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The Nicholson Bill And the When Mackintosh

The Nicholson bill says in effect that water is all right for a man. And so it is—in some ways. But when it soaks through his clothing and chills him to his bones, it is far from all right. That means grip, and you know what grip means.

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WAGON WHEAT 52c

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wife was under arrest for the Gibbs murder, made a clean breast of the matter, telling how he and his wife had gone out to "hold up" somebody that night, Sadie being attired as a man. Gibbs had resisted and in the tussel he had been shot. The district attorney has found the disguise which Sadie wore on the night and other corroborative evidence leads him to believe he has a strong case. There are many people here who believe that the Robinsons are lying and had nothing to do with the affair. The question whether the confessions of the Robinsons will be admitted by the court as evidence against them, or how much of it, and curiosity to see the pair and hear what they will say for themselves on the stand filled the court room as soon as the doors were opened. The proceedings of empaneling a jury may consume two or three days.

The Robinsons were variety actors, and for some time before the tragedy had been playing one-night stands at small towns throughout the country. Their troupe had recently come to grief financially, and the pair had drifted into Buffalo a few days before the shooting of Gibbs.

The prisoners were brought into court about 10 o'clock. Sadie was gowned in black. Her short hair had been subjected to the crimping irons until it hung in ringlets all around her odd little head. She wore a plain black skirt. Her jacket was ornamented with eight big square pearl buttons; her dark blue flat hat was the base from which three black plumes stuck up. She sat in a big chair right at the shoulder of her counsel. Clarence Robinson played the magpie in the same happy way. He wore a suit of black, a four-in-hand tie and patent leather shoes. His light red hair was carefully trimmed and his fingers kept playing with the ends of his short mustache. When court adjourned at 6 o'clock eleven jurors had been chosen. The twelfth will probably be selected within the first hour to-morrow.

FASHION'S KING DEAD

WORTH, THE DRESSMAKER, GONE WHERE STYLES NEVER CHANGE.

An Englishman Who Long Dictated to Women the Dresses and Mantles They Should Wear.

PARIS, March 10.—Worth, the famous dressmaker, died to-day of congestion of the lungs.

Charles Frederick Worth was born in Bourne, Lincolnshire, England, in 1825. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a printer, his parents desiring that he learn that trade, but he evinced a strong hostility to handling type and abandoned the printing office after he had served about seven months. He then went to London, and, through the assistance of a friend, secured a position in a draper's (dry goods) shop which position he left to enter the employment of Swan & Edgar, drapers, where he became a favorite. He first conceived the idea of designing fashions through conversations with the buyers of Swan & Edgar, drapers, and frequently made suggestions which the heads of departmens were not slow to see in a favorable light. The more he talked with the buyers the more he resolved to go to Paris and soon began the study of French. When about twenty-one years of age he went to Paris and shortly after his arrival in that city secured a position with Gagelin & Co., and in a few years was placed at the head of a department. In his new capacity he inaugurated many new departures. While in the employ of Gagelin & Co. he received medals for displays at the London and Paris expositions. Later he established the firm of Worth & Beberg, and in 1870 founded the famous house of Worth. His fame as a dressmaker abounded, and among the many admirers of his skill was the ex-Empress Eugenie, for whom he made a great many elegant dresses. It has been said that while Paris rules the world in fashion, the man who ruled Paris—M. Worth—was a Lincolnshire (England) lad, so that really it was an Englishman who was the arbiter of the world's fashion.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News reports conversations that she had with M. Worth, who claimed an average gain of $11,000 from supplying to a prominent Fifth-avenue (New York) lady. Every dress that he furnished a royal lady to be worn at a drawing room brought duplicate orders from American customers. Nobody knew better than he how to disguise defects. He hated lean women and refused hundreds of applicants who did not credit his art. He was a despot. Those who submitted paid heavily for his despotism. Continuing, the correspondent said: "I think he was genuine and very honest. He was obliged to take the world as he found it and to deal with rich fools according to their follies, but he never desired more business than he and his son could personally manage. He remained a stanch Protestant. He must have left a great fortune."

Other Deaths.

CHICAGO, March 11.—James Temple, the veteran abolitionist, died last night, aged seventy.

MILAN, March 10.—The Cesar Cantu, the historian, is dead, aged ninety-one years.

LONDON, March 11.—Rev. Dr. Greeves, a well-known Wesleyan clergyman, is dead.

LONDON, March 11.—Admiral Beechey is dead.

PARKHURST'S WORDS UNHEEDED.

Presbyterians Voted to Sell the Church of the Sea and Land.

NEW YORK, March 11.—In spite of the remark of the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst from the pulpit, yesterday, that the proposed sale of the Church of the Sea and Land by the presbytery, after it had been promised to the Madison-square Presbyterian Church for mission purposes, was a deliberate, cold-blooded violation of a solemn contract, and an act which, if committed in Wall street, would have furnished the members of the presbytery with juicy meat for homilletical exploitation, the presbytery to-day voted the sale of the church. As it was introduced the resolution directing the sale quoted the words of Dr. Parkhurst given above in a way to imply censure by the presbytery, but it was amended with the consent of the mover, after Dr. Mullaly had urged that the preamble be allowed to remain. Dr. Mullaly's remarks caused considerable laughter among the members, and the speaker became very angry, turning around to the other members he said: "This is the court of Jesus Christ, and this laughter is unnatural."

EMMA HUSTON'S ABDUCTION.

How a West Virginia Fiend Brutally Treated a School Teacher.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 11.—Additional details of the abduction of Miss Emma Huston last December have come to light. Miss Huston answered an advertisement in the Pittsburg papers for a teacher and accepted an offer from Mahlon C. Stephens, who lived at Little Falls, a small station near Morgantown, W. Va. Stephens met her at the railroad station and conducted her to his home, about three miles distant, which she found to be a little cabin. He excused the absence of his family by saying that they were away for the night. At the point of a revolver he maltreated the girl and kept her prisoner for several weeks, tying her with ropes when he left the house. Fearing discovery, he took her to Clinton Furnace, pressing a revolver to her side as they passed people or residences on the road. One night she made her escape, and her cousin, a young man named Simpson, heard of her whereabouts and took her home. Officers went after Stephens, but he fled to the mountains of Preston county, where search is now being made for him.

What Methodists Want for Missions.

BALTIMORE, March 11.—At the Baltimore M. E. Conference to-day Chaplain McCabe, missionary secretary of the church, announced he was endeavoring to raise "a million and a half for missions." He said the million-dollar line had been passed in 1887, and since then the church had grown to 600,000 members, and it was fitting to increase also the missionary collections. He presented also the need of more money for a great Methodist building now being constructed in Rome. Memorial services were held for Rev. Thomas Myers, Rev. W. J. Cornelius, Rev. W. D. T. Clemm and Rev. Littleton I. Morgan. Rev. Harry D. Wright brought Mr. Clemm's last message to the conference, delivered personally to Mr. Mitchell. It was: "Tell them I am all straight on the woman suffrage question, prohibition and the race question." Smiles through tears greeted this announcement as Mr. Clemm's positive opinions on these subjects are remembered.

GRESHAM IS UNWELL

THOUGHT TO BE SUFFERING FROM CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

His Family and Friends Uneasy, but the Doctors Say the Condition of the Secretary Is Improving.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The physical condition of Secretary Gresham is such as to impress his family and his friends with a feeling of uneasiness. The Secretary has been an invalid for some months. At periods he seems to improve in a very gratifying degree, then he suffers a sort of relapse. A close and very intimate friend of of the Secretary, in conversation with the Journal correspondent to-night, said that while the general condition of the Secretary of State during the past several weeks manifested an apparent improvement, there was a phase of his trouble which was puzzling and discouraging. He added that while the physicians of the Secretary were disposed to give out a cheerful report, they feared he was suffering from catarrh of the stomach. The doctors have discovered some stubborn feature of the physical ailments of the Secretary.

It has become the common practice of the medical fraternity here to conceal the real condition of distinguished patients to such an extent that the public feels but little faith in their daily bulletins of reported improvements. The attending physicians seem to regard it as part of their professional duty to give to the public flattering hopes of the recovery of their distinguished patients. The case of President Garfield is not so remote as to be forgotten. Almost up to the very last the bulletins of the doctors encouraged the public to hope for the recovery of the martyred President. Subsequently came the cases of General Sherman, Mr. Blaine and other public men who might be mentioned. Now it may be absolutely true that Secretary Gresham is suffering from some temporary trouble which will yield readily to proper treatment. But the doctors themselves are to blame if even the personal friends of the Secretary admit a degree of anxiety which the physicians claim is not warranted by the Secretary's condition.

The doctors report the usual "improvement" to-day, but add that the Secretary is still confined to his room. Mrs. Gresham has returned from Chicago.

A BUFFALO MURDER.

Trial of Clarence and Sadie Robinson for Killing Montgomery Gibbs.

BUFFALO, March 11.—The trial of Clarence and Sadie Robinson, indicted for murder in the first degree for the killing of Montgomery Gibbs, a young lawyer, a year ago, began to-day. Mr. Gibbs was walking alone on a residence street bordered with mansions brilliant with lights about 10 o'clock in the evening. Suddenly three pistol shots rang out in quick succession and Gibbs was found dying from a bullet wound in the head, lying in the driveway leading to a fashionable residence. He expired without uttering a word. His assailants had vanished and left nothing as a clew to their identity. Rumors soon connected Gibbs's name with some of the families in the immediate vicinity and hints of love affairs were rife, much to the annoyance of many innocent people. The theory that he was assailed by footpads was hardly credited. His watch and money had been untouched. A reporter found what he thought were the footprints a woman near the spot. No arrests were made until several months later when the Buffalo police received word from the police of Cleveland they had Clarence Robinson under arrest and had wormed out from his "pals" a charge that he was implicated in a Buffalo murder. Assistant Superintendent Cusack, of the Buffalo police, went to Cleveland and "pinched" Robinson's wife, Sadie, who, thinking that her husband was to be charged with murder, confessed that she killed Gibbs herself, but refused to give any details. Robinson, learning that his

WAR IN THE CAPITOL

FIERCE BATTLE WITH DEMOCRATIC THUGS AND HEELERS.

Fight That Outclassed the Green Smith Affair in 1887, Except the Republicans Were Victorious.

MATTHEWS IN A NEW ROLE

BOLD ATTEMPT TO DEFEAT THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

By Turning the Clock Back Tries to Defeat the Statehouse Custodian Bill, but Meets Disaster.

FIERCE ELEVATOR FIGHT

MYRON KING A TOOL IN THE HANDS OF THE GOVERNOR.

Backed by Tim Griffin, He Attempts to Force His Way Into Representative Chamber.

Governor Claude Matthews, or at least the men under him, with his sanction, resorted last night to the most contemptible methods known to political history, and as a result there was the bitterest hand-to-hand fight ever known in the legislative halls of Indiana and it is remarkable indeed that there was no loss of life. Dignified men fought like tigers, clawed and pounded each other and yelled for revolvers and clubs. Private Secretary Myron King will awake this morning sore in every part of his body, while Mr. Adams, the brainy Republican from Parke county, is bruised in a fashion that will perhaps keep him in his bed for several days. Tim Griffin, the custodian, fought like a madman for his situation and was willing to brain a dozen men if he had the means to do the braining for the sake of the dollars that would have come to him within the next two years, had Mr. King reached the Speaker's desk before midnight, according to the clock's legitimate method of telling the hour.

But the bill did not reach the Speaker's desk until after the hour of midnight, although it was within a few feet at that hour, according to the time fixed by the Governor's minions down in the basement, where Mike Cain and his whisky bottle had reigned supreme for sixty days. Democratic ward heelers and thugs, headed by M. D. Yountz, who once cut a small figure in local politics, backed the Governor's private secretary and battled with the persistence and brutality which characterized the old elections in the southwest part of the city, when the Democrats were in control. George Dun, a man who has been lobbying about the Legislature and has made himself obnoxious to the members, Democrats and Republicans alike, was almost crushed to death by the elevator, in coming to the aid of Tim Griffin and the private secretary.

For two days it has been boldly heralded that Governor Matthews, he whom his friends had claimed to be a man higher in morals than his party, would seek to deprive the Legislature of its constitutional right of passing a bill over his veto, by disgraceful tactics; no more nor less than presenting the veto within three minutes of midnight, so that it would be utterly impossible for the Legislature to even call the roll before the constitutional hour for adjourning arrived. But this was not enough. The Governor remembered the actions of his enemy, Greene Smith, by which that much despised gentleman clubbed his way into an enriching office by bulldozing and browbeating Republicans. He evidently concluded to go Greene Smith one better and forever enroll himself thereby on the immortal lists of Democrate rowdy statesmen.

Mike Cain (and how the seven Republican Senators must relish the mention of his name this morning), was in the secret, for it had been announced that he was the only one in the building that could control the electric clock that furnishes time for the House and Senate. The evident plan of the Democratic conspirators was to stop the clock at ten minutes to twelve, and it remained at this point on the dial for fully ten minutes, in order to deceive the Legislature as to the time which yet remained for it to consider the veto. The veto was to start from the Governor's office down stairs within three minutes to twelve and when it reached the House, so the plan was formulated, the hands on the electric clock were to give one bound and leap past that minute point which marked the expiration of the Fifty-ninth Assembly's life. Democratic members of the House were to be the witnesses that the hour of twelve had passed before the measure was passed over the Governor's objections. Yet the plans of Governors and official Statehouse bartenders, like those of mice, oft gang a glee. Every minute of the Governor's private secretary had been timed in advance, and a delay of a minute in the secretary's progress would have failed to secure the legal delivery of the veto even according to that reliable old time which has been set at Greenwich for years and years. From 11 o'clock until three minutes of 12 Tim Griffin, the custodian, who was to be ousted by the bill, Governor Matthews and Myron D. King sat in the secretary's office patiently waiting until the opportune moment for executing their coup de grace, which was no coup de grace at all.

The Republicans knew that a veto was coming, and the manner in which the Republicans gained their positive information was one which reflects even greater discredit upon the Governor than that which appears in the light of last night's tumultuous scene. Governor Matthews at 9 o'clock Monday morning approached Representative Harry Pettit, of Wabash, and solicited him to treacherously violate his party pledge by voting to sustain the veto. This, too, in the face of the professions which the Governor made Saturday night that it would be the grossest impropriety for him to let any one know of the veto before it was presented to the House. Mr. Pettit assured the Governor that he could not break faith with his party as the Governor would have him do to save one paltry office to Claude Matthews. It was fifteen hours after this announcement to Mr. Pettit that the Governor sent his message to the House, and it will take a considerable squint of his conscience for the Governor to reconcile his announcement of the veto in the morning and the base trick which he attempted just before midnight. Mike Cain told Senator Newby yesterday morning that he had been instructed to hold the hands of the clocks for five minutes, and, as he admitted after the scrimmage, he held the hands six minutes. So when Private Secretary King started from the executive office at 11:57 o'clock there was no logical grounds for his master to excuse this culminating disgrace.

The Republicans of both branches were not to allow such a piece of scoundrelism to go unrebuked or to succeed. An ex-prize-fighter and several thugs had been seen loafing around the corridors all evening. Two of them grinned down earlier in the night from the ladies' gallery. Tim Griffin had secured the key to this gallery. Mr. Allen, of Daviess, and Mr. Adams, of Parke, two men who displayed their courage equally as well as their ability, walked out to the elevator about half past 11 o'clock in the evening and as they moved about these thugs shadowed them. The gentlemen returned to the House, having been apprised of the Governor's intentions to force the veto to the House at midnight even with these hired Hessians. They returned to the elevator shaft with three or four other Republicans. Peter Clark, one of the clerks of the House, called the attention of several members at 11 o'clock in the evening that the hands of the clock were being turned back; Cain was evidently practicing with the movements of the clock. The members watched again and saw the hands flop back. This confirmed all suspicion of the despicable efforts which the Democrats would attempt. Then it was resolved to thwart their schemes by violence if necessary.

With that inborn fear which the guilty suffer, King and Griffin suspected that they would be blocked when they attempted to get out of the elevator at the second floor landing. Nellie Crane, a casual visitor at the session entered the elevator at the first floor, and she, her escort, Secretary King, Tim Griffin, Frank Smith, House journal clerk, two Sentinel reporters and one Journal reporter were the occupants of the lift. The elevator boy threw open the door at the assembly hall landing. It was then one minute of twelve, standard time. Mr. Adams, of Parke, and Mr. Allen pushed into the elevator and slammed the door behind them, Mr. Adams blocking the entrance with his massive form all ingress or egress, the puny and frantic efforts of King and Griffin having about as much effect as a feeble assault on a stone wall. Mr. Allen seized the elevator lever with his powerful grip and in a minute the light cage was shooting to the roof. George Dunn, who is a man weighing two hundred pounds and stout as a bull, had been waiting at the entrance to help toss aside the Republicans, but he was afraid to tackle Adams, of Parke, who was a fair match for him. Instead he spraddled himself across the threshold of the elevator floor in his vain endeavor to keep up with the band wagon, almost resulting in the loss of his life. He was caught between the elevator floor and the third floor of the building and would have been crushed to a pulp had not Mr. Allen deftly and with unusual precision reversed the lever sufficiently to allow him to flop out on the floor from whence he started. Tim Griffin made a game struggle to get control of the elevator lever from the passive elevator boy and Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen set his teeth firmly and started with the gentleman on a trip to the ceiling, Adams, of Parke, standing like a Colossus of Rhodes. Myron King screamed and yelled in turns, his voice sliding into a penetrating falsetto.

"I've got a message," he shrieked, but neither Mr. Allen nor Mr. Adams seemed to appreciate what ne said. It was then after midnight. Then began a fight which thrilled disinterested observers who happened to be penned up in the elevator. Griffin and King fought for liberty like terriers that were being dropped into an old well in an open bucket. Griffin drew back his fist and dealt a blow at Allen, but his fist shot over the shoulder of the gentleman from Daviess county and fell on the back of Mr. Adams. The scramble grew exceedingly violent, the frame of the elevator shook and Miss Crane began to faint.

"Defend yourself," shouted one man with a significant motion to his hip pocket, and Tim in turn put his hand back to his hip pocket, but evidently found nothing there. Up and down the elevator shot. The assembly hall landing was passed several times, Mr. Allen's lack of knowledge and his struggles placing the elevator beyond any sort of control. Charles Seifrit and a number of Republican legislators stood at the iron screen door and fought with the Democratic ward-heelers to prevent them from opening it. Meantime the fisticuff fight in the elevator grew more dangerous, the danger becoming so threatening Mr. Adams finally opened the door at the third floor and King shot out under his arm, with Tim Griffin hanging on to Adams's coat collar like a panther. Mr. Allen threw Griffin down and Mr. Adams started in pursuit of Myron King, who was trying to fly down the broad corridor of the third floor. Mr. Allen outrun his bigger comrade and caught the secretary.

The scene of the battle was then changed to the second floor. Detective Frank Wilson arrested Mr. Adams, but as he did not see any blows struck and as he was assured that Mr. Adams was a member of the House he released the gentleman. King in the meantime had got mixed up with a crowd of infuriated Legislators near the south door of the Assembly Chamber, and a full-sized riot was on. M. D. Yountz and Tim Griffin were on either side of King, and close around them were the Democratic heelers trying to make the door in true football fashion. Mr. Lambert, of Middletown, one of the enrolling clerks, pulled Yountz off and engaged in a very spirited fist-fight with him, the Middletown man coming off victorious. Adams, of Parke, had secured a position between the crowd and the door, and again he showed his wonderful power of strength against great odds. Blow after blow was rained upon his body by Griffin and the rest of them, but without striking he pushed the man back and took the blows without a murmur. Every door to the House had been locked and the efforts of the Democrats to secure an immediate entrance were futile. The fight was a free-ofr-all, with Democrats and Republicans pounding away at each other, and with little respect for friendship or acquaintance. Several times Tim Griffin's hand went back to his hip-pocket and several times those around him drew back, afraid he had a revolver and would fire. The Democrats finally managed to get Allen away from the door and attempted to break it in, but the old oak stood steadfast. A rush was then made for the center door. Mike Cain was playing a prominent pugilistic part all the while. An assault was made on the middle door and a scrimmage followed, with many bruished shins. Griffin made his way to the outskirts of the crowd and, by apparently attempting to draw a revolver, securing a chair, tried to climb over the transom. He tumbled down before he could throw his arm around the sash. Again securing the chair he threw it at the glass, but his aim was erring. The Democratic forces on the outside had been largely augmented and they outnumbered the Republicans two to one. Finally they forced the center doors and were met by a surging crowd from the hall.

In nowise did the hostilities cease inside the chamber. Indeed, the fight waged all the hotter. Men were packed between square pillars and the wall so tightly that they could hardly strike blows. Several fell and were trampled under feet. The private secretary, however, had good backing and good support, and now and then his head could be seen in the midst of the seething mass, the precious document being crumpled in his hands. Along the lobby the fight waged, the Democrats finally moving the secretary around to the stairway leading up to the Speaker's desk. Even then, according to Mike Cain's manipulated timepiece, it was after midnight and Speaker Adams, with a vigorous thumping of the gavel, declared the Fifty-ninth General Assembly adjourned. In reality, according to law, the session had expired seven or eight minutes before that time.

The Democrats gave up the fight, and the crestfallen secretary turned about with his bill and began to swear right lustily. Impromptu fights were resumed here and there, the belligerents acknowledging no truce. The disorder was not over for fully fifteen minutes. Tim Griffin brushed up against a very big man and vainly imagined that he could lick him. Friends separated them. Finally Griffin quieted down and even laughed. He had put up a game fight, although a losing one.

The hands of the clock were at a standstill, although it was after midnight by more than twenty watches in the House. The fight was kept up till the Speaker's desk was reached, several hundred participating in it. Before Myron King reached his goal the Speaker had declared the House adjourned, and so the bill ousting Tim Griffin, as the irony of fate would have it, becomes a law because the Governor failed to have his veto reach the Speaker's desk before midnight. It is presumed that the Governor yet has the bill.

WATCHES HELD ON THE CLOCK.

Scheme Was Known, and All Eyes Watched the Electric Timepiece.

The fact that the hands of the electric clock were held by Governor Matthews's employes is not to be doubted. Twenty watches were set by this same clock earlier in the evening, and when ten minutes of 12 arrived according to the electric clock the hands stopped and the Representatives knew that the Governor's bold trick was about to be played. After being held for a few minutes the hands jumped to that point on the dial representing five minutes of 12, and there they stopped again till the Governor's secretary should reach the House chamber, when the hands were to jump over the midnight mark. Messrs. Robinson, Macintosh, Holloway and Terhune were among the twenty who held watches, and they can testify positively as to the trick of the Governor.

The Republicans grew very indignant, and they showed a disposition to resent this underhand method of defeating the will of a legislative majority. It was recalled that some years ago Governor Porter had the same opportunity to defeat legislation as that which came to Governor Matthews last night, but his course was in direct variance with that of Governor Matthews. The Democratic Legislature had passed a metropolitan police bill and the opportunity was afforded Governor Porter of presenting his veto in just such a way as Governor Matthews tried to present his last night. The question was raised whether or not Governor Porter would undertake to defeat the will of the majority by any such dilatory tactics. Governor Porter, however, settled the matter by stating in an interview that he would not resort to such a questionable method. Instead he presented his veto in time for the Legislature to act upon it, and the Legislature passed the bill over his veto.

GRIFFIN VENTS HIS ANGER.

Tries to Have an Old Soldier Arrested on Charge of Breaking the Doors.

After the battle "Davy" Crockett, an old soldier, was standing in the corridor talking with some friends. Custodian Griffin came up and, pointing excitedly to Crockett, said to detective Frank Wilson, who was in the crowd: "There is the man. That is the man that struck me and broke the door down."

Wilson advised that a warrant be procured. Crockett said Griffin broke the door and Griffin replied that Crockett was "a liar." The two men were together in a moment, but Wilson separated them. Crockett was quiet and used no bad language, but Griffin was very abusive. He said he "would wipe the floor with Crockett before he left the building." There were several fisticuffs in the corridors after the melee. Captain Will Beach was pounded in the face by some hoodlum Democrat. A colored citizen was hit several times. Miss Crane, who was caught in the fight in the elevator, was so overcome that she had to be conveyed home.

STORY OF THE CLOCK.

Speaker Adams Knew of the Scheme and Was Prepared for It.

This is what Speaker Adams, of the House, says regarding the setting back of the clock: "When I took the Chair in the evening I understand there was a scheme on foot to set back the clock. I had fifteen or twenty members to take the time with me and set their watches with the clock. At about five minutes before midnight a member came to me and said the clock had been set back. I looked at my watch and observed that the clock was six or seven minutes slower than my watch. I remained in my chair until 12 o'clock sharp by my watch when I adjourned the House of Representatives sine die. The House clock registered seven minutes of that time. No message from the Governor reach me before I announced the House adjourned. I saw the crowd struggling in the rear of the chamber, but the Governor's message did not come to me."

Mayor Denny was present during the row and regarding it he said: "It was disgusting and disgraceful and I am ashamed of my State." Councilman Drew said it was as disgraceful an affair as he ever witnessed.

The House Night Session.

Speaker Adams made a very fine closing speech last night, thanking the members of the House for the kindness they had shown him. During the evening several facetious resolutions were offered. Mr. Bobilya's eight-dollar umbrella came in for a resolution. Mr. Stotsenberg thought to have the vote of Mr. Finkbiner on the Terre Haute charter changed, but the house refused. Mr. Stutesman's resolution extending the privileges of the Statehouse basement to members of the third house was adopted.

Mr. Adams Lost His Watch.

The melee resulted in Mr. Adams, of Parke losing his watch, which was a gold one and

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HOWGATE ACQUITTAL

IT MAY FINALLY COST THE GOVERNMENT A BIG SUM OF MONEY.

All the Embezzler's Confiscated Property, Now Worth $1,000,000, May Have to Be Restored.

MR. EDMUNDS'S ARGUMENT

EFFORT TO PROVE UNCONSTITUTIONALITY OF THE INCOME TAX.

The Law Referred to as "One of the Points of Vice Which Bloom in the Garden of the Last Congress."

MR. WHITNEY'S CONTENTION

SEVERAL QUESTIONS PUT BY THE SUPREME COURT JUSTICES.

Two Decisions Involving the Tariff Law—March Crop Report of the Department of Agriculture.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—The recent acquittal of Captain Howgate has a far more serious aspect to the government officials in this city than appears at first glance. After Captain Howgate's flight from Washington his property in this city was confiscated by the general government and the greater part of it sold to reimburse the government for Captain Howgate's alleged embezzlement. His acquittal, of course, wipes out his guilt in the indictment already tried and as that was the test case, the one upon which the government depended, it is but fair to presume that no better luck will attend the prosecution in the eight cases yet to be tried. If he is acquited in the other nine cases, if all are brought to trial, he will be in a position to bring suit to recover the property confiscated by the government, and, in the opinion of the best lawyers of the city he has a perfect case. His acquittal of the charges will establish his innocence so far as the law is concerned, and the confiscation will be shown to have been illegal and without justification. He has for an attorney Jere M. Wilson, one of the strongest lawyers in the city, and Judge Wilson is confident that his client's claim in case of acquittal in the other indictments, is as strong as it could possibly be.

Should he recover the property confiscated by the government at the time he fled from the indictments charging him with embezzlement and forgery, he will be one of the richest men in the city of Washington. The property at the time of its confiscation did not posess any great value, but it is most of it located in a section of the city that has increased constantly in value for ten pears past and is now worth many times what it was a decade ago. The value of the real estate then taken by the government was not more than $100,000. Now it is worth nearly a million, and if sold a little over two years ago when the real estate boom was at its height would have been worth fully 50 per cent. more. Nearly all the property in question is near the heart of the business section, the house in which he used to live with his mistress being only a square from F street, where business lots sold at $45 a square foot two years ago. It will be a rather unique condition if Captain Howgate recovers his property or its equivalent and settles down again in Washington amid his old friends. That he would take this course no one who knows him for a moment really doubts, for he is one of the hardest headed Welshmen that ever lived—as hard as a keg of spikes and as cold as a patent refrigerating car. He has no nerves and no regard for public opinion. If he should wish to take up his residence in Washington he would do it and live comfortably here without ever exhibiting any concern for what had happened in the past.

A FAIRY TALE.

One of the pretty little fairy stories told about Captain Howgate's escape has become a classic. This is the story of his daughter's collusion with Howgate in effecting his escape. The story as usually told is that Howgate was accompanied home by a deputy marshal, who was asked to remain down stairs while the prisoner went into the upper portion of the house to take a bath. The story then relates that Miss Ida Howgate, the daughter, entertained the deputy marshal by playing for him at the piano such beautiful music that he fell captive to the sirenlike strains and forgot his prisoner and all else in his absorption. On his recovery, however, he instituted an investigation and found that the Captain had escaped long before. The story brings the mistress of the escaping prisoner into the affair and places her outside the G-street door, where she waited with a closed hack and two of the fastest steeds in Washington for Captain Howgate, who is said to have clambered down a rain spout to the ground on the G-street side of the house, where he entered the closed hack and was driven furiously away by his faithful female friend.

This story is all purely imaginative, and the true story of Captain Howgate's escape has heretofore escaped publication. It is so simple and bare as compared with the beautiful romance just outlined that it almost seems a sin to spoil such a rare bit of fiction. As a matter of fact, there was no collusion of any sort, and Howgate's daughter was as ignorant of the fact that he had left the house as the deputy himself. There was no closed carriage outside and no clambering over gutter spouts to reach the street. According to the statement of Capt. Howgate to a personal friend, borne out by the statements of others of the family, he had no idea of escape when he went to the house to get some personal belongings except perhaps a vague hope that something would turn up that would give him an opportunity to get away. When he asked the deputy to allow him to go upstairs alone to take a bath he really had no settled plan of escape. As he left the parlor in which the deputy was seated he started first for the stairs leading to the upper part of the house, then noticing that the door in the front of the house was partly open he went to it, pulled it wide open and looked out. He saw no one he suspected of being connected with the marshal's office, and, gaining hope and courage, walked out on the broad veranda on the front of the house. He looked in through the window and saw the deputy marshal with his back to the street. He then went down the front steps with a bold and fearless tread and walked straight up Thirteenth street until he struck the open country far out beyond the boundary. Then he kept on walking for ten months afterward, a tramp of the most ordinary character, often without food or shelter and suffering keenly for the necessities of life. The stories of his receiving assistance from friends and allies who had profited by his course are as wild as the stories of his escape. He left in bank only $2,000, which the wife and daughter drew upon. Beyond this it is not likely that he had a cent. Five years ago he started his book store in New York, but up until that time his wanderings had carried him to every section of the country.

This perfectly true story of how Captain Howgate escaped from custody explains a remark which he made to his daughter on being greeted by her when brought back to Washington by Drummond.

"Well, Ida," he remarked, "I see you have developed into quite a musician since I saw