

RICHMOND DAILY PALLADIUM.

WEEKLY ESTABLISHED 1861.
DAILY ESTABLISHED 1876.

RICHMOND DAILY PALLADIUM, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1901.

ONE CENT A COPY.

SHIP BROKEN UP

Terrific Storm Off New York City Creates a Thrilling Scene.

HEROIC LIFE SAVERS

Incurring Much Peril to Themselves the Coast Guardians Save Two Distressed Crews.

Tug Which Went to Rescue a Ship Is Beaten to Pieces in the Waves.

New York, Nov. 25.—The storm which swept this coast Saturday night and Sunday was one of the most violent and destructive in local history. The damage to shipping was heavy. The full-rigged ship Flottbek, which went ashore at Monmouth Beach during Saturday night's gale, is now resting on the sands, apparently little the worse for her experience, and her crew are being cared for by the life-savers of Station No. 4. The tug Robert Hatton picked up the Flottbek Saturday afternoon about dark. The ship, under command of Captain Singler, was bound for New York from Plymouth, England, with a cargo of white clay and minerals. The tug had a crew of seven men and the ship had 24 men, all told. All went well until late in the evening, when the wind attained a velocity of 40 or 45 knots, and the tug was unable to make headway, and the two vessels began to work inshore. Their danger was seen from the beach and the life-savers prepared to aid them. Seeing the struggle was hopeless and that the only chance of saving the tug was to let the ship go, the hawser was cut. The ship drifted rapidly on shore and struck well up and close in at a point favorable for work upon her. The tug lost her rudder about the time she was freed from the ship and, driven by the gale, perfectly helpless, she drifted down the coast and brought up against the iron pier at Long Branch and began to pound against it. The crashing was heard by a fisherman, who roused some citizens. With a rope they went to the pier to aid the seven men on the tug. Each wave as it receded carried the Hatton away from the pier, and then as the next came rolling shoreward the heavy tug would be carried on its crest and dashed against the piling under the pier or against the steel work. The work of rescue was dangerous not only to the men being rescued, but to those aiding them. After many efforts a man on the tug caught the rope which was thrown from the pier. He hung on, and as the tug was carried away from the pier the man clinging to the rope swung clear of her and then was hurriedly hauled up on the pier before the next wave could dash him against the piling. Thus all were saved.

Meanwhile the ship had been looked after by life-savers. After several ineffectual attempts the regulation projectile was thrown over her and the rope caught. The whip and cable were hauled out by the crew and made fast aloft. The life-savers had their shore anchor down and the breeches buoy was rigged within a very short time. The ship had struck broadside on, so that the work of removing the men was comparatively easy. The rescued sailors were taken to Long Branch.

Storm Causes Havoc.
New York, Nov. 25.—It is estimated that the damage done by the storm on the northern shore of Long Island sound from and including City Island to the Connecticut line is \$350,000.

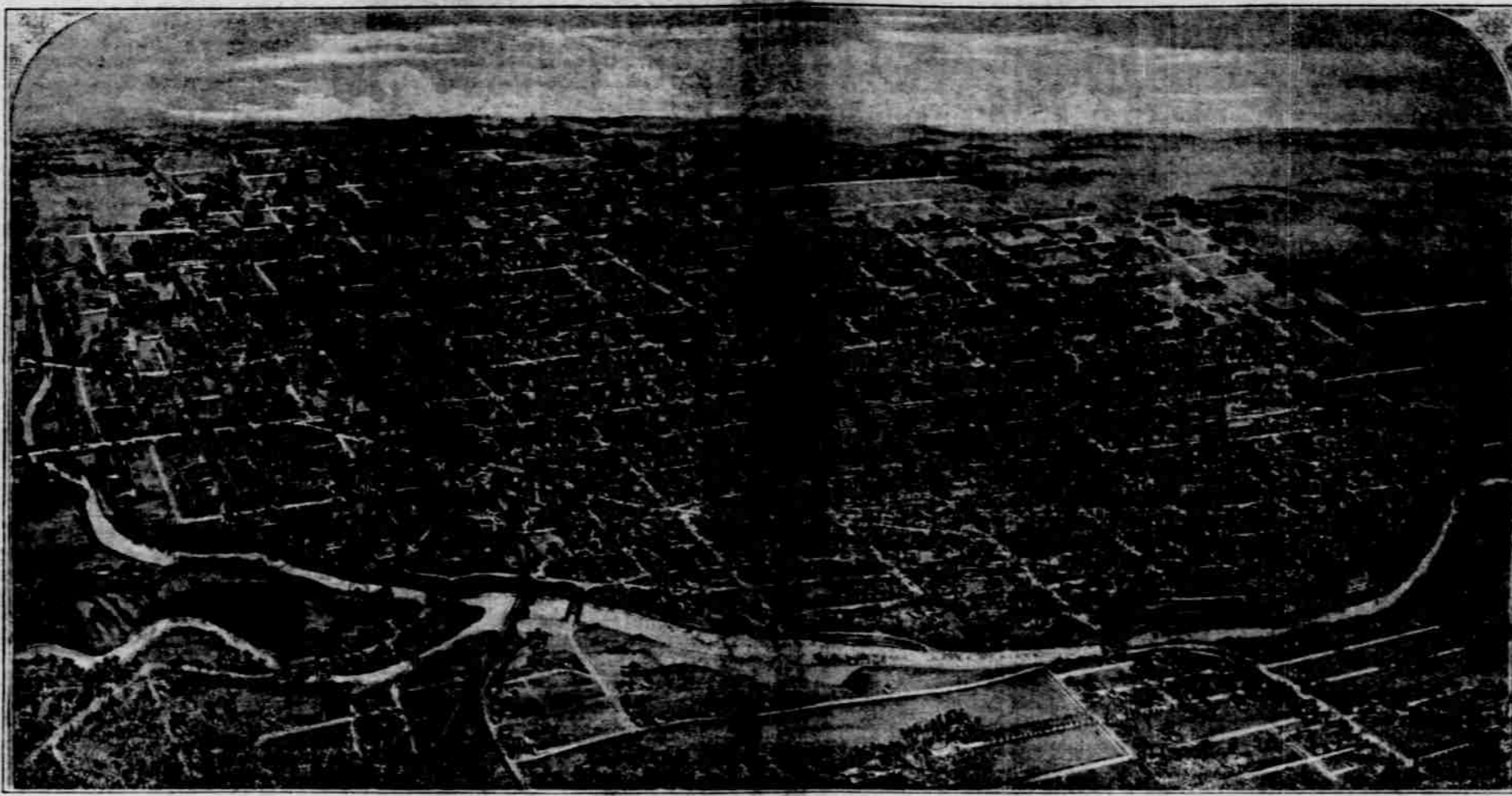
Pilots Strike.
Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 25.—Members of the Masters and Pilots association struck today for an advance of 33 per cent. Tow boat owners are preparing to start boats with heavy coal shipments within the next twenty-four hours. They expect to get pilots at the former rate. About ten million bushels of coal are awaiting shipment.

Four Girls Burned to Death.
Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 25.—The residence of J. G. Miller, on Zara street, Knoxville, was burned today and four daughters, ranging from 18 to 23 years, burned to death. Mr. and Mrs. Miller were badly burned trying to rescue the daughters. The fire caught from the explosion of an oil can.

Miss Jeannette Crockett, David Crockett, Esther Crockett and Mrs. C. C. Crockett left for Pasadena, Cal., this morning to spend the winter.

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF RICHMOND, IN 1884.

PHOTO BY E. F. DALBEY.



THE WILD WEST

As it Was—Early Days in the Black Hills—Strange Scenes in Deadwood—Center of the Mining Region.

Correspondence Richmond Palladium.

LEAD, S. D., Nov. 23.
A little more than a quarter of a century ago gold was first discovered in the Black Hills, and Deadwood was the center of attraction with its hundreds of wooden shacks lining either side of Golden Gulch, a little mountain stream of pure spring water that flows swiftly down between the high hills that tower above in all their rugged grandeur. Like all mining towns the population was a mixed one, good, bad and indifferent. Men and women from everywhere and from every condition of life had collected here and for every conceivable purpose, and to say that there were scenes enacted in this hurly-burly society that would compare for wildness with that of any other mining camp is only half telling the story. Many incidents have never seen the light of day and will only crop out by accident as told by those who came upon the stage in after years. Hundreds of honest men were here delving in the rugged hills with pick and shovel and in the sands of the little stream, hunting for the glittering gold that was here. Others were here, gamblers, keepers of dives of every character filled the new town, shooting scraps and murders were of every day occurrence almost, so frequent in fact that little note thereof was taken and passed as a matter of course. Saloons and gambling houses predominated and in these high revelry prevailed night and day.

High up on the north side of the gulch, clinging to the side of the mountain, was a little "shack." Its sole occupant and owner was a minister of the gospel, who had come over into Macedonia to work for the Master. There was no church, the few who were here had not taken time to think of building a church and God's first temple was the only place of worship.

One Sunday night when Deadwood seemed to have on its toughest coat of war paint and the saloons and gambling houses were in full blast, out in the narrow street the dweller in the lonely shack on the mountain side was trying to hold a meeting in the street. He had sung a song and was calling to people to come and hear the word of God, but with all his efforts not one could be got to stop long enough to hear a word. The poor man was in despair and was on the point of giving up the task. Across the street a man had stood for some moments attracted by the good man's efforts and failure to get any one to listen to him. The man was tall, six feet two, broad shouldered, long blonde hair that came down over his shoulders, drooping mustache and broad sombrero, a person that would have attracted attention in any crowd.

He came across the street, took the now discouraged minister by the arm and said, "come with me, I'll find you a crowd for your scrap act," and into the largest saloon and gambling house in the camp he led the minister, and, picking him up as he would a little child, placed him on the center of the bar, and turning to the crowd in the room said in a voice that every man in the house recognized as "Wild Bill," the most fearless man in all the wild

west, "gents, this man's a preacher, he's my friend and we are going to bear him too, now go on with the show." And the minister talked in a kindly way to this strange crowd for nearly an hour and was treated with perfect courtesy, though the gambling went on and the drinks were passed out over the feet of the speaker.

For years "Wild Bill" was a trusted scout and guide for our army in its campaigns against the Indians; he was Gen. Custer's favorite guide. True he was an inveterate gambler and was soon after this occurrence killed at the gambling table by Jack McCall in this same saloon, yet there were many noble qualities about the man and he and the minister were warm friends ever after, while they both lived. Will not the good that was in him be on the credit side when the books come to be made up? I think so, this would be equity, at least.

On the south side of Golden Gulch, three hundred feet above the now prosperous and well built city, overlooking all the country round, is the Deadwood cemetery, in which stands a life sized statue of brown sand stone which faces the setting sun, and on which is the following legend:
"Rev. Henry Weston Smith,
M. M. Minister,
Pioneer of the Black Hills, killed by Indians Aug. 20, 1876, while on his way from Deadwood to Whiteley to preach."

A few hundred feet south of where rests the pioneer minister is another life size statue of brown stone, enclosed by a high iron fence, the latter however as a protection was placed there too late. Vandals and relic hunters have done their worst all too well; the hands and feet, the chin and lips and even the ears are gone, having been chipped off a little at a time until the figure is so mutilated that it is hardly recognizable by those who knew the man in life. The drooping mustache, the long wavy hair and wide sombrero is all that is left to tell of whom it was intended. On the south side of the slab is this record:
"Wild Bill"
(J. B. Hitchcock),
Died Aug. 2, 1876.
By pistol shot, aged 39 years.
"Custer" was lonely without him.

Thus the two, so opposite in character, so different in all that goes to make up the human family and yet such warm friends, died by violence within the same month and year, and sleep the last sleep in the same cemetery high above the scenes of their stormy life. It is a wild wild that blows the autumn leaves over their graves, it is a wild country over which it sweeps, over the humble man who gave his life a willing sacrifice for a cause he believed to be right; the other, a true and fearless friend, but rough and wild as the land in which he dwelt.

Copy Richmond, Neighbors.
Our neighbors, Marion, Huntington and Decatur, are all discussing in their city councils the placing of signs on street corners giving the names of the streets and considering the best plans. In this they can learn something from Richmond. The method here is such that even the stranger can easily find his way to any number on any street without difficulty. It is a monument to Gen. T. W. Bennett, who devised it and put it into operation during his last term as mayor. He copied it after the city of Philadelphia.

The Endowment Rank.
The following statistics of the Endowment Rank, K. of P., are of interest here, being the last statement

Balance in bank June 30	\$ 135 23
Receipts for quarter ending Sept. 30, 1901	437,144 75
Disbursements for quarter ending Sept. 30	436,865 75
Balance in bank quarter ending Sept. 30	414 33
Death benefits, quarter ending Sept. 30	375,151 34
Death benefits, quarter ending Sept. 30	1,202,561 36
Death benefits since the organization of the endowment rank	16,761,518 90

POOR SHOWING

For New Castle Foot Ball Team—R. H. S. Won by a Score of 40 to 0.

The crimson and white again floats victorious over its opponents and N. C. H. S. went home with the awful score of 40 to 0 starting them in the face. From the score one would think that the game was uninteresting, but it was not because it showed the superior strength and team work of the home team to a fine advantage.

The two teams appeared to be evenly matched as they are about the same weight, but before the game was over they showed themselves not to be in the same class with our boys.

Richmond did not play her usual game and in the last half told their opponents where they were going to hit the line or what end they were going around and who was to take the ball, and still New Castle could not stop them. At the end of the first half the score was 22 to 0 and the first two touch downs were made in three minutes. The touches were made by Louck, Balla, Elder, Hill and Newman.

DEATHS AND FUNERALS.

O Brien—The funeral of Thomas J. O'Brien took place at 10 o'clock yesterday morning from his home, northwest of the city, Rev. Retts officiating. Interment at Earlbarn. The pallbearers were Caleb King, DeWitt Rannels, Andrew Eliason, Wm. Rich, sr., Alfred Ryan and James Miller.

COOPER—Clay Forrest Cooper, aged 21 years, died Sunday morning at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar F. Cooper, one mile north of the city. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the house. Interment at Earlbarn.

AFTER MANY YEARS

A Tombstone Lies in the New Paris Depot For Forty Years and is Recovered.

An interesting story with regard to a tombstone comes from New Paris. M. W. Little, now of Huntington, was born at New Paris, but left there half a century ago. Forty years ago he shipped from Huntington to New Paris a stone monument to be placed over the grave of his grandfather who died and was buried there in 1855. At the time he wrote to a friend at New Paris to see that it was properly placed over the grave. He heard nothing from it, and as he had prepaid the freight he supposed it was all attended to.

Last week Mr. Little visited New Paris for the first time in fifty years and went out to the cemetery to visit the grave and monument. It could not be found. Finally Mr. William Hahn, an old resident who had gone out with him, asked if he was certain this stone had ever been set. He told Mr. Hahn what he had done and the latter replied that he remembered that "thirty-five years ago he had seen an old tombstone lying among a lot of rubbish at the freight house."

With not the slightest expectation of finding the stone, Mr. Little and his friend strolled down to the freight station, and the agent unearthed an old dust covered stone with the inscription precisely as Mr. Little had ordered it, put away in a corner under a pile of unclaimed freight. Mr. Little inquired if there were any charges against the freight or any record of the reason the stone was not delivered, and the agent inquired how long since the stone was shipped. "Oh about 1859 or 1860," responded Mr. Little carelessly. The agent almost fell over, in his astonishment, and remarking that he was no archeologist, and that the stone would be worthless for any other than Mr. Wagner, anyway, told Mr. Little to take it away. The stone was hauled to the cemetery, but even with the assistance of old citizens, Mr. Little could not locate the grave of his grandfather, which forever will remain without a marker.

Miss McDonnell's Goods.

Some little time ago Miss McDonnell of Williamsburg shipped over the C. R. & M. a box of goods consigned to herself at Marion. The writing on the tag was illegible but the destination looked more like "Muncie" than anything else and the box was sent there. The agent of the C. R. & M. there sent the usual postal card notice to "Caroline McDonnell, Muncie," to the post-office. By a queer coincidence there was a woman of that name in Muncie and she sent for the box and received it. When later on the real owner began inquiring and the C. R. & M. agent went hunting for the goods the woman denied receiving them. Her sons denied all knowledge of it also, but being locked up by the police weakened and confessed. The goods were found at the home of a man named Pinnick, near Mrs. McDonnell's, where they had been taken by Mrs. McDonnell and left. They were restored to the owner.

MURDER MYSTERY

Hendricks County Comes to the Fore with Another Strange Killing.

NO CLUE IS OFFERED

Willis Haynes Found in a Lumber Yard at Coatesville Suffering with a Fractured Skull.

Victim of a Savage Assault Laid Out in Rain All Night Without Assistance.

Danville, Ind., Nov. 25.—Hendricks county has another murder mystery to solve. The unconscious body of Willis Haynes was found in a lumber yard at Coatesville. Haynes did not recover consciousness, and he died shortly after being found. A portion of his forehead was crushed in, showing that he had come to his death by a blow from the hands of some person. The post mortem examination showed that the skull was fractured sufficiently to cause death. The coroner is holding an inquest, and it is believed that enough will be disclosed to warrant an arrest. Haynes lived some miles north of Coatesville and had gone to that town after some lumber. The next morning his body was found in the lumber yard. His screams were heard by Samuel Oliver, who lives a hundred yards from the scene of the tragedy, but Oliver paid no attention to them and the man laid out in the rain all night without assistance. When found he was too far gone to recover, dying in his wife's arms. He was a young man of splendid physique.

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT

A Fort Wayne Father Kills His Only Child.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 25.—Louis Bolinet, a German, porter at the Avenue hotel, returned from hunting Saturday afternoon to his home near Lindenwood cemetery, and his 7-year-old daughter ran to meet him. He carried her to the house with her arms about his neck and put her down to show his wife a new hammerless gun. In fingering the trigger the weapon was discharged, killing the child instantly. Her heart and lungs were almost blown from her body. Her father is crazed and has to be guarded to prevent him killing himself. He has been extremely industrious and recently purchased the little spot of ground on payments for his home. The girl was the only child living out of several born to him.

Killed in a Runaway.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 25.—Robert Romick, aged 41, and single, was killed Saturday evening in a runaway accident on West Main street. He was driving out of town on his way home to Dunfee, when his team became frightened at the street cars and ran away. The street is of cedar block with quite uneven surface. A bump from a depression threw him out, fracturing his thigh bones, his legs, and causing injuries to the kidneys, from which he died in the ambulance before he could reach the hospital. He did not regain consciousness.

Coroner Holds Sherwell.

Evansville, Ind., Nov. 25.—Coroner Walker has returned his verdict in the cases of the murder of Miss Lena Renner and Mrs. Georgia Railey, the two women who were strangled to death on the night of Nov. 11, and whose bodies were found on different roads several miles apart. The death of each woman is laid at the door of Wilbur S. Sherwell, the policeman who was arrested several days ago, with probably an unknown accomplice.

Killed At a Crossing.

Fortville, Ind., Nov. 25.—The new fast through train from Indianapolis to Fort Wayne over the Big Four via Muncie, struck Mrs. James Manford at the Main street crossing and hurled her body nearly 100 feet, killing her instantly. She had stepped on the main track from the sidetrack, on which a freight locomotive was standing, the escaping steam from the latter making it impossible to hear the approaching train.

Foot-Ball.

The result of the foot ball game at Knightstown Saturday has put the High school team here in high feather. Not long ago the Richmond High school team beat the Knightstown high school team 12 to 0. Saturday the Knightstown boys played the second team of Earlbarn the latter winning only by a score of 6 to 5. This gives the High school boys here a good wide margin over the Earlbarn boys.

LATEST QUOTATIONS.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25.—Wheat, 72 1/2. Corn, 62 1/2. Oats, 42 1/2. Toledo, O., Nov. 25.—Wheat, 79.