

INGALLS' SPEECH.

Says New and Brilliant Things at Eureka.

A "State Journal" Reporter Reports the Speech.

HE HAS A LONG CHAT

With the Senator on Several Entertaining Topics.

The Senator Discusses Evolution and Doughnuts.

Incidentally there was the commencement of the Southern Kansas academy at Eureka yesterday, principally there was Ingalls—the tall, slim, now white-headed, striking, unique John James Ingalls. That was why Eureka was decorated with flags and bunting and merchants found a sale for their long untouched red, blue and white cheese cloth.

Crowds of people were assembled in the streets and at the hotels, while the frequent appearance of "Sunday clothes" attested the fact that large numbers of country people and residents of neighboring towns had come to town to hear the eloquent ex-senator and the perhaps to-be senator from Kansas.

This is the first time Mr. Ingalls ever spoke in Kansas where an admission fee was charged, and he only did so this time as a donation. The Southern Kansas academy wanted to pay him to come and deliver a lecture in order to raise money to pay a debt, but he replied that he had never spoken in this state for a remuneration and declined to accept anything in this case.

He agreed however, to give his ser-



JOHN J. INGALLS.

monies provided the residents of Eureka and Greenwood county would sign an agreement to raise the debt remaining after the proceeds of his lecture had been applied. This was done and Mr. Ingalls arrived on time though one man who had evidently been full of doubting anticipation said when the carriage containing him drove up, "Why, he really did come, didn't he?"

Two or three hundred people met the train from Emporia on which Mr. Ingalls came and as he stepped off the car carrying an umbrella and a huge valise which he had courteously though firmly refused to allow an attentive and obsequious man who was on the train to carry, the graduating class of the academy greeted him with

Ho, ho hay!
Hi, hi, hi!
S. K. A!
Class of '95!

Mr. Ingalls answered with a smile and a cordial laugh and raised his hat. The boys and girls were so pleased and encouraged that they gave the yell again as Mr. Ingalls was led to a carriage by Judge L. D. Davis, a large handsome man who would have made any number of physical Ingallses.

Why is it that people will gather from all the surrounding country to an event in which none are interested? Listen to a man who has been in public life as long as many of them have lived, whom hundreds denounce, who is said to have no warm personal friends, and whose nature is declared to have the mean average temperature of a glacier?

This is a question which naturally suggests itself, and is easily answered. It is because the people know they will hear something new. They are certain he will say something to produce pleasing titillations in the organs of thought. The warp and woof of his discourse may be old, but it is like changeable silk, which produces a new effect when placed in a new light. Therefore it is that people flock, and always will flock, as long as his mental vigor lasts to hear this most successful purveyor of intellectual fancy goods.

A reporter for the JOURNAL rode with Mr. Ingalls from Topeka to Eureka and listened to his entertaining conversation upon almost every conceivable subject, from doughnuts to the evolution of man. "I am going down to report your speech at Eureka," said the reporter to Mr. Ingalls, who he found sitting in a Pullman reading a paper.

"Well," said Mr. Ingalls, "I'm surprised that the papers should make anything out of a local event which cannot be of interest to the state at large."

"Yes, but you are going to speak," suggested the reporter, and Mr. Ingalls made a noise which sounded like mmm, and looked dreamily out of the car window.

"This currency question is a very complex one, do you think it will be settled?"

"It isn't a problem which is able to be

formulated," said Mr. Ingalls. "It is simply a question of which side of the counter you are on. Neither side has a claim to absolute right. The condition in this country is not such as can be alleviated by law. Education and development will ultimately settle it. It must be worked out by an evolutionary process," and Mr. Ingalls subsided, and began drumming on the window sill.

"Do you believe in evolution as a theory?" asked the reporter, finding a hint in the previous allusion.

"Well, if it is true it is very discreditable to the Almighty both as to his intelligence and moral nature. To put millions of people on a planet and leave them to work out their own destiny is not creditable to supreme intelligence. If a man were to do a like thing he would either become the subject of execration or brought under the punishment of some law. I'm sure I don't know; it's a mystery to me. No, no doughnuts for me," said Mr. Ingalls, breaking off as the train stopped at Osage City and some boys with baskets began calling "doughnuts, doughnuts," along the outside of the train.

"A doughnut," said the man who packed the senate chamber fuller than any man since the days of Webster and Clay, "a doughnut artistically constructed and imperfectly fried is a fit object of aversion. Why," said he, observing at least half a dozen boys outside with baskets of the previously condemned "sinks," "it seems to be one of the thriving industries of the place. Starving at Scranton and a superfluity of doughnuts at Osage City!" ejaculated Mr. Ingalls.

This reference to the Scranton miners suggested another subject. "It would seem," said Mr. Ingalls, "that in a rationally constituted system of government that any man who was able and willing to work had a right to a living. Men were not asked to come upon this earth. If they had been consulted beforehand they would not have come. The problem will work itself out somehow though."

Asked about much of the literature of the day in the attempt to startle the public into reading it, Mr. Ingalls said: "It is for the most part rotten. It is the outgrowth of a degraded moral nature. It is sex literature, Oscar Wildeism, filthiness, nastiness, putridity."

At Eureka Mr. Ingalls spoke to a crowded opera house.

MR. INGALLS' SPEECH.

Address Delivered by John James Ingalls at Eureka Last Night.

In responding to the introduction of Judge Davis Mr. Ingalls said: "I am glad to see that this great audience which is assembled here tonight effectively repels the truth of that ancient saying that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own kin."

Mr. Ingalls then recounted his coming to Kansas and said gallantly, "I remember very well when I came to this territory a boy from Massachusetts in 1858, and very slowly, 'before any lady in this house was born.' This pleased the ladies and several of the oldest blushed and looked confused."

"Since the time when I came to Kansas and was elected a delegate to the territorial legislature I've been before the people in some public capacity almost continually. I have said a great many things which I have forgotten and a great many things which I wish I had never said and a great many things which I did not utter and a great many things which I have been misinterpreted and misunderstood which I did utter."

"This is the first time in thirty-seven years that I have spoken in this state where an admission fee was charged and I confess to you that I don't feel at home on this platform."

Mr. Ingalls said that though he had been advertised to speak on some of the social and political problems of the day he did not intend to make a political speech. He made this statement he said because his motives in delivering this lecture had sometimes been impugned and he related an instance.

A Story of Rev. Rowland Hill.

"Once when I was to deliver a speech in the state of Arkansas," said he, "an injurious journalist (Mr. Ingalls accented the injurious with a characteristic sarcastic emphasis) called on his readers to remain away from the speech because under the guise of a lecture I would make a political speech in behalf of the party to which I was suspected of belonging."

"I confess it reminded me of an incident which happened to Rev. Rowland Hill, a minister of the church of England. He received a letter accusing him of pride because he rode to church in a coach, while the Great Master rode into Jerusalem on an ass. Mr. Hill read the letter in church at the opening of the Sunday service without giving the appended name, and said: 'I admit that the accusation is true, and if the gentleman who wrote this letter will appear at the vestry door at the close of the service with a saddle and bridle on, I will ride him home.'"

Before proceeding to his main subject Mr. Ingalls related a story concerning himself which happened at Hanover, N. H., when he was there to address the students of Dartmouth college. He said: "I was sitting at the hotel table at which were three young men. One of them was as I afterwards learned a professor and the two others students. One of the latter leaned over toward me and addressed me very courteously by name. He said he recognized me by the cartoons he had seen of me in the comic newspapers. 'I suppose' said I in reply 'that I am the only man who has been in public life in the last twenty years to whom a caricature does no injustice.'"

"Taking up his subject Mr. Ingalls said: 'What to my mind is the most grievous peril, the most serious danger which confronts the people of the United States today is the indifference, negligence, ignorance and inattention of the educated, thoughtful class of its citizens to discharge their rightful duties and obligations. For all that many of them know of the functions of citizenship they might as well be subjects of the Sultan of Turkey or the Czar of Russia.'"

Women Indifferent to Suffrage.

The speaker next touched upon woman

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CAN HE PROVE IT?

Testimony of Witnesses in the Defense of Nevels

To Prove That He Was Not in Topeka

NIGHT OF THE MURDER

Nevels' Father and His White Wife Testify.

Nevels Himself on the Witness Stand.

The case against Frank Nevels for the murder of Mrs. A. D. Matson will not go to the jury until late tomorrow. The defense may finish its case by tonight, and Frank Nevels has been on the witness stand in his own behalf most of the afternoon.

The arguments in the case and the rebuttal evidence will easily occupy the whole day tomorrow.

Interest this morning was centered in the testimony of old Albert B. Nevels, Frank's father, and Rosie Nevels, the white wife of the accused man. They both testified to strengthen the alleged alibi.

Defense Made Good Progress.

The defense made good progress yesterday afternoon at the Nevels trial. While the charge is not made out, it is evident that Nevels is trying to create the impression that Albert Matson was mixed up in the murder. George Hightower swore that he saw old man Matson in Topeka the day after the murder was discovered. Charles McMillan who saw two men talking to Mrs. Matson on the night of December 12, the night the murder is supposed to have been committed, says one of the men answered the description of Matson.

Peter N. Gish Testifies.

Ex-Police Captain Peter N. Gish was the first witness after the noon adjournment. The defense used him chiefly to cast discredit on "Doc" Ward's story of the finding of the slung-shot. Gish declared that on the morning after the murder was discovered he was at the Matson house ahead of Ward and that he looked thoroughly every rag or cloth that was found over the murdered woman's body, and that none of them contained a slung-shot at that time.

Q—Cross-examination County Attorney Safford asked the following questions of Gish:

Q—Did you not tell me at my office soon after the murder that the slung-shot wasn't in the shawl, for you saw Dr. Bailey shake it?

A—Possibly I said that.

Q—Then if Dr. Bailey testified that he did not shake the shawl out, you were mistaken, were you not?

A—What I claimed was, and what I still claim is, that the slung-shot wasn't in that shawl until Dock Ward put it there.

Q—Did you not tell me at my office soon after the murder that the slung-shot wasn't in the shawl, for you saw Dr. Bailey shake it?

A—Yes.

Q—How long after you had searched the rags?

A—About twenty minutes.

Q—Rupp is the witness for the defense who was in Kansas City when the trial opened, and for whom an attachment was issued. At that time the lawyers represented Rupp to be a very important witness and said they couldn't possibly proceed without him.

Q—Did you hear of "Doc" Ward's discovery that day?

A—Yes.

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A—Yes.

Q—How long after you had searched the rags?

A—About twenty minutes.

Q—Did you ever see this bolt before?
A—No, sah.
Q—As much as you were there you never saw this bolt?
A—No.
Q—Did you ever help Mrs. Smith tack pictures on the wall?
A—Yes.
Q—What did you use for a tack hammer?
A—We used a rock and a beer bottle. (Laughter.)
Q—Did you ever talk to Mrs. Sam Milton about her testimony in this case?
A—Only that I asked her why did she say she had seen Nevels making a slung shot out of the bolt. She said she never testified to anything of the sort.
Q—"Doc" Ward was called back to the stand and asked a few questions of a trivial nature. Otis Hungate also testified briefly on one point. He said he heard Ward say to someone who was about to look through the rags, "Hold on, you needn't look through there. I went through that pile."

Confused the Witness.
Mrs. Annie Ellis, a colored woman, next took the stand. The point she made was that she saw the Miltons move Tony Smith's goods over into Nevels' yard. She lived in the same yard as Nevels at the time of the murder.

Q—Was this in the month of December that you saw this?
A—Yes.
Q—What time in the month?
A—I don't remember.

Q—How do you know it was in the month Mr. Ensminger just said?
A—(Long and painful silence.)
Q—What did Mrs. Nevels mean when she winked at you a few moments ago; did she want you to say "yes" or "no"?
A—This question created something of a stir. The witness protested that she had not seen the wink, so the court sustained an objection to the question.

Q—Why? "Just because."
Mrs. Mary Mayweather, who lives near Nevels, told how Mrs. Matson came to visit her on December 6th last. They were talking about making some repairs on the house when the Miltons drove past and unloaded Tony Smith's goods at Nevels' house. Presently Nevels passed the house and Mrs. Matson went out to talk with him.

Q—Cross-examination Mrs. Mayweather was asked:
Q—What day was this?
A—December 6th.
Q—How do you know it was?
A—Because I looked it up.
Q—Why did you look it up?
A—Oh, because.
Q—But why?
A—Just because.
Q—Because why?
A—Because because (laughter.)
Mrs. Matson Last Seen.

So far as known the last person who saw Mrs. A. D. Matson alive is Charley McMillan, who at the time of the murder was a deputy constable in Justice Chesney's court. He testified in court yesterday afternoon and among other things he said:

Q—Did you see Mrs. Matson on the night of December 12th? (The night the murder is supposed to have been committed.)
A—I did.
Q—Under what circumstances?
A—At about 9 o'clock at night I was walking on the west side of Monroe street towards Fifteenth. In the window to the northwest room downstairs I could see Mrs. Matson talking to two men.

Q—The man was lit?
A—Yes.
Q—What kind of looking men were they?
A—One was a tall man and the other was a short man, and they were both white men as near as I could tell. She was facing the tall man and the short man was standing back of her.

Q—What did the tall man look like?
A—He was six feet high, and well built, but his shoulders were stooped. He wore a dark coat, medium long, and had a dark mustache.
Q—Were they sitting or standing?
A—They were standing.
Q—What did they seem to be doing?
A—Talking.
Q—Did the conversation seem to be heated?
A—No.
Q—Were they waving their hands?
A—No.
Q—Do you know Mr. Matson?
A—I have seen him since then.
Q—How does he fill your description of the short man?
A—They are about the same build.

On cross-examination County Attorney Safford made McMillan admit that the short man was also Mr. Nevels' build.

Q—Did you think anything of this incident at the time?
A—No; only that Mrs. Matson was a peculiar woman and generally had her curtains down.
Q—How do you know this was on the night of December 12?
A—Because it was stormy that night, and when the murder was discovered I was able to count back and fix the date when it was still fresh in my memory.

Claims He Saw Matson.
George Hightower, an old colored man who has known Albert Matson for sixteen years, claimed to have seen Matson in Topeka the day after the murder was discovered.

Q—Where did you see him?
A—At the corner of Fifteenth and Quincy streets, a block from Mrs. Matson's house.
Q—How do you speak to him?
A—I said "good-morning" and he said the same to me.
Q—Did you make yourself known to him?
A—No.
Q—Did he make himself known to you?
A—No.
Q—How long did you talk to him?
A—About half an hour. He was inquiring about the houses in the neighborhood.

On cross-examination County Attorney Safford made Hightower describe Mat-

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FULL OF ARMED MEN

Every Trust Distillery is Now a Veritable Arsenal.

Are Filled With Heavily Armed United States Marshals.

A FIGHT IS FEARED.

Former Owners May Take Possession by Force.

All Depends on Decision of U. S. Supreme Court.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 7.—A local paper says: Every distillery in the United States controlled by the whisky trust has been turned into an arsenal.

For nearly a month past United States deputy marshals have had their quarters in the distilleries. They are all heavily armed and prepared to resist any attack that may be made, or any attempt to take possession.

It is not incendiaries or dynamites that the receivers fear. A decision is daily expected from the supreme court of the state which may have the effect of precipitating hostilities. These may take a civil form or they may be in the nature of a pitched battle with firearms.

The anxiously expected decision is in the case of the Distilling and Cattle Feeding company vs. the People, ex rel, the attorney-general. This is the case where Attorney-General Maloney filed information for a writ of quo warranto declaring the company to be an illegal corporation in effecting a trust, and existing contrary to the anti-trust laws of the state.

He was sustained by the circuit court. The decision was appealed by the trust to the supreme court, and a decision, it is expected, will be handed down within a few days.

The effect of a decision sustaining the action of the attorney-general will have the effect, it is said, of restoring the original owners of the distilleries the right and title to the various plants, on the ground that all sales to the trust were illegal and that any such contracts made with the trust were in violation of the anti-trust statutes, and therefore void.

There have been enough individual moves in the direction of force to alarm the receivers—and hence the heavily armed guards of the United States deputy marshals in the distilleries.

There are twenty-nine bonded distilleries in the trust, with more than eighty plants. Twenty of these are located in Cook county.

The value is many millions of dollars, and it seems to be the opinion of outsiders as well as of the receivers of the trust that the original owners will make a strong fight to get possession should the supreme court decide favorable to them.

Such a decision might involve the state of Illinois in a conflict with the United States authorities in order to enforce the action of its highest judicial tribunal, although it is a remote probability.

ROL NICHOLS OWNS IT.

A Strip of Ground Five Feet Wide on Kansas Avenue.

The city council is trying to decide whether the city will build the sidewalk from the intersection of Central and Kansas avenues in North Topeka, 150 feet north or not. The walk has been condemned and the city finds itself obliged to take hold of one of the horns of the dilemma; either the walk must be built by the city or the ground purchased.

One of the strange things in the history of a city exists at that place. There is a strip of ground five feet wide and 150 feet long in Kansas avenue, in front of the Methodist church, which does not belong to the city but to Rol Nichols. Fifteen years ago the city built a sidewalk on the ground and relieved Mr. Nichols from the expense of its construction and maintenance, as he also owns the adjoining property, which would have to be taxed for the walk.

Now the walk must be replaced, and Mr. Nichols says that the city may either build the new walk or purchase the strip of ground in the street.

Some of the councilmen are in favor of building the walk, while others think that the cheapest way out is to buy the ground.

SCRAMBLE FOR TRAFFIC.

Freight Rates in St. Louis in a Badly Demoralized Condition.

ST. LOUIS, June 7.—Not for a long time has the rate situation in St. Louis been so deplorably and hopelessly bad as it is at present. In all directions upon all classes and commodities, and over all roads, shippers can get about any rate they happen to want.

Tariff sheets have been laid aside and freight men are engaged in a wild struggle to see who can get the most business at the least profitable rates.

A FRUIT FARM SOLD.

Emma L. Ragdale Buys the Burson Place for \$100 an Acre.

The old Burson fruit farm, four miles west of Topeka on Tenth street, has been sold to Emma L. Ragdale for \$100 an acre. This is one of the oldest places in the neighborhood of the city. There are fifteen acres of fruit on the place and a great many catalpa trees.

The Ragdale family will take possession at once. They have been living in Oklahoma but gave up their claim "while they had a little money left" as they expressed it.

A Lake Slowly Drying Up.

NILES, Mich., June 7.—Baron lake, near here is slowly drying up. Within two weeks the shores have receded over five rods. No one is able to account for the phenomenon.

PUSHES A WHEELBARROW

Socrates Ludlow is Walking From Utica, N. Y., to St. Louis.

CINCINNATI, O., June 7.—Socrates Ludlow, of Utica, N. Y., who is traveling from his home to St. Louis with all his belongings in a wheelbarrow, for a \$500 wager, reached Cincinnati yesterday, and after a short stay started for Lexington, Ky. He expects to make the entire distance of 1,100 miles in ten weeks. He left his home on April 12. He has an old shepherd dog with him on his trip. Ludlow is 30 years old.

His outfit consists of a blanket, camp stool, several small cooking pots and a one-burner gasoline stove made especially for him. He has worn out three pairs of shoes while on the jaunt to this city and expects to wear out two pairs more. He is paying his expenses as he goes.

FLYERS GATHER.

Robert J. Alox and Other Celebrities to Be at the Race Meeting.

DENVER, June 7.—Tomorrow the Overland Park race meet begins, and indications point to a most successful season of racing. A number of the celebrities of the turf, including Robert J. Alox, Fantasy, Directly and Carbonate, will be exhibited.

Messrs. Salisbury and Geers, with their famous strings, including the celebrities of the meet, will arrive either tomorrow or Sunday, the former from California and the latter from Iowa.

The match race between Directly and Carbonate, which was to have been the feature of the opening day of the meeting, has been postponed at the special request of Mr. Salisbury until next Thursday.

PONY DOESN'T LIKE IT.

Some Things to Which the Dumb Brute Takes Exceptions.

Don't check my head too high.
Don't cut off my tail and then expect me to stand still without a fly clip.
Don't clip the hair off my ankles and legs.

Don't burn my feet when I am shod.
Don't yank the bit in my mouth.
Don't say "back" when you mean "stand still."

Don't expect me to eat when I have a bad tooth.
Don't hitch me out in the cold with the wind blowing hard.
Don't leave a shoe on me more than four weeks.

Don't trot me down hill.
Don't be afraid to water me when I am warm. Do you ever drink when you are warm?

Don't whip me if I am afraid.
Don't fill me full of useless medicines when I am sick.
Don't blister me all over if I am lame. Let me rest.

Don't forget to feed me three times a day.
Don't call me thirteen years old when I am twenty-six, and don't expect me to be as good as ever.

Don't hit me over the head.
Don't put blinders on me if I go good without them.
Don't forget my salt.

Don't run me if I have the colic. How would you like that treatment yourself?
Don't burn the bars of my mouth and think you are curing the lamppas.
Don't let some smart aleck make a trotter of me.

Don't work me all day without lifting my collar.
Don't put a mean, nasty bit in my mouth.
Don't let some one drive me if they don't know as much about driving as I do, especially a man who is drunk.

Don't leave me in fly time without covering me with a light blanket.
Don't allow my stable to be too tight in the summer time.—American Horse Dealer.

Disinfection After Scarlet Fever.

Experiments by Dr. William Gibson, of Campbelltown, Scotland, in disinfecting scarlet fever patients so as to free them from contagion before the process of desquamation is completed, have resulted successfully, according to the Philadelphia Ledger.

His method was to give a succession of three or four comfortably warm baths, sometimes daily, at other times on alternate days, using freely carbolic acid soap, and washing the patient thoroughly from top to toe. After each bath, except the last, the patient was put back to the bed on which he had lain with the disease. After the last bath he was taken into a clean room, dressed with clothes free from infection, and then allowed to mingle with the rest of the family. In most cases the body was anointed daily with olive oil mixed with some disinfectant. Patients with such complications as otitis or ulcerated or suppurating throat, were not subjected to the process. No complications followed the cleansing process in any case, but convalescence seemed to be rather hastened than retarded.—N. Y. Times.

Fashion's Thorny Path.
Mrs. Sassy—My dear, I wish you'd take time during the day to look up Mr. Hightone's standing in Bradstreet's. Now, don't forget.

Mr. S.—What's the matter?
Mrs. S.—We have been invited to Mrs. Hightone's reception, and I want to know whether to accept or not.—N. Y. Weekly.

A New Name.

Hoax—I see they have a new name for those high buildings which are being erected.
Joax—Indeed. What is it?
"They are called serial buildings, because they are continued stories."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Died.

Died June 7, at the residence of her son, Wm. M. Bliss, in Oakland, Kansas, Mrs. Maria R. Bliss, formerly of Springfield, Mass. Her body will be taken to Lynchburg, Va., for interment. Springfield, Mass., and Lynchburg, Va., papers please copy.