The Sentinel.

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MR. TILDEN is said to be in the enjoyment of most excellent health.

MR. VOORHEES is expected to arrive from Washington to-day. A warm reception awaits him.

ENOS B. REED has reached the goal of his ambition. He is the Fish Commissioner of Indiana. Happy Enos!

MR. CLEVELAND denies the recent rumor that he had invited Senator Garland to a conference concerning Cabinet matters.

GOVERNOR PORTER in his recent long message to the Legislature of Indiana failed to refer to the pardons, commutations of sentence, etc., that he issued. We call his attention to Section 17, Article 5, of the State Constitution quoted elsewhere in this issue of the Sentinel.

OUR Congressman, Hon. Will E. English, has introduced a bill in Congress for an international copyright law applicable to dramatic productions, which is warmly commended by the New York Mirror and other papers in the East that make theatrical matters a specialty.

THAT inveterate nuisance, "Private" Dalzelle, is again writing letters to himself and causing them to be published for the comfort of moribund carpet-bagism. The latest is the complaint of a "Union soldier," who can not get along even in West Virginia, where "the laws are very oppressive, and a soldier has no chance in the courts." While the very best elements of North and South are mingling in fraternity, there will yet remain some curs to snap and snarl over the once "bloody chasm"—"for 'tis their nature to."

WHEN the First Napoleon was invading Egypt, he grandiloquently advised his troops that "forty centuries looked down upon them" from the neighboring pyramids, and would witness to the world the glory of their conquests. Through the medium of press and telegraph there are as many as forty nations, perhaps, now "looking down" upon a similar invasion by England, and we doubt if any one of them can discover either glory or justice in it. Even England herself is rather weary of the enterprise, and the Sphynx alone might be able to realize its outcome.

MR. CLEVELAND will spend a week or more in New York city in the early part of next month. A New York special says that he will discuss with prominent Democratic statesmen and politicians who will be summoned for the formation of a cabinet. This plan was agreed upon between Mr. Cleveland, Senator Gorman and William C. Whitney, in Albany last month. It is understood that Mr. Cleveland was tendered an invitation to enjoy Mr. Whitney's hospitality during his stay in New York, and was at first inclined to accept it, but that on mature reflection he decided to take rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, as being more accessible to his anticipated visitors. There has been no little strife among the up-town hotels for the President's patronage.

THERE is something almost pitifully peevish in the manner in which the "grand old party" still regards its defeat and the rightful consequences thereof. The sorest spot of all, however, is the coming displacement of its legion of well-fatted and insolvent office-holders. Referring to the department clerks at Washington, a local organ—of the g. o. p.—whining y deplores the fact that "these clerks, after giving years of honest service and having, during that time, sacrificed their chances of getting along in the business world, are now to be turned out." Of course they are to be turned out; and they will be replaced by more worthy and patriotic citizens as soon as may be. There are many intelligent Americans still left who would think it an excellent way of "getting on in the business world," to be given the incumbency of a Government clerkship for a score of years or so. Let the present corrupt drones of the departments be sent forth for a season to earn some honest bread.

THE town of Latham, W. T., has been depopulated by the recent frequent appearance of a ghost. A special to the Globe-Democrat from Rawlins, W. T., says that "the ghost first made himself known to Jasper O'Rourke, the worthy Postmaster and section foreman, by tapping on the windows, the doors and the side of his residence. Groans were heard coming from under the floor, then up stairs and then very faintly as the invisible stranger seemingly went away. At first Mr. Ghost was invisible, and the Postmaster and section foreman could stand it. But before long he appeared in all the agony of reality—a specter white as snow, which could be distinctly observed any time after 11 p. m. until 4 a. m., prancing about over the prairie or coming steadily toward the Postmaster's residence, where he would walk right through the wall or go over or under the house as he chose." The Postmaster has resigned, and skipped for parts unknown. His resignation is in these words:

LATHAM, W. T., Jan. 17, 1885.

Here's my resignation. I am gone before you get this. JASPER O'ROURKE.

The twelve brave assistants left on the night of the 18th for Carbon's coal fields. The section house, the Postoffice and the other small huts remain unoccupied. The railroad company is unable to get any men.

LOCAL OPTION.

The local optionist, when scraped down to the bone, will in every instance be found to be a Prohibitionist. The Prohibitionist is one of that class who entertain the opinion that society not only needs a government, but a guardianship, and that they must be the guardians. To hold that the majority in a township or ward may dictate to the minority what they shall eat, drink or wear is a political heresy of exactly the same kind, though in a less degree, as to ordain that the majority in the whole State may dictate to the minority in such matters. Local option is a small, petty, diminutive, retail species of despotism, which says in the way of summary: if we can not annoy and destroy the natural rights of men at large, and altogether, we will at least insult and erase them by piecemeal. And then it may be asked, shall not the majority in a particular locality have the power to regulate its affairs? Most certainly. Its own affairs, so far as they appertain to public government. But this right does not extend so far as to make the majority either the judges of or spies upon the conduct or habits of the private citizen, so long as there is naught in them to disturb the public peace and order. No free Government can rightfully interfere with the food, drink, raiment, speech, opinion, press or worship of its citizens; and such an interference is equally unwarranted whether it be in the Nation, the State, the county or the township. The legitimate exercise of the powers of government, whether general or local, can only be used to punish the abuse of these natural rights, not to destroy them or forbid them. That any man or association of men should voluntarily, either for their own sake or the sake of others, abstain—this is temperance; that any citizen should be compelled to do so—this is tyranny. We must distinguish between temperance and tyranny. Temperance may be justly fostered by appeal to the will, the conscience and the heart; it can only be hurt and injured by an appeal to force as its sanction. The position of the Democratic party on this subject has not been taken out of fear, favor or affection to any peculiar class or interest, or out of hostility to any. That position rests upon the nature of Democracy itself. We believe in self-government, in the capacity of men to control themselves, to govern their own conduct. In a punishment of the few who, as exceptions, may prove unworthy of this self-freedom, we do not think all should be included. We have yet faith in the popular masses, the utmost faith in their wisdom and prudence. This is the reason why we are Democrats, and why, as such, we are opposed to local option or prohibition in any of its forms. Both these dogmas are founded upon distrust of the people, upon a want of faith in self-government. The mischievous fallacy consists in applying the powers of government to a subject matter with which it has no concern. Let the township regulate as it does its roads and highways, schools and drains, Trustees and Supervisors, leaving every freeman in the exercise of the right of life and liberty to eat, drink and be merry; punishing him only for the abuse of such rights.

The News Journal or Journal-News has from time to time advocated local option. Yet we apprehend that the very able and accomplished conductors of our double-headed morning and evening contemporary would deem it very strange, if, by law, the majority in the ward or township or district where it is published should have the right to dictate the character or conduct of its columns. There would be then a loud cry for freedom—liberty; and a shrieking gasp against such intolerance and high-handed proscription. Yet, a censorship of the press so established, by the will of the majority in the locality where publication is made, would be no greater violation of civil, inalienable rights than the operation of that local option they are pleased to advocate. Under such a censorship, continued and enforced for a few days, the News-Journal would at last realize that there are some rights of persons and of property which even the vote or the petition or the voice of the majority can not justly annihilate.

The last trial of local option in Indiana was under the Baxter bill—repealed just ten years ago—as an utter failure. It was one of the distinguishing features of that measure that the option was expressed by petition. And we do not think the State ever witnessed among its people so much of hypocrisy, double-dealing, low, base and pitiful chicane, contemptible evasions and lying protests as were then practiced in the promotion, defeat or manufacture of these petitions. The whole community was sodden with deceit and mischiefs innumerable by this one evil process. It was worse, if anything could be worse, than the direct corruption and iniquity of the Maine law. We have no desire to see any repetition of the experiment in any shape.

The Baxter law fixed 9 o'clock as the time of closing, a time which Governor Hendricks characterized as inconveniently early. The present law fixes 11 o'clock as the time. We are no sticklers about the time. It is a matter only of regulation. But we remind those who seem inclined to dwell upon this detail that they may go further and fare worse. The time now fixed was the result of a laborious and long considered compromise between opposing opinions. The clause as enacted passed by a very close vote. What the present Legislature may do we know not, but with all respect we deprecate imprudent action which may lead to an agitation endangering even the opportunity now given. Let us, the friends of personal liberty, not divide too bitterly upon lesser points. Fanaticism is not yet powerless. It is alert, watchful. Let those on the side of reason and common sense avoid as far as may be the peril of division and dissension.

GOVERNOR PORTER AND THE INVESTIGATION.

That was a small piece of business transacted by Governor Porter when volunteering the recommendation that the State Treasurer be investigated. If he may not be justly accused of having been actuated solely by personal pique or political chicane, then must we conclude that his sense of official duty has toned up since the retirement of the last Republican State Treasurer, whom Governor Porter is supposed to have known to be depositing out money in just the manner for which he has now seen fit to arraign our Democratic Treasurer. We have not seen that Governor Porter included that Republican Treasurer in his stricture, and therefore must hold that petty and malicious partisanship prompted his recommendation, and that its purpose was to incite prejudice against a brother State officer for no better reason than that the latter is not of his party. For a suggestion prompted by such a spirit we, in common with manly men of whatever party, have inexpressible contempt.

But, admitting our contempt of the motive, the fact remains that it was in a regular State paper and with all the emphasis of coming from a chief executive and the leader of the opposition party that the imputation was cast on the Democratic Treasurer of State. We must recognize, too, that the matter has been taken cognizance of by the Legislature, and has become a topic of thought and discussion throughout the State. A vicious partisan inuendo has been agitated into a gross libel, rendering it imperative that it be noticed and refuted. The most insignificant pin scratch may by irritation become a virulent sore, demanding not only attention, but summary treatment. Entertaining, then, only disrespect for the animus of this attack on Treasurer Cooper, and entire confidence in him, we yet hold that his own interest, the good of our party and the fair fame of our State call for an unequivocal refutation of the implied charges against him, and that this can only be done through a straightforward investigation.

No honest man and no honest party can be damaged by investigation. It becomes Mr. Cooper and his party now to make an open, manly showing in this matter, free from the slightest appearance of subterfuge or trifling. As between Governor Porter and Treasurer Cooper we were on the latter's side. But now the matter has been carried away outside of a mere personal issue. To "tell the truth" is both policy and duty now, and when that is done and Mr. Cooper steps out into the sunshine challenging the gaze of all men, his enemies will be discomfitted. It is a sober fact that in this way *and no other* can the evil design of the late Governor be shorn of all harm to our worthy State Treasurer and to the Democracy, and be made to recoil with damaging effect upon Governor Porter and his party.

The Representatives who are yet to vote on this question surely realize that our party can not at any time afford to carry needless weight. Especially should we recognize this when in our next election it is the earnest desire of every Democrat in Indiana to relieve General Harrison of the Senatorship. But we will assume a heavy weight if we permit the Republicans to make the issue that a Democratic Legislature refused to inquire into the affairs of the Treasury for the sole reason that a fellow Democrat was the Treasurer. Such an issue would be fraught with danger. It would strongly tend to the election of a Legislature pledged to examine the Treasury, and that Legislature would, in the same breath, re-elect General Harrison United States Senator.

There is not a single Republican—not even Albert G. Porter—clamoring or voting for this investigation who does not in his heart hope that the Democratic majority will refuse it. Not one of them believes there is a dollar missing from the Treasury. They are hoping the Democrats may be stupid enough to give them, by such refusal, about all the benefits they could enjoy from a real Democratic default.

We enter a respectful but earnest protest against the House of Representatives allowing the hopes of the Republicans to be realized. We trust the Democratic members will have the wisdom to take up the resolutions adopted in the Senate by so round a majority and pass them by a vote which will show to the public that the Democratic majority in the Legislature is entirely deserving the confidence of the people. Even admitting, for the sake of the argument, that irregularities should be found in the Treasurer's affairs (which we do not believe) Democrats and not Republicans should have the credit of their exposure. But holding that the Treasury is in shape to bear fullest investigation, the majority owes it to the party to show to the public that such is its condition.

MORE INVESTIGATION NEEDFUL.

The Republican press of this city is always very vigilant in demanding a full observance of the very letter of the law when its administration is in Democratic hands, but when there is a failure to comply with the law on the part of Republican authority the Republican press is as dumb as a hitching-post.

Section 17, Article V., of the Constitution, defining the powers and duties of the Governor in the exercise of the pardoning power, says: "He shall have power to grant reprieves, commutations and pardons; to remit fines and forfeitures under such regulation as may be prescribed by law, and shall report to the General Assembly at its next meeting each case of reprieve, commutation or pardon granted, and also the names of all persons in whose favor remission of fines and forfeitures shall have been made, and the several amounts remitted."

The Constitution thus provides in order that the Legislature may know and the people be informed as to whatthe Governor has done in the exercise of executive clemency.

Baker, Hendricks, Williams and Gray, in fact, every Governor since the adoption of the Constitution, have complied with this plain requirement of the organic act of the State by transmitting to the Legislature a full report and calling attention to the same in their messages, but Governor Porter has ignored this plain and imperative requirement of the Constitution, has made no report to the Legislature, and the people of the State are in ignorance of what he has done in the exercise of executive clemency.

THE LONDON HORROR.

The worst blow that has ever been struck the movement for the independence of Ireland was the explosion of Saturday in the British Capital. Perhaps Russian or German Nihilists may have been the dastards who set the infernal machines in place. It may be that no Hibernian was particeps in the crime. But as long as O'Donovan Rossa and his class of wretches have followers, or even tolerance among the Irish, that people will suffer responsibility for such outrages. The best service that could be rendered the cause of Irish liberty would be in the stretching of the necks of all O'Donovan Rossas by Irish hands. The people of Ireland really have, in a large degree, the sympathies of the civilized world, and in an open and honorable war for emancipation from English oppression their armies would be largely swelled and provided for by men and money of other Nations. But civilization will never approve the uncivilized, the worse than barbarian, resorts to dynamite, the use of which endangers the innocent—including women and children—more than the landlords and law-makers. It is to be hoped that Irish leaders and the Irish people, en masse, will stamp with their condemnation upon this latest and most execrable outrage.

PERSONALS.

IT is rather severe on Colonel Lamont that with his promotion his salary is reduced.

MR. CLEVELAND keeps his spirits up pretty well for a man who is out of a job for the winter.

MRS. GRANT used to say: "The General is a very obstinate man." It is now the General's turn.

KAISER WILHELM is sick again, and his illness is causing great uneasiness in his dominions.

JOHN KELLY is going South to seek a renewal of health and to weep quietly over spilt political milk.

GENERAL BUTLER is not so black as he has been painted. He now says he has had no intention to write a book.

EVARTS has five sons and five daughters, and we fear there are not enough places in Washington to go round.

"BETWEEN the Iowa and Kansas liars St. John seems to be pretty safe." But just wait till I take cold.—Eli Perkins. Pshaw.—Gath.

QUEEN OLGA, of Greece, is said to be the most beautiful of all the royal females of Europe. And that is not saying much. It Olgas for nothing.

TWENTY different Americans are just now engaged in trying to invent flying machines. It must tickle the blizzards to see a man fooling away his time in this way.

DR. FORDYCE BARKER, General Grant's physician, says that his patient is steadily improving, and has not looked so well for several years. The book upon which he is engaged will be out in about three months.

EX UNITED STATES SENATOR J. W. NESMITH, the Pacific Coast pioneer, who was in the Senate from Oregon during the war, is still confined in the Oregon Insane Asylum. His condition is rather worse than usual, and it is now doubted that he will ever recover. His insanity was caused by domestic trouble.

WHEN Grant's article on Shiloh reaches Constantinople there will be trouble. Lew Wallace will resign his post as Minister at once and come home to explain the causes of his failure to reach the battle-field in time to prevent Grant's disgrace. The Sultan is very much attached to Wallace and he will weep when he departs.—New York World.

Wants an Investigation.

[Communicated.]

You have taken exactly the right stand in regard to the Treasury investigation. I believe, as do all Democrats here, that the suggestion for it by the late Republican Governor was made out of personal spleen. But that is not here nor there now; the matter is before the public, and in such a way as will hurt the Democratic party of the State unless the investigation is made. Republicans are already twitting Democrats by saying the Treasurer can not afford an inspection of his cash drawer. Democrats refute the statement as a calumny, but the Republicans then ask, "Why, then, does he oppose having the inspection?" We can not allow the matter to be passed over. No Democrat and no Republican really thinks that Mr. Cooper is short, but he might just as well be so, so far as concerns the next election, in 1886, if a committee of the Legislature does not examine and then be able to report his accounts straight. It isn't the Republicans who need the investigation so much, now, as we Democrats. The Republicans, following their late Governor's lead, have thrown the burden of proof on the Democrats, and the situation absolutely demands that we have our Treasurer prove himself as clean handed as we believe he is.

DISCRETION.

Crawfordsville, January 24.

THREE HUNGRY MEN.

Rob Roy's Experience of the Late Blizzard.

In the Toils of Old Boreas, "The Beautiful," and a Lunch Basket That Would Not Open.

Three of us entered the parlor car of the "Kankakee" train for Chicago on Friday, the 16th, the other two being Mr. J. J. McArthy, a Chicago manufacturer, and Railway Pool Commissioner L. D. Richardson. If you do not know Mr. Richardson you may recall having seen about the Denison or on the streets leading to the depot, a man towering so high that another of six feet has to look some distance up to see his hat—that is Richardson. My companions each had a paper bag containing a sandwich, bought on the fly at the depot lunch counter as the train was starting, while my hand-bag contained something provided by Brown, the Denison head waiter, for my noon repast. McArthy had besides a plentiful supply of cigars and fresh anecdotes, which, jointly, lent cheer in the smoking-room to several of the hours, the incidents of which I am about to recount.

We were a half hour late getting into Lafayette and further behind time before leaving it. Meantime "the beautiful" had been coming down, or rather across, on as malicious a breath as old Boreas ever blew from his arctic lungs. "If this keeps up," remarked Richardson, stooping to look through the transom over the rear door, "there's going to be trouble ahead." This prophecy threw another smoker, who was en route to Sweden and anxious to make prompt connection at Chicago, into a nervous state. With a view to bracing up for the troubles ahead, a resolution that we attack the sandwiches was unanimously carried. When my meagre hunger was sated there yet remained half a "pone" of cornbread which, opening the door, I threw into the snow.

By the way, did you ever eat corn bread? I do not mean the conglomerate mess of meal, molasses, eggs, baking powder, etc., that hotels and restaurants mix and bake under the name of corn bread. The article I refer to, and which I recommend as a dish for a king, consists only of coarse cornmeal, water and salt, thoroughly mixed, made into the form of a terrapin (head and tail omitted) and then baked until a thick crust, beautifully browned, has formed. Recipe for use: Open the pone and cover the inner sides with butter. Try it, and if you do not bless the hour you read this tale of misfortune—well, you will have nothing else to bless it for.

At 3:30 p. m., and while we were between St. Ann and St. Mary, the train came to a stand-still. "The beautiful" had become something more than a sheet—it was a full covering and a spring mattrass in thickness. In drifts even bed-posts would have been hidden. When the train had stood stock still for an hour the man en route for Sweden had become restless. "What are we waiting for?" he asked of the Conductor. "The engine of a freight just ahead has gone dead," was answered. "By George! I thought this party looked funereal," commented McArthy. "Well, if it continues snowing, your dead engine will also be buried," observed Richardson. "Look here, Conductor," demanded the man headed for Sweden," who is Superintendent of this road?" "Mr. Joe Sherwood," was answered. "Well, if I miss connection at Chicago I'll send him a claim for damages," said the other. "All right," responded the Conductor, "and get your papers returned indorsed: 'Referred to a higher official, the President of the snow storm.'"

About 9 o'clock, over two hours after being due in Chicago, we advanced a little nearer to the freight with its dead engine. McArthy complained of being hungry. A brakeman told us there was no lunch house between us and Chicago, but that three engines would be sent at once from Kankakee to clear the track, and we might reach Chicago at midnight. By this time McArthy's anecdotes had degenerated to old "chestnuts," and we had a surfeit of smoking. Then one of the party suggested euchre, and, producing cards, the trio each sought what is worth trying for in the game of life as well as in euchre—to "go it alone." Ten, 11, 12 1 and 2 o'clock came and went, and still euchre rolled on—which, however, could not be said of the train. In the distance ahead we heard, through the storm, the whistles of engines. Now and then their impatient shrieks lengthened into what seemed exultant shouts, and we thought soon to start; but still we started not. Singularly, none of the dozen people in the car were sleepy, but all were hungry. There was an old lady in a front chair with a half bushel wicker basket about full of lunch; we had seen her eating from it the previous afternoon. Hers was not a kind, gentle, good face; she looked selfish. But the basket was immediately in front of her, and she would not go to sleep. Various remarks upon our gnawing hunger were made in tones intended for her ears, but she lifted not the wicker cover. Then Richardson delivered a homily (again loud enough for the deaf to have heard) upon the duty imposed of feeding the hungry. He grew really eloquent and then pathetic, quoting one or two verses from hymns. But that old lady looked straight ahead at the basket without betraying the least twinge of conscience.

At 4 o'clock we were up to the freight train to find a car off the track. Then the storm fiend got in his work on the railroad men.

"It was a fearful night, a chiel might understand;
The deil had business abroad in the land."

In the pitiless cold of the driving storm conductor, engineer, fireman and brakemen had to wade in the knee deep snow to replace the trucks on the rails. Richardson is an old railroad man (in experience, I mean, not age), had been in just such snaps himself when a conductor "down East" in New Hampshire, knew how to sympathize with the boys, and so determined to help them. He talked earnestly of their hardships until he had the entire car roused to commiseration, and then he said: "Gentlemen, you go out and give the boys a lift. I will, at the risk of my life, guard your baggage from burglars."

But there wasn't a man of us coward enough to permit Richardson all alone face such danger. We bravely decided to share the risk with him. We resumed nursing our hunger.

At 5 o'clock McArthy suddenly sprang from his chair and rushed into the car ahead. When Richardson and I had about adjudged him gone insane from hunger and were starting in quest of him, he re-entered our car and with a woe-begone face muttered? "It was a vain hope." "What are you talking of?" was demanded. "Why, I thought of the train butcher and that he might have some of those year-old dough-nuts the newsboys sometime offer for sale. But he had just sold the last." "Poor fellow," said Richardson, looking askant at the old lady and the basket. "I fear he will not survive another hour without a little lunch." But the old lady kept her eyes on the basket with a stony stare.

"I'll tell you what it is," said McArthy an hour later, "I'm going to get into that basket—now see if I don't!" He whispered to three other passengers and directly had a group of six gathered not far from the basket when he opened in this wise:

"Fellow passengers, I have just talked with the conductor. We are snow-bound for, no one can tell how long. There is nothing to eat on the train and no house near. You all know what some arctic explorers had to do once to avoid starving. Some of us are now almost starved. If the worst comes to the worst we must be provided for it."

The old lady was seen to bend an ear toward the group.

"What is it you have to propose?" one asked.

"To take a vote for deciding who in the car, should that necessity arise, shall be cooked."

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the old lady, seizing the basket and moving toward us, "here is a lunch put up for five, but the other four did not come; do let me share it with you."

It was 7 o'clock before the track was clear, despite the heroic efforts of the train men, some of whom suffered painfully from the cold. But then the snow had drifted on the track in places, rendering the travel slow, and we only reached Chicago at noon, seventeen hours behind time. A railroad manager said to me there, as Superintendent Sherwood, of the C., I. St. L. and C., and Superintendent McKenna, of the J., M. and I. have since told me here, that that Friday night was the most annoying ever experienced in this section in the handling of trains. But it taught our trio a lesson. Whenever Richardson, McArthy or the writer is seen starting off in a snow storm again something more capacious than a pint paper bag will also be found beside us.

ROB ROY.

To the People of Indiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 21.—The Indiana exhibitors at the World's Exposition at New Orleans, having in view the welfare of the great enterprise, and wishing to place it in a proper light before the people of our State, regard the following statements at this time as essential and only fair to those interested. So conflicting have been the opinions concerning the enterprise that it is believed that many have either abandoned their intention of visiting the Exposition, or have found it difficult to decide as to its character and merits. It is to be regretted that on the part of some newspaper correspondents there seems to have been a tendency to magnify the defects and a disposition to withhold the truth respecting the efficiency of the Exposition.

This lack of interest and co-operation by the professed friends of industry is an injustice to those here represented who depend upon a large attendance for the success of the investments. Our purpose in addressing this letter is to counteract, if possible, the effect of prejudice and false reports, by the brief statement that the Exposition is complete in every essential particular, making it in the opinion of those competent to judge in such matters, one of the grandest exhibitions of mechanical and natural products ever brought together.

As a matter of special interest to Indiana people it may be stated that the "Indiana Blooded Stock Company" have been awarded twelve premiums, amounting to $1,750, which is creditable to the company and highly honorable to the State, and we hope that in the awards yet to be made Indiana will be well represented.

As exhibitors here in attendance we urge upon you that in its present condition the Exposition is well worthy of any necessary cost of time and money, and even of some sacrifice to enjoy its advantages.

The accommodations afforded to visitors are ample, and the average cost of living at transient rates may be estimated at about $2 75 per day, including fifty cents admission to the Exposition and street car fare.

The Indiana exhibitors will welcome all who come, and will do all in their power to make their visit entertaining and profitable.

W. E. O'Haire, Assistant and Acting Commissioner; J. W. Holloway, representing Studebaker Bros.' Manufacturing Company, President; Charles H. Shouse, representing Champion Roller Skate and Wagon Company, Secretary; Charles R. Schurtz, representing E. W. Walker & Co.; Sid Conger, representing live stock and poultry; Marion Powers, representing fire and burglar proof safes; E. A. Alleman, representing farmer; A. Traut, representing Ewald Oyer; A. E. Buckley, representing educational department; M. C. Branden, representing live stock; Charles Fishel, representing Fishel Bros.; B. N. Pierce, representing Superintendent of poultry; W. L. Gallup, representing E. C. Atkins & Co.

Ex-Governor Porter vs. Mr. Cooper.

[Communicated.]

The Republicans are in spasms because the present Legislature proposes to investigate ex-Governor Porter. Mr. Porter wanted Treasurer Cooper investigated, I believe, for spite at him, and, as he supposed, for political effect. This reminds me of how small a man Mr. Porter is and has ever been. True he was, for a term, Governor, but for this he is indebted to Dorsey and corruption rather than to any merits of his own.

One act of Mr. Porter while Gavernor illustrates his intelligence. Judge Warden resigned his office of Supreme Judge in December, 1882, to accept a Judgeship in Allen County, about a month before his term expired. His successor, Judge Zollars, was elected in October, 1882, but his term did not begin until the 1st of January, 1883. Here was a vacancy of a month, and Judge Zollars elected by the people for the succeeding term. If it were necessary to appoint a man for that month's vacancy, common decency would have said that the appointee should have been Judge Zollars, as he had been elected for the succeeding term. But then Zollars was a Democrat, Governor Porter cold not do the right thing; his partisan narrowness would not allow it. He appointed Judge Coombs, a Republican, for a month. Judge Coombs delivered just three opinions in that time. They cost the State $333, or $111 each. Look at them: one in 84 Ind., at page 573, and two in 85 Ind., at pages 65 and 104. I intend no reflection against Judge Coombs. But who but a man of small caliber could have done so small a thing—a thing, under the circumstances, indecent, to say nothing of the expensiveness. Nor was there any necessity for the appointment. The court could have gone along for a month with four Judges. But if an appointment was even necessary under the circumstances, would not any man have appointed Judge Zollars, looking to the good of the service and the interest of the State?

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Indianapolis, January 24.

Director Northern Prison.

[Logansport Pharos.]

Ex-Senator Majors, of White County, who for the past two years has been a director of the northern prison, is a candidate for reelection. The party owes Mr. Majors much more than this, but as this is all he asks, he ought to get it with a whoop that would gladden his loyal old heart.