ductor. "Oh, you scab, you want to take bread out of the mouths of my children," he yelled, and, putting his shoulder to the car, tried to overturn it. His face was purple and the veins in his neck stood out like whip-cord. He seemed in imminent danger of apoplexy, and his life was probably saved by the fact that he was arrested and hustled through the crowd to the patrol wagon.

TOOK THE CARS FROM THE TRACK.

The crowd, after this scene of indescribable confusion, and, evidently, under direction of some one in command, took each of the cars that stood on the Illinois-street track, and, turning them by main force, ran them into the gutter, car No. 92 being jammed up to the sidewalk opposite the Gold Pillar saloon. The mules of these two cars were cut loose. This was at 8:15 A. M., and shortly after the strikers put the cars again on the track and ran them to the Louisiana-street barn.

The experiences on each of the eight cars run out from the New Jersey-street stables did not vary materially from that of car No. 92, except those that subsequently left the barn met with somewhat rougher usage, stones being thrown through the windows of three or four of them. Car No. 85, with Frank B. Littlejohn as conductor, and Caswell Madison as driver, made the run from the New Jersey-street barn down to Georgia street by way of Meridian and thence north up Illinois street toward the barn. Sergeant Kurtz was in charge of the police squad on this car. It was in a later trip that driver Madison was assaulted and hurt.

WORST RIOT OF THE DAY.

Heads Broken and People Hurt in the Fight at Illinois and Georgia.

A little before 11 o'clock Superintendent of Police Colbert stepped into the Spencer House and called up Mr. Frenzel by telephone and said:

"Hello!"

"——"

"Is this Mr. Frenzel?"

"——"

"You know who is talking to you."

"——"

"I say you know who it is talking, don't you?"

"——"

"Yes."

"——"

"They are all deserting us."

"——"

"I say the men who agreed to stay with us through it have nearly all deserted."

"——"

"Yes."

"——"

"Well, it puts us in a very dangerous position. There are thousands of them and it looks bad."

"——"

"I don't know."

"——"

"Well."

"——"

"We will do the best we can single-handed."

"——"

"No; I don't know."

There was something in the tone of Colbert's voice that showed an anticipation of serious trouble, and something else in the expression of his face that meant that he intended to face it. He had evidently received orders from the great Napoleon Frenzel up in the Fair Building to do so, and pulling his slouch hat a trifle further down over his eyes he drew his great coat a little closer around him and went out through the side entrance to the street. The crowd at this time had gone down Louisiana street, and had massed in front of the stables.

FOOLED THE CROWD.

Here a car had just arrived from the New Jersey-street barns, after a most tempestuous voyage. Ten minutes before it had been blocked by the strikers at the corner of Georgia street, but upon promise that it would be placed in the Louisiana-street barn it was released. When the car reached Louisiana street, acting evidently on Mr. Frenzel's instructions to Superintendent Colbert, almost before the mob knew it, the mules were shifted from one end to the other, and with police in front, police on each side, and police bringing up the rear, the mules started at a lively trot back toward the New Jersey-street barn. At this evident display of bad faith the mob was infuriated and followed, yelling like Indians. The car proceeded up Illinois street to Georgia and there turned east. The driver in the meantime had been struck by a brick hurled by some one in the crowd. This convinced him of the general unhealthfulness of the situation and dropping the lines he broke for the woods, followed by about thirty howling, jeering rioters. A road-officer took up the lines and the car proceeded.

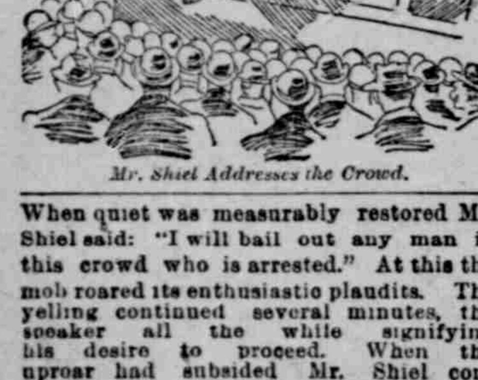
At the corner of Illinois and Georgia streets a car was met coming from the north and being but poorly policed the mob abandoned the car that had gone east on Georgia and turned its attention to the other. Here was enacted the most violent and riotous demonstration of the day. The mob was furious. The police were inadequate and utterly powerless. The game had seemingly reached that stage where the rioters were demanding blood. The crowd blocked the street and the car came to a standstill. After a short struggle the mules were unhooked from the car. Road officers and police attempted to attach the mules to the car once more, but it was a hopeless task. Crazed by excitement, members of the mob leaped again and again at the heads of the mules attempting to tear off their bridles without unbuckling the throat-latches. The mules were buffeted and beaten, and finally separated. Being stripped of their bridles, one was chased east and the other west.

DRIVER BADLY BEATEN.

The mob then directed its attention to the car, and the unfortunates engaged in the bootless task of operating it. Strong hands took hold, the rear end was lifted square around to the east, and car was pushed squarely up against the sidewalk adjacent to the old Surgical Institute building. All this time the driver of the car had stood his ground without flinching. He was Caswell Madison, a tall, raw-boned youth of nineteen, son of a road officer. The hate and fury of the mob turned upon the young driver. "Kill the scab," was the cry as the mob pressed closer and the excitement intensified. An attempt was made to drag him over the front end of the car, but it was frustrated. Two policemen pushed Madison into the car, and attempted to stem the tide. One of the mob entered the rear end of the car, and struck the driver a blow that staggered him. He recovered instantly, and knocked his assailant back on the rear platform. The latter was reinforced, and it looked as though Madison would be torn limb from limb. The youth was fighting for his life, and he fought like a caged tiger. It was an uneven match, however, and Madison was quickly beaten into insensibility, and nearly every shred of clothing torn from his body.

SHIEL QUIETS THE CROWD.

It is not improbable that Madison would have been killed outright but for the interference of R. R. Shiel. Mr. Shiel mounted the end, of the car and commanded attention.



Mr. Shiel Addresses the Crowd.

When quiet was measurably restored Mr. Shiel said: "I will bail out any man in this crowd who is arrested." At this the mob roared its enthusiastic plaudits. The yelling continued several minutes, the speaker all the while signifying his desire to proceed. When the uproar had subsided Mr. Shiel continued: "I will bail out any man in this crowd who is arrested." The crowd again howled its approval for several minutes, after which Mr. Shiel gained further favor by some severely denunciatory references to the man who was oppressing the honest labor of Indianapolis, who proposed to the banks of Indianapolis that they enter into a combination to charge 10 per cent. exchange, who had manipulated the School Board so as to secure the deposits of the school funds. Mr. Shiel strongly urged that no violence be committed; that for the sake of their wives and children, and for the sake of the fair name of the city, that they abstain from the destruction of property. He declared that only so long as they deported themselves within the bounds of reason would they retain the sympathy of the public and any chance of success. He asked that mercy be shown the disabled man on the inside of the car, and that there be no more shedding of the blood of the deluded men who had been persuaded into taking their places. He was willing to render any assistance in his power, to help them out of jail, to defend them in court, to lend them money to feed and clothe their families, but in return for this the shedding of blood must cease. In conclusion he asked the crowd to fall back to permit the removal of the wounded man within the car. With some reluctance this was done and young Madison was removed in an ambulance to the station-house, being later removed to his home by his father.

COLBERT AT BAY.

In the meantime, a colored man named Barber, who had made himself conspicuous in the mob, was taken in charge by the police. Up to this time a number had been arrested and there had been no trouble in getting them into the patrol-wagon, but the mob began to show a decided disposition to rescue the colored man from the hands of the policemen by crowding them over against the walls of the Surgical Institute annex. The effort to release the negro was resisted by the officers in charge, who succeeded in getting him across Georgia street. The crowd could no longer contain its destructiveness and began hurling stones, bricks and clubs at the police. One policeman, Robert Smith, was struck in the head and so badly hurt that he was led from the scene with blood streaming down his face and a wet cloth upon his head. An earthenware vessel, thrown from a window of the Surgical Institute, struck Captain Dawson, but did not seriously injure him. Another stone struck Chief Colbert on the head, about this time, that for a moment seemed to daze him. The negro was behind him in a door-way, and two or three other policemen by his side. A full sense of the dangerous position in which he was placed seemed to dawn upon him at this time, and throwing his hat and coat from him, Chief Colbert drew his revolver and faced the mob that was staring at him. Leveling the fire-arm at them, he stood for a moment, when another pistol was placed in his left hand by one of the patrolmen. The Chief stood, one against many, holding his prisoner, and with a look in his eye that meant death to the first man who dared to interfere. There were no shots fired, and the great danger to the police was from the stones hurled at them. Chief Colbert watched the crowd like a lynx, and no more stones were hurled.

The negro was finally hauled off in a patrol wagon. Soon after it was declared that there would be no more attempts made to run street cars during yesterday. With the assurance that it should go to the barn, the car that had been run to the sidewalk was returned to the track, a span of mules was attached, and the car moved to the Louisiana-street barn without further interruption. The excitement began to subside and the crowd rapidly dispersed. The police pushed the loiterers on under threat of arrest, and a short time later the corner of Illinois and Georgia had resumed its wonted tranquillity.

ANOTHER STORMY TRIP.

Second Voyage of the Luckless Car No. 81—Embattled Many Times.

Car No. 81 was started on a return trip to the stables guarded by the police. The street was packed with people at the depot though they did not make as active efforts there to prevent cars from returning as they had in opposing it when going southward. It was driven by a youthful-looking, freckled-faced man in a tattered cap, and had a conductor with a black eye. The crowd grew denser. Superintendent Colbert was in the van and struck right and left with his clenched fists, or, seizing some luckless man by the collar, would hurl him to one side. At Maryland street some one placed a huge box on the track and the car halted until it was removed. A little further on a driver of an express-wagon backed his vehicle down into the mules' faces, and another wait was necessary. All this time the scuffling between the police and the crowd was growing more violent. The car reached Washington street, and from there around the Circle to Pennsylvania it proceeded over such obstacles as boxes, boards and anything that could be laid on the tracks.

At Market and Pennsylvania streets a determined stand was made by the crowd. They surged about the car and soon had it crosswise of the tracks, where it stood for fifteen or twenty minutes. The crowd became noisier and noisier, raining volumes of abuse upon the driver. All the adjacent windows were thronged with people, who waved their handkerchiefs and gave every evidence of sympathy with the men. A lull seemed to ensue after the first wild demonstration, and Captain Colbert took advantage of it to organize his men for a fresh attack. The crowd was pushed back and the driver ordered to move on. He applied the lash, but the car couldn't be budged. That seemed to infuriate the crowd, and they burst into the wildest of yells, and a few stones commenced flying into the car. One of them struck the driver, while another lodged in the bosom of a reporter standing on the front platform. Then the police began to make arrests, and men were yanked indiscriminately out of the crowd and hustled off to the patrol wagon. The ca was gotten on to the track, and, after a violent effort, started.

This car pulled for the north, straight away up Pennsylvania street, in fine style, the mules making an amazing show of speed. At Ohio street a policeman set the switch straight, and the driver had nothing to do but shower in the blows to accelerate the motor. The crowd kept up with the car for a time, howling like mad, but the speed began to tell upon them, and by the time Vermont street was reached the last pursuer had abandoned the race. Looking back the way was strewn with panting rioters, many of whom seated themselves on the curb-stones to catch their breath and await another car. Car No. 81 returned to the barn and started down Central avenue. A crowd ran from the barn, and at North street the car was brought to a halt. Obstructions in the way of stones and billets of wood of all sorts and sizes strewed the track, and the police were kept busy removing them. A great part of this crowd was made up of school-children and women. These for the most part did not actively participate, though some of the urchins helped to place obstructions on the track. A man in an open buggy got on the track and refused to give way. Officer Hyland started with him under arrest for the station-house and the car moved on. The halt had rested the mules somewhat, and at Seventh street the crowd fell off and the car went on. On Fort Wayne avenue, at the intersection of Cherry street, the track was obstructed by a dozen or more empty chicken-coops borrowed from a neighboring grocer. "Hold the car till the crowd gets here!" howled a hoarse man coming up with another coop, but the police kicked the obstructions aside and the car went on.

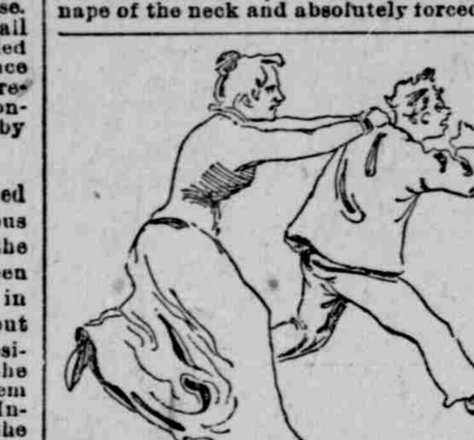
The rioters, in following car No. 81 down Central avenue, had left the way clear at the barn and the street-car strategists got out a car in short order and sent it spinning down Pennsylvania street. As the boys saw this car in the dim distance through a side street they hastened back to the barn to prevent anything else from getting away if it could be prevented.

AT THE POSTOFFICE CORNER.

No. 90 Besieged and Ditched in the Gutter—Driver Hauled Off by a Woman.

Just after No. 81 had escaped on its first return trip from the mob, at Pennsylvania and Market streets, the crowd saw Car No. 90 coming east on Market street, guarded by police, and in less time than it takes to tell about it, they were surging about the car, batting the mules over the eyes with their hats and howling like mad. The animals were seized, the traces unhooked and the beasts turned loose. The police struggled manfully, but they were not "in it." A moment later the car was boosted off the track and run to the sidewalk by Pomeroy & Huder's drug store. Then another car came along and was treated likewise, but on a promise to take it to the barns it was released.

While the remnants of the mob were operating at the junction of Market and Pennsylvania streets, chasing the scared mules up and down and out of the streets entirely, a little incident occurred which illustrates the power a woman may wield in times of trouble. Car No. 90 was standing with one end down in the gutter, deserted for the time being by its obstructors. One of Mr. Frenzel's employes for the occasion was still standing at his post in the front of it, waiting for reinforcements, when some enthusiastic woman, who was evidently the wife of a striker, or in deep sympathy with them, boarded the car, and, without making any preliminary speech, nabbed the unsuspecting novice by the nape of the neck and absolutely forced him



Had Jerked Him Off a Car.

out of the car, and disappeared with him arond the circle. She received a magnificent ovation as she led her prisoner along the crowd.

The last car to go into the New Jersey-street stable was this car, No. 90, which had been shoved off the track at the corner of Pennsylvania and Market streets. At 12:45 a pair of patient mules, guarded by the police, pulled this car on the track, and it was suffered to return to quarters without further molestation.

IN THE NORTH END.

Minor Riots in the Vicinity of the Barn—Driver Pommeled by Women.

At the corner of Exposition and Talbott avenues a crowd caught a returning car and pushed it from the track. They cut the mules loose, leaving them free to go where they pleased. Several of the mules set free further down town followed the track and came back to their quarters at the New Jersey-street barn. On Exposition avenue, near Talbott avenue, the track was kept filled with obstructions. These would require time for removal and the time thus taken gave opportunity for the strikers and their friends, who made their headquarters at the New Jersey-street barn and who had two lines to watch, to run down and meet the cars and oppose their progress.

The scenes about the New Jersey-street barn continued, earnest law-breaking being coupled with barbaric horse-play and extravagant humor. Car No. 84 had as its driver a man who the strikers said had been brought out of the work-house to drive a car. It was shortly after 10 o'clock when a mob of women entered this car, which had just returned to the stable, and, seizing the driver, pommeled him without mercy. He struggled to escape from these amazons, and in the attempt left nearly all his clothes in their hands, barely escaping with a ragged remnant. While this little episode was occurring a number of women brought into the car an effigy made up of an old coat and breeches and stuffed with straw, with a placard on it bearing the word "Scab." This they held up beside the driver, amid the plaudits of the crowd. Subsequently it was hung up by a strap to the front of the car.

LAST RIOT OF THE DAY.

Vast Crowd Stops Cars at Meridian and Maryland Streets.

Car No. 91 was one of the number that was attacked and suffered severe abuse. It was headed north at 10 o'clock in charge of ten policemen, and at the corner of Meridian and Washington streets was surrounded by the strikers, who planted themselves flatly in front of the mules, and not until the police got at them was it possible to go on. Still seeing that it was futile to do any thing the road officer ordered that the mules be transferred to the other end, which was done, and the car started south again. Several stones were thrown through the car window, and dirt was hurled in the faces of the road officer and driver.

The car got as far as the turn-table on Meridian street, where it awaited developments until about noon, when it started north only to meet the luckless No. 81 and find itself in the midst of another riot, which proved the last of the day.

Car No. 81, on its second trip southward, did not pass the transfer-car, but took the track down Meridian street. As it neared Maryland street it found itself on the threshold of trouble. The street swarmed with rioters. Car No. 91 was on the same track, headed north, and the mules of the two cars came together.

The scene was one that will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it, and they were legion. Meridian street, from Washington to the Union Station, held in its confines a large crowd of surging humanity. The strikers had been joined by thousands of men who are easily imbued with the mob instinct while thousands more had been drawn thither out of curiosity. Heads protruded from every window along the street, and many people held safe places of vantage on the tops of buildings. In the street below the excitement was intense; tension was drawn almost to the breaking point.

Car No. 81 was being driven by James Collins and was protected by but two policemen, patrolmen Asche and Conklin. Opposed to them was a wild throng that would not stop at anything. There were loud cries of "Turn the car over," "Run them into the gutter," etc., and the mob was ready for it. For a brief moment the policemen succeeded in driving the crowd back a few steps, but it then gathered all its forces together and made a grand rush. The patrolmen were jammed up against the side of the car, and it careened over as though it would fall upon its side, but the crowd on the other side put its shoulders against the chariot and back it toppled.

At the most exciting juncture the mules were unhitched from car No. 81, and a grand cry went up from the excited multitude. The mules were started off on a run, and ever and anon their big ears could be seen above the sea of faces for a brief period. Then the car, as though it were a mere toy, was picked up by hundreds of hands and dropped crosswise on the tracks. Another hoarse cry went up and thousands of hats were waved wildly in the air by excited hands. The crowd again made a rush and car No. 81 was jammed up against the west curb of Meridian street, to the imminent peril of many lives.

It was then that the attention of the mob was directed to car No. 91 which still stood on the track at the intersection of Maryland street. It didn't require much time to unhitch the mules and the car was instantly shoved from the track and up against the curb. When both cars had been deprived of their means of locomotion shouts of victory filled the air for several minutes. It was some time before the crowd finally dispersed.

EXPECTED MORE TROUBLE.

Streets Crowded in the Afternoon—An Old Man Injured.

A great crowd surged up and down Illinois street yesterday afternoon and there was a continuous stream of people about the Louisiana-street barns, on Tennessee and Louisiana streets, looking for trouble. At the least demonstration or suspicion that trouble was on hand the crowd would make a grand rush for the barns where a mule car, splattered with mud and with the lights broken out, was stationed in the sheds.

About 3 o'clock, while a number of young men were scuffling on the asphalt pavement on Tennessee street, near the power-house, one of the men ran against John Smith, a man seventy-one years old, and threw him to the ground. He fell on the side of his face, which struck the sharp street-car rail protruding a half inch above the pavement.

In an instant all was excitement, and a tremor ran through the great throng. The old man, badly hurt, was picked up, and Powers & Blackwell's ambulance was telephoned for. In three minutes it came dashing down Tennessee street, and the injured man was taken to his home, 394 East Market street.

In the meantime somebody had telephoned for Kregelo & Whitsett's ambulance and ten minutes after the occurrance it came dashing down Illinois street at breakneck speed. People on Illinois and Washington streets thought that another attempt had been made to start a car and that somebody had been injured; the streets already filled with people became a surging mass, rushing pell mell toward the stables, and in a short time the crowd there had been augmented to ten times its former size. It was all occasioned by the old man having been accidentally knocked down. The fellows who had been engaged in the scuffle, as soon as they saw what they had done, quietly got away.

THE INJURED POLICEMEN.

Smith the Only One Seriously Hurt—Some of Them Relate Experiences.

The officers and patrolmen began to pour into the police station about 1 o'clock, sleepy, tired, nervous, dusty, and some of them hurt. Superintendent Colbert was injured in the shoulder with a bowlder, and though he would not acknowledge he was hurt his face bore visible evidence of pain. An eye-witness thus described a scene in which the Chief figured:

"I saw him grapple with a powerful fellow, who I thought would succeed in tearing himself away. Colbert put one knee in his stomach and by a quick and powerful twist flung the rioter to the ground. He acted in a very brave manner."

Captain Dawson was one who bore the brunt of the exciting conflict at Illinois and Georgia streets. He put a muscular and powerful negro, over six feet tall, under arrest. His name is Joseph Thomas.

"That man is the most powerful one I ever had any thing to do with," said the Captain. "He began to fight as soon as he was arrested. He fought for half a square east on Georgia street, and the crowd kept agging him on. Some rocks began to fly, and one hit me in the back of the head. A dish came flying out of the Surgical Institute window and struck me on the side of the head. Patrolman Bob Smith came up just as some scoundrel was about to stab me in the back, and succeeded in saving me from the injury. Just then Superintendent Colbert came up and received a whacking blow with a board over the head and a rock caught him in the shoulder. It was a wonder he was not seriously hurt. We could have clubbed Thomas into submission, but we did not want to hurt him. I gave some negro who was tugging at my coat in the rear a heavy blow across the face with my mace. The scrap lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, and was the worst experience I ever had. Bob Smith, who was hit in the head with a brick, was one of the bravest men I ever saw. My badge was pulled out of my coat in the scrimmage, but I found it again. It was Alfred Harris who struck the Superintendent."

Patrolman Smith, whose experience is elsewhere mentioned, was hit in the head with a brickbat. His skull was fractured and he was taken to Short's drug store. From there he was carried to his home by Kregelo & Whitsett's ambulance. His injury was given attention by Dr. Earp, and was found to be serious but not fatal. John Earley, a negro boy, was arrested to answer a charge of having thrown the missile. He has no connection with the strikers. Earley denies all knowledge of the act. Detective Thornton arrested him.

George Cannon was found under suspicious circumstances trying to pick a pocket and was arrested by detective James on a charge of conspiring to commit a felony.

Sergeant Lowe received several injuries. "I was running along the side of a car trying to keep the crowd off, when the rocks began to fly. I turned around to see who was throwing them, and then started on a run after the car again. Just then a bowlder hit me in the back, and another stung my ear as it crashed through the car. I was glad the second one did not hit me."

Sergeant Mefford lent a hand in the arrest of James Thomas. His chin was skinned and bruised by a kick, and his clothes torn.

BY A POLICEMAN'S CLUB.

Sidney Davie, a Striking Driver, Felled to the Ground and Badly Hurt.

Sidney Davie, a man who has been employed as driver on the New Jersey-street line, was one of the men who was severely hurt in the riot at Illinois and Georgia streets. According to the injured man's story he was in the midst of the mob, and doing nothing particularly but looking on, when a policeman came toward him, and raising his club let it fall with violent force on the base of Davie's head, and another blow on his back at the spine. Davie fell like a stuck pig where he stood, and came near being trampled upon by the excited, surging mob. Four women who stood near where he was rushed for him, and picking him up carried him to a drug store, near by, where an ambulance conveyed him to his home, at No. 576 Broadway. A reporter found Davie late in the afternoon bolstered up in bed and able to talk with much difficulty. He said he felt better and the pain in his head was abated. Davie is a married man and has two children.

Madison Not Hurt.

The one who was supposed to be most hurt in the riot was Caswell Madison, the young man whom Mr. Shiel defended. Madison was seen at his home on Still street, a little side street, the continuation of South Morris street, and beyond being a trifle nervous from his eventful escapade of the morning was as well as anybody. He had a slight cut on the head, and spoke of being sore about the body from his rough handling. He never has been in the employ of the company, but his father is collector of the cash-boxes on the Shelby-street line. When he was taken to the police station it was for protection, and not to have his wounds dressed, as was stated.

EIGHTY-FIVE WERE ARRESTED.

Bail Quickly Furnished at the Station-House—Many Were Not Strikers.

There were in all eighty-five persons arrested during the morning's excitement, of whom fifty-eight had been released on bail by 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The bondsmen were R. R. Shiel, Merrill Moores, P. J. Ryan, William T. Long, David R. Myers and Bruce Carr. The charges against the men were, for the most part, obstructing the running of cars and inciting to riot. A few were arrested for assault and battery and resisting an officer. There was one charge of carrying concealed weapons. Owen Finnegan was found at the Shelby-street barn with a pair of knucks and a revolver. Several loiterers and drunken men were among the number. Nearly all the street-car men were bailed out as soon as arrested. Among those who were left were several Knights of Labor, who had been drawn into the scene of excitement.

The names of the men arrested are as follows: Owen Finnegan, Harry Moore, H. D. Smith, John McGinty, Bat Keefe, Frank Mitchell, Emmett Searing, William T. Rhoads, Pat Harman, Charles Travis, Russell Eader, John Whitman, C. E. Harlan, Frank Hanson, A. S. Newcomb, R. Bressler, Charles Loy, Harry Felts, H. Sutton, Joe Wood, Bulser Fox, Paris L. Stevens, Fred Webber, Mart Williams, Oat Harvey, George Wilson, H. W. Clodfeller, John Elliott, John Dugan, Alfred Harris, John Kelly, William Bremmer, Joseph Kelly, George E. Hogue, John Lester, Arthur Williams, Mike Glenn, F. M. Hockett, Dennis Currens, John Flynn, Charles McIntire, Pat Conroy, Eli Johnson, William Parris, Ed Hicks, John Whitley, Charles Malcom, T. Kelley, C. F. Hine, William Shannon, Harry Koons, E. Serring, B. Barnhart, H. C. Hogue, Terry Moore, James Keefe, James Shepard, Stanley G. Bell, W. H. Harp, Harvey Coons, John Lyons, Ed Bernhamer, George Ranser, John Richmond, George Hall, J. C. Hackney, Samuel Smith, J. B. Summerville, Wm. Aldridge, Pat Convoy, J. W. Howe, H. S. Ingram, F. M. Redmund, James Finn, James Thomas, James Mahoney, James Clare, George Prior, T. Ford, Wm. Dumman, George Cannon, John Early.

DID COLBERT LOSE HIS HEAD?

Ex-Captain Bruce Relates an Encounter with the Superintendent of Police.

Ex-Captain of Police Emanuel Bruce made affidavit yesterday in Justice Smock's court against Superintendent of Police Thomas F. Colbert, charging assault and battery. Captain Bruce said, in relating how it happened:

"I was hurrying west on Georgia street to intercept the driver of a delivery wagon, who was going to the Vandalia depot for a load of sugar. At Illinois street Colbert and Capt. Jake Fox drove up just as I was crossing the street. Colbert jumped out when he saw me and seized me by the arm, and said:

"'G—— d—— you, get out of the way, or I will smash you in the mouth.'

"I was taken by surprise, and ordered him to take his hands off from me. He shoved me back, and then jumped into the buggy and drove away. He acted like a crazy man. I was intent on my own business and had not said a word. The act was absolutely unprovoked. He must have been laboring under the excitement of the morning. There was nothing going on, no crowd on the street, and no occasion for excitement." Colbert has not been arrested as yet, but will probably be to-morrow. Bruce succeeded him as captain of police, and there has been a bitter hatred since between the men.

DELEGATE FROM BOONE COUNTY.

Verdant Youth Who Applied for a Job as Car-Driver at the Wrong Place.

Among the crowd that pressed about a blockaded car on Illinois street yesterday was a simple and guileless-looking youth of eighteen or nineteen years, who, among other questions, asked whether the street-car company wanted to hire any men.

"Where are you from?" asked a rioter.

"From Boone county."

"What you doin' here?"

"Heard about the strike, and thought I'd come to town and get a job," innocently replied the youth.

"Scab," shouted three or four, and the youth from Lebanon was in danger. His apparent innocence was in his favor, but it did not save him.

"Get out of here," yelled a brawny six-footer, as he kicked the Boone-county youth to the sidewalk.

"Git out!" yelled the crowd, and the youth was kicked into the alley. There he realized the inhospitable spirit toward a man in search of a striker's berth, and he ran like a quarter-horse, probably stopping not until he was safe in Boone county.

MORE UNION SUPPORT.

Resolutions of Sympathy and Contributions of Money for the Strikers.

The Wheel-makers' Union, No. 3512, adopted the following: Resolved, that we extend our hearty sympathy to the stree-railway employes of this city, and hope that they may be successful in their present struggle for their rights.

The Pattern-makers' Association, of this city, adopted these two resolutions at their meeting last night:

Resolved, That we indorse the action of the Panhandle railroad machinists in the stand they have taken to abolish the piece-work system.

Resolved, That we indorse the action of the street-car employes, and that J. P. Frenzel should be removed.

The Marble-cutters' Union passed resolutions sustaining the street-car employes and Machinist's Union, and voted 25 per cent. of all money on hand to be contributed, in case of need, in sustaining the present strikes. They also deplore the stand taken by Mr. J. P. Frenzel in refusing to accept any part of the recommendations made by the board of arbitrators selected by the street-car employes and Mr. Frenzel, and hold that Mr. Frenzel is alone to blame for the present trouble.

Bakers' Union, No. 18, adopted the following:

Whereas, We believe that by the removal of John P. Frenzel from the presidency of the Citizens' Street-car Company the existing trouble between said company and its employes could easily be adjusted; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Bakers' Union, No. 18, of Indianapolis heartily indorse the demand of the brotherhood of street-car employes.

Resolved, That we offer the brotherhood our moral and financial support.

Resolved, That at any time said brotherhood needs financial aid the same shall be provdied. Be it further

Resolved, That whereas the course pursued in the present struggle between the Citizens' Street-car Company and its employes by the Indianapolis News is one which is detrimental to labor organization and deserves the censure of every good and true man. Therefore, be it

Resolved, By Bakers' Union, No. 18, that we censure the Evening News and recommend to the member of this union not to patronize that paper.

Deserted the Company.

When Superintendent Colbert telephoned to Mr. Frenzel from the Spencer House yesterday he said that nearly all the men who had agreed to help them had deserted. What men he referred to is still a mystery, locked in the breasts of Mr. Frenzel and the police authorities. His remark has given rise to the belief that the company had men hired to assist the police in case of trouble, who promptly deserted when trouble came.

Be this as it may, it is certain that a number of men whom President Frenzel had hired to run his cars deserted to the side of the strikers early in the morning. One motorman of the East Washington-street line, by his personal efforts, won over three of the men whom he found at Louisiana street ready to go to work, and similar missionary work was done at several other barns.

At Louisiana Street.

The scenes at the Louisiana-street barn were tame and uneventful compared with those on Illinois and Meridian streets and at the New Jersey-street barn. It was thought by the brotherhood that the company would attempt to run cars from Louisiana street, and that the game was played almost wholly from the other end of the line contributed to their surprise. Several of the Pennsylvania-street cars were brought to the Louisiana-street barn by the strikers, but, though a great crowd gathered, the incidents were of little moment.

Strikers Condemn the Stone-Throwing.

As the morning wore on the strikers became more fiercely in earnest, and stones were thrown through the windows of several of the cars. Many of the strikers condemn this phase of lawlessness, and said that it was not done by members of the brotherhood, but by hangers-on and "kids." Several of the police officers who were struck by these missiles are firm in the opinion that the stones were large enough and came with sufficient violence to have been hurled by the sturdiest of the rioters.

"Wild Bill" Is Also a Striker.

"I wish," said one of the drivers who stood by the company, "that Wild Bill had been put on this car."

"Who's he?" inquired the reporter.

"A mule in the Louisiana-street stable, and the most vicious one in the whole outfit. He strikes with head and kicks out with his forefeet. If any of those fellows came up to his head they would get hurt. I don't think he's on duty to-day."

Must Have Been a Union Mule.

Edward Bond, a stableman at the New Jersey-street barn, while getting out a mule for a car, was dangerously hurt. The animal, doubtless frightened by the noise outside, kicked Bond, knocking him down in the stall. Other stablemen ran to his help and got him out of reach of the heels of the maddened animal. He was kicked in the head, face and about the body, and the nature of his injuries has not been determined.

Police Were Worn Out.

The police were badly worn out, as the night force had been kept on duty without sleep. Several of the men growled faintly at the thoughtlessness of the company in not providing them with coffee, which would have given them a little needed stimulus.

Charged a Road Officer with Assault.

August Battreall filed an affidavit yesterday, in Justice Smock's court, charging road officer Littlejohn with assault and battery.

SENATOR M'DONALD'S WILL

Suit Begun Yesterday to Break It by Dissatisfied Heirs, Who Claim Fraud.

Receiver Smith H. Myers Perpetually Released from Custody—Van Buren et al. Purged of Contempt—That Slander Suit.

A suit was filed yesterday in the Circuit Court to set aside the will of the late Senator Joseph E. McDonald. The plaintiffs are Malcolm A., Malcolm S., his sons, Joseph E. and Jessie C. McDonald, and Josephine F. McDonald, the widow, and Theodore P. Haughey are made the defendants. The complaint states that the will which was probated, giving Mrs. McDonald the Washington-street property and the household and other personal property, is invalid and void, for the reason, as alleged, that it is not the last will and testament. It is further charged that it was not duly executed, and that it was unduly influenced by Mrs. McDonald. It is again charged that at the time of the date of the last page and before the witnesses who attested the document, Joseph E. McDonald, deceased, executed a last will and testament consisting in part of the said lost page, which is the second page of the pretended will which was probated. This gave Mrs. McDonald, it is alleged, a life interest in the Washington-street property and the personal and household property. Some time afterward, according to the complaint, the said page was detached from the last will without the knowledge or consent of the testator or of the plaintiff. It is therefore asked of the court that the will be set aside.

That Clash of the Courts.

Judge Harper yesterday released William A. Van Buren, William Bennett and Frederick W. Cady from the charge of contempt. Mr. Van Buren made a statement disclaiming any intention to show disrespect to the court, either upon the account of himself or the other gentlemen cited. The order of habeas corpus concerning Smith H. Myers was heard, and a perpetual release granted the defendant. This leaves Mr. Myers in charge of the store. The cases of contempt against Deputies Conard and Hoffman have been continued.

One of Kirtley's Deeds.

One of the crooked transactions of Francis S. Kirtley, the ex-minister and ex-student of Butler and Franklin, who has been sentenced to prison for confessed forgery, developed yesterday in the clerk's office. He appears as the affiant through whom a license was issued to William House and Flora Jones. The latter is only fifteen years of age, whereas Kirtley made oath she was over eighteen years. The girl's friends will make no effort to interfere with the child's happiness.

Mrs. Pohlman Vindicated.

The jury in the case of Eliza Hackney vs. Ella Pohlman, for slander, returned a verdict yesterday in the Circuit Court for the defendant. The verdict was reached on the second ballot, but the jury was out all night. This is presumably due to the presence of several professional jurors who find occupation only in the Criminal, the Circuit and Superior Court No. 2. The verdict was expected, even by the prosecution, in thirty minutes.

I., D. & W. Receivership.

Judge Brown yesterday overruled the motion made by Harry Crawford, attorney for the I., D. & W. road, to vacate the appointment of James A. Wildman as receiver. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. The receiver was appointed in the matter of the judgments awarded Hattie E. Showers and the First National Bank, to cover a certain claim held by the road against Center township.

Lockller Released.

Judge Cox yesterday discharged Arthur Lockller, ex-secretary of the Colored Odd-fellows, who was charged with embezzlement on affidavit and information. The court held that the grand jury having twice failed to indict, the plea in abatement was good, and the demurrer of the State's attorney was therefore overruled.

Confessed Judgment.

Lee R. Kahn yesterday confessed judgment in the Superior Court to a debt of $442.08, which he owes to Solomon Kaufman and others.

Got a Big Contract.

The Terre Haute Club will move into their new quarters in March. The contract for carpeting the floor has been let to the New York Store, of Indianapolis, in competition with the best houses in Indianapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati and Philadelphia. The halls and reception parlors will be covered with fine chenille Axminsters, and the blue, red and green rooms on the second floor will be carpeted in royal Wiltons. The billiard-room and gymnasium will be covered with the finest Scotch inlaid linoleum. The whole contract will amount to $2,500.

The Lighting Contract.

The electric-light contract, which is to be signed by the city and the Brush company, is completed, but has not been finally approved. It will probably be signed by both parties to-morrow.

MEN WHO DO NOT MARRY.

All of Them Do Not Remain Unwed from Choice—Beware the Woman-Hater.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Now, there are reasons why a man may choose to remain a bachelor; in fact, there are excellent reasons why it is best that some men should. I have known men to have inner conflicts with themselves for years, and then resolutely decide to choose celibacy. Such decisions make heroes of some men. There are circumstances which sometimes enter into a man's life that make celibacy judicious and wise—circumstances not of his own choosing. There are men whose lofty estimate of women will not permit of their asking a woman to share what God in His wisdom has chosen to have them bear. That type of man exists, and more largely than many women believe or know. A woman sometimes wonders why a certain man whom she knows remains single when every outward circumstance seems to point that his life might be otherwise. I have heard women speak jestingly of such men. I have seen them make targets for a fusillade of jokes in a drawing-room, bearing an outward semblance of pleasantry and graciousness that always stamp a perfect gentleman. But beneath those pleasing exteriors I knew there was renewed old battles so bravely fought and won a long time since. And I have often wondered why it is that woman's natural keen intuition, so unerring in many things, did not more often divine that there are only a very few men in this world who remain single of their own choice or selection. You say there is a hidden meaning in these words? There is, and it lies in the fact that there as often exists in a man's life a life-story as there does in that of a woman, with this difference: that the man outwardly shows it less, and more rarely tells of it even to his best men friends. But such men retain their respect for woman as much as if a member of her sex shared their lives.

But upon the "woman-hater" sympathy is wasted. Men are always suspicious of such a man, and no type is more unpopular among his own sex. And let me say just here: that it is always a safe rule for women to have as little to do as possible with a man who is unpopular among men. There is, as a general thing, tenable ground for it. A man often sees in another man what a woman utterly fails to detect. A wife is generally safe to avoid those men whom her husband prefers not to have in his home. A man is rarely actuated in his position toward another man by a petty spite. There is always some broader reason. The outer world is a wonderful developer of character, where men are judged by their inner worth. It is frequently difficult for a wife to understand her husband's dislike for a certain man whose whole bearing seems so gracious and so gentlemanly in a drawing-room. But good manners do not always make a good man—and men know it. When one man dissects another he rarely scratches the surface; he generally digs right down to the bone. And a "woman-hater" is never popular among men. They know that there is always something wrong with such a man, and there is.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN MILLER.

A Minnesota Man's Scheme to Save Millions for the Farmers of the Northwest.

BLAKELY, Minn., Feb. 27.—J. H. Johnson, the owner of a fifty-barrel flour-mill here, and a devotee of Farmers' Alliance doctrines, has created a great deal of comment in this neighborhood by issuing a letter to the farmers urging them to organize Farmers' Alliance milling associations. He maintains that the farmers of the Dakotas and Minnesota have lost $28,000,000 on the wheat sold up to Dec. 8, 1891, of this year's crops. He then proceeds to show the farmers their folly in not building their own mills and thereby securing $1 a bushel for their wheat, with a ton of feed per hundred bushels, together with some minor advantages. Any community that can deliver 75,000 bushels of wheat, he says, can thereby keep a fifty-barrel mill running for a year and the mill can be built for $7,000. This, Mr. Johnson says, will secure $1 for every bushel of wheat raised by the shareholders. Mr. Johnson would allow 50 cents a barrel for the handling of the flour and the agents he would send abroad to dispose of it would be the farmers' sons.

ROOTS WITH A SWEETISH TASTE.

Two Boys Thought They Were Sassafras, Ate Them and Soon Died.

ROCHESTER, Pa., Feb. 27.—Carl Hartman, aged eighteen years, and Edward Chaffee, aged sixteen years, died this evening from eating roots supposed to be sassafras. Mrs. Martin Hartman and her daughter Louisa, six years old, are in a dangerous condition from the same cause. While digging in the woods near their home, this afternoon, the boys came upon some white, gnarly roots, which had a sweetish taste. They ate freely of the roots and carried some home, which were eaten by Mrs. Hartman and her daughter. A short time later, young Hartman was seized with spasms and died in great agony before medical aid could be summoned. Chaffee was also taken violently ill, and was carried to his home, where he also expired in a few hours. Mrs. Hartman and little Louisa were soon after taken sick and suffered terribly. Their condition is critical, but they may recover. The nature of the roots is not known.

AT VIRGINIA BEACH.

The President Spends a Quiet Saturday, but This Week Will Hunt Ducks.

NORFOLK, Va., Feb. 27.—The day at Virginia Beach has been a stormy one, the northeaster still holding its own. For the most part the President has kept indoors, though this morning, in company with Mrs. Dimmick, he took a brisk walk for a half hour. Just before dinner he was waited upon by President Woodard, Judge Portlock and other members of the Ragged Island Hunting Club and with them made arrangements for duck hunting. The party is to start at 5:30 o'clock Monday morning and to return Wednesday morning. If the sport should be good and if the President's engagements permit, he may make another trip to the island on Friday or Saturday. While the President is gone other members of his party may make a visit to the navy-yard at Portsmouth. To-morrow will be quietly spent at the hotel, where Mr. Crittenden has made every arrangement for the perfect home-like convenience of his guests.

ANOTHER RICH STAKE.

The Vigo County Agricultural Society Offers a Purse of $10,000 to Stallions.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Feb. 27.—The Vigo County Agricultural Society is out with a ten-thousand-dollar stallion stake for foals of 1892, to be trotted in 1894. It is for the get of stallions that may be entered in purse to trot as two-year-olds, best two in three, distance 125 yards. Nominations must be made on or before April 4, 1892. Fifty dollars is the nominating price, and $105 to be paid in before starting, with an additional $100 for starters. This purse will be trotted for at the same meeting in 1894 where the $11,000 guaranteed purse for foals of 1890 and the $11,500 guaranteed purse for foals of 1891 will be contested. It is predicted that it will be one of the greatest race meetings ever held in the United States.

Parlor Lectures.

Boston Journal.

One young girl at the tea said she had made up her mind that when the day came for her to support herself she should give parlor lectures or readings. She said that one of her acquaintances had made fifteen hundred dollars from one lecture alone, having delivered it before clubs and parlor audiences. To be sure, the lecturer was a brilliant, fascinating woman, and the lecture had all the elements of popularity, but its success was a suggestion to other women.

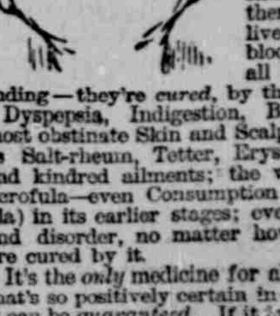
"Social qualifications, as well as talent, are needed for the occupation which you mention," said an older woman. "Magnetism, that subtle quality of popularity, is absolutely essential; added to this, there should be business ability, tact in obtaining and presenting letters of introduction and a complete annihilation of any feeling of timidity or shrinking which may be natural. There certainly is not the competition in this occupation as in many others which women enter."

Sheets for Tinning Cost Too Much.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 27.—The question of price for making sheets for tinning has developed into a serious one with the manufacturers, and there is a probability that the matter may become a bone of contention between sheet-mill owners and the Amalgamated Association. Just to what extent the difference will change the scale in force now is not easily told, but that the manufacturers will insist on a reduction in the cost of production so far as related to the wages of the mill-hands, but more especially the sheet-mill rollers, is about as certain as anything can be in advance. If the reduction is not accepted the manufacturers say they will not turn out the material, and if the manufacturers don't sign the amalgamated scale there will be a strike.

Assassinated with Baby in His Arms.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Feb. 27.—Last night Walter Anderson, a prominent attorney at Brady, was shot while holding his baby in his arms, being killed instantly. The assassin fired through the window.



Strikes at the root—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That's the reason so many different diseases and disorders yield to it. They all have the same beginning—there's a torpid liver or impure blood. And they all have the same ending—they're *cured*, by this remedy.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; the most obstinate Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Eczema and kindred ailments; the worst forms of Scrofula—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; every blood-taint and disorder, no matter how it came—all are cured by it.

It's the *only* medicine for all such diseases that's so positively certain in its effects that it can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, the money is refunded.

Nothing else can be "just as good." It may be better—for the dealer. But *he* isn't the one who needs help. Beware of spurious *imitations or dilutions*, offered at less prices.