THE SANCTIFIED BAND

COMMUNITY OF ZEALOTS ON AN ISLAND OFF VIRGINIA COAST.

Curious and Questionable Customs That Aroused Indignation and Resulted in a Recent Murder.

Pocomoke City (Md.) Letter in New York Recorder.

This is the true story of how Thomas Bowden was killed on Chincoteague island last Saturday night. The newspapers of Virginia declare that Maryland, Pennsylvania and even New York journals have published vague accounts of the affair, saying that Bowden was killed by the "Sanctified Band. That, however, is not the truth. He was shot accidentally by one of a crowd of islanders who went out that night to drive the "Sanctified Band" from Chincoteague island. It was a remarkably strange accident, however, and the story is worth chronicling.

Chincoteague island lies far out of the beaten track of travel. It is a long, low-lying sandy stretch, six miles from the Virginia shore, peopled by peculiar men of peculiar habits and customs, one-half of whom look after the wild ponies that abound there, while the other half follow the sea. At the northern end of the island there is a small settlement of oystermen, and it is here that the "Sanctified Band" exists, and it is here that a Thomas Bowden was killed.

Some six years ago Joseph Barnard Lynch, who then kept a store in this settlement, was visited, as he expresses it, by the Spirit of the Truth. The result of this visit was that Lynch plunged into the study of the Bible, with the upshot that one fine day he declared himself to be sanctified. "The Lord has been with me," he said, "and I am sanctified. I have died and been born again, and I know that I shall be saved, and whatever befalls I shall be happy while I live on earth."

He gathered his friends together and laid before them the doctrine of religion of sanctification which had come to him. The oystermen listened in dumb amazement. First, Lynch said it was necessary to become in soul and body the Lord's disciple; then, when the heart was filled with the comfort of sanctification, it was necessary that each man should take a woman and each woman should take a man to discuss together the beauty and the grace of sanctification. When a man once became sanctified he would know at once the woman whom he must select as his companion in biblical study and sanctified reflections together. They were to sit up all the night at least once a week, but what they were to watch for none of the oystermen could clearly understand. Lynch explained to them that when they were once sanctified they would know.

"The woman must not be your wife," he preached, "for who of you is married in God? You are joined to a woman by the laws of your land, but unless you are joined to her in the eyes of God you must not watch with her."

The oystermen winked and the women blushed.

THE SANCTIFIED PROPHET.

Mr. Lynch preached until he grew red in the face, and so it went on for a year, and then by slow degrees Lynch's efforts were rewarded. So sincere did he seem to be in his invocations, such strong faith did he appear to have in his belief and so happy was he withal, that in the course of time the oystermen, one after another, first seriously considered and then seriously accepted his preaching, until to-day there are four hundred men and women on Chincoteague island who call themselves members of the "Sanctified Band of Christ." To what extent they are sincere it is impossible to realize.

They have brought upon themselves the disapprobation and at times the persecution of all the other islanders, and yet they seriously stand up for their faith. When a sanctified man receives in some mysterious fashion a call to watch with a sanctified woman who happens to be another sanctified man's wife, all he needs to do is to present himself and announce that he has received the call. Then the sanctified woman, taking a Bible with her, retires with him to a secluded spot, and there they watch. Lynch complains that there have been many backsliders. He told me this story:

"A sanctified man was watching with a good-looking sanctified woman in her sleeping apartment. The woman's husband was in the parlor waiting. Growing tired of his vigil, he went across the road and announced to a young woman that he had been called to watch with her. She refused to be watched with that night, saying that she had been praying all day and felt exhausted. Therefore, the husband went home, ascended to his wife's room, where he found her kneeling in prayer opposite her companion, and with a few vigorous kicks sent the sanctified man sprawling down the stairs. That man," Lynch concluded, "was brutally jealous, and by his jealousy he lost his sanctification."

Two years ago the "Sanctified Band," as they had come to call themselves, erected a church upon Chincoteague island. There they met every Sunday, and after a short sermon and a hasty prayer began to sing and shout until they had worked themselves into a religious frenzy. Then, with clasped hands they would dance and caper and embrace one another, shouting all the while: "We are sanctified, thank the Lord. We cannot sin. We are of the kingdom of heaven. We are His in body and heart, and truly the sanctified cannot sin."

It was not until the frenzied meetings began that the unsanctified islanders were aware of the strength of the band. Murmurs of disgust arose on every side, and many threats were made to drive the whole band from the island. The more intelligent of the southern end of the island took the pains to look into the matter, and when they discovered to what extent the doctrine of "watching" had spread they were filled with disgust.

A DILIGENT "WATCHER."

One of the sanctified, William H. Workman, did more watching, they found, than any other two men in the band. He had watched with, at different times, every sanctified woman in the sect, and even his brethren were beginning to grumble. One night, about two months ago, this Mr. Workman disappeared from Chincoteague island. Why he left it was impossible to say with truth.

They tell a story on the island of how one night a gang of men was seen dragging the semblance of a man along the sandy road, stopping every little while to kick it and finally throwing it into the bay; but, be that as it may, Mr. Workman left Chincoteague island and did not return until last Saturday night.

It was about 6 o'clock in the afternoon when it became known that he had returned. The news was received among the unsanctified with shouts of indignation, and a few hours later a dozen men set out to look for him. As they came to each sanctified cottage they threw sticks and stones at the door and windows, and the watchers, if there were any, showed themselves. When the unsanctified found that it was not Workman, they passed on. They came to a point on the road where two frame houses stood facing each other. In one lived John Bowden, a member of the "Sanctified Band," and opposite him his cousin, Thomas Bowden, who had lost his sanctification because Lynch wanted to watch with Mrs. Bowden, and Thomas had refused to allow it.

The unsanctified Mr. Bowden was sleeping beside his wife on a mattress that lay upon the floor near the window. He had propped himself up on two pillows to get the fresh air, and his head rested on a level with the window sill. The crowd of searchers made a loud noise to arouse John Bowden, but heard no response. After they had banged against the door and broken several windows one of them drew a revolver and fired into the air, saying, "Maybe this will fetch him."

Mrs. A. T. Bowden heard the shot and shook her husband's shoulder. "Wake up, Tom," she said, "somebody is shooting."

Receiving no reply, she shook him quite vigorously, and then, alarmed at his silence, she arose, lighted a lamp and bent over him. She saw his form tremble for a moment and then relax, and as his head dropped to one side she saw blood trickling down his face. He had been shot in the brain. Her screams alarmed the crowd below and they fled.

The next day they were all arrested and one of them, Irvin S. Sturgis, confessed that he had fired the shot. He had intended to fire into the air, and had not the faintest idea that he was shooting in the direction of the house.

The coroner held an inquest and the jury found the following verdict: "The jurors sworn to inquire when, how and by what means the said A. Thomas Bowden came to his death, upon their oath do say that A. Thomas Bowden, on the night of Sept. 1, 1894, came to his death by a bullet from a pistol fired in the hand of one Irvin S. Sturgis, and the rest of the crowd, composed of Henry Savage, Daniel Bebee, Fred Fresh, Daniel L. W. Lewis, Arthur C. Byrnes, William B. Mumford, Solomon Daisy, Oliver Jester, W. B. Bloxom and John Daisy, are equally as guilty, and also believe the cause to be manslaughter."

All of these men were sent to the jail in Accomac, where they are now confined. Workman left the island before daybreak, and he has not been seen since.

THE VANDERBILTS.

The Retired Life of "Willie's" Mother —His Religious Brother Cornelius.

W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has been to Bar Harbor to consult with his mother about the scandal in which his brother "Willie" has involved the family. She is stopping there for the summer with her bachelor son George, who is building the castle down near Asheville, N. C., and making what Fred Law Olmsted says is the most extensive and important experiment in forest culture ever attempted upon the globe. George Vanderbilt is given to books, and gardening, and agriculture, and is a useful man in a quiet way. He cares nothing for society and seldom appears in public except as an escort to his mother, who isn't a woman of much refinement, but plenty of common sense, and her sons are said to have great confidence in her judgment.

Since her husband's death Mrs. Vanderbilt has lived a very retired life, but in many respects an active one, for she is engaged, in an unostentatious way, in the management of several worthy charities. She lives in the always darkened brown stone palace at the corner of Fifty-first street and Fifth avenue with her son George, where the blinds of the street windows are scarcely ever lifted, and spends her summers in a modest cottage on the edge of Mount Desert bay, in the old part of Bar Harbor, not far from the steamboat landing. She seldom entertains any one except Dr. Greer, the rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, and a few other intimate friends who are interested with her in charity work, and never goes out except on that business and to enjoy her daily drives in the park. She has always been a profoundly religious woman, and is the daughter of a clergyman, the late Rev. Samuel H. Kissam, of Staten island. Her girlhood was spent in the most modest surroundings and she has never cared for luxury or display.

She has always been active and generous in benevolence, and after her husband's death she organized an extensive system of charity, which is conducted upon the strictest business principles, and every dollar she bestows for the public welfare goes where it can do the most good. No ordinary appeal ever draws a dollar from her purse, and she never answers or even reads a begging letter, because of a morbid dread of being imposed upon. Her mail is opened by her secretary, and all applications for assistance are referred to an agent, who investigates those which appear to be deserving and makes a written report and recommendation. This agent is paid a liberal salary and devotes his entire time to her service. He expends many thousands of dollars annually in relieving distress, but the recipients are not allowed to know where the money comes from. Her favorite method of bestowing charity is to pay the rent and furnish the ordinary comforts and attractions of a home to poor families, and she invests thousands of dollars annually in the purchase of furniture and crockery, pictures, plants and flowers, clothing, sewing machines, baby carriages and similar articles for those who have no means to buy them.

George Vanderbilt is also generous, but he does not go into details like his mother. He gives to libraries, Sunday schools, mission schools, homes for the friendless and other institutions, and usually declines to allow his name to be known. He has the same horror of beggars and impostors that his mother has and very seldom responds to a direct appeal for contributions for fear it may inspire others.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, the eldest son, is the religious man of the family. He is a warden of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church, vice president of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York and chairman of the railroad branch of that institution, which has a new building near the New York Central station which was presented by him. He has also established railroad Christian associations at various points along the railroads controlled by his family, takes an active part in their management and often conducts religious services in them. Mr. Vanderbilt is one of the most regular attendants at the Sunday afternoon services at the New York branch and always participates. He devotes quite as much time to his religious duties as to his business interests and is quite as scrupulous in attending to their details. As chairman of the board of trustees of the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine he has the management of its finances and devotes one day in each week to its affairs.

He is also chairman of the board of missions of the Episcopal Church, is a director of St. Bartholomew's parish house, and a director of a long list of other religious and charitable institutions, including St. Luke's Hospital, the Eye and Ear Infirmary, the Seamen's Missionary Association, the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, the New York Christian Home for Intemperate Men (an institution in which he is very greatly interested), the Society of St. John, the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, the International Medical Missionary Society, the Improved Dwelling Association, the Home for Incurables, the Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Sloane Maternity Hospital. In the summer time in recent years he has also acted as manager of the Tribune fresh-air fund. He is also connected with the active management of the National Museum of Art and several similar institutions. No man in New York devotes more time and money to the promotion of the welfare of society, and Mrs. Vanderbilt is quite as active in such movements as he. His manner of life, as well as his tastes and associations, is very different from those of his younger brother, and it will be realized how seriously he and his mother are affected by the scandal.

UNFORTUNATE WOMAN.

She Is Never Comfortable Except in Dishabille.

Dorothy Maddox, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

A modiste said to me the other day: "I believe that women who pay enough for their clothes can be thoroughly comfortable." In a way, yes, but not hygienically so. What we poor mortals need is healthful comfort. To be sure, we can, if we spend hard cash upon experts and the finest of fabrics, secure a certain reprieve, but it is not, after all, comfort in the true sense of the word.

I wear the softest make of shoes. I find it poor economy to clothe my feet in anything but the very best of material, and yet I discover when I attempt to walk beside one of the brethren that I have something of a struggle to keep in line. This provokes me.

The most expensive dressmaker will insist upon pinching me across the bust. It seems to be a trick of the trade. I walk about carrying a pair of stiffened sleeves that are stunningly awkward. If I am tired I must sit bolt upright instead of being able to sink down into some restful corner for a little think. No matter how French my hat it requires to be speared with several bits of sharp-pointed metal. I pay $7.50 for a hair cloth skirt in order to give my gown the proper tilt and $9 more for a silk skirt so that my hips may be spared a dragging weight, and yet I am not comfortable.

When and how shall I be able to attain this blissful condition? Only as I have said, within the privacy of my dressing room. It is when my corsets are swinging across a chair back, my street skirts hung on a bracket, my shoes tucked away in a shoe bag, my gloves folded up and boxed, my hat and much-be-spotted veil housed and I find myself gowned in a pajama, my feet encased in the easiest of slippers, my hair released from pulling hair pins that I can honestly say I am comfortable.

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THE COREAN CAPITAL

SEOUL IS A VAST BARBARIC VILLAGE DIFFICULT OF ACCESS.

The Homes of the People Are Huts, but the King Has Two Fine Palaces—Surrounded by High Walls.

New York Tribune.

Travelers in Corea, who have not hitherto been numerous, are usually much surprised by the size and appearance of the capital. Seoul is in size one of the great cities of the East, having probably 300,000 inhabitants. But in appearance is is nothing but a huge village of wooden huts. It affords, however, despite its glaring wretchedness and poverty, an interesting example of what the manners and customs of the hermit kingdom have been like for probably the last thousand years. The little port of Chemulpo, says a recent visitor, is the best starting point for the city, for here pack ponies and carriers may be hired, and a decent sort of road connects the two places. The port is really more Japanese than Corean, as there is quite a colony of the former people here, and it is mainly through their industry that the place is as flourishing as it is.

To reach Seoul in one day it is necessary to start very early in the morning, as, although the distance is only twenty-three miles, the road leads over a steep pass, and it is very necessary to reach the city by sunset, as the gates are then irrevocably shut, and any luckless traveler who arrives afterward would find himself obliged to run the discomfort and danger of camping out for the night. The mode of traveling, too, is extremely slow; the quickest way is to walk the whole distance, unless one manages to procure an exceptionally active pony. The road leads through a well-cultivated country, though it possesses few natural beauties; with the exception of a range of hills which rise abruptly from the plain, the country is as flat and uninteresting as any cultivated land could be. The last two miles of the journey are the most tiring of all, as the road disappears and gives way to a small plain of deep dry sand which was formerly the bed of the river which now runs close to the city walls, and which is, even in its present undredged condition, navigable for small steamers. Here a ferry is waiting to take the travelers across, and for the first time a view is obtained of the old capital of the hermit kingdom. It is certainly not a grand sight, though the lofty range of barren mountains in the background make up very considerably for the utter absence of any architectural beauties in the outward appearance of the town itself, which is partly hidden by the wall which surrounds it and runs down close to the river bank.

SURROUNDED BY WALLS.

The city wall is built of stone, and is battlemented; from twenty-five to forty feet high, and six miles in length. There are eight gates, each consisting of a single archway, surmounted by a huge tiled roof. The entire space circumscribed by the wall is not built over, for the latter climbs with antelope-like facility the scarp of the various rocky hills and mountains by which the city proper is surrounded, and includes much ground which could by no possibility admit of human dwelling. In fact, the wall may be said merely to embrace a defensible area, in the midst and low-lying portions of which has been placed a great human hive. The bulk of the people are crowded into low, thatched hovels, lining narrow and fetid lanes; but in singular and truly Oriental contrast are the main streets, three in number, one of which runs from the palace to meet the second, which intersects the city from east to west, while the third strikes off from the latter to the south gate. Each of these is of a breadth and amplitude that would dignify a European capital, being at least fifty yards wide, and smoothly graveled; but even here the native love of crowding and squalor is allowed to assert itself, for the roadway is encroached upon by rows of rude straw-thatched shanties on either hand, which encumber the passage and reduce the space available for locomotion to a narrow ribbon in the center. Upon either side of each street or alley runs a loathsome and festering gutter, which contains all the refuse of human and animal life. No attempt is made to flush these stagnant drains; while the only semblance to a channel or water course that transects the city (the river Han being three miles distant) is itself, except in the summer rains or after the melting of the snows, no better than a gigantic sewer. Seoul is consequently a noisome and malodorous place, and exploration amo[illegible] its labyrinthine alleys is as disagreeable to the nostrils as it is bewildering to the eye. A few elevations spring up from the general level of the city basin, and these have been opportunely occupied by foreigners with a superior appreciation of site, the British, Russian and Japanese legations and the French Catholic establishment being from any altitude the most conspicuous objects in the town. A settlement of one thousand Japanese has been in acute competition with an even larger and increasing colony of Chinamen. Nearly one hundred Europeans and Americans represent the remainder of the foreign element, but this admixture makes little superficial impression upon the white-coated, white-trousered, white-socked mass of humanity that swarms to and fro in the thronged thoroughfares of the city.

The public buildings of Seoul are remarkable for their paucity and insignificance. Few ancient cities of such size contain so little that appeals to the archaeologist or student. At the junction of the two main streets, under a roofed pavilion and behind wooden bars, hangs the great bell, reported to be the third largest in the world, the tocsin of which has opened and closed the city gates for four centuries, since it was first erected, as the inscription upon its surface relates, in the year 1468. In the courtyard of a mean hovel is a small and exquisite, though much defaced, white marble pagoda, whose ascending tiers are richly carved with scenes from the Buddhist Scriptures. This monument, which is said by some to have been brought from China, marks, along with a neighboring inscribed tablet, erected upon a huge granite tortoise, the site of what was once an important Buddhist monastery in the heart of the city. Religion has no other altars in Seoul but the Temple of Confucius, where is a sanctuary dedicated to that philosopher and to ancestral worship; the Temple of Heaven, a bare open platform upon which annual sacrifices are offered, as in China, and one or more temples to the god of war, one of those semi-heroic additions to the Chinese pantheon, which are familiar to the traveler in the Celestial empire.

ROYAL RESIDENCES.

There are two royal residences in Seoul, known respectively as the Old and the New palaces. These titles have, however, no reference to the actual age of the buildings, but are interchangeable. The palace the King is living in at any time is called the new one and the one temporarily abandoned the old. The palace now occupied is the smaller of the two in extent, but embraces within its walls the greater part of the rugged hill that rises abruptly behind. Entrance to it is gained from the broad street known as Palace street by a great gateway, with three arches, in front of which are two grotesquely carved stone lions on pedestals. The interior consists of a bewildering series of courts and buildings, which are crowded with soldiers, officials, Ministers, secretaries, lackeys, runners, and hangers-on of every description. Five hundred guards protect the royal person, the remainder of the garrison of four thousand being stationed in barracks outside. There are further reported to be about two thousand retainers in the palace inclosure. The two main courts or quadrangles within the palace gate precede a third, in which stands the great Hall of Audience, where are held the ceremonial levees of the sovereign. This great structure is reared upon a twofold terrace, surrounded by white granite balustrades and ascended by triple flights of steps, the central pair being reserved for the palanquin in which is borne the royal person. The building consists of a great twin-roofed hall, constructed entirely of wood, the richly carved and reticulated ceiling of which, painted red, blue and green, is supported by immense circular pillars colored red above and white at the base. It is empty except for a lofty dais facing the entrance and ascended by six steps, upon which, in front of a beautifully carved screen, is placed the seat of the King. From this position he looks down upon the matted floor of the hall, through the open doors on to the double terraces outside, and thence to the paved quadrangle, where twelve inscribed pillars on either hand indicate the positions taken up by the different ranks of nobles and officials at the royal levees. The furthest of these is so distant as to barely render visible the august form of the sovereign. The idea of this splendid audience hall, grandiose in its massive simplicity, is curiously analagous to the taiars, or throne rooms, of the Persian kings from the days of Darius to those of the present Shah. In a neighboring court is another beautiful structure, the summer palace, supported by forty-eight stone columns, and built upon an island in the center of a lotus pond. The buildings occupied by the King, Queen and Crown Prince are in the rear or northern part of the royal inclosure, and consist of a series of smaller pavilions, courts and kiosques. This palace has recently been connected by an inclosed passageway at the back with the far larger enceinte, about a mile distant, which was occupied by the King before the revolution of 1884, and which, though then called the new, is now, since its desertion, styled the old palace. Its wall embraces an area of many hundred acres, within which are scattered buildings, courts, gardens, ponds, bridges and summer houses of every description. These are described as singularly pleasing.

LINE OF WATER MAINS

OAK HILL BEING SUPPLIED WITH PARTIAL FIRE PROTECTION.

Cotton Mill to Add 150 More Looms—Canners Are Busy—Notes of Industries.

The Indianapolis Water Works Company is still reaching into new territory and giving employment to a good number of men. In the eastern part of the city their mains on Hillside avenue will be extended nearly to Boyd street, thence to Rural street, through Rural street to Clifford avenue, making a complete circuit line to Oak Hill within a half mile of Brightwood with two twelve-inch mains. These the officers of the water works think will furnish all the water this growing part of the city will need, and Brightwood as well, when its mains reach there.

One Manufacturer Encouraged.

The Rockwood Manufacturing Company reports business improving slowly. This week it shipped a sawmill to Hayti, one of the West India islands, one to Kentucky, one to Tennessee and two to Missouri. It also made a large shipment of pulleys to the Pratt & Whitney Company, Hartford, Conn. All the departments are running full time, and the company is especially busy in its foundry, having just booked several large orders for gray iron castings. Since the 1st of August it has made and shipped twenty-three iron and steel county road bridges, and still has on file orders for fourteen more. Were it not for the difficulty in making collections it would feel quite satisfied with the outlook for trade.

To Increase Their Production.

Love Brothers, proprietors of the Indiana cotton mill, are preparing to increase their production by putting in 150 more looms. In their new building they have ample room for the looms and have ample power in their 750-horse power engine. This is now one of the largest and most modernly equipped mills in the West, and although not making much money of late, has run full handed and full time. The looms now use three thousand bales of cotton a year, and when the new machinery is in will use six thousand a year. Most of the cloth made goes to St. Louis and is made up into bags which are sold to ship export stuff in.

The Canners Busy.

Although the canners of fruit and vegetables will not put up two-thirds as many goods this season as last owing to the drought which cut off crops, they are just now pushing business, giving employment to some fifteen hundred men and women. Last week the four leading establishments canned nine thousand bushels of tomatoes a day and large quantities of corn. At these establishments one of the most interesting machines is one which shells two bushels of corn from the ear every minute.

Bicycle Manufacturers Surprised.

The manufacturers of bicycles are much surprised that their business is keeping up so well. Usually all are shut down in August and September, but now they are running with fair forces, but by no means full handed. The bicycles built in the year ending July 1 are about all sold and orders are coming in for new ones to an extent never before known at this season of the year. The Munger Bicycle Company is putting quite an addition to its present works.

A Government Official Surprised.

Gilbert Hicks, of the botany division of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., was in the city most of last week, spending his time at the seed stores examining seed as to its quality. He expressed much surprise over the number of seed stores in this city and the size and completeness of the stocks carried. He especially commended the local merchants over the excellent quality of seed they handle.

Woolen Mills Doing Little.

The Hoosier woolen mills are running, but not pushing matters. They have orders to keep them busy the next five weeks, and hope before that time to have orders to keep them running in their present manner for a longer time. Merritt & Son are shut down, but may, if business improves, start up in a short time on orders, but will not venture to manufacture any goods ahead.

Industrial Notes.

Furniture dealers report an improved inquiry for new goods, and, as one of them puts it, can begin to see a little clear sky.

August Buschmann is erecting a large three-story block at the corner of Christian and College avenues. The building is of brick, with stone trimmings.

There are now over three hundred eight-gallon cans of milk shipped in here daily over the Indianapolis & Vincennes and the Vandalia roads for the Indianapolis markets.

President Bennett, of the Indianapolis Stove Company, says the works are now fairly busy and the company is well satisfied with the results of its business in August.

Knight & Jillson say they have no reason to complain of their business. They are still selling large quantities of pipe for the natural-gas territory and supplies for water works.

Tucker & Dorsey report their business as still slow. They are working about one-half their usual force and have to do considerable urging to get orders to keep their works running.

The representatives of threshers and engines in this city, of which there are a number, are just closing their business year, and find, to their surprise, that fully as many engines and threshers have been sold this year as in the year ending Aug. 31, 1893.

W. D. Allison & Co., manufacturers of chairs and other cabinet furniture for physicians, surgeons and dentists, are quite busy, really doing more than a year ago. Last week they shipped their goods to Mexico, London and Japan. In London they have parties representing them.

It is stated that no industry feels the advance in sugars more than do the bakers. In the last few years the manufacture of cakes of all descriptions has become an important part of their work, and, with the larger bakeries, will make a large difference in profits unless they advance the prices to meet the advance in sugars.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS DID THE WORK.

Remarkable Address at a Reunion of War Veterans.

At the soldiers' national reunion at Caldwell, O., in August, J. T. Piggott, of Parkersburg, W. Va., president of the National Private Soldiers' Association, delivered an address of which the following is a part:

"As I stand to-day, upon the summit of more than a quarter of a century, and look into your faces, I am overwhelmed with thoughts and recollections of the past, as they marshal themselves upon the tablet of memory, and when I compare those frosted locks and care-worn faces with the glistening hair and youthful smiles of 1861-'65 and count the number of privations and sufferings endured and the sacrifices made by you for the Union and the flag, I am lost in astonishment that you have had so small a share of the glory you won ascribed to you, while you have wreathed the brows of your officers with laurels. I ask, who stood picket though the long hours of the night, with no thought to cheer, save the thought of messages, of prayer, of loved ones at home? The private. Who was first in front of battle upon the skirmish line? The private. Who charged upon the cannon as it belched forth death? The private. Who mounted the battlements of the enemy intrenched? The private. Upon whom did the success of the army depend? The private. Who were mowed down like grass at Gettysburg and elsewhere? The privates. Who has been discriminated against in everything since the war? The private soldier. The widow of an officer receives from $20 per month to $5,000 per year pension; the private soldier's widow gets from $8 to $12 a month. And now, comrades, you are going soon to join the larger part of the army of 1861, and after you have passed away the Nation will gather around your graves and drop a hypocritical tear upon your mounds and laud you to the sky, while now they see you suffering from wounds and disease and pass you by. Your comrades' widows and orphans are crying for bread, and their applications for a pittance of pension is delayed for months for naught; your comrades are branded as frauds, their pensions are suspended, others are reduced, when God knows they never had enough to compensate them for a single month's service. Comrades, this may be the last great national reunion you and I will attend, and as we meet here surrounded by hundreds of citizens let us resolve to stand together as one man for our interest and the flag and shoot with the ballot any man that attempts to interfere with either. I would not detract one iota from the glory which enshrines the noble character of our brave officers, but I would erect a monument whose crested top would meet the clouds, and there I would write the names of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and along side of them I would write the name of the private soldier, not one whit lower or higher, and where the lightnings as they play on the bosom of the dark clouds would kiss each name, and to which I would direct the gaze of the whole world."

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD.

Old Miners Say the Supply Is Inexhaustible.

Correspondence of the Sonoma (Cal.) Democrat.

As a rule you can tell by a man's conversation what branch of mining he follows; when he talks about dips, spurs and angles you know he is a quartz miner; when his whole discourse is about the pitch of the bedrock, old channel and "an ounce to the pan," you can bet on him as a '49er, who wouldn't give a nickel for the best quartz ledge in the State.

I have heard it remarked frequently in the cow counties that the mines were played out and the future of California was entirely in her agricultural resources—a greater mistake was never made. Mining of all kinds is only in its infancy here. There are thousands of miles in length, if strung out in a straight line, of quartz ledges that with the application of electricity and a large plant of sixty to 100 stamps, will yield large returns for ages to come; and the rivers of Califonia, with a fall of many thousand feet between the summit of the Sierra Nevada and the sea level, will produce enough power to run a million stamps so long as water runs down hill, and now power by electricity can be transmitted 100 miles successfully. Mining is the coming industry in California, but must be carried on by strong men, both mentally and financially.

The days of the "grass root" miner have gone by, I am sorry to say. That there are the ancient river channels, where for many consecutive miles no man has seen the bottom; that kind of mining will boom once more. There is gold by the ton in these old river beds; but no poor man dare attempt to open them up; the sun has set on the poor man's day. The time was when four good determined young men could stake out a tunnel claim and not have a dollar and go to the nearest "grub store" and be a perfect stranger to the merchant, tell him where they were going to prospect and ask for and get all the credit they wanted for tools, powder and grub, commence work and work away for weeks and even years, running for the channel. "Honest Miner" was the word. He cooked his own grub and patched his own overalls with the flour sacks branded "self-rising." Yes, those were the days of old, but the demand for gold will be so great that men of wealth will hunt up the old-timers and inquire how deep this or that shaft or inclosure was when the water ran them out forty years ago, how and why a certain gulch paid so big, and if you can find a pioneer without a theory you can find a "white raven." Electricity generated by the rivers of the State must do the work, and when that time comes the mountains will be like a hive of bees in May, but before that can take place Congress must make provision or reservation of mineral from all agricultural patents, available for miners, and then look out for a boom in mining.

Gravel or placer mining has not shared equally in the mining boom with quartz for several reasons. Men who are not exclusively miners, and some of them in Santa Rosa, have put their money into tunnel claims and commenced work and followed it up with commendable energy, but they started wrong and perhaps employed incompetent men to direct the work, consequently disappointment has followed in nearly every case. They have located or commenced the tunnel by guess, not knowing where the extreme bottom of the old river bed was. Some of them are too low, perhaps, and have run entirely under the channel, others too high, and find to their sorrow that they can't drain the water by many feet, and have abandoned the enterprise and quit in disgust, and curse the miner when the fault is all their own. The base of the Table mountain furnishes hundreds of just such examples to my personal knowledge, but the gold is there to delight the eye and cheer the heart of the men who will combine skill, money and energy in the near future.

A Faithful Observer.

Cincinnati Tribune.

"Do you observe the Sabbath, my good man?" asked the benevolent old lady.

"Oh, yes, mum," responded Mr. Dismal Dawson, "every day in the week, mum."

Low Rate Excursion to Mackinac Island and Petoskey Via Pennsylvania Line.

Leaving Indianapolis 8 a. m., Sept. 11. Only $6 for round trip to Petoskey or Traverse City, and $7 to Mackinac Island. For further information apply to ticket agents or address W. F. Brunner, D. P. A., Indianapolis.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

Has been used over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. For sale by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 25c a bottle.

The intense itching caused by certain diseases of the skin is speedily allayed by Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which entirely removes every species of eruption, is perfectly safe, and far cleaner and more effective than any ointment.

Ladies of forty who use Hill's Hair Dye seem ten years younger.

FLANNER & BUCHANAN

FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

We have removed to new and commodious quarters. Perfect privacy and convenience assured. Chapel and Morgue in charge of lady attendant.

172 North Illinois St.

DIED.

ROWE—Charlotte, wife of Samuel P. Rowe, Sunday, Sept. 9, 1894, at 2 a. m. Funeral services at residence, 1007 North Illinois street, Tuesday morning at 10 a. m.

EWAN—Albert M. Ewan, son of the late John O. Ewan, died at his aunt's residence, 478 Park avenue, at 2:30 a. m., Sept. 9. Funeral at the house at 10 a. m., Tuesday, Sept. 11. Friends invited.

FUNK—Sunday evening, Sept. 9, at 6 o'clock, Effie, wife of Charles H. Funk, age twenty years and twenty-two days. Funeral Tuesday, at 2 o'clock, at the residence, 239 South Delaware street. Friends invited.

CAMPBELL—Rev. James S. Campbell, Sunday, 1 p. m., at his residence, 227 East New York street, aged sixty-eight years, eleven months. Funeral services at the residence, 9 a. m., Tuesday, Sept. 11. Friends invited. Burial at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, O.

That Tired Feeling

So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure The best and most successful remedy is found in

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body. In truth, Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes the Weak Strong

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARK THEATER

THIS AFTERNOON AND TO-NIGHT,

Sherman & Morisey's Comedians.

"A JAY CIRCUS"

Only show in the world carrying and setting a real circus tent on the stage.

Popular--10c, 20c, 30c--Prices

Next (Fair) week—THE NEUVILLES.

EMPIRE THEATER

Ladies' entrance, Delaware street.

MATINEE AT 2. TO-NIGHT AT 8.

Rice & Barton's Comedians

— IN —

"McDOODLE AND POODLE,"

And a strong company of specialty artists.

Telephone call, 1703.

Next week—"TH WORLD."

ARMSTRONG PARK

To-night and throughout week.

"PIQUE FOR PIQUE"

and the laughable comedy in three acts,

"FUN N A BOARDING HOUSE,"

Under management of Frederick Lorraine.

Grand Open-Air Performance.

Curtain at 8.30.

Miller's Grand Opera House Orchestra.

ADMISSION........................25 cents

Transfer tickets taken and given on all Armstrong Park cars from and to all parts of the city. Ample street car accommodations.

Every motor going to Park between 7:15 p. m. until 8:15 p m. will carry two extra cars.

Performances for next week 9th, 10th, 12th and 14th, as we alternate with "Pompeii."

FAIRVIEW PARK

Now Open for the Season

The park has been considerably improved and meals are now served to order at the pavilion. Carriage parties may enter the park at the east gate from Illinois street, hitching posts having been provided just inside the gate.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

MASONIC—Mystic Tie Lodge, No. 398, F. and A. M. Stated meeting in Masonic Temple at 7:30 o'clock this evening.
WILBUR F. BROWDER, W. M.
WILLIS D. ENGLE, Secretary.

WANTED—AGENTS.

WANTED—Smart lady agents on good pay to sell my goods to housekeepers. Samples free. WILLIAM RIPPEY, manufacturer, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Salesmen, we send samples, allow liberal salary and expenses or commission to proper applicants. Staple seller; three stores out of five will order. Address, with stamp, Lock Box 420, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED—An effective agent in every town to sell our high-class tailoring. To proper parties we will consign sufficient trouser patterns to make good showing as merchant tailor. Parties not having satisfactory commercial rating must be able to furnish bond. KAHN TAILORING COMPANY, Indianapolis.

HELP WANTED.

PERMANENT WORK for active men. Salary or commission. No experience necessary. Goods monopoly. Coal bills of everybody reduced 40 per cent. Address K. S. CO., 55 Colonnade Building, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Small family to take part of ten-room house and board owner for rent. 598 North Illinois street.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS—Money on mortgages. C. F. SAYLES, 75 East Market street.

LOANS—Money on watches, diamonds, jewelry, without publicity. CITY LOAN OFFICE, 57 West Washington street.

LOANS—Sums of $500 and over. City property and farms. C. E. COFFIN & CO., 90 East Market street.

MONEY TO LOAN—We have plenty of 6 per cent. money to loan on Indiana farms. C. N. WILLIAMS & CO., Crawfordsville, Ind.

TO LOAN—Money to loan upon real estate mortgage in amounts required. Interest moderate. No commission charged. M'GILLIARD & DARK, 83 and 85 East Market street.

MONEY TO LOAN—On farms at the lowest market rate; privileges for payment before due. We also buy municipal bonds. THOMAS C. DAY & CO., 72 East Market street, Indianapolis.

LOANS—6 per cent. money on improved real estate in this city only. (No loans made outside.) Borrower has the privilege of prepayment semi-annually. No delay. Reasonable fees. JOHN S. SPANN & CO., 86 East Market.

BUSINESS CHANCE.

BUSINESS CHANCE—$150 invested yields $65 weekly income, with absolute security. Prospectus, itemized statistics free. BENSON & DWYER, 834 Broadway, New York.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—ROOMS—Those wishing to change room should call at 116½ North Meridian. New place, new furniture.

FOR RENT—Newly furnished rooms; two and one-half blocks from Denison House; with or without board; baths. 109 North New Jersey street.

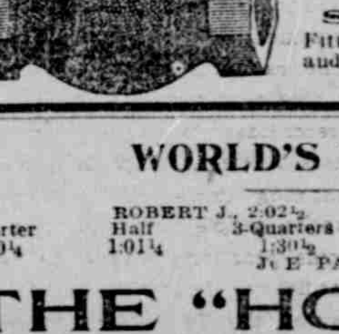
FOR RENT—An eight-room modern house, No. 311 Park avenue. For the winter or indefinitely. Call at house or on A. F. HALL, Journal office.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Driven well machine, four-horse-power engine, derrick, and all necessary drills for sale. J. M. DAIN, North Indianapolis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS—PIANO LESSONS—Competent teacher, terms reasonable; satisfaction guaranteed. Best of references. 301 East Ohio street.



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WROUGHT-IRON PIPE and BOILER TUBES,

Natural-Gas Supplies, Cast Iron, Malleable Iron, Brass, Hydraulic and Ammonia Fittings, Metric Metal Co.'s Meters for Natural and Artificial Gas.

STEAM, GAS and WATER GOODS.

Fitters' Tools, Packing, Belting and Steam Specialties. Plumbers' and Mill Supplies. General Agents for Snow Steam Pump Works.

62 & 64 WEST MARYLAND ST.

WORLD'S RECORD, Sept. 6, 1894.

ROBERT J., 2:02½				ALIX, 2:04¾			
Quarter	Half	3-Quarters	Mile	Quarter	Half	3-Quarters	Mile
:30¼	1:01¼	1:30½	2:02½	:30¼	1:02	1:33	2:04¾

JOE PATCHEN, 2:02¾—Lost by an eyelash.

THE "HOOSIER POET"

10-cent Cigar is also a Record Breaker.

JOHN RAUCH, Manufacturer.