

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Advertisement for 'Baking Powder' by 'ABSOLUTELY PURE' brand, featuring a logo and descriptive text.

made, amid a torrent of cheering, that Corbett and Jackson would meet in November for a fight to a finish.

THE FIGHTS.

Shea and Grims Both Knocked Out in First Round Sharp Round.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

ROBY, Ind., July 10.—When the Corbett incident was ended Jimmy Barry, of Chicago, and Pete Shea, of Oregon, appeared for the ten-round preliminary contest.

Barry was seconded by Tom White and young Griffo, and Pete Shea by Tommy Hanley, George Lavigne and James Green. It took only four rounds for the Chicago boy to settle Shea. It was a slugging match from start to finish.

The Oregon boy had the advantage of reach, but he could not resist the rushes and heavy punches of his opponent. In the first and second rounds honors were about even, both men hitting right and left, and clinching when necessary to avoid punishment. Shea commenced to get groggy in the third round, and was twice knocked over on the ropes. In the fourth and last round Barry started in with a vicious upper-cut and with slugging body blows that sent his opponent to the floor. A body blow sent him to the earth for the fourth time as the bell rang, but he was too weak to resist for a moment, and when time was called his seconds threw up the sponge. Neither man showed signs of punishment and no blood was drawn.

A considerable amount of cash was exchanged in the ring before the appearance of Griffin and Smith. The odds being in favor of the Brahmin, the California money was scarce, but this was explained by a loud-voiced supporter of the Pacific champion on the ground that all of his money had been put up some days ago. It was 10:45 when Griffin appeared in the ring, and Smith followed a moment later. Both men exchanged body blows, Smith had the advantage as the bell rang. In the second round Smith started out with a wild rush and Griffin swung, landing in Smith's face, staggering him for the moment, and following it up with his right and left in the face. Both men were hammering right and left when time was called. In the third round Griffin landed with a good left on the face, while Smith punched wildly. Griffin landed a good right and left on the face and both men punched each other for a moment with vigor. Smith was groggy and apparently tired when the round ended. He was still groggy when the bell rang for the fourth round. Griffin landed in the face with right and left, followed up with a heavy right on breast, and rushed his opponent around the ring. Smith staggered when he received the blow in the center of the chest, and a heavy blow nearly sent him to earth. Like a lion at bay, however, he turned on his opponent and with a fierce right hand, caught him full in the face below the eye. Griffin went down like a log and was twice counted out before the referee announced that the fight was Smith's. The crowd cheered the victor's pugilist cheered themselves hoarse.

It was nearly five minutes before Griffin suddenly recovered from his knock-out, and he was able to walk out of the ring when he reached the dressing room he fairly collapsed. Blood was flowing freely from an ugly cut on the forehead, and the final blow. Dr. J. J. Davis, who was in waiting for an emergency, put in several stitches to close the severed members. Immediately after the closing of the ring Griffin became unconscious, although his backers described his condition as only a "deep sleep." Dr. Smith recommended that he be left alone for a moment in the morning. Meanwhile Smith was holding up a large side of the bar, while his backers proclaimed his ability to put any feather-weight in the ring at any time. He declared his willingness to meet the victor of the night, and it was agreed that both men should meet in October.

TOUCHING THE NEW YORK LIFE.

Mayor Sullivan Assured He Can Have Temporary Loans for Running Expenses.

NEW YORK, July 10.—The Times will say to-morrow morning: "Until the financial tangle of the city of Indianapolis can be straightened out, the New York Life Insurance Company will stand between that city and actual distress by furnishing money enough to tide over the emergency which confronts it. Edward N. Gibbs, treasurer of the New York Life Insurance Company, sent a telegram yesterday to this effect on behalf of the directors of his company to the Mayor of Indianapolis. Drafts authorized by the Indianapolis Common Council will accordingly be honored to any amount that may be necessary to meet current municipal expenses. It is not believed that the amount now required will be large. The Common Council figured out Saturday that a loan of \$12,500 would satisfy immediate needs, and a special meeting was ordered, at which it was hoped that means might be devised for effecting a temporary loan of that amount. Because of this call the directors of the New York company decided that it would be a graceful thing to tender relief to the depleted treasury of Indianapolis."

AN ILLINOIS BANK CLOSED.

SHELBYVILLE, Ill., July 10.—The banking house of W. L. Thornton & Son failed to-day. It was established in 1859 by Gen. W. F. Thornton, and since his death has been managed by an American firm's name. The bank was conducted for all the city, township and county funds. The liabilities are \$300,000. The assets are \$100,000. The bank was closed at 10 o'clock to-day. The assets are \$100,000, and the liabilities are \$300,000. C. S. Woodward is the assignee.

Chance for Indianapolis Republicans.

The Republicans of Indianapolis have such a splendid opportunity to redeem the capital city that there is danger of a miscarriage of justice in the election next year. The onerous task of the city government can line up to an advantage. Most any clean, representative Republican, free from factional or corporation alliances, can be the next Mayor of Indianapolis.

American Missionary Maltreated.

SHANGHAI, July 10.—It is reported that a fanatical mob in the province of Shan Tung, having maltreated an American missionary a few days ago. The missionaries are Hankow and Sung-Pu are now known to have been at the recent murder of a missionary. The natives, after having mutilated the bodies of the missionaries, had them and refused to surrender them.

Negro Uprising Fought.

LOUISVILLE, July 10.—A negro uprising is feared at Bardwell as the result of the recent lynching of Sney J. Miller. The negro who assaulted and then murdered the Ray sisters. The Mayor of Bardwell has telegraphed to Paducah for one hundred Winchester rifles and it will be a very bad move on the part of the negroes to cause trouble.

Cheerful Remark.

Mr. Cleveland's death at this time would be embarrassing to the country, and possibly to his illness also. It is fortunate that his illness is not serious.

It is the "ADMIRAL."

The arrival of "Admiral" forces a break in the rate and betwixt unknown. A number of fore in the history of cigarettes has a new brand so suddenly acquired such prominence in the estimation of the public.

BURGLAR DID NOT BURGLE

George Sims Caught in the Bedroom of a Knightstown Citizen.

Discharged Letter Carriers at Terre Haute May Make It Hot for Donham—Donovan Boys at Wabash Have a Shooting.

CAPTURED IN THE DARK.

R. T. Overman and His Wife Leap Out of Bed and Overpower an Intruder.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

KNIGHTSTOWN, Ind., July 10.—About 3 o'clock this morning R. T. Overman was awakened by his wife who thought there was somebody in the house. He looked around the room and saw an object crouched in one corner. Jumping up he seized a chair and encountered the burglar. On account of a child sleeping in a cot he knocked over on the ropes. In the fourth and last round Barry started in with a vicious upper-cut and with slugging body blows that sent his opponent to the floor.

A body blow sent him to the earth for the fourth time as the bell rang, but he was too weak to resist for a moment, and when time was called his seconds threw up the sponge. Neither man showed signs of punishment and no blood was drawn.

LET HIM FILE HIS CASE.

Carrier Whom Donham Discharged Bears from Roosevelt.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., July 10.—One of the letter carriers whose removal by Postmaster Donham was approved by the Department at Washington, telegraphed the fact to Civil-service Commissioner Roosevelt.

In reply to your telegram of July 9, addressed to Commissioner Roosevelt, stating that you have been removed from the postal service at Terre Haute, without cause, you are informed that the commission can take no action in the matter, unless it is alleged, with offer of proof, that the removal was for political reasons.

When Donham informed this carrier of his removal the carrier asked what the charge was. The postmaster replied: "I haven't a thing in the world against you, but you know the law and of slight build. He was sent to jail to await trial.

TRIED TO MURDER HIS BROTHER.

The Donovan Boys at Wabash Fight About the Wife of One.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WABASH, Ind., July 10.—John Donovan is in jail here, charged with attempted murder, the intended victim being his brother Daniel. Last night John met Daniel on the street and accused him of being improperly intimate with the latter's wife.

On previous occasions the two had quarreled on the same subject. Daniel threw a huge stone at John's head, grazing it, whereupon John pulled a pistol and opened fire on his brother. Daniel fled, and not one of the balls took effect. John was arrested at the scene of the shooting, and there was an exciting scramble before he was locked up. Donovan has been involved in numerous shooting scrapes.

FOR FREE COINAGE.

Congressman Cooper Is Believed to Be Opposed to a Repeal of the Sherman Bill.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

COLUMBUS, Ind., July 10.—During the recent political campaign Congressman Cooper, in a speech in the opera house here, announced that he was in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

He said that the present stringency in the money market, which has caused several factories here to shut down, Cooper's constituents have manifested much uneasiness about the way he will vote on this important question. To-day twenty-five leading Democrats, some identified with manufacturing interests, were interviewed and they all wanted Cooper to vote in favor of the Sherman bill. Cooper arrived here from Washington this morning, and is now packing his trunk for a trip to the northern lakes and the western fair. His Democratic friends have little hope that he will heed their wishes in this matter. Since Congressmen Cooper and Dyer are here over the postoffice his home city has not been a pleasant abiding place for him, and he remains here as little as possible.

Flint-Glass Workers in Convention.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

MARION, Ind., July 10.—The sixteenth annual convention of the American Flint-glass Workers' Union began here to-day. Mayor Moore and John Kimler, of the local committee on arrangements, made addresses of welcome, to which Secretary Dillon made a responsive reply. There are about 250 delegates present. It is expected that the principal business of the convention will be the election of a national secretary to succeed W. J. Dillon, who retires voluntarily after seven years of service. The union has about 7,400 members, which includes nearly all the flint-glass workers in the United States and Canada.

Judge Baker Punishes a Juror.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., July 10.—Charles D. Ridley, of this city, was to-day fined \$50 and costs for contempt of the United States Court. Judge Baker had learned that he had expressed an opinion before the jury in violation of the postal laws. The jury had returned a verdict in the \$10,000 slander suit of Helle Sutton, an actress, against Mrs. Simon Goldbach, of Jeffersonville. The jury returned a finding for the defendant.

Lafayette Junction House Burned.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., July 10.—The Junction House, a railroad hotel, operated by W. P. Polson and owned jointly by the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis and the Wabash railways, burned this afternoon. Loss on the building is \$75,000, with \$2,800 insurance. Mr. Polson's loss is estimated at \$1,500, with \$500 insurance in the Home, of New York, and \$400 in the Fire Association of Philadelphia.

Corn-Stealer Laying at Fairland Wednesday.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

FAIRLAND, Ind., July 10.—The corner stone of the new \$8,000 M. E. Church will be laid at Fairland Wednesday, July 12, the Rev. Dr. Dolph, of Lawrenceburg, officiating. He will preach at the Baptist church at 10:30 A. M., and lecture on "American Patriotism" at 8 P. M. The churchwomen will serve refreshments at the Town Hall.

Debt-Stricken Free of Debt.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., July 10.—The First Presbyterian Church was dedicated last night, Rev. Payne, of New York, preaching the sermon. The building cost over \$11,000. Money to liquidate a debt of nearly \$5,000 was pledged yesterday.

Death Lurked in Green Gooseberries.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

KNIGHTSTOWN, Ind., July 10.—Ira Martin, a lad of twelve years, died a painful death this morning caused by eating green gooseberries. It is supposed that the poison used on the berry bushes was the cause.

Indiana Notes.

Muncie is making an effort to secure the next annual encampment of the Thirtieth

Ohio National Guards, a regiment composed of ten companies. Burt H. Whitley, now of Muncie, is colonel of the regiment.

In making up the faculty at Purdue this year, the following graduates of the university, who are alumni, were selected: A. W. Bittling, '91, professor of veterinary surgery; George R. Ives, '93, assistant to chair of anatomy; S. G. Wright, '90, assistant in biology; S. R. Arthur, '90, assistant botanist to Dr. Arthur.

MANGLED AND BURNED.

(Continued from First Page.)

burning deck. He was a fireman, and he grasped the remnant of the burning rope just as it fell. He was a fireman, and he diagonally and fell towards the north, right over the prostrate bodies of the poor fellows who had failed to escape. The patient, who are alumni, were selected: A. W. Bittling, '91, professor of veterinary surgery; George R. Ives, '93, assistant to chair of anatomy; S. G. Wright, '90, assistant in biology; S. R. Arthur, '90, assistant botanist to Dr. Arthur.

As a fire trap the cold-storage warehouse could not have been more perfectly constructed. It was 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, and it was a cupola, the top of which was nearly two hundred feet.

The base of this cupola was about thirty feet square. About eighty feet from its base, a balcony, four feet wide, and another square balcony rose, eliminating in the mouth of the smokestack, where the fire was discovered. The interior of this balcony was a cupola, the top of which was nearly two hundred feet.

A DEFECT IN THE FLUE.

It was at the top of this cupola that the fire was discovered. It is supposed that the fireman had made the mistake of the huge chimney caught from a defect in the flue. At first it appeared to be an insignificant affair. But, knowing the inflammable nature of the material, the fire department on the grounds, sent in a call for all the companies to turn out. With about forty of his men Captain Fitzpatrick climbed the iron ladders inside the tower to the balcony, and from there ropes were lowered to haul up the hose. Only one hose, that of a fireman named John, was lowered. A gust of wind caused the flames to break out in an alarming manner about ten feet from the top of the cupola.

SEARCHING FOR BODIES.

As soon as the ruins were cooled sufficiently by the firemen the work of searching for bodies began. The first body found was taken from the smoking mass at 6:30. It was evidently a fireman, and a blue shirt covered the trunk, which was all that was found of the unfortunate. A short time later two more were taken from the ruins. One of the bodies was found a broken sword—a mite in former of the fireman's name. The other body was, of course, unrecognizable as it was charred to a cinder. In all six bodies, horribly burned, were taken from the ruins. The fire department stopped for the night on account of risk in working under the beams and iron columns and the absence of light by the scene at the holocaust that he was compelled to go to his hotel in a carriage and be treated by a doctor. The national commission was called to meet to-day, but it never did. The body of a lady messenger came by telephone that several bodies had been found. The women forgot all about judges and justices and made a frantic rush for the door. Chief Swenick, followed by Chief of Police McClaughrey, both chiefs gave what assistance they could. The fire department were sent from Woodland, Seventh-street and Hyde Park stations to help the guards and firemen, but they were not permitted to enter the building through the glass. The inspectors and gatemen, of the department of admission, refused to admit them, and one of the officers in plain clothes was forced to pay \$50 to get them out.

The warehouse, engines and the ice-making plant, which were the property of the fireman, were destroyed. Chief Swenick sent an expenditure of \$500,000. There were three engines which cost \$9,000 each, operated by three immense boilers, now destroyed. On the fifth floor of the building under the towers was the engine. On the south side the ice-making department; on the north side the cold storage. On the south side of the third floor were the offices of the fireman, and on the north side of the fourth floor the sleeping rooms for employees, thirty or forty of whom remained in the building at night. When the fire started, the fireman, who was in the ice-making rink and the cafe, both of which were to have been opened in two days. In the cold-storage vaults were a stock of products valued at \$150,000, all of which is destroyed.

ANOTHER REPORTER'S STORY.

Graphic Description of the Horrible Scenes Attending the Disaster.

CHICAGO, July 10.—The fear that has existed for months in the minds of nearly all the citizens of Chicago—a fear that none dared utter to his fellows, but what all felt—found realization to-day in a frightful holocaust at the world's fair that claimed nearly two score of victims, and for a time threatened the destruction of the entire White City. To-day's disaster was all the more dreadful because of its sudden transformation from an innocent flame into a death-dealing catastrophe. Like an animate monster it enticed its victims to the topmost stage of a high pinnacle, and then encircling the whole shaft in a sheet of flame held them in a trap until, one by one, they fell a sacrifice on the fiery altar that roared beneath them, while 30,000 people stood helplessly by.

FALL OF THE TOWER.

Scarcely twenty-five minutes had elapsed since the fire was discovered, but so rapid had been its progress that the entire tower was burned away and it fell with an awful crash, carrying with it several firemen who were playing on the flames with the hose from the roof. There was a wild scramble to get off of the roof. A large quantity of innocent oil was stored on the top floor, and when the tower fell it crashed through the roof to the inflammable material, and then the flames broke up high into the air. A fireman fled from the roof, one of them picked up the mangled form of one of the unfortunates, who jumped from the top of the roof, dropped it to the ground, thus saving it from cremation. As yet the body has not been identified, as the fire had burned black. Many of the unfortunate firemen who lost their lives might have been saved had the department been supplied with nets. They could have jumped from the tower to the roof and been saved by the nets.

REALIZED THEIR POSITION.

The firemen appeared to realize the awfulness of their position and some of them moved back and forth along the edge of the balcony as if in search of some means of escape. Suddenly one of the unfortunates, either crazed by heat and fear, or preferring to be crushed by the fall of a terrible death by fire, sprang from the balcony. Every eye was turned upon him and the thousands who saw held their breath as he fell. Several of his comrades followed, and each was crushed to death on the roof below. The very horror of death riveted every eye to the scene. The firemen who remained and the spectators seemed powerless to take their eyes from it or to leave. The guards were powerless to keep the throng from the balcony. The spectacle of death became more awful as the minutes passed, and minutes seemed almost ages in length as the firemen were huddled together. Before it reached them the awful crash came. The tower toppled for a moment, as though uncertain which way to fall. Then, slowly at first, it began to fall, until it came down with a thundering roar. The fire had eaten away at the base of the tower, and the whole mass was wallowed up in the awful roaring furnace. As the flames gathered in the fresh victims they rolled upward toward the sky with redoubtable ferocity.

few to find an avenue for escape. One man suddenly grasped a rope or hose, and half sliding, half falling, reached the roof nine feet above the ground, and he was still alive. By this time the crowd below became wild with excitement, and weeping women and frenzied men and children, with their hands raised in anguish over their inability to render aid.

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RAILWAY TIME-TABLES.

Indiansapolis Union Station.

Trains Run by Central Time.

Ticket Offices at Station and at corner Illinois and Washington Streets, Indianapolis, Ind.

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE.

Those Who Jumped Were Held Fast by the Sticky Material Covering the Roof.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

CHICAGO, July 10.—At the little white fire station between Machinery Hall and the Terminal Station the remnants of Company D gathered to rest themselves after their terrible day's work. The company, at half past 1 o'clock, numbered twelve; to-night just one-half that number were present. Capt. Thomas B. Barry was reported as being in the Emergency Hospital, suffering from serious internal injuries. His brave followers, "Phil" Breen, Paul Schroeder and Wm. Denning, were dead. John Cahill was thought to be under the pile of blackened debris which occupied the space upon which but a few hours ago the handsome cold storage building was standing. John McBride, the driver of the truck, was in the hospital, but his comrades could not speak of him, for his injuries were reported to be fatal. The other firemen had made the mistake of the fellows and, while not going to instant death, was slowly being tortured out of existence. Both the poor fellow's legs and one arm were broken in several places. He was badly burned about the head. The men had made the terrible leap as the only possible chance of saving their lives and, indeed, the only chance they had. They were held fast by the sticky, yielding composition that they could not have extricated themselves had they been granted the strength to do so. Thus imprisoned on the roof they held firmly until the huge tower crashed upon them and sent them down in the fiery inferno underneath. The survivors of the company who were lucky enough to escape with coats burned off their backs were too confused by the horrible ordeal to give any further details of the accident.

Mr. Moore, of Omaha, Neb., roomed in the ill-fated building. A gentleman who had an engagement with Mr. Moore said he had been in the building when it broke out. This was the last seen of him. His wife was there also, and just as the caller left the lady started upstairs. A woman was seen on the roof after the fire had gained great headway, and she was injured by falling while attempting to go to a ladder. Mrs. Moore was taken out of the grounds, but nothing has been heard of her husband, and he is still among the missing and is thought to be dead.

The fire-fighting force was engaged in their hazardous work in the doomed building a scene of great bravery was enacted on a little shed behind the barn and the color department in the rear of the cold storage building. The shed was in the path of the hot air and dense smoke that was swept southward by the wind. Captain William J. Sargent, of the Columbian Guard, assisted by ten of the company, engine company No. 59 from the stockyards, and several willing visitors had gathered there. The fire was in the shed and in the midst of a storm of fire and smoke, stood the crowd fighting like demons to keep the fire from the paint shop which was in the rear of the shed. The fire reached the paint shop it would have quickly spread to the storehouse of the Wellington Catering Company and the storehouse of the Columbian Guard, and the progress of the destructive element until it had burned its way through the train sheds and daily barns to the south side of the park. The men were engaged for an hour and after seeing their object achieved retired with blistered faces and burned clothes. The act was cheered by thousands of people.

THE GUARDS ARRESTED MANY PERSONS IN various parts of the grounds who were taking up subscriptions supposedly for the relief of the firemen.

The cold-blooded fiend was upon the scene in the form of the man who pushed the button of a kodak. The man, who was hopelessly beyond the reach of help. The longest ladder fell short of reaching them by fully thirty feet. Death of the most awful kind was fast approaching. At this terrible moment Captain Fitzpatrick's tall form and white helmet appeared in front of the men who were huddled together in the narrow alleyway. He appeared to be addressing his brave followers. What he said will probably never be known, for he is dead. As he stepped forward he was struck by a falling beam around the burning balcony and returned a moment later with a rope that had been left there in the excitement. It was the rope which he had been using to gain around the balcony and thrown to the roof. Captain Fitzpatrick pointed to it. What he said no one knows. The fireman seized it and started to slide down, but ere he was half way down the cruel flames rolled up and he was swallowed by it with a volcanic roar. Another fireman tried the same fate. Another of the firemen at this moment sprang from the balcony to the roof and was killed by the fall. If any of them survived they were burned.

THE ROPE WAS BURNED OFF ABOUT half way down, and it hung apparently useless around the burning balcony. A fireman stepped forward and seized the rope and started down, but ere he was half way down the cruel flames rolled up and he was swallowed by it with a volcanic roar. Another fireman tried the same fate. Another of the firemen at this moment sprang from the balcony to the roof and was killed by the fall. If any of them survived they were burned.

The fire-fighting force was engaged in their hazardous work in the doomed building a scene of great bravery was enacted on a little shed behind the barn and the color department in the rear of the cold storage building. The shed was in the path of the hot air and dense smoke that was swept southward by the wind. Captain William J. Sargent, of the Columbian Guard, assisted by ten of the company, engine company No. 59 from the stockyards, and several willing visitors had gathered there. The fire was in the shed and in the midst of a storm of fire and smoke, stood the crowd fighting like demons to keep the fire from the paint shop which was in the rear of the shed. The fire reached the paint shop it would have quickly spread to the storehouse of the Wellington Catering Company and the storehouse of the Columbian Guard, and the progress of the destructive element until it had burned its way through the train sheds and daily barns to the south side of the park. The men were engaged for an hour and after seeing their object achieved retired with blistered faces and burned clothes. The act was cheered by thousands of people.

THE GUARDS ARRESTED MANY PERSONS IN various parts of the grounds who were taking up subscriptions supposedly for the relief of the firemen.

The cold-blooded fiend was upon the scene in the form of the man who pushed the button of a kodak. The man, who was hopelessly beyond the reach of help. The longest ladder fell short of reaching them by fully thirty feet. Death of the most awful kind was fast approaching. At this terrible moment Captain Fitzpatrick's tall form and white helmet appeared in front of the men who were huddled together in the narrow alleyway. He appeared to be addressing his brave followers. What he said will probably never be known, for he is dead. As he stepped forward he was struck by a falling beam around the burning balcony and returned a moment later with a rope that had been left there in the excitement. It was the rope which he had been using to gain around the balcony and thrown to the roof. Captain Fitzpatrick pointed to it. What he said no one knows. The fireman seized it and started to slide down, but ere he was half way down the cruel flames rolled up and he was swallowed by it with a volcanic roar. Another fireman tried the same fate. Another of the firemen at this moment sprang from the balcony to the roof and was killed by the fall. If any of them survived they were burned.

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