

Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Nor are our fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain-power. None of our fisher-folks are remarkable for genius, or even what is called common sense, their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstition, which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through.

No fishing community, so far as is known to the writer, has given to the world a great man. Men of mark—poets, preachers, lawyers, warriors, philosophers and physicians—have emanated, in Scotland, at any rate, from all classes except the fishing class.

Valley Forge to Be Sold.

Springfield Republican.

The historic Valley Forge property, in Pennsylvania, where Washington's army passed the gloomy winter of 1777-8, is to be sold in parcels by the owner, Mrs. Anda L. Carter. That part now offered for sale contains the site of the fort, of the forge and of the headquarters of Washington, Lafayette and Knox. It ought certainly to be a spot of sufficient national interest to bring it into the ownership of Nation, or State, or of some patriotic order.

Paraded in a Horrid Bathing Suit.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 25.—A young man who gave the name of C. G. Gernard, of Philadelphia, was arrested at Ocean Grove to-day on the charge of parading the streets in an improper bathing suit. Justice Patterson, who is also chief of police, fined him $5. This is the first arrest upon this charge ever made by Ocean Grove officers.

No Ball Club for Indianapolis.

COLUMBUS, O., July 25.—President Von Der Ahe, in an interview, says the reports sent out from Cincinnati that the American Association would remove to Indianapolis in ten days was untrue. Nothing of the kind is contemplated. The Association, he says, is in Cincinnati to stay this season, and many more, perhaps.

Movements of Steamers.

NEW YORK, July 25.—Arrived: City of Chicago, from Liverpool; Normandia, from Hamburg.

The tendency of the market is for good bacon hogs rather than for heavy lard hogs, as has been the rule.