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HISTORICAL SKETCHES

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REMINISCENCES

OF

MADISON COUNTY,

INDIANA.

P.L.C.

A DETAILED HISTORY OF THE EARLY EVENTS OF THE PIONEER
SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTY, AND MANY OF THE HAPPEN-
INGS OF RECENT YEARS, AS WELL AS A COMPLETE
HISTORY OF EACH TOWNSHIP, TO WHICH IS
ADDED NUMEROUS INCIDENTS OF A
PLEASANT NATURE, IN THE WAY
OF REMINISCENCES, AND
LAUGHABLE OCCU-
RENCES.

BY

JOHN L. FORKNER

AND

BYRON H. DYNSON.

ANDERSON, INDIANA.

1897.

him. This had the effect to disperse the crowd, and Learned walked to the drug store, and had his head bathed with arnica by Garrett W. Brown. The blow was on the left side of the head just above the temple. At that time it had indicated nothing serious, the skin being but slightly broken.

After having his head bathed he went out on the street and returned in about twenty minutes to pay for the service rendered. He was then smoking a cigar and appeared to be all right. About five o'clock he complained of nausea and went home. A little later he complained of being chilly, pulled off his hat and went to bed. In a very short time he became delirious, and about six o'clock on that evening, died.

Peter Madara, a next door neighbor, came down town to inform a number of the citizens of the turn of affairs. Coroner Sims was called and an inquest was held at the residence of the deceased on South Central avenue on the next morning. The Coroner's jury was composed of the following named gentlemen: H. L. Trueblood, E. B. Hartley, W. W. Jackson, Joseph I. Seward, James A. Thomas, and Andrew K. Rockenfield. Drs. Chittenden and Jones were witnesses in the case, having examined the body. Drs. B. F. Spann and C. S. Burr concurred in the opinions rendered by Jones and Chittenden as to the cause of his death.

After a full investigation of the affair, the following verdict was given: "That we, the undersigned jurors, empaneled and sworn on this 8th of November, 1876, at the residence of the deceased in the City of Anderson, Madison county, to inquire into and to make a true presentment in what manner and by whom, Judson J. Learned, whose body was found at his residence on the 7th of November, 1876, came to his death, after having heard the evidence and examined the body, we find that the deceased came to his death by being struck on the left side of the head by the butt end of a billiard cue in the hands of Cornelius Daugherty, on the afternoon of the 7th of November, 1876."

After a full and fair investigation, it was decided that the Marshal acted in the discharge of his official duty as Marshal of the City of Anderson, and no indictment was returned against him by the Grand Jury of the county.

Mr. Daugherty immediately after he learned that Mr. Learned was dead, surrendered himself to Deputy Sheriff Biddle until an investigation could be had, and gave bond for

Rec'd. 7-30-75

his appearance to answer the charge on an indictment that might be brought against him.

Although politics was up to fever heat in that memorable campaign, that could not be assigned as a cause for this terrible occurrence, from the fact that Daugherty and the victim were both of the same political belief, being ardent Republicans.

Mr. Learned was at the time of his death twenty-five years of age and married. He left a wife and one child.

No one regretted this occurrence more than Mr. Daugherty, the Marshal. He was not even conscious of whom he had hit until told afterwards, his aim being only to quiet the riot and to preserve the peace. Mr. Daugherty is yet living, and is an honored and respected citizen of Anderson.

A TRAGEDY THAT SHOCKED ANDERSON.

Louis Titherington was a cab driver who lived in the house now occupied by Dr. J. W. Fairfield as a sanitarium at the corner of Meridian and Thirteenth streets.

Titherington went to his home on the 19th of October, 1876, in an intoxicated condition and became engaged in an altercation with his wife and sister-in-law, a Miss Jenkins, who lived in the family. He was in the act of severely chastising Miss Jenkins, and, it is said, had whipped his wife, when Daniel Jenkins, her brother, came into the house and ordered him to desist in his abuse, when he turned upon Jenkins and made threats of violence, whereupon Jenkins drew a revolver and opened fire upon Titherington, filling his body with leaden missiles, causing almost instant death. Jenkins was placed under arrest and indicted by the Grand Jury, and on a trial in the Circuit Court was acquitted on the ground that the killing was justifiable.

On the trial was exhibited a large lock of hair which Titherington had pulled out of the head of one of the women. Titherington was a familiar personage on the streets of Anderson for a quarter of a century, having been at one time a half owner of the 'bus and transfer line, which was a good paying property.

"Lew," as he was known by the people, was not a bad man when not drinking, but disposed to be unruly when imbibing to excess. He was mixed up in a great many street fights and other troubles, the result of too much liquor. His headquarters for many years before his marriage was at the

old United States Hotel. He was known by every traveling man from New York to San Francisco who stopped in Anderson.

John Alderman was for many years his partner and they made money fast and spent it with lavish hands. One of the jurors who tried Jenkins said after the trial was over that "the jury thought that he was not exactly justified, but that Titherington needed killing anyway, and that they just voted to let him off."

Neal Daugherty was City Marshal at the time of the killing and arrested Jenkins. Andrew J. Griffith was Sheriff and Randle Biddle his deputy.

Titherington left a widow, but no children. He was a brother to Robert Titherington, who yet lives in Anderson.

KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN.

Thomas Walden was a boy born and reared in Anderson, where he lived until he reached his maturity, when he started out in the world to do for himself. He finally arrived at Springfield, Ill., where he secured work in a rolling mill. He was a son of Samuel Walden, an old citizen of Anderson, and a half brother of the late Elijah Walden, once Trustee of Anderson township. His untimely death was the result of a feud between union and non-union laborers in the neighborhood in which he was working.

On the 12th of April, 1883, a party of men left the works and walked towards the railroad, near by which there was a co-operative coal shaft. They had reached the crossing, when a shot was fired, apparently from the lower works of the shaft or from some empty cars that were standing close at hand. This was followed by an order to fire, delivered in a loud voice, and instantly a rattling volley was poured in upon the men, who had not recovered from the surprise of the first shot.

Mr. Walden was struck by a number 31 ball, which killed him on the spot. It was never known to a certainty who did the deed, but it was known to have originated out of an ugly feeling that existed between the two labor elements in that locality, young Walden being a non-union man.

The Coroner held an inquest over the remains, and also notified Mr. E. J. Walden, of Anderson, who had the body brought to this city, where it was interred in the Anderson cemetery beside that of his father.

SUICIDE OF A POPULAR YOUNG MAN.

On the 6th of October, 1878, William Arthur Hunt, of Anderson, took his own life by taking an extraordinary quantity of morphine. He was the youngest son of the late Dr. William A. Hunt, was born in Madison county, on the 17th of June, 1855, and had spent nearly his entire life in the county of his birth. He was well known and highly esteemed by the people generally, and was a man of noble impulses and kindly disposition. He was a machinist by trade, having learned that occupation in the Anderson Foundry and Machine Works.

Just before taking the drug he went to the Griffith House and requested the use of a room, which Mr. Griffith complied with. Young Hunt intimated that he contemplated self-destruction, whereupon he was informed that he could not have a room under any circumstances. He seated himself in the hotel office and Mr. Griffith supposing the matter ended, turned to other duties requiring his attention. No sooner had he left the office than Hunt approached the porter and repeated his request for a room, who being unaware of the circumstances gave him one, at the same time supplying him with some writing material which he demanded. In a short time Mr. Griffith returned and made inquiries as to Hunt's whereabouts. On being informed of what had transpired during his absence, he hastened to the room and found that the door was locked.

He made repeated efforts to gain admission, but with no response. A view of the interior was finally obtained over a transom, and Hunt was discovered seated at a table, busily employed in writing. Mr. Griffith abandoned the effort to gain an entrance, but sent a messenger for the City Marshal and for Hunt's father. They both arrived at about the same time, and the door was forced open, not however, until Hunt had destroyed what he had written. He then accompanied his father home, and at his request retired to his room to sleep off the excitement under which he appeared to be laboring. The method of self destruction was not, as yet, understood by his father, and it was not until some time thereafter, that he learned that his son had obtained during the day, of Pierce & Richwine, druggists, a bottle of morphine containing sixty grains. This alarmed the father who hastened to his son's room. Finding the door locked he forced an

entrance, and found young Hunt lying on the bed in a comatose state from which he was aroused, when he informed his father that he had taken sixty grains of morphine, and had thrown the bottle out of the window. The Doctor at once notified the boy's mother, and sent for medical assistance.

It was but a short time until numerous friends of the family came and offered their assistance, and from that time until early next morning they did everything they could to save young Hunt's life, but without avail. He expired at half past five o'clock on Sunday morning without a struggle and, doubtless, without the consciousness of pain.

The causes which prompted the deceased to do the act are not known or understood, as he spoke very seldom of any trouble. It was supposed at the time to have been the result of a misunderstanding between himself and a young lady to whom he had paid marked attention for some months previous.

Young Hunt was an honest, upright man, and had been employed at one time by the express company as a messenger, and at another period was assistant to the corps of civil engineers who surveyed and marked out the right of way for the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis railroad, now known as the Midland. He had many friends in the community who mourned his loss and sympathized deeply with his parents and brothers, who survived him.

KILLED ON THE STREET.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of April 10, 1893, the people in the neighborhood of Main and Ninth streets, were startled by the sound of a pistol shot. Hurrying to the scene, it was ascertained that John Moriarity had shot his neighbor, McLelland Streets.

Before the police arrived, a Mr. Ed. King, who was the first upon the ground of the tragedy, took Moriarity into custody and held him until the police arrived. He was taken to the jail, while his victim was removed to the office of Dr. C. L. Armington, where he was examined and found to be mortally wounded. He lived but a little while after being taken to this place, and was turned over to the Coroner, who held an inquest. It was ascertained that the shooting was the result of a neighborhood quarrel and a general disturbance of the people in that locality over some trivial matters. Moriarity had become so worked up that he had made up his

mind to slay his enemy on sight, and carried out his design at the first opportunity.

It was a great surprise to all who knew Moriarity, as there was never a more peaceable man in Anderson than he. The writer will never forget the wild, vacant stare on the face of Moriarity when he first saw him, immediately after the shooting.

He stood in perfect silence, with no signs of remorse; not a muscle moved. The very looks of a maniac were depicted upon his countenance as he stood with the smoking revolver in his hand.

It is almost certain that reason had left him before he committed the deed, as he was never himself again. Visitors at his cell were met with a cold, expressionless stare; he did not even recognize his old-time friends, and did not court their sympathy.

Moriarity was a married man, and had a respectable family, who felt severely this awful tragedy. He was a very industrious man, and had accumulated some property, but left it encumbered, so that it was not of much value to his family.

This was one of the saddest occurrences that ever marred the peace of Anderson. It was the most unexpected. No one who ever knew John Moriarity ever suspected that he would commit murder. He never had murder in his heart; but being goaded to desperation by petty annoyances, his reason left him, and in his insane fit of anger he committed the deed that stained his hands with the blood of his fellow man.

He was incarcerated in the Madison county jail until the 16th of June following, when he took his life by hanging himself to a bedstead in his cell.

McLelland Streets, his victim, was a day laborer, and but little is known of him. His family seemed but little distressed when they were informed of his sudden ending.

SUICIDE OF ALBERT C. WALTON.

Albert C. Walton was during his life time one of the shrewdest and best business men that ever resided in Anderson. He was a brother of Robert J. Walton, a lumber merchant, who yet resides in this city. He moved to Madison county from near Willow Branch in Hancock county, in the year 1878, and in connection with his brother, Robert J. Wal-

ton, was engaged in the lumber business for several years south of the Bee Line railroad on Dolman street. About the time of his location in Anderson he was seized with lung trouble, which terminated in consumption. He was a very proud and high spirited gentleman, and a man of great nerve. He fought the troublesome disease as well as he could; he visited all southern climates and watering places within his knowledge for relief, but the disease had taken such hold upon him that there was no hope of recovery. After all his efforts had failed he came home, and on the 19th of May, 1884, while in his room at his home, he requested his wife to go out to the pump near by, and get him a drink of water, and as soon as she had left the room he got up, went to the bureau drawer, and taking from it a revolver, placed the muzzle to his temple, pulled the trigger and killed himself almost instantly. Mrs. Walton was just in the act of stepping into the room with the water, when she saw what was taking place, and called upon him to stop, but he warned her to keep away, and in her presence committed the awful deed. The only reason that could be assigned was that he had fought the fatal malady until he had given up all hope, and rather than die a slow death, a victim of consumption, he decided to end it all by the means he had selected. He left a wife and interesting family. Mrs. Walton, his widow, died a few years since.

CHARLES KYNETT KILLED BY THE CITY MARSHAL.

On the 28th of December, 1890, Marshal Edward Downey, of Anderson, was called to the old Rozelle House that stood at the corner of Eleventh and Main streets, to quell a disturbance in which Charles Kynett was engaged. Kynett was a bad man when drinking and on this occasion had been indulging to excess. The Marshal ordered him to cease his unlawful conduct, and to behave himself, when an encounter ensued between the officer and Kynett, in which Kynett was the aggressor. Downey ordered him several times to desist, but without avail, and finally Downey in the act of self-defense drew his pistol, and fired, the ball taking effect in the person of Kynett which proved to be fatal. Kynett died soon after the shot was fired and Downey surrendered himself to the officers of the law until the case could be investigated.

Coroner Armington was called and an inquest held, a verdict rendered that Downey was justified in shooting Kynett. Kynett was a day laborer, and was not a bad man when not

drinking, but a demon when under the influence of strong drink. At the time of the shooting many were disposed to criticise the Marshal, but those who best knew the circumstances agree that he did no unlawful act in defending himself and upholding the law.

No one in Anderson regretted the shooting more than Marshal Downey, and it is said he was greatly relieved when his term of service as City Marshal expired.

BATTLE BETWEEN OFFICERS AND THIEVES.

One of the most exciting battles that ever took place in the county occurred about four miles south of the city of Anderson, near the residence of Tunis Whetstone, about 1 o'clock on the morning of March 15, 1881, between City Marshal Alfred Coburn, his deputy, Amos Coburn, Sheriff Randall Biddle, and his son, Dory Biddle, who was then Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, and three burglars named Daniel Leehan, of Indianapolis, Ben Kramer and David Fetty.

On the Tuesday night prior to this event several residences in the city of Anderson had been burglarized, among which were those of A. B. Young, then a partner of the late Edwin P. Schlater; James A. Larned, a conductor on the Midland railroad; ex-Mayor Dunham, and H. C. Ryan. These robberies set the officers to work to catch the thieves. On the following Monday night, through some source, it was ascertained that the robbery of some farm houses in the south-western section of the city was planned, and was to be carried into execution that night.

At about 11 o'clock on Monday night the thieves stole a horse and buggy belonging to Joseph Sigler, near the Big Four depot, and drove rapidly south-west of the city to the residence of Tunis Whetstone. The officers who were watching them were soon in pursuit on horseback. About one-half mile this side of Whetstone's place the officers spied the buggy hitched in a fence corner. They immediately fell back, tied their horses, returned to the buggy and laid in wait for the thieves. When noticed approaching they were busily engaged in talking about robbing Dr. Brandon and about tapping Tucker's jewelry store.

The officers waited until they were all in the buggy in order to make a sure case of it. When the thieves spoke to the horse to go, Captain Amos Coburn, the present chief of the Anderson police force, bade them halt. Kramer and Fetty

surrendered immediately, but Leehan jumped from the buggy and started to run. The Captain ordered him to halt, which he refused to do, when Coburn snapped his pistol at him. Kramer then made for Alfred Coburn, who met him as he was aiming his revolver at him. Kramer shot at Coburn, but the ball struck the barrel of Coburn's pistol and glanced off and struck the knuckle of his right hand, wounding two of his fingers. This had the effect of knocking the pistol from Coburn's hand. Had the ball not struck the barrel of Coburn's pistol it would have undoubtedly killed him, as it would have struck him in the region of the heart.

Alfred Coburn then spoke to his brother Amos and told him to catch Kramer, that he had shot him. The contest now became decidedly interesting. The horse had become frightened and was plunging to get away. Pistols were being rapidly discharged, and none of the parties knew whose time would come next. Capt. Amos Coburn and Dory Biddle started in pursuit of Kramer, who was now rapidly retreating. They followed him for about half a mile. During the running battle fifteen shots were exchanged. Kramer finally disappeared in the woods and made his escape.

During the affray the scene at the buggy with the officers was exciting in the extreme. Alfred Coburn and Sheriff Biddle kept their men under surveillance. Leehan, as before stated, had jumped out of the buggy, and Alfred Coburn had ordered him to give up, but to this he dissented with an oath. Coburn then asked him a second time to surrender. Leehan stepped back one step, put his hand to his hip pocket and made the same reply a second time. Coburn then fired, when Leehan exclaimed, "You have shot me." To this Coburn made answer that if he had given up he would not have shot him, and that he himself was wounded and did not propose to take any more chances.

The officers then returned to the city with the captured prisoners and placed them in jail. Kramer was an old offender and had long been a resident of Anderson, and was well known to the officers, while Leehan was a stranger. Shortly after being incarcerated in jail Leehan died. An inquest was promptly held by the Coroner, and a verdict of justifiable homicide rendered.

Leehan had a sister in Indianapolis who was notified and came to visit her dead brother in jail, when she gave the following history of him: "Daniel Leehan was born in New

York in 1854, and was twenty-seven years old on the 22nd day of May preceding his death. With his parents, when he was quite young, he went to Louisville, Ky., and thence he came to Indianapolis. The last work he was engaged in, was braking on the Belt railroad. His parents died when he was eight years of age, and he had been without a home ever since."

Leehan left Indianapolis on the Thursday preceding his death. His sister stated that he never drank, and that he had always treated his parents with the greatest respect. He made his home with his grandmother in Indianapolis, who was rendered heart broken over his fate. She had been a cripple for about two years before this sad affair took place, and had never walked in those two years, except with the aid of crutches. Leehan's body was taken to Indianapolis and buried in the Catholic cemetery beside his parents. His father was killed in the army at the second battle of Bull Run.

Alfred Coburn, the Marshal of Anderson at that time, was a fearless officer; he was possessed of steady nerve, and he had sound judgment. His deputy, Amos Coburn, is well known to the citizens of Anderson, and has figured in a great many scenes of this kind.

Randall Biddle, who was then Sheriff, is now dead. Dory Biddle, the Deputy Sheriff, is now one of the editors and proprietors of the Anderson *Bulletin*.

AN OLD SUICIDE CALLED TO MIND.

Near what is known as the Frank Lee farm, north-east of Anderson about two miles, a single man of the name of William Nelson committed suicide by hanging himself to a tree in 1834. A neighbor in the settlement was walking along the road running north and south near where the residence of Mr. Lee now stands. He was horribly shocked to discover a man hanging to a tree near by. A rope was tied around the limb of the tree and around the neck of the man, thus telling more forcibly than words the means by which the deed had been accomplished. It was a most horrifying sight to behold; the eye-lids of the deceased were open and his ghastly stare met the eyes of him who discovered the body. He rapidly retreated from the scene, summoning the neighbors, and the body was taken down. It was discovered to be that of William Nelson, who had lived in the neighborhood. He was known as a man of quiet habits, and had been missing

only a few days. There was no known cause assigned for him thus summarily taking himself off, other than that his mind had become unbalanced. He had relatives in the county who were notified and took possession of the body after the Coroner had viewed the same. The remains were interred in a neighboring cemetery.

KILLING OF DAVID H. WATSON.

David H. Watson was in 1858 elected Sheriff of Madison county, and served two years, shortly after which he unfortunately lost his life in an altercation with one Michael Howe. The following account of the affair is furnished by the Hon. James W. Sansberry, who was one of the attorneys who



EX-SHERIFF DAVID H. WATSON.

prosecuted Howe for the crime. We copy what Mr. Sansberry says about it, and have also added some additional matter to the same, as follows :

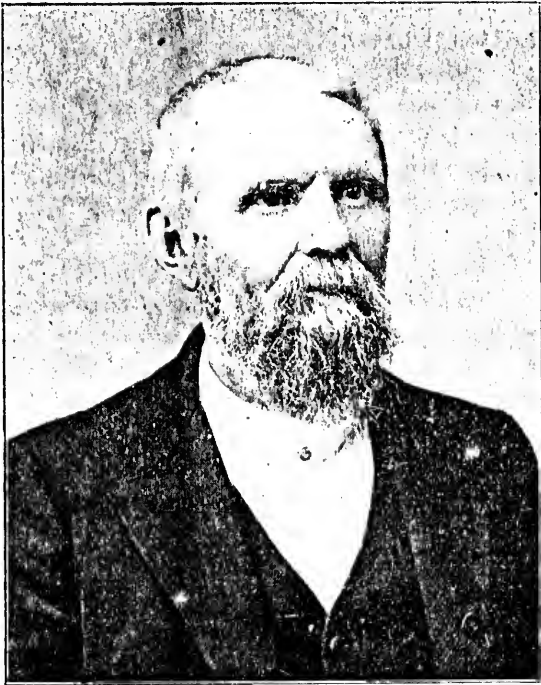
When the writer came to Anderson in the fall of 1850, no stranger could stop over night in our embryo city without being thoroughly interviewed by some inquisitive Andersonian, and in a few hours we were informed where he was from and where he was going, and how long he was going to remain among us. These interviews were not, as now, published in some daily newspaper, and read by ravenous sensation seekers, but passed from mouth to mouth.

In the summer of 1853, among others, and the number was not great, came from Virginia, two large, tall, well-built men, each, I should think, six feet two inches in height, half-brothers, by name David H. Watson and ——— Richards ;

the latter remained but a short time and then returned to his native State, Virginia. Watson, like Joseph of Bible history, was a carpenter by trade, and having procured work, concluded to adopt Anderson as his home, and "grow up with the country." David, as we were all wont to call him, was a very kind-hearted, good-natured, jovial fellow, and soon became very popular; a little fond of his cups, but not at that time to excess. He helped to erect the first mill or warehouse built where Wellington's mill now stands. After a few years residence here he wooed and married Miss Lydia Kindle, daughter of James A. Kindle, who was at that time a prominent politician, of the Democratic persuasion, having held the office of County Treasurer and other places of trust. The fruits of his marriage were three children, two boys and one daughter, James, John and Mary Watson. After the decease of both parents, Mr. Bradley Makepeace took John and gave him a home, where he still lives with Mrs. Makepeace, whom he treats as a mother. Mr. Addison Holston, a worthy farmer of Madison county, took James and adopted him, having no children of his own. James Watson Holston came to his death in 1894, by an accidental pistol shot. Mary was raised and cared for by her aunt, Mrs. Samantha May Harriman, until her marriage to the Hon. John L. Forkner, of Anderson, where she and her husband now reside. In 1858, Mr. Watson was elected Sheriff of Madison county, and served as such until 1860. Mr. Watson, though a Virginian by birth, with friends and relatives in the Confederate army from his native State, offered his services to the Union army, and became a member of a regiment of Indiana volunteers, and while at home making disposition of his personal affairs for the purpose of going into active service, unfortunately on the 2d of February, 1862, got into an altercation with Michael Howe, of Logansport, Indiana, in a house at the corner of Main and Eleventh streets, making some threatening demonstration and Howe, being a stranger and not knowing the kindly disposition of Watson, took his jokes for earnest. Howe was inside of the house when Watson was trying to gain entrance and being a powerful man physically, he opened or permitted Watson to open the door, and as Watson attempted to enter, Howe, with an ugly, dangerous knife, struck at him with a downward stroke above the left collar bone from which wound he died next morning at his home, situated where the Grand Opera House now stands. The Hon. John A. Har-

risson was Prosecuting Attorney at the time and proceeded at once in the prosecution of Howe for murder. Howe employed Calvin D. Thompson and Thaddeus Cooper, of Anderson, and the Hon. Daniel D. Pratt, of Logansport, Indiana, to defend him.

Mr. Pratt was an able advocate with few equals and no superiors, and was equally great physically, weighing near three hundred pounds. The defendant's counsel instituted habeas-corpus proceedings and Howe was let to bail and a



THE HON. JAMES W. SANSBERRY.

change of venue from Madison to Henry county was granted the defendant, where the case was tried before Judge Jehu T. Elliott, in the summer following. The case was on trial about six days and was closely contested throughout. The prosecution was conducted by the Hon. John A. Harrison, as prosecuting attorney assisted by J. W. Sansberry, who engaged in the case by request of Mr. Harrison and through his great regard for the deceased. Mr. Pratt made the closing argument for the defense, a powerful appeal of six hours duration. Harrison and Sansberry spoke four hours each. The jury

spent eight hours in deliberation and acquitted the defendant on the ground that he had cause to fear personal injury to himself sufficient to justify the homicide. During the trial a witness testified that Watson was trying to break in a door in the house where Howe was inside, and with cast knucks, or some other weapon, had pounded on the door until he made indentations an inch deep in the wood.

Mr. Sansberry came to Anderson, and examined the door, and, finding no such scars on it, went to Constable E. M. Roach and told him if he would produce said door before the jury at New Castle next day he would pay him five dollars, which Roach agreed to do. Next morning Roach went to the house, unhinged the door, took it to the train, thence to New Castle, and to the court house, where it was introduced to the jury and then returned to its former abiding place, having served as a truthful and silent witness.

Watson was a splendid shot with a pistol, and often indulged in the sport of shooting. The old court house was full of bullet holes that he had shot there when he was Sheriff of the county. It was no uncommon thing for him, while conversing with a friend, to take out his revolver and shoot through the door or ceiling, just to see his comrade badly scared.

He was a great friend of Joseph Fulton, and made his office, when the latter was postmaster, one of his places of resort. He would often go to the delivery window and ask for his mail, and after being waited on shoot the candle light out, just for fun. This was as much enjoyed by Mr. Fulton as by Watson.

One 4th of July he organized a company of "Rag Tags," composed of the young and lively gentry of Anderson, and gave a grand parade through the principal streets, winding up at the court house where they were addressed by Dr. Townsend Ryan and others.

This company and its wonderful parade served for many years for the people to talk about.

The jail register that he kept when he was Sheriff was a curiosity, and contained many unique entries. He always stated what condition a prisoner was in when received, and in what condition when discharged. For instance:

"Michael O'Rourke put in for intoxication, very boisterous during the night; his cries were continually, water!

water! Discharged next morning calm and peaceful but with an awful head."

"John Jones came in awfully religious—fully under the influence of 'spirits' and prayed incessantly all night; but in the morning he was discharged a wiser and better man, his spirits having died out."

In making returns on writs of execution, he was very brief and to the point. After he had held a writ until it expired by law and had to be returned to the Clerk's office for reissue he would say, "This execution found dead in my office."

David H. Watson was the best penman that ever held the office of Sheriff of Madison county, and before the court house was destroyed, the attorneys and court officials often perused his dockets and returns on the records with admiration for his skill as a scribe.

The many good qualities of heart and hand of Mr. Watson will long be treasured up by the old-timers who knew him. He had his faults like all frail humanity, but no truer friend, or more generous neighbor, ever lived than he.

His abrupt ending stopped what might have been a brilliant army career, as he was buoyed with the hope of distinguishing himself in the service of his country. His commanding appearance, and native ability would certainly have given him a place in the front line of promotion.

MURDER OF ALBERT MAWSON.

About three miles south-east of the City of Anderson there lived for many years Charles Mawson and family, on the farm once known as the Stevenson land. The family were thrifty, hard-working people and had accumulated considerable personal property and real estate, and while they did not circulate in the very best society, they were not at all regarded as bad or vicious people. The only thing that was ever said against Mr. Charles Mawson was that which was whispered around in the neighborhood after the hanging of Milton White, that Charles Mawson had confessed upon his death-bed that he was the guilty party, and that White was innocent of the crime.

But little importance was ever attached to this story because the circumstantial evidence against White was so closely woven together and united that White's guilt was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt to the minds of the jury.

After the death of Charles Mawson his widow, Nancy,

lived on the farm and kept house with her son, Albert. Her elder son, Thomas, had married and gone to Henry county.

On the 21st of October, 1874, news was brought to Anderson that the dead body of Albert Mawson had been found in a well on the Mawson farm. It was ascertained upon inquiry from Jesse Knull, a tenant on the farm, and from Daniel Hoppes, a son-in-law of Mrs. Mawson, that the discovery had been made early that morning; that the well had been filled with stones, and that in bailing the water out of it there had been uncovered a pair of human feet. Knull and Hoppes then hastened to the city and telegraphed to Thomas Mawson at Luray, in this State, and also notified the Coroner of their discovery.

It was but a short time before many people from the surrounding neighborhood and from Anderson hurried to the place of the murder. The well in which the body was found was located about fifteen rods south east of the house under an old shed that had been abandoned for some time. It was walled with stones and was quite narrow. It had been covered with loose boards, which had been thrown to one side. A pile of brick and stones lay near by which had been thrown out of the well, and at about eight feet from the top the feet of a corpse could be plainly seen. On the boulders and planks near the mouth of the well the stains of human blood could be noticed, and for a distance of several rods southward across the field frequent indications were found by which it was evident that a dead body had been dragged towards the well. Marks of blood were also visible on stones and bits of wood that lay in the foot-path.

When G. W. Maynard, the Coroner, arrived at the farm, he had the body removed. The decaying remains were gathered up in a sheet, and brought to the surface. It was a sickening, horrible spectacle, and cannot be properly described. The body was in a nude condition, and the flesh was falling from the bones. The front teeth were knocked in, the jaw broken, and the side of the head crushed in. A rope was around the neck. It was developed at the Coroner's inquest, almost to a certainty, that Nancy Mawson, the mother, had gone to Albert's sleeping apartments in the dead hour of night when he was in a sound slumber, and with an axe, had knocked him on the head, killing him instantly. Blood stains were visible on the walls of the room in which he had slept. Mrs. Mawson was in a very depressed condition, and

in her statements before the Coroner, which were interrupted by violent outbursts of weeping, and loud lamentations over the death of her son, whom she called her baby boy, she spoke of the many good qualities of her lost son, and how he had helped her in her lonely widowhood. She said she loved him dearly and truly, and that he was one of the best of boys; that he was always kind and good to her, and had assisted her in the household work, and in turn she had helped him in feeding the stock. She stated that he had never been away from home but a few nights previous to this occurrence, and that he had left home to avoid arrest in consequence of some transactions he had had with a young lady in the neighborhood. Previous to his departure, he had told her that the girl's parents were threatening him with prosecution. She said she had offered him all the money he would need to defend himself in the courts, and told him he could have a thousand dollars for that purpose, if necessary, but he would not stay, and she fitted him up to go away. On the 17th of July, she had provided him with \$143. She sewed the money in a muslin belt which she fastened around his body, and he had left home about sundown, saying that he would go to his brother Thomas, in Henry county, and requested her that she should tell the neighbors that he had gone to Cleveland or Natchez, and possibly to his father's folks in England. Mrs. Mawson said that was the last she had seen of her son, and she had begun to think that he was dead, and had been killed near home, and that she suspected a family in the immediate neighborhood of being the murderers. She did not remember whether her son Thomas was at home on the night of Albert's disappearance, or not.

This story of Mrs. Mawson was disconnected in a good many respects and but little faith was attached to it. The real facts as they afterwards were developed were to the effect that she had had some trouble with her son Thomas, and Mrs. Hoppes, her daughter; that Albert was her youngest child, and that she had doted upon him, and had placed great confidence in him becoming a good and useful man, while her elder son was somewhat reckless, and disposed to be something of a spendthrift. The mother at that time deeded her lands or a portion of them to Albert, intending at her death that he should come into possession of the property that she might leave. In the meantime Albert himself had to some extent grown reckless, and had desired to stray away from home occasionally, and

at one time had entered the service of a railroad company as brakeman on a freight train. This displeased the mother and it is thought the supreme motive which compelled her to commit this horrible crime was to get possession again of the real estate which she had deeded to him. There could hardly have been any other motive for the commission of the act, as he possessed no money or other valuables and she did not want any one else to come into possession of the real estate, and it is said that after deeding away the land that she brooded over what she had done, at times, and that her son Thomas and her son-in-law and daughter harrassed her about it so as to cause her much trouble. Several instances connected with the affair pointed very strongly to Mrs. Mawson as being the guilty party. She told William Fosset, a teamster, who resided in Anderson, and who was hauling wood from her farm to the city the following story:

Fossett testified that about ten days prior to the finding of the body, while he was driving along the Columbus Pike, he met Mrs. Mawson near the residence of one David Pittsford. She halted him in the road and gave him the first information that he had received that Albert was absent. She told how good she had been to him and what she would have done had he remained with her, and then she said that someone had killed him or buried his body in the woods or in a well, and that he would be found some time just as certain as she was looking in Fossett's face. During the conversation she reiterated three or four times her story about the burial of the body, and that it would be found. She was terribly affected and once or twice broke down crying. She also spoke with much levity about other matters and even told Mr. Fossett a joke during the conversation. Suspicion pointed to Thomas Mawson, the brother, as being an accomplice. The Coroner ordered his arrest and Marshal Cornelius Daugherty, of Anderson, accompanied by Mr. Newton Burke, left immediately for Luray, a small town in Henry county, situated between Muncie and New Castle, in which place Thomas Mawson was living.

On entering the village the officers soon ascertained the whereabouts of Mawson, who dwelt in a frame building, a part of which was used as a store. When the Marshal knocked at the door Mawson arose from his bed and asked what he wanted. The Marshal requested him to come down to the door, but he refused and told them to go away. The officers then called him by name, when he swore if they did

not go away he would get a gun and shoot them. At this they withdrew. They then aroused several of the citizens and surrounded the house. When Mawson opened the door to speak to one of his neighbors who called him, he was seized by Mr. Burke, who made a prisoner of him without further resistance. Marshal Daugherty asked him for the trunk of clothes that had been sent him by his mother. He pointed to an old trunk which was found to contain nothing but some old rags. Further search revealed another trunk which contained two pairs of pants and two vests, which Albert's mother said he had worn away with him. Thomas told them that these were Albert's clothes, and that there was also an overcoat hanging on the wall which belonged to his brother. Thomas Mawson was brought to Anderson, placed in jail, and held for further investigation. He was eventually indicted by the Grand Jury of Madison county, and was placed upon trial, being defended by the Hon. Wm. R. Myers and Calvin D. Thompson, Esq., and after a full and complete hearing of the case was acquitted on the plea of an alibi, having proven to the satisfaction of the jury that he was at the home of his father-in-law, John Geddis, in Henry county, on the night of the murder. Suspicion also pointed to Daniel Hoppes, the son-in-law, and Jane Hoppes, the wife, the daughter of Mrs. Mawson, as being accessories to the crime. The Coroner also ordered the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Hoppes. They were promptly taken into custody and arraigned before Mayor Wm. L. Brown for examination. They were also defended by the Hon. Wm. R. Myers and Calvin D. Thompson, Esq., and after a full and impartial hearing, were also acquitted of the crime.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury as to the manner of Albert Mawson's death was substantially as follows: "That on the 21st day of October, 1874, Albert Mawson came to his death by a blow inflicted with an axe or some other hard substance, in the hands of Nancy Mawson, which the jury finds to be the cause of the death of the victim."

The verdict of the jury was signed by the following named gentlemen: Geo. W. Hughel, J. I. Seward, P. J. Carr, John Allen, Caleb Brown, John R. Stephenson, Thomas E. Smith, Geo. W. McGraw, John H. Stanley, and Philip H. Kellar.

This murder created the greatest excitement not only throughout the county but throughout the country. The Cin-

cinnati and Chicago papers had representatives here during the Coroner's investigation and also at the preliminary hearing of the case. Miss Laura Ream represented the Cincinnati *Commercial* in which journal she gave a very full and detailed account of the murder, and the family history of the people supposed to be connected therewith.

During the progress of holding the Coroner's inquest, at the residence of Mrs. Mawson, she very kindly prepared dinner for the Coroner and the jury. Mr. Maynard, the Coroner, from some cause became suspicious that some motive might have prompted the hostess to be so clever, so they excused themselves and did not partake of her hospitality. It was afterward told in the neighborhood that the dinner was given to the dogs and that they died from eating it. Some are of the firm belief that she intended to poison the whole crowd. We do not vouch for the truth of this, but give it as a matter of common rumor at the time.

Mrs. Mawson, after the hearing before the Coroner, was placed under arrest and incarcerated in the old Madison county jail that stood at the corner of Ninth and Jackson streets, to await the action of the Grand Jury. On the 25th of October, however, she put an end to this celebrated case so far as she was personally concerned, and paved the way of escape for others in the crime, by taking her own life with a dose of arsenic. It is almost a certainty that she had contemplated this long before she was placed in jail; perhaps from the time she committed the deed. In consequence of the rumors which had overtaken her as to being one of the guilty parties, she had concluded that this was the best plan of putting an end to it. She had evidently intended to kill herself before arrest, but she did not carry out her purpose until she was placed in confinement. As she had no way of obtaining the poison after being placed in jail, she undoubtedly had it about her when she was put behind the bars. Sheriff Albert J. Ross testified before the Coroner who held the inquest over her remains that on the evening prior to her death he had noticed that she was sick. On going to her cell she told him that she had had a chill and asked for some water to drink. It being supplied to her she drank a copious quantity of it and seemed thereafter to be in great pain, accompanied with severe cramps. She told Mr. Ross that her stomach felt like it was burning up. She ate a hearty breakfast but declined any dinner. As she grew worse the Sheriff called in

Dr. C. S. Burr, but Mrs. Mawson refused positively to take any medicine. Dr. Burr testified that he was called to see Mrs. Mawson and found her very feeble and cold and in a state of great perspiration. Her symptoms indicated poisoning. His opinion was that she had taken arsenic or antimony. Two or three witnesses were examined, among whom were Dr. L. Harriman and Dr. Horace E. Jones, who corroborated the statements made by Dr. C. S. Burr as to her symptoms. After her death a considerable quantity of arsenic was found sewed up in a little bag in one of her dresses, which confirmed the belief of many, as already stated, that she had had under contemplation for some time her own death by suicide.

Mrs. Mawson's body on being removed from the jail was placed in a neat coffin and conveyed to her residence, from which her funeral took place. Her remains were interred in the Bucco cemetery, south of town, and thus ended one of the most fearful and inhuman crimes that was ever committed within the borders of Madison county.

Thomas Mawson, the brother, who was accused of being a party to this crime, is now living, as is also his sister, Mrs. Hoppes, with her husband in Henry county, this State. The real facts of the murder will, perhaps, never be known, Mrs. Mawson having put herself out of the way and her evidence never having been given before any court in defense of herself or against other persons. It has always been thought that had Mrs. Mawson lived until such time as she could have been placed on the witness stand before a court and jury, that she would have finally broken down and told the plain, simple truth, and that if there had been any others implicated with her, she would have revealed that fact. It seems impossible that Mrs. Mawson, as frail as she was, could have killed her son and conveyed his body to its hiding place without help.

The locality in which this crime occurred seems to have been a fated spot, as within sight of the house where Albert Mawson was so brutally murdered is the place, in a small ravine in a little strip of woods, where Milton White, with a large sassafras club, killed Daniel Hoppes, in the year 1867, a full account of which is given in another part of this volume.

Thomas Mawson, and Daniel Hoppes and wife, being the only heirs to the real estate left by Mrs. Mawson and her son, came into possession of the same and all of Mrs. Mawson's

personal effects; they derived but little benefit from it, as it was nearly all absorbed in attorney's fees and court costs in defending themselves from the charges made against them.

Another theory for the commission of the crime, upon which there was considerable testimony adduced at the time, was that Mrs. Mawson seriously objected and feared that her son Albert would marry a Miss Lane, who lived in that neighborhood, and who had instituted criminal proceedings against him, so it was said. One of the witnesses testified that he had heard Mrs. Mawson repeatedly say that Albert was dead, and that she would never see him again, and that she would rather a thousand times that he were dead than to see him marry the Lane girl.

A SUICIDE BY HANGING.

On the 2nd of August, 1891, Allen Stanley, an old bachelor living with William Stanley, his brother, in Anderson, killed himself by hanging. He was found in an out-shed with a rope around his neck, hanging to a beam, stone dead. He was a very peculiar old gentleman, scarcely ever speaking to any one unless being first spoken to, and then simply responding to the question asked. He was a brother of William Stanley, the engineer who had charge of the boilers in the Walton mill when the explosion took place, an account of which is elsewhere given, and was in the mill when the explosion took place. No reason could be given for his desire to take his life, other than a wish to be out of the way of his friends. Having no family, he for many years made his home with his brother, and it is supposed he felt that he was in the way and ended his troubles by ending his life.

THE TRASTER MURDER.

For many years the firm of Traster Brothers, composed of Robert and William Traster, owned and operated the Moss Island Merchant Flouring Mills, west of this city. They did a prosperous and thriving business. Their brand of flour was known far and near. In addition to furnishing all of the Anderson merchants they made large shipments throughout the country.

The Trasters were very popular with the people. Their mills were a favorite place for the surrounding country and city folks to congregate for sport and pastime. The island near the mills was, and is yet, a favorite resort for picnic and

fishing parties. It is no uncommon sight in the summer season to see forty or fifty Anderson fishermen perched upon the old water-gates, like turtles on a log, fishing from morning until night.

The Trasters had in their employ, as teamster, a young man by the name of Granville Dale, a good-natured inoffensive fellow, intelligent and industrious, given a little to drink, but not sufficient to in any way interfere with his duties. He was a "trusty" for the firm, had care of the teams and did all of the chores. He often came to town with loads of "mill stuff," and returned with the cash proceeds. One Sunday morning, on a bright April day in 1867, a party of Andersonians, consisting of ex-Sheriff Ben Sebrell, Captain Ethan Allen, R. C. Reed, with others whose names are not now remembered, all friends of the Trasters, started for Moss Island for a day of fun and fishing and a good dinner at the miller's homestead. Fishing tackle, canteens and other accoutrements necessary for such an expedition, were in ample store; in fact the party was well fixed for a day's sport. A merrier lot of good fellows never left Anderson, nor one that was more capable of enjoying such an occasion.

Ben Sebrell was the master of ceremonies. He was a brother-in-law of the Traster boys and was one of those big-hearted men, full of life; did not care which way the wind blew and was always ready for a "time." The journey to the mill was soon made; the fishing party assembled on the bank of the river and business set in. Jokes and stories went the rounds, and an occasional whiff at the canteen was indulged in, until the party became quite merry. At last a tap on the dinner bell announced a repast for the party. They packed their tackle in response to the cry, "Come to dinner." On their way to the house the party halted at the barn. The canteen was again passed around. Dale, the teamster, was attending to the horses. A slight misunderstanding came up between him and William Traster. Angry words followed. Finally Traster made some move toward chastising Dale, when the latter stooped to the ground, picked up a rock the size and shape of a goose egg, hurled it at Traster, and hitting him on the head, felled him to the ground never to rise again. It flashed across Dale's mind in a minute that, in a rash moment, frenzied with drink, he had killed his employer and best friend. The fishing party was summoned to the scene. Traster's body was taken to the house and every means re-

sorted to to bring him back to life, but all proved of no avail. Thus the party was abruptly broken up. The Coroner was notified and an inquest was held, and a finding made in accordance with the facts. Dale gave himself up to the Sheriff. He was incarcerated in the Madison county jail until court convened, when he was indicted by the Grand Jury, tried and convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Northern Indiana Prison at Michigan City, where he served his time. After the expiration of his sentence he went to Indianapolis, where he was for many years a cab-driver. He never returned to Anderson. He never made any pretensions to deny his guilt, but spoke of it with regret. The man he killed was his best friend and had given him employment, for all of which he felt grateful. They were both under the influence of liquor at the time. Traster was a large, muscular man. Dale was small and delicate and feared that if Traster got hold of him his life would be in danger; hence his resort to the stone. He had no idea of killing Traster.

The stone he used was for many years kept in the Clerk's office, with many other relics of early-day tragedies, but was destroyed by fire when the court house burned in 1880. The killing of William naturally broke up the business of the Traster Brothers. He was the sturdy wheel-horse of the firm. When he was gone the business soon went down. The old mill stands there, a silent witness to the many scenes of joy and sorrow which have taken place on that famous retreat, Moss Island.

A HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

On the 24th of January, 1882, the citizens of Anderson, in the neighborhood of the old Mary Croak residence, on South Meridian street, situated on the ground now occupied by W. W. Read & Co.'s wholesale grocery store, were horrified to find that David Englefield, a German bachelor, about forty years of age, had cut his throat in the basement of that building, which he used as a shoemaker shop.

He was alone at the time, and no one knows just how long he had been lying in his own blood before he was discovered, which was about half-past 5 o'clock in the morning.

The family of Mrs. Mary Croak, who occupied the floors above his room, heard him making an unusual noise and went down to ascertain the cause, when they were horrified to find him in this condition.

Captain Amos Coburn was then City Marshal, and was called in, when he had him removed to a place where he could be cared for, and a physician was called. It was ascertained that he had taken a shoe knife, and, at one "slash," had cut his throat from ear to ear, almost severing his wind pipe. He was very fleshy, and the wound presented very much the appearance of a hog that had been butchered and hung upon the "gamling sticks."

The sight was a most sickening one, and will linger long in the memories of those who beheld it. Dave was an inoffensive, good-hearted German, who followed "cobbling" for his living, and always had his shop in some basement or cellar, seldom ever coming out, only to buy some eatables, he having always done his own cooking.

His habits of living under the ground gave him the name of "Ground Hog Dave," by which he went by the people who knew him. There were few people in town who knew his real name at all.

He had no relatives in this part of the country except a brother at Logansport, who was said to be well fixed in life.

Despondency and ill health from his long life in damp cellars was the cause of his rash act.

He evidently aimed to make good work of his attempt at self destruction, as he left lying on his work bench the following note:

"My sickness is getting worse, so I do not wish to live longer.

"DAVID ENGLEFIELD."

The doctors sewed up his wounds and he was removed to the poor farm, where he was kindly cared for until he recovered, and then he was sent to his friends, and is, in all probability, living yet.

This was one of the most wonderful cases on record, where a person had so nearly cut his head off, and was then brought back to life. All of the older people of Anderson well remember "Ground Hog Dave."

SUICIDE OF ELIAS SKINNER.

Elias Skinner, who was well known to many of the older citizens of Anderson, committed suicide at the Pan Handle Hotel, on the 25th of December, 1894, by taking poison. It is said that troubles of a domestic nature caused him to commit the act. He was a rather good-natured, inoffensive man,

who had no known enemies in the world, and seemed to have a disposition to get along in the world as well and cheerfully as possible. His wife was Miss Emma Hixon, a daughter of Matthew Hixon, who formerly lived in Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner had been separated some time prior to this occurrence, and it is said he had taken to strong drink after the separation, and undoubtedly grew melancholy, and while laboring under this condition took his own life.

KILLING OF MRS. ALVIN VINEYARD.

Mrs. Vineyard, the wife of Alvin Vineyard, was instantly killed at Florida, in LaFayette township, on the 6th of April, 1894. She had been to the village doing some shopping, and in attempting to cross the railroad track, coming from behind a building, which obstructed the view along the railway, she did not see an approaching train, which was running very fast, and being unconscious of its approach, walked immediately in front of it, thus meeting instant death. Her body was thrown a considerable distance, receiving such injuries as caused her death. Mrs. Vineyard was a very estimable lady, well known in the neighborhood in which she lived as well as among the people in Anderson.

SUICIDE OF ELIJAH J. WALDEN.

For many years Elijah Walden was one of the prominent figures in Madison county. He was a large dealer in grain, lumber and merchandise for a number of years, and at different times was associated with other leading men, notably, A. J. Brunt. He and Mr. Brunt carried on the largest lumbering establishment in Madison county; they had their yards near the Pan Handle railroad station.

Mr. Walden was, during his earlier life, one of the best fixed men, financially, in Anderson, and in his day was the owner of much valuable real estate. He was twice elected to the office of trustee for Anderson township, and on several occasions was prominently spoken of in connection with the County Treasury. Later on in life he became involved in speculations to such an extent that it was the cause of his financial downfall and finally of his death. On the 25th of June, 1885, Mr. Walden visited Indianapolis for the purpose of having an interview with his daughter, who lived in that city and whom he desired to see for the purpose of securing from her help in his financial troubles. When he reached the city he

became disheartened and went to the Bates House, where he addressed a letter to his family at Anderson in which he said that he could not bear the idea of asking his daughter for relief, intimating at the same time that he intended to commit the rash act which he afterwards carried out. On the same evening he returned to the city and went to his home on South Fletcher street, where he immediately retired, after taking a large dose of morphine. His family did not realize what had happened until it was too late for medical relief to do him any good. The wife was at first attracted by his heavy breathing and attempted to arouse him, but without success. Dr. G. F. Chittenden and other physicians were immediately summoned and did everything known to medical skill, but without avail. Mr. Walden breathed his last at 1 p. m. on that night. He left a wife, two estimable daughters, and one son, who yet survive him. His two daughters, who are married, reside in Indianapolis; his wife and only son, Robert, are yet residents of Anderson. Mr. Walden was a prominent Mason, being a member of Anderson Commandery of Knights Templar, which organization took charge of his remains and buried them in the Anderson cemetery with all the honors of the order. He was a man of good habits and was generally and socially liked by every one in the community. He was very secretive in his disposition as to his business affairs and no one in the city realized that they were in as bad a condition as they were.

SUICIDE OF MISS EVA PIPER.

On the 28th of November, 1890, Miss Eva Piper, a domestic in the family of John S. Davis, in Anderson, committed suicide by hanging herself in an out building on the premises. She was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Piper, who lived near Pendleton, but for several years had been a member of the household of the Davis family, who esteemed her very highly. The cause of her rash act was said to have been the result of disappointment in a love affair. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were very much affected over the affair, as well as the relatives and friends of the unfortunate girl.

SUICIDE OF FRED. W. IRWIN.

On Saturday morning, May 18, 1895, a handsome, well-dressed stranger, threw the population of Anderson into a fever of excitement by committing suicide.

He entered East's hardware store and selecting one of

the best revolvers in stock, loaded it carefully, and muttering, "I believe this would kill a bull dog," placed the muzzle to his right temple and ended his existence by sending a bullet through his brains.

With not a clue to work on as to his identity, he left the officers in a difficulty. His act, though rash, had been deliberate, and it was evidently his ambition in his last moments to occupy an unknown grave. He had, with a foresight seldom exhibited in these cases, in his endeavor to erase all clue, not only destroyed his personal effects, including papers and letters, but he had gone so far as to cut his laundry mark off of his collar, cuffs, and shirt, then going to his room completing the work by cutting the marks out of his soiled laundry, as well as destroying all that came under his notice.

His work was complete, and when he entered the hardware store, giving the impression that he wished to buy a revolver, there was not a thing on his person that bore any clew as to who he was or where he came from.

Baffled in this manner, there was but one thing to do. As an unknown he was placed before the public, and at least 4,000 people looked on his features for identification.

He was finally identified by a traveling man named Ferguson, as Fred. W. Irwin, an employe of Dadge, Andrews & Co., of Columbus, Ohio, who were communicated with.

There was no apparent reason why he should quit the company, and Mr. Dadge was thunderstruck at the announcement of his death.

Irwin came to Anderson and put up at the Big Four Hotel. He did not register, and did not say what his name was. He talked to Walter Teal, but simply alluded to Columbus, Ohio, being his old home, in speaking of Sell's circus wintering there.

His widowed mother and sister came and claimed his remains and took them to Columbus, Ohio, for burial. The young men of Anderson turned out to escort them to the station, having six pall bearers and a large procession on foot.

SUICIDE OF GEORGE BUNGER.

George Bunger, a shoemaker, committed suicide in an out-building near the Pan Handle freight depot in Anderson, on the 15th of June, 1896. He was a harmless, good-natured

fellow, who made his headquarters in Geo. Hettel's shoe store for several years, and came with that gentleman from Lafayette, Indiana, to Anderson, about the year 1887.

He had been drinking for several days previous to his death, and is supposed to have been in a fit of melancholy when he committed the deed. Disappointment in a love affair in his younger days is said to have borne heavily upon his mind and caused him to drink to excess at times. His relatives at his old home came and claimed his remains and removed them thence for burial, after an inquest had been held by Coroner Sells.

It is said the young lady to whom he was at one time engaged to be married is now an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Indianapolis.

A PECULIARLY SAD SUICIDE.

Dallas McCallister, son of James McCallister, and brother of Robert McCallister, committed suicide at 3:30 o'clock p. m., April 11, 1893, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. He was formerly employed as driver for the American Express Company, and was of a jolly disposition.

The cause that led McCallister to commit the act is stated as follows:

J. C. Clark, special agent of the American Express Company, had been in Anderson several days. The result of an investigation showed that McCallister was short \$950 with the company.

A warrant was placed in Patrolman Rodgers' hands, who, meeting young McCallister at the door of the Griffith House, began to read the writ, when the young man drew a revolver and fired, the ball entering his forehead.

He fell to the sidewalk, the brains oozing from the wound. He died almost instantly, and was removed to the home of his parents, where an inquest was held by Coroner C. L. Armington. Young McCallister's funeral was one of the largest ever in Anderson.

It is not only the opinion of the writers, but of a large majority of the people of Anderson, that McCallister was the victim of a conspiracy—that some one else was the rogue, and that the young man had a confession wrung out of him under promise of protection, after which he was betrayed. When

he saw he was trapped he was too proud to be placed in a felon's cell, and deliberately took his life in the presence of the officer who made the arrest. He had been employed by many people in Anderson at different times, and had always borne a good name.

TRAGIC DEATH OF DOTE M'CULLOUGH.

"Dote" McCullough, a desperate character, met with a tragic death in Welsh's saloon on North Main street, in Anderson, May 26, 1894.

He attempted to kill young Dora Welsh, but failed, and in self-defense the latter sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

About half past nine o'clock in the evening a young man by the name of Paxon, and Laura Skidmore, a woman of the town, went to Welsh's saloon, on North Main street, and entered the wine rooms.

While they were in the rooms "Dote" McCullough came in the back way and entered the wine room. He had been a lover of the Skidmore woman, and was in a jealous frenzy when he entered the place. He began to threaten Paxon and the woman, when Welsh entered. The latter told McCullough he would either have to behave himself or get out. McCullough was a stranger to Welsh and he retorted by making some threat. McCullough then passed out, and in about five minutes entered the room again. He had a revolver in his hand, and when he saw Welsh standing a few feet away he leveled the gun at him and swore he would kill him.

Welsh jumped toward McCullough and struck his arm. The blow lowered the weapon, and, as it was discharged, the bullet passed through the fleshy part of Welsh's left thigh. Welsh and McCullough then grappled and the latter attempted to use his gun again. Welsh in the meantime had got out his revolver, and, breaking away, brought it down, and sent the ball crashing through McCullough's head.

McCullough never spoke after the shot. Welsh picked up the smoking weapon of his antagonist, and passed into the saloon and laid it and his own pistol on the bar.

Policemen Robbins and Smith attracted by the shooting rushed in and placed Welsh under arrest. He was taken to jail and the ambulance was called. Coroner Armington was

also notified. He came and viewed the body and ordered it taken to Sells' undertaking establishment.

After an inquest his body was taken to Oxford, Ohio, for burial.

The firm of Diven & McMahan was retained to defend young Welsh.

Welsh was acquitted at the preliminary trial on the grounds of self-defense.

CHAPTER LV.

WHICH GIVES SOME ACCOUNT OF A NUMBER OF FATAL HAPPENINGS.

DEATH OF MOSES TREADWAY.

Moses Treadway was an old and highly respected citizen who was one of the early settlers of Madison county, on a farm north-east of Anderson, now owned by Robert C. Shepherd, who is the son-in-law of Mr. Treadway. He was an honest, upright old gentleman, and had a host of friends in Anderson and vicinity. He was unpretentious in his manners and always prided himself on being prompt in paying an honest debt. He was a thorough type of the early settlers of this county, and in his unfortunate taking off was removed one of the landmarks of this community.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th of June, 1873, Mr. Treadway, while on his way home in a wagon, his horses became frightened as he was crossing a bridge over the hydraulic canal, a few rods from the Samuel Myers' ford, east of White river. At this place he met a man employed on the Myers farm, who was driving a yoke of oxen attached to a cart. The horses, unaccustomed to such a sight, became excited and, after passing the oxen, started to run away. Mr. Treadway was unable to control them, and when they had run about thirty rods they turned square off from the road and up-set the wagon. It is supposed that Mr. Treadway was thrown out as the wagon up-set, and that one of the wheels struck him in the forehead, fracturing his skull and producing instant death. His feet were entangled in the lines and his body was dragged quite a distance before the horses stopped. Some boys who were fishing in the river near by saw the team running away and hastened to the spot and found the old gentleman dead and bleeding profusely from his wounds. The driver of the ox-cart was prevented from seeing the accident because he had passed by a large rick of wood on the side of the road and this shut out the view of the scene.

Mr. Treadway was born in Knox county, Tennessee, in

1809. He moved with his family to Virginia, and from that State to Ohio, and from there he immigrated to Madison county, in the year 1832. This county was then almost a wilderness, and Mr. Treadway was quite a young man, and, being industrious and frugal, had sufficient means to pre-empt the land that he owned when he died. He made this place his home until the time of his death. His wife died in the year 1848, leaving Mr. Treadway with one child, a daughter, now the wife of Robert C. Shepherd. He was a man of strong mind and possessed of more than average intelligence. He kept himself posted on current events and wrote a most excellent hand. In politics he was a sterling Democrat, and yet his mind was of a liberal cast and he could see and appreciate the good qualities of his opponents and the faults of his political friends. His remains were interred in the Stover graveyard, near Prosperity, where they are now sleeping the sleep of the just.

KILLING OF ROLLA FRANKLIN.

Rolla Franklin was a young man who was born and reared in Anderson, being a son of Rev. Joseph Franklin, formerly pastor of the Christian Church. Young Franklin had left Anderson and gone to Veedersburg, where he was employed in the heading factory of W. H. Coleman, of that place. On the 22d of May, 1888, while engaged at his work in the factory, a pulley on a shaft bursted and a piece of the metal struck Franklin, who was at the time working at one of the circular saws. It struck him on the neck, almost severing his head from the body and killing him instantly. The body was taken to his boarding place, where it was cared for by the proprietor of the mill, and young Franklin's friends and relatives in Anderson were notified of the occurrence. He was a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias, who took charge of his remains. After the Coroner's inquest had been held they were removed to Anderson and were taken to his home. The Anderson Lodge of Knights of Pythias met the remains at the depot and escorted them to the family residence on Ohio avenue. The funeral obsequies were conducted under the auspices of the Anderson Lodge and took place at the Christian Church, Rev. W. H. Ziegler officiating. His body was interred in the Anderson cemetery. He was a young man universally respected and his parents were old and influential citizens of the community.

KILLING OF EDWARD POMEROY.

Edward Pomeroy, a brakeman on the Midland Railroad, met a horrible death on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1889, by being run over by a locomotive. Pomeroy had taken a position on the pilot of the passenger engine, and in getting off to open a switch he stepped between the guard and the main rail, catching his foot in such a manner as to hold him a prisoner until the wheels of the locomotive had passed over his body. His left foot was crushed to a shapeless mass. The right leg was taken off at the hip, while his right arm was mashed to a pulp. In this mangled condition he lived until noon of the next day. He retained his consciousness until his eyes were closed in death. Drs. Hunt and Preston were called to attend to his injuries, but at once pronounced them fatal. He was twenty-two years old and unmarried. His home was at Lebanon, but while in this city he boarded with William Childers, on South Meridian street. Rev. C. G. Hudson attended him in his last moments until death relieved him of his sufferings.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

D. M. Williams, a carpenter, was found dead in his bed, two and a half miles south of Anderson, on the 4th of June, 1890. He had worked hard all day, and went to bed in seemingly good health. In the morning his wife got up and had gone to the barn to do the milking. Her husband was awake at the time she left, and he chatted with her. When she returned to prepare the breakfast she did not go to the bed-chamber at once, but when she was ready to call her husband for his meal she found that he was dead. His body was still warm, and he had evidently died while she was near him, unconscious of the fact. Coroner Armington held an inquest and returned a verdict of death from heart failure. He left a wife and five children. He was an honest, industrious and hard-working man, and well respected by the community.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

John R. Reed, an employe in Ralya's heading factory, which was once situated near the crossing of the Pan Handle and Big Four Railroads, in Anderson, met with a horrible death, on Thursday, the 23d of November, 1882, while running a cut-off saw in that establishment. One of the belts which ran the

saw slipped off the pulley, and Mr. Reed attempted to put it on, when it began to coil about his head, causing him to step backward to get out of its way. The saw was about ten feet distant from where he was attempting to replace the belt. In stepping backward he stumbled over a pile of rubbish which had accumulated there and fell against the saw with his arm, which was severed from the body. He was also drawn over the saw, cutting him in several places, running diagonally from under the right shoulder through his breast, and also nearly severing his head from his body. He was thrown into the air above the saw and came down upon it again, cutting another terrible gash through his body, just below the pit of the stomach. He was left almost nude, and presented a ghastly spectacle as he lay on the ground, mangled and bleeding.

Mr. Reed was about thirty-five years old. He left a wife and three children to mourn his loss. He had removed from Frankton to Anderson but a short time before the accident occurred.

BURNED TO DEATH.

On the night of the 4th of June, 1890, the stable owned by Patrick Croke, near the Big Four railroad, in the neighborhood of the crossing of Meridian street, was discovered to be on fire. The department was called out, but too late to save the building from the flames.

During the progress of the fire it was discovered that Daniel C. Croke, a boy about ten years of age, a son of Patrick Croke, the owner of the stable, was in the building and his body was burned to a crisp before he could be removed.

Thomas and Patrick Croke were brothers, and at that time were dealers in "junk" and used the stable as a warehouse. The boy and his parents did not live agreeably together, and he was sleeping in the stable. How the fire originated is not known, but by some it was supposed to be spontaneous combustion from old rags piled up in the building. Coroner Armington held the inquest.

KILLED BY FALLING FROM A TREE.

On the 31st of October, 1890, Andrew J. Gustin, an old man of the age of 67 years, fell from a tree at the residence of George Kline at the corner of Meridian and Fifth streets, in Anderson, and was instantly killed. He and his son-in-law,

a Mr. Wigner, were pruning trees for Mr. Kline. The old man had gone up into the tree-top to cut out the limbs while Wigner stood below to carry them away. Mr. Gustin missed his footing and fell to the ground, breaking his neck. He died almost instantly. Coroner Armington was called, and held an inquest merely as a matter of form and the old gentleman was taken to his home where kind hands laid beautiful flowers on his bier. Mr. Gustin was a man well liked by all who knew him, and was honest in his dealings with his fellow-man.

KILLED BY AN ENGINE.

On the morning of March 24, 1891, Lizzie Bond, a young lady twenty years of age, who was employed by The J. W. Sefton Company at the "Butter-dish" factory, was on her way to her day's labor with her dinner pail on her arm, as merry as the lark in the field, when, without a moment's warning, she was ushered into eternity, by being run over by an engine on the Michigan division of the Big Four railway, at the crossing of Twelfth street. Her remains were immediately removed to an adjoining house, and Coroner Armington called and an inquest held, after which she was removed to the home of her parents. She was a bright young lady, well respected by her co-laborers, as well as a large circle of friends. Her parents were poor and her sad death overcame them. The place where this event transpired is a veritable death trap, and it is only a wonder that more fatalities have not taken place there.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF J. E. HIGGINS.

A most horrible occurrence took place in Anderson on the night of September 23rd, 1893, in which J. E. Higgins was burned to death. He was a roomer in the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt on West Eighth street, while his wife was away visiting friends. In some manner the house caught fire in the room where he was sleeping, and was destroyed, burning Mr. Higgins into a crisp. It is supposed he was reading by a light and perhaps had been smoking and had fallen asleep and the bed clothing took fire.

Mr. Higgins was a man of excellent habits, a salesman in the Lion Store, and well liked by all who knew him.

Mrs. Pratt, who owned the property, was the widow of the late Asa Pratt, Esq. The property was fully insured.

A FATAL RIDE.

Sherman Eastman was one of the young business men of Anderson, who came here after the finding of natural gas, and was employed as bookkeeper by the Indiana Box Company. He was popular with his employers as well as the general public. He was the son of H. O. Eastman, who was for many years road-master of the "Bee Line" railroad system, and a brother to Charles and Ruby Eastman of the Anderson Glass Company. He came to Anderson from Union City, his native town, having been born there, and where his parents yet reside.

On the evening of December 28, 1895, as he was coming from North Anderson, his home, to do some shopping for the family, as he reached the east side of the public square, he attempted to alight from the car without stopping it. It was on a very sleety night, and in dismounting his feet went from under him, and he fell backward under the rear car that was used as a "trailer," and had his head nearly severed from his body by the car passing over him.

His body was taken into the drug store of Cassel Bros. on the east side and medical aid summoned, but life was extinct before the physician arrived.

His brothers and his family were notified and his remains were taken to his home and afterwards to Union City for interment.

Mr. Eastman left a young wife and a small family to mourn his untimely death, besides several brothers and relatives who were much attached to him. During his stay in Anderson he was highly esteemed by the business men, among whom his acquaintance mostly consisted, as he was unpretentious and made no effort to be prominent in society, choosing rather to attend strictly to business and spend his leisure moments with his family. The young business men of Anderson missed him greatly and felt the loss quite severely.

BOY DROWNED IN A CISTERN.

A distressing accident occurred in the family of George Houk on the 19th of November, 1888, by which a son, a boy of four years of age, was drowned in a cistern. Mr. Houk lived on what has for many years been known as the Gunder farm, north-east of Anderson, on the Chesterfield road, near the residence of James Larrimore, where the accident occurred.

There was no covering over the cistern, but a few loose boards lay near its mouth. The supposition was that the little boy had been playing around in proximity to the cistern, and had fallen in by stepping on a loose board. His mother soon missed him and after searching the premises went to the cistern. She saw that the boards had been removed, and on looking down was horrified to behold the body of her little son floating in the water. He was at once removed, but life was extinct. His remains were interred in the Anderson cemetery on the following Tuesday. He was a very bright boy, and the sudden and tragic death caused a gloom in the homes of the surrounding neighbors and friends.

A BOY DROWNED.

On the 21st of June, 1881, James Finan, a little lad of seven or eight years of age, met his death by being drowned in the fatal swimming hole near the Pan Handle railroad bridge near Anderson. He was in company with William and Peter Kellar, sons of Phillip Kellar, who at that time kept a restaurant on south Main street. They were boys about Finan's age or perhaps a little older. This was at that time a favorite spot for the boys to congregate and swim; although many accidents had happened there, it did not seem to deter the lads from risking their lives in this fatal place. The boy jumped from the bridge and dived into the deep water below, and did not again appear. This soon alarmed his companions and little "Pete" Kellar, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the river to rescue his little friend, while William ran down the bank of the stream, screaming for help. This attracted the attention of Daniel Knotts and James Hanson, who were gunning along the river near by. They hastened to the scene, but too late to render any assistance, as young Finnan was dead before they reached the place. Little "Pete," hero that he was, did more than many men of mature years would have done. He grappled Finan and came very nearly getting him out, but had not sufficient strength to take him ashore. Every one of Anderson's older citizens remembers "Pete" Kellar. Although his surroundings were not the best, he was in all a manly little boy, and never knew what the word fear meant. He was as brave as a lion and would face death for a friend in time of peril. This was a heart-rending affair for the parents of young Finan, who yet live in Anderson, and mourn the loss of their little one. The

Kellars live in Chicago, and little "Pete" is now a man and is said to be a useful and respected citizen. Thomas Finan, the father of the unfortunate boy, has for a long while been employed by the American Wire Nail Company.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

For many years after the building of the Pan Handle railway through the city of Anderson, there was a large strip of vacant ground lying directly west of the railroad and south of Tenth street, a portion of which had formerly been used as a Catholic burying ground. In making the heavy fill for the railroad bed it was necessary to take out a large amount of gravel and earth from along this strip of ground. The Catholics in the meantime removed their cemetery to the present site south of the city. The locality above spoken of was for many years inhabited by a class of people who did not own real estate but had merely "squatted" there and built their little shanties and small frame houses in which they lived, being tolerated by the indulgence of the railroad company and others who owned the property in that vicinity. It was known as "Happy Hollow," and by some people it was called "No Man's Land," because no person living there had any title to the real estate. Among others who dwelt in that neighborhood was an old lady of the name of Johanna O'Connor, a widow who had living with her a deaf and dumb sister and a small girl of the name of Hannah Dunn, who helped about the household work and did little chores for Mrs. O'Connor.

On the 3d of August, 1877, little Hannah was ordered by Mrs. O'Connor to light the fire for the purpose of preparing a meal. The child at once obeyed and hastened to the stove, and in making preparations to light the fire, picked up a two-gallon can of coal oil and began pouring it upon the wood in the stove, until she had emptied nearly half of the can. It seems that there were slumbering in the bottom of the stove some burning embers. When the coal oil came in contact with this it at once ignited and communicated with the can in her hand which exploded. The flames blazed furiously up into her face setting fire to her clothing, and in almost an instant she was burned to a crisp. It was with great effort that Mrs. O'Connor saved her house from being destroyed, but nothing could be done to rescue the little child. She screamed loudly and made a great struggle to save herself, but

with no avail. Her screams could be heard for squares around. It was a most horrible sight to see her little body reduced to ashes. She was an orphan and for this reason the instance was regarded as more pitiable. Her remains were taken in charge by the neighbors and interred in the Catholic cemetery south of the city.

KILLING OF MARTIN ROGERS.

On Thursday, the 16th of March, 1876, as the gravel train on the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis Railroad, now known as the Midland, was going to unload some gravel in ballasting the roadway, an accident occurred just east of the crossing which resulted in the death of Martin Rogers, one of the laborers on the road. Rogers was sitting on the side of a flat car, his legs hanging over the edge. As the train neared the fence, which was built up close to the side of the track, there was not sufficient space between the ends of the rails and the side of the car to permit his legs to pass in safety. Rogers attempted to hold them up above the fence until the car passed by, but as he did not raise them sufficiently high his feet were caught in the rails and he was dragged off. In falling he was thrown under the wheels and his arm and side horribly mangled. His head was severely cut and bruised; besides, he received internal injuries.

The train was stopped and the unfortunate man taken up and brought back to his boarding-house, where he lay in great suffering until two o'clock the next morning, when death came to his relief. He was attended in his last moments by Rev. Father Crawley.

Rogers came to Anderson from Peoria, Illinois. He was a single man and had a brother living in New York. He had no friends in this part of the country and was employed by Burnett Brothers, railroad contractors, who did everything in their power to alleviate his sufferings, and when Death had taken his victim they also met the funeral expenses, for which kindly act they won the plaudits of the public.

This was the first fatal accident that happened on this railroad.

DROWNING OF JOHN CRAWLEY.

John Crawley, who was a son of Michael Crawley, brother of the Rev. Father J. B. Crawley, for many years pastor of the Catholic church of Anderson, was drowned

while bathing in White river, near the Pan Handle railroad bridge, on the 25th of July, 1883. He had gone to the place with John Lavery and Eugene Metcalf for the purpose of enjoying a swim, this being a favorite place of resort for the Anderson youth. The lad got beyond his depth, and is supposed to have been seized with cramps, and being unable to extricate himself, gave the alarm to his companions, who did all in their power to rescue him but without success. A large crowd soon gathered upon the bank, having been attracted by the cries of the boys who were in company with the unfortunate young man. A search was immediately commenced for the recovery of the body when, it was rescued by Robert Striker, near the spot where it had gone down, having been in the water nearly an hour.

The young lad was about fifteen years of age. An inquest was held by the Coroner, William A. Hunt, and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered.

Young Crawley had for several years made his home with his uncle, Father Crawley, who was very much attached to him, and was deeply affected by his sad ending. It had been Father Crawley's intention to send his nephew to St. Mary's college, Kansas, and give him a good education.

The funeral services took place from St. Mary's church, after which the remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

KILLING OF SIMEON GOODING.

During the fair held at Anderson in 1874, on Friday, the last day of the exhibition, Simeon Gooding and wife and two grand-children were returning home when they met with an accident which was the cause of Mr. Gooding losing his life.

They were driving a span of small mules attached to a common road wagon. After crossing Whiting's ford on White river, and while they were in the act of ascending a steep hill at that point, the team, from exhaustion, came to a stand-still, and the wagon started backwards and was overturned in a ravine by the side of the road.

Gooding jumped clear of the wagon and fell heavily in the road. Mrs. Gooding threw one of the children out, and, with the other in her arms, jumped, and as the wagon turned over it fell heavily upon them.

Mr. Gooding was resuscitated after considerable effort, and with the help of friends, who soon arrived, he was removed to a house in the neighborhood, where he died before

medical aid could be procured. He was about forty-eight years of age, and well known in the township where he resided.

SUDDEN DEATH OF W. H. FERGUSON.

During the summer of 1890 William H. Ferguson was a familiar character in Anderson and the vicinity, by reason of his having a contract and of superintending the work of constructing the extension of the C. W. & M. Railway to Rushville. He was a boarder at the Griffith House, where he met his death, and was well liked by all those who made his acquaintance. He was seemingly in the best of health until a few moments before his taking off, which occurred about 10 o'clock on the 5th of September, at which time he was stricken with apoplexy. The only indication of illness that he gave out was that he complained to his bookkeeper, a Mr. McGinty, of feeling a depression about his heart. He passed Mr. McGinty's room and laid down upon a bed and then requested that a physician be summoned. Dr. M. V. Hunt responded, but on entering the room he found Ferguson in the throes of death and past all medical aid. Ferguson's brother and wife were at Evansville at the time, where they lived, and were notified of his death. On their arrival the remains were taken to his home for interment. He was a man about forty years of age, and left an interesting family to mourn his loss.

A HORRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION.

At about the hour of nine o'clock on the morning of October 19, 1889, when the busy wheels of industry had just begun to move in the many factories of Anderson, a terrific sound broke out on the balmy atmosphere, as if the whole city had been blown up by some awful explosive. People ran out of their houses to see, if possible, what had happened. It was but a short time until word was received at fire headquarters, that R. J. Walton & Co's. saw mills had exploded their boilers, and that several men had been killed. Terrible excitement prevailed in all parts of the city. From nearly every quarter of the city, men were employed in the mill. Men, women and children, hurried to the scene to see if some loved one had been killed or wounded. When the dust and smoke had sufficiently cleared away a rescuing party commenced the task of removing the dead and wounded. It was soon ascertained that Horace Kuhns, an employe, was

killed, having his skull crushed by falling timber; Walter Mingle, the swayer, was horribly hurt, having his skull fractured; Allen Stanley, a bystander, was slightly injured; William Rumler, of Ovid, a customer of the mill, was injured about the head and shoulders; Samuel Cooke, an employe was hurt somewhat, and several others about the mill received more or less shaking up. Mr. R. J. Walton, one of the proprietors, was standing just outside of the mill talking to a customer when the explosion took place; the flying timbers and a part of the boiler went over his head, and his escape was certainly providential. William Stanley, the engineer, was standing inside the mill near the boilers when they went out, and how he escaped from being instantly killed is unexplainable. As it was, Stanley was only slightly shocked, and received no serious wounds. The mill was a complete wreck. It was simply wiped from the face of the earth, with hardly a thing left to tell where it stood. The cause of the explosion has always been a mystery to those who were in charge of it, as the engineer is certain that he had plenty of water in the boilers. He was a sober, competent man, and had run the engine steadily for six years prior to the accident, and was noted for never being absent from his post of duty. The mill was the property of Robert J. Walton and John L. Forkner, doing business under the name of R. J. Walton & Co. The loss was complete as they had no insurance against explosions.

This was one of the most horrible explosions that ever occurred in Anderson. The boiler was thrown two hundred yards from the mill, and the frame work was scattered in all directions. The mill was immediately rebuilt and was operated on the spot of the fatal accident until it was sold to T. J. Riggs & Co., and removed to Logansport, Indiana.

Kuhns, who was killed, was a married man about twenty-five years of age, and left a widow and one child.

THE SAD DEATH OF J. E. D. SMITH.

James E. D. Smith, who was for many years a resident of Madison county, met an untimely death near the village of Hamilton, in Jackson township, on the 14th of October, 1864. He was engaged in hauling logs to the sawmill at Anderson, and while loading one on a wagon the ropes in some manner slipped or gave way, and the log rolled back, catching him beneath it and instantly killing him.

He was a worthy citizen of Anderson, and was at one time the partner of his brother-in-law, Mr. Nathan Armstrong, in contracting. His widow is yet living in Anderson, with her daughter, Mrs. R. P. Grimes.

Mrs. Smith, the widow of the deceased, was the daughter of the late Benj. Walker, a prominent and old-time resident of Madison county, who for many years prior to his removal to Anderson, resided in Richland township.

The death of Mr. Smith caused unusual regret in Anderson and wherever he was known.

He built the palatial home now occupied by the Hon. John H. Terhune, on West Eighth street, where he resided with his interesting family at the time of his death.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

On the morning of June 19, 1868, Pryor Shaul, a young unmarried man who lived with his mother on the farm now owned by the McCulloughs, about three miles southwest of Anderson, was going into the field to plow corn, riding a horse with harness on. It was almost a cloudless day; the sun was shining brightly, and he was thinking, no doubt, of anything else but being suddenly called to his account, when in the twinkling of an eye a sudden flash of lightning knocked him and his horse to the ground, killing them both instantly.

The occurrence caused great commotion in the surrounding neighborhood, and was considered a strange freak of nature, from the fact that it was on a clear day, and no report was heard of the explosion for any distance around. Had the horse not been killed it would have been thought that young Shaul had come to his death from some other cause.

It happened in a field in the neighborhood of the large brick house standing on the McCullough farm, near the Big Four railroad, and was pointed out for many years as the fatal spot where Mr. Shaul so suddenly lost his life.

KILLING OF JOHN WALLACE.

A most distressing accident occurred on the farm of J. H. Stanley on the 9th of July, in the year 1865, whereby John Wallace, an Anderson boy about seventeen years of age, was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of Patrick McGraw, an engineer on the Bee Line railroad. Young Wallace was in company with McGraw and Thomas McGord, a fireman on the same road, hunting. When on the

farm of J. H. Stanley, near the river, the party scared up a muskrat, and, in attempting to get a shot at it, McGraw having his gun in a horizontal position, with the muzzle in front of him, it was discharged prematurely, the contents taking effect in Wallace's back, killing him instantly. The gun lock caught on a grapevine, and both barrels were discharged simultaneously, with the above result.

Young Wallace was a brother of Morris and Richard Wallace, who yet live in Anderson, and was a young man well respected. The affair caused much grief among the friends, and regret of those connected with the accident.

McGraw was the man who headed the Fenians who left Anderson in the spring of 1866 to invade Canada, and was their captain.

SUDDEN DEATH OF LIMON M. COX.

Limon M. Cox, a prominent citizen of Anderson, died suddenly at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago on the 24th of July, 1895. He had left Anderson at noon the day before his death, going to Chicago for the purpose of buying clothing to replenish his stock. On his arrival in that city he called upon his friend, Mr. Don Carlin, of whom he was in the habit of purchasing goods. After chatting with Carlin a few moments, Mr. Cox complained of feeling sick. Mr. Carlin invited him to the Auditorium Hotel, where he placed a suite of rooms at his disposal. After seeing him comfortably situated, Mr. Carlin returned to his place of business.

About two o'clock in the afternoon one of the maids of the hotel entered the room in which Mr. Cox had been left by his friend and was horrified to find him sitting in an upright position in the bath tub dead. An alarm was at once given, and those in charge of the hotel promptly notified Mr. Carlin, who at once telegraphed to the friends and relatives of Mr. Cox in Anderson.

The news soon spread throughout the city and caused great surprise and much grief to the friends of Mr. Cox. Mr. Clem. Hooven and Charles Cox, a brother of Limon, immediately went to Chicago to bring the remains to Anderson for burial. Mr. Cox was a prominent member of the Masonic Order and was buried by that fraternity with all the honors of that society. Mr. Cox was one of the most public-spirited citizens that ever resided in Madison county. He was liberal in donations of money and real estate to induce capital and

manufacturers to locate their establishments here, and much of the thrift and enterprise of Anderson is due to his efforts, along with others with whom he was intimately associated.

He had at different times during his residence in Anderson been connected with various manufacturing establishments, and was at the time of his death one of Anderson's leading clothing merchants. During the panic of 1893, like many others, Mr. Cox became somewhat embarrassed financially, but being a man of iron nerve and excellent financial ability, and having a host of warm friends among those who could command money, he was soon on the road to recuperation, and had he lived another year he would have regained his place at the head of the column among the successful business men of Anderson.

No person ever died in Anderson who left warmer friends to mourn his loss, or whose death was more universally regretted than that of Mr. Cox. He was of a kind and cheerful disposition, scarcely ever becoming angry, and if at times he did so, his anger was but of short duration. He was always willing to reach forth the hand of friendship and to extend the olive branch to those with whom he had any misunderstanding, and when his remains were covered over and the evergreens were placed upon his grave, it is doubtful if there was a person living in Anderson who did not deeply regret his demise.

Mr. Cox had never held any political office, but was at one time a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Madison Circuit Court. He was for years a prominent member of the Anderson School Board, and always took great interest in educational matters. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the time of his death he was a widower, his wife having died about two years previously.

He left two interesting daughters to mourn his demise, Miss Emma and Miss Anna Cox, who both reside in Anderson in the old homestead at Jackson and Twelfth streets.

DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

On the 27th of January, 1893, Frank Moss, one of the best known gentlemen in Anderson, suddenly died in the ball room in the Doxey Opera House on North Meridian street. He was seated at the time listening to the music and watching the merry dancers as they went by. On that evening Mr. and Mrs. Moss attended a concert given by the Elks in the theatre

below the ball room, and early in the evening went to the ball, enjoyed the dance and participated in the grand march. After this they took part in a waltz. After making a few circuits of the hall, Mr. Moss became tired and with his wife, sat down to rest. He took his seat beside ex-Governor Will Cumback, who was at that time in conversation with his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Lovett. Suddenly Mr. Moss leaned over as if to make some remark to the ex-Governor who turned to listen, when he was startled to see Mr. Moss fall forward heavily to the floor. Dr. F. J. Hodges was in the room at the time and was quickly at the side of the patient. He saw at a glance that Mr. Moss was dead and that nothing could be done for his relief. Mrs. Moss was stricken with grief and was at once taken to the home of her mother, Mrs. E. B. Hartley, on Delaware street. Coroner Armington was notified but declined to hold an inquest it being very evident that the deceased came to his death from natural causes. Mr. Moss was about forty years of age, of a kind, genial disposition and whose home relations were of a very pleasant character. He was a brother of Sanford R. Moss, well known in Madison county and was engaged at various times in raising stock and farming. He was a prominent member of the Anderson Club, which organization was convened by the President, E. P. Schlater, and memorial services were held and resolutions passed in memory of the dead. The body of the deceased was followed to its last resting place in the Anderson cemetery by a large concourse of people and many sorrowing friends.

THE KILLING OF WILLIAM BURKE.

The killing of Wm. Burke on Ohio avenue, in 1864, by James McKnight, has almost been forgotten by even the oldest residents of Anderson. The murder took place in a shanty on Ohio avenue on a Sunday night. The shanty was occupied by John Burke, a brother of the murdered man. They were brothers of "Paddy" Burke, who yet lives in Anderson. A quarrel had taken place between the Burkes and McKnight, and the latter had left the scene of disturbance and come up town, but soon started to return home and, coming in contact with Burke, some hot words were passed. McKnight picked up an old ax and dealt Burke a terrific blow, splitting his head open and killing him instantly.

McKnight came up town immediately after killing Burke and, calling Sheriff Benjamin Sebrell out of bed, surrendered

himself. The murderer was locked in a cell in the old jail that stood on the lot at Jackson and Ninth streets. By this time the friends and relatives of Burke had learned of the murder. Great excitement prevailed. They demanded McKnight's life, and it required all of Sheriff Sebrell's coolness and courage to keep them from storming the jail and lynching the prisoner. The grand jury soon afterwards indicted McKnight for murder. The day for trial came. The excitement became more intense, and it was found necessary to summon a special jury to try the case. The jury was selected principally from the south part of the county. John Sommerville is one of the men yet living who was selected to try McKnight. The evidence was conclusive. In fact no denial was made, but the plea of insanity and justification were set up. The jury, however, took a little more latitude. McKnight was an old man, and a compromise verdict, sentencing him to the penitentiary for ten years was agreed upon. This was concluded to be equivalent to a life sentence, because no one thought the old man would live to serve his time out.

In this, however, all were mistaken, and about fifteen years ago old man McKnight visited Anderson. He claimed that at the time of his arrest he had money and other valuables on his person which were taken possession of by the sheriff and never returned to him. When McKnight was here he was in search of his valuables, but the sheriff was dead and gone beyond this bailiwick where he could not be reached. McKnight was old and gray. He had so changed that but few knew him or of his presence. He made his stay very short and departed for parts unknown.

Burke left a family of two children, both boys, one of whom lives at Lafayette.

There has been a great change in the Irish population since that time. Then the Irish people of Anderson were mostly day laborers attracted here by the railroad building and other public works. They generally lived in shanties on leased grounds, and were mostly uneducated. Now there is no city of equal population in the whole country that can show so many intelligent, happy, prosperous Irish citizens as Anderson. They are up to the standard in education; all own the property they live in, and many of them have large real-estate interests here. They are good citizens and Anderson is proud of them.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL KILLED.

On the 1st of September, 1881, John A. Campbell was employed by the Paxon Bros. as engineer in the planing mill and lumber yard, on North Main street in Anderson. During the dull season, while the mill was standing idle, he was employed in stacking lumber in the yard. He was upon a high stack of boards when it became top-heavy and gave way. In the fall he was caught between the falling planks and terribly mangled, from the effects of which he died soon after being removed to his home.

Mr. Campbell was a man well-respected in the community, and was of English birth. He came to this country when about eighteen years of age. After being in Henry county several years he was married to Miss Trobridge, the daughter of a prominent Methodist minister. He was a member of Company K, 36th Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, during the war.

He was the father of Bartlett H. Campbell, ex-Prosecuting Attorney of Madison county, and Joseph B. Campbell, a traveling salesman for Heath & Milligan, of Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Campbell was for many years a resident of Chesterfield before removing to Anderson.

After removing to Anderson he was for several years employed by George R. Deering as engineer in his mills.

Mrs. Campbell, his widow, is yet living in Anderson.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

Dr. William Robertson will be remembered by many of the old residents of Anderson. He lived about two miles south of the city on what is known as the Van Devender farm. Several years ago he married the widow Van Devender, owner of the place. On Monday, the 28th of March, 1887, while returning from the funeral of an acquaintance east of the city, in attempting to cross the railroad track in front of an approaching freight train, Dr. Robertson was struck by the engine. Mrs. Robertson had succeeded in crossing the track in safety, but her husband, being infirm and feeble, was slower in motion and was struck by the pilot of the engine before he could escape. He was thrown several feet into the air and off to the side of the road. He was conveyed to the residence of James Clark, at the crossing, where he lingered in an unconscious condition for about two hours, when death relieved his

sufferings. He was seventy-five years of age at the time. He came to this locality from Randolph county a few years prior to his death, at which time he married Mrs. Van Devender and located on the farm owned by her. Here he made his home until the occurrence of this sad event. His widow was appointed afterwards as matron of the Orphan's Home, which institution she managed successfully for several years. The remains of Dr. Robertson were taken to Huntsville, Randolph county, for burial.

THE KILLING OF MISS TILLIE SEBERN.

One of the most horrible accidents that ever happened in Anderson occurred on the 1st of August, 1894, at "Inwood Park," east of the Pan Handle Railway tracks. Frank Stutskey at that time was operating a beer garden at the park and in order to attract people to his place had a grand balloon ascension at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The aeronaut who was advertised to make the trip into the clouds was Miss Tillie Sebern, a young lady about 17 years of age, hailing from Richmond, Ind. She was a novice in the business. At the appointed hour after the balloon had been inflated, in the presence of several hundred people, and in the midst of the shouting of the throng, the rope was cut loose and the air ship started upward with its human freight. When it had reached a height of about 300 feet it bursted, thus allowing the heated air to escape so rapidly that it descended with great speed, landing its occupant with terrific force on the ground near the bank of White river, just at the east end of the iron bridge spanning the stream, killing her instantly. It was an awful scene; men with stout hearts turned their backs, not being able to look upon it. Her body was immediately taken to Stutskey's place where her attendants took charge of her remains. Her people, who lived at Richmond, were at once notified and came and took her remains to that city for interment. Great indignation prevailed among the people when it was ascertained that the young girl was inexperienced in the business, and that that was her first attempt to make an ascension. Strong talk was indulged in of visiting summary punishment upon all those connected with the affair. Those who witnessed this incident will remember it as long as they live. Miss Sebern was the daughter of poor but honest parents, who were very much opposed to her engaging in such a reckless feat, and it

was only by designing friends that she was induced to make an attempt of the kind.

A CONDUCTOR KILLED.

John Hyer, a conductor on the C., W. & M. Railroad was run over and frightfully mangled in the Big Four yards in Anderson on the 8th of November, 1887, from the effects of which he died a few hours afterwards, at his boarding house on West Seventh street. He experienced intense pains during the last hours of his suffering, but remained perfectly rational until the last moment. He was able to recognize his father and mother when they arrived, and other friends who called upon him.

The accident was due to the fact that he had mistaken the direction in which a train was running, and, before he was aware of it, the engine was upon him and he was unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation. His remains were taken to Wabash the day after the occurrence for interment.

The deceased carried a life insurance policy for \$1,000 which was made payable to his parents, but a few days before his death he had made a will in which he bequeathed the policy to his intended bride, a Miss Bevelheimer, of Anderson; but his death took place before the will had been signed or attested, thereby rendering it invalid, and the insurance went to his parents.

RUN OVER BY A TRAIN.

On the 20th of September, 1891, John Rigsby, an employe at the Flint Bottle Works in Hazelwood, while passing a Big Four train that was standing across the street, met with an accident that caused him the loss of both of his limbs. The train was moving slowly at the time and in making the passage across, Rigsby caught his foot and fell beneath the cars. Two wheels passed over his left leg and right foot before he could be pulled from under the train by a man who was standing close by, which prevented him from being otherwise injured. Quite a number of people assembled and physicians were at once called. Rigsby was rendered a cripple for the balance of his days.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY KILLED.

A most disastrous accident occurred on the Pendleton and Anderson road about four and a half miles south of the city,

on Sunday, the 14th of December, 1884, whereby the four-year-old son of Mr. W. F. Jarrett, was shot and killed.

It appears that a boy about sixteen years of age, named Henry C. Seybert, had loaded a gun for the purpose of killing a hawk, but failing to get a chance to shoot at it he placed the loaded gun under a bed in Jarrett's house and left the premises. At the time of the accident the little boy and a brother, six years older, were playing in the room by themselves. It is presumed that the little fellow had crawled under the bed and discovered the gun and pushing it in front of him, had discharged it. The child was killed instantly, the whole side of his head being blown off.

Another accident of a very serious nature had occurred to this family four years previous to this, whereby a son was killed by being burned to death, which made this a double affliction for the bereaved family.

Coroner William A. Hunt was summoned to the scene and a verdict was rendered of accidental death in the manner above described.

WILLIE LANG KILLED.

Willie Lang, a little five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lang, of South Fletcher street in Anderson, was run over by a wagon heavily laden with stone on the 17th of April, 1890, and so badly injured that he died the evening following. The little fellow was in company with some other boys and they were swinging on the wagons as they passed by. In some manner he got caught and was thrown under the wheels with fatal results. The remains were taken to New Albany for interment.

Drs. M. V. Hunt and J. W. Fairfield attended the wounded boy, but no medical aid could save him from his doom. The parents were grief stricken and were rendered such consolation as laid within the power of sympathizing neighbors.

INSTANTLY KILLED.

On Sunday, the 11th of May, 1875, three boys were leading a horse along the streets near the residence of Johh Mershon, on Fourteenth street. The oldest of the boys, Frank Hunt, son of Andrew J. Hunt, the liveryman of Anderson, had hold of the halter strap which was attached to the horse. The strap was so long that when the horse would go faster than the boy the boy would be behind the heels of the animal.

When in this position one of the brothers touched the horse with a whip which scared him, and he began kicking, and in doing so one of his hoofs struck Frank square in the face with such force as to break his neck. He fell immediately and his little brother ran to him and raised him up, and seeing, although but a child, that his brother was dying, he thought to save him by laying him down and fanning him, but to no purpose, as the injured boy lived but a few moments. He was buried on the following Monday in the Anderson cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt received the entire sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

A FATAL FALL.

One of the most horrible occurrences that ever took place in Anderson was the falling off of a scaffold from Louis Loeb's building on the south side of the public square, in February, 1877, by Geo. Brown and Simon P. Shetterly. They were painting the front of the building, using a swinging scaffold. They were standing close together at work when it became necessary for them to move their position. Shetterly sat down, or squatted rather on his feet for the purpose of allowing Brown to pass around him. Brown was in the act of passing Shetterly, and had thrown one leg on the opposite side and was just in the act of bringing the other around which would have made his passage safe, when the scaffold shook, or from some other cause frightened Shetterly, when he jumped and straightened up throwing Brown backward. Brown in attempting to save himself, caught Shetterly, and in less than an instant they lay upon the stone sidewalk a shapeless mass of broken bones and bruised flesh. Shetterly was almost instantly killed. Brown was so terribly mangled that every one thought it was a pity that he was not killed outright.

Shetterly's body was conveyed to his home on Nichol avenue, from whence he was in due time buried.

Brown was taken to his mother's residence in the south part of town, where Dr. N. L. Wickersham was called and attended to his wounds. There was scarcely a bone in his body that was not broken. His legs, his arms, his jaw bone, and in fact he was all broken up. Everyone thought it would be a blessing if death would relieve him as he would certainly be an awful cripple if he survived.

But Dr. Wickersham never let go of George. He stayed with him like a twin brother and patched him up; set his

broken bones, bound up his wounds, and while he did not exactly make a new man of him, one would hardly think to see George Brown, the painter and paper-hanger, on the streets of Anderson, that he had been run through a threshing machine in his life time. George gets around about as nicely as any one, and is a prosperous and happy man; does as much work as any man in town, and enjoys life as well as the best of them. He has been as near death's door as any man ever was to get back.

Poor Simon Shetterly never knew what caused his death. He was never conscious after landing on the stone pavement. He was not so terribly mangled as Brown, but was in some way killed in the fall. He left a widow and a small family of children, who yet live on Nichol avenue, in comfortable circumstances. Simon was one of the first members of the Knights of Honor, and held a policy of \$2,000 in that organization, which his family received at his death. He was a Spiritualist in belief, and his immediate friends and relatives claim that he often comes back to his old home and associations.

Simon Shetterly was an honest, upright man, as industrious as the busy bee, never gave any one a crusty answer or angry word, and was a man universally liked by all who knew him. The fall from the scaffold was witnessed by several people who were standing near by, but every one was so horrified that they turned their backs and held their breaths until the heavy thud announced the landing on the pavement. So dumbfounded were they that it was some time before a person moved or came to the relief of the unfortunates. This is one of the occurrences that will never be erased from the memory of the Anderson old-timers, and it is hoped that it will never be repeated.

KILLING OF CHARLES GIPE.

On the 25th of June, 1895, Charles Gipe, a carpenter employed in the construction of the Grand opera house, at the corner of Twelfth and Main streets, in Anderson, fell from a scaffold and was instantly killed. He was engaged at the time in placing some timbers on the building along with other workmen, and in some manner lost his balance, and fell from the second story, landing upon the timbers on the first floor, striking his head in such a manner as to cause instant death. He was a resident of Park Place where his remains were taken

by his fellow workmen. He had but recently come to Anderson from Wayne county.

A FATAL FALL.

On the 31st of August, 1896, Milton Gipe, a carpenter, while working on a building at the Straw Board works in Anderson, was killed by falling from a scaffold. He was employed in placing some timbers in position, when he lost his balance and fell to the lower story of the building, and was almost instantly killed. But little over a year prior to this, a brother of his, Charles Gipe, lost his life in the same manner, while working on the opera house in Anderson.

Milton Gipe was a man well thought of, and a prominent member of Kamala Tribe of Red Men, he being sachem of the tribe at the time of his death. The lodges of Anderson all participated in the ceremonies at his funeral. The remains were taken to Mechanicsburg, in Henry county, and buried beside his brother, followed by a large funeral cortege.

Mr. Gipe was in the employ of P. B. Millspaugh at the time of his death as was his brother Charles at the time of his sudden taking off. Both men were held in the highest esteem by their employer, and it was a sad blow to Mr. Millspaugh, as well as to the relatives and friends of the unfortunate men.

KILLING OF HERMAN SEITZ.

Herman Seitz, a citizen of Anderson, was killed by the cars at Pendleton, on the 27th of June, 1894, while in the attempt to board a moving train. He had gone there for the purpose of purchasing a cow, and in his anxiety to get home attempted to get on the car that was just leaving the station, and in some way missed his footing and was dragged under the wheels and almost instantly killed.

Mr. Seitz was a married man and left a family in Anderson, who still reside here. He was by trade a glass blower, and came to Anderson with the American Glass Company in 1888, and was a stockholder in that concern when it went to the wall, losing what he had invested in it. After going out of the glass house he went into the saloon business, in which he was engaged at the time of his death. He was a German, and well liked by those who knew him.

KILLED BY A TRACTION ENGINE.

David Wynant, a young farmer, was killed on the farm of his father, six miles south-west of Anderson, on the 5th of

August, 1896, by a traction engine. He, in company with Clay Brown and a man of the name of Sissons, were engaged in running a threshing machine into the barn, and had placed the engine behind it to propel it, having a pole between the machine and the engine. The engine had started and was well up to the barn door, when the pole slipped and allowed the machine to run backward, catching Wynant between the engine and machine, crushing his skull and killing him almost instantly. He was a young man well respected, and had many prominent relatives, among whom is Charles H. Neff, the city editor of the *Anderson Herald*.

Sissons came near losing his life in the same manner, but was dragged out of the way by a by-stander.

PECULIAR DEATH OF W. A. WHITAKER.

On Sunday, July 12, 1866, W. A. Whitaker, who lived about three miles from Anderson, met with a peculiar death. He was sitting in a rocking chair, and in leaning backward, his chair became unbalanced, and he fell over backward, striking his head against a sewing machine in such a manner as to cause concussion of the brain, from which he died in a few minutes. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Chesterfield, by the Odd Fellows, of which order he was a member. He had many relatives and acquaintances in the community.

KILLED BY A RAILROAD TRAIN.

J. G. Starbuck, a brakeman on the Big Four Railroad was killed at the crossing of the Pan Handle, on Ohio avenue at Anderson, on Tuesday morning the 24th of June, 1884. He was making couplings in the vicinity and in passing between two freight cars caught his foot in a "frog," and before he could extricate himself, he was caught by a moving train and knocked down, the car passing across his body. He was picked up immediately after the occurrence, but within a few minutes life was extinct. His remains were removed to Winchester, Indiana, near which place he resided, and where he was buried. He was an experienced brakeman and held the position that he then filled for several years. He was about twenty-nine years of age and left a wife in humble circumstances, but no children.

CHAPTER LVI.

A FEW LANDMARKS AND OTHER INTERESTING MATTERS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF ANDERSON TOWN- SHIP.

A LANDMARK IN MADISON COUNTY'S HISTORY.

The old Moss Island Mills that stand now silent and almost deserted, near a beautiful little island in White river, three miles west of Anderson, have a history clustering around them that when referred to brings back recollections of the long ago. They were erected before the railroads were thought of, but about the time of the agitation and construction of the canals; and in fact were built for the purpose of catching the trade incident to that enterprise. The western branch of the canal passed near these mills, which were located at the nearest available place in the neighborhood of the intended canal, which would give them a splendid outlet through which the surplus product could be shipped to other ports.

They were built in the year 1836, by Joseph Mullinix. Since that time they have passed through the hands of many persons, some of whom have been prominent men in business, political and social affairs. Frank Davis, L. Brown, Vanpelt & Wyman, John Garretson, James Hollingsworth, Isaac P. Snelson, Nichol & King, Traster Bros., A. E. Russell, William B. Allen, William C. Fleming, Elias Seward, William Dove and Reuben Pulse have each owned the plant. The mills consist of a large flouring mill with a saw mill attached, having water motive power. Steam had not come into use when these mills were erected, and they ground the "grists" of the people by means of the old water wheel, while the jolly miller watched and took his "toll" when the hopper was emptied.

While there are many happy memories attached to this romantic spot, there are some of sadness as well.

While some of the owners of this property made money, others lost. The improved machinery in mills of the present day, to a large extent killed them off as merchant mills, and

the fact that they were so far from the railroads put them to disadvantage as to shipping, so they have at this time but little to do outside of a small neighborhood grinding. These mills are alluded to elsewhere in these pages.

A WINDMILL FACTORY.

Prior to the time that the grain separator and threshing machine were combined, there was a great demand for fanning machines, or wind mills, as they were called.

A factory was located in Anderson, and stood on the corner of Main and Ninth streets, the site of the present location of Daniels Bros' drug store. It was operated by Wolf and Sherman, and a large and lucrative business was the result of their undertaking. It was destroyed by fire in 1851, this being the starting point of the conflagration which swept the south side of the public square, a full account of which is elsewhere given.

The senior member of the firm was Adam Wolf, a capitalist of Muncie; the junior was Thomas S. Sherman, the father of Charles L. and J. E. Sherman, well known to the people of Madison county.

J. E. Sherman is a resident of Alexandria, and was the first mayor of that thriving city, and Charles L. Sherman has for many years held the responsible position of book-keeper of the National Exchange Bank of Anderson.

Laura, the only daughter of Mr. Sherman, is the wife of ex-Senator A. E. Harlan of Alexandria, a prominent business man, capitalist and stock breeder.

Mrs. Sherman, the widow, is now the wife of William G. Kelley, a merchant of Alexandria.

THE FIRST FOUR-STORY BUILDINGS.

Up to the time of striking gas in Anderson, there were but one or two buildings in the city that ran above two stories in height. One was the Odd Fellows' Hall, situated at the corner of Ninth and Meridian streets which is now occupied by the "White House" dry goods store. Another was on the corner of Eighth and Main streets, known for many years as "Union Hall," and which was occupied for a long time by the Masonic Order. When the city began to take on a boom after the discovery of natural gas, many three-story buildings sprang up in different localities, but the first structure four stories high was the Masonic Temple on South

Meridian street, erected jointly by the Masons and the Anderson Loan Association during the years 1895 and 1896. The second was erected by John W. Lovett at the corner of Eighth and Main streets, in the year 1896, and is one of the largest and most commodious blocks in the city. We merely make mention of the two buildings as in years to come it may be interesting to the people who live in Anderson to know when and where the first buildings of this description were erected and who the parties were who built them. Should Anderson keep on in its present march of progress it may be within the next decade she will have "sky scrapers" in the shape of nine and ten-story buildings, and perhaps become a rival of Chicago. While we do not make this a prediction we sincerely hope that it will come to pass.

The first three-story building erected in Anderson was the old United States Hotel at Ninth and Main streets, in 1852.

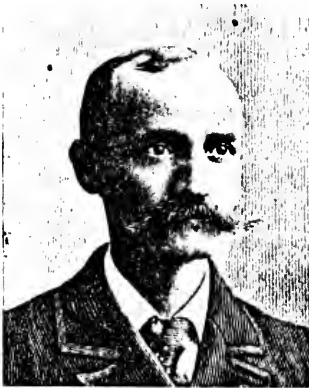
THE PIONEER DAILY NEWSPAPER.

Landmarks have been established on every hand by the different branches of civilization and industry, and the many enterprises of the county have each had a starting point, to which the citizens look back with pride. The press has also its pioneer history which has to a limited degree, been dealt with elsewhere; but in this article we wish to speak especially of the *Daily Bulletin* the first daily newspaper ever established in Madison county. There have been other daily papers printed at various times prior to its existence, but they were only for a special purpose, as a rule being gotten out for the period of a week at a time during the county fair, or on similar occasions. The *Bulletin* is entitled to the honorable title of pioneer. It was the first daily paper in the county that "come to stay," and has through all kinds of weather, fair and foul, stemmed the tide, and is one of the solid institutions of the county. It has handsome and well-equipped quarters on Eighth street, where it daily issues its publication. The *Bulletin* has no politics, yet it wields a mighty influence in the political field. It is outspoken in its advocacy of any candidate whom it thinks is the best man for the place, often coming in contact with a personal friend in its support of a candidate for political preferment. The *Bulletin* is always on the alert for news, and gives it without fear, favor or affection. It has on all occasions guarded the inter-

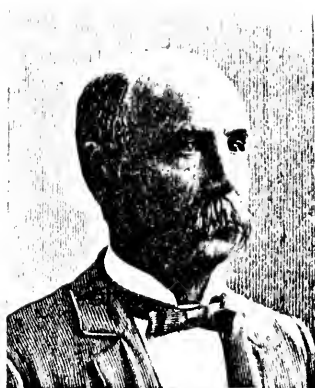
ests of the people and has never hesitated to call down a dereliction of official duty, although sometimes undergoing the painful task of chastizing a friend, or even a relative. This has made it a journal of the people. It has enjoyed a large circulation from its infancy to its present days of full maturity.



J. W. KNIGHT.



C. R. CRAVEN.



DORY BIDDLE.

The originators of this journal were Dory Biddle, James W. Knight and Charles R. Craven, the two latter being practical printers. Mr. Craven several years ago retired from the firm, and the remaining members took in new capital and incorporated it as a company, Mr. Biddle and Mr. Knight remaining at the head of the concern, having safely steered it through all its ups and downs, and are yet at their posts guiding its destiny. As to the conception and birth of the *Bulle*

tin, we quote from one of the officials of the company, in his own language :

“The *Bulletin*, which was the first daily paper published in the county, came into existence under peculiar circumstances. Dory Biddle, Chas. R. Craven and J. W. Knight had been left out of employment by the consolidation of the *Democrat* and *Review* upon which they had been employed. On Friday afternoon, March 15, 1885, they were sitting around a little coal stove in a printing office run by Geo. Winter, in the Odd Fellow’s block, when Craven said ‘boys let’s start a daily paper.’ Knight and Biddle agreed. Next Monday Craven and Knight went to Elwood and boxed up the material of a little old office there that had been closed for some time and shipped it to Anderson while Biddle went to soliciting for the new paper. By Monday, March 25, they were ready for business. The office had been set up in the north-west corner basement room of the new court house and at 4 o’clock that day the first Anderson *Daily Bulletin* with Dory Biddle as editor, and Chas. R. Craven and J. W. Knight as business managers and compositors, was printed. The paper for the first week’s issue cost \$7.40. The proprietors had exhausted their combined capital, \$27, in setting up the office, and John L. Forkner stood good for the paper bill for them. The paper has been issued every day since and has been successful. December 14, 1886, the office was destroyed by fire and was again burned in the following August. On account of failing health Mr. Craven sold his interest in the office in the summer of ’87 to his partners for \$400. The paper is now published by a stock company composed of Dory Biddle, editor; James W. Knight, business manager, Frank Makepeace, Frank Lowther and James E. Burke as active members.”

When natural gas was discovered in Madison county the *Bulletin* was one of the prime factors in bringing capital to our midst to utilize it. It not only made free use of its columns to advertise the richness of our find and to attract the attention of the outside world to the advantages possessed by our community, but the members were also liberal subscribers to the fund to raise subsidies to locate manufacturing establishments in our midst.

AN EMBRYO THEATRICAL TROUPE.

Anderson has always held the reputation of being up to date in all that was going on. It is not only so now, but

away back when it made but little pretensions of being a city the people took a lively interest in what the balance of the world was doing, and were not slow to take up any fad that came along. In the year 1868 there was more than the usual number of minstrel troupes traversing the country, and one of these organizations stranded in Anderson, and some of the party remained here for quite a while.

During their stay many of the young boys became infatuated with the stage and the profession of minstrelsy. A primitive organization of black-faced artists was formed among the boys, under the name of "Peak & Cartwright's Varieties," the leading lights being John Peak and Charles Cartwright.

Peak has long since died, but his partner is still living somewhere in Indiana.

One of their principal performers was Cliff Dehority, a son of the late Henry V. Dehority. Cliff is yet a living monument of that aggregation, being now a resident of the City of New York.

The company met for rehearsals over the hardware store of John P. Barnes, on the east side of the square, and after a two-weeks' training gave a public performance in Westerfield's Hall to a crowded house. The boys were so well known that a crowd was not hard to "raise" to witness their debut. They surprised even their most sanguine friends in their proficiency. "Tom" Cartwright, a brother of the proprietor, and Cliff Dehority took the house by storm with their "gags," which were all new and original, and of a local nature that made many good hits.

Dehority did a song and dance that would have been a credit to a professional. It is the opinion of the writer that these boys both missed their calling when they did not adopt the stage as a life work. They evidently had ability away above the ordinary, and might have been the equals of Emmet, Billy Emerson, or Primrose and West.

The performance was so well received in Anderson that the company went to Newcastle and gave a one-night's stand, where they were well received and cheered to the echo.

After coming home the party disbanded and the name of Peak & Cartwright's Varieties is only a thing in the memory of the old timers of Anderson. "Tom" Cartwright afterward learned the art of telegraphy, which he followed until

his health failed, and he died a few years ago at the home of his father, Fred Cartwright, in Alexandria.

John Peak was the son of the late wife of W. L. Philpot, by a former husband, and died in Louisville, Ky., at the home of a brother.

CHAPTER LVII.

FIRES AND CASUALTIES.

BURNING OF THE BORING-HANNAH BLOCK.

On the 7th of December, 1890, the Boring-Hannah block, on the north side of the square in Anderson, was destroyed by fire, entailing a large loss of property. The fire originated in the basement of the building in the bakery of William Williams from a burning gas jet.

Before the fire department could respond the building was in flames; a heavy gale was blowing, making it quite a bad fire to control. The fire was kept within the bounds of the building, doing but slight injury to adjoining property. The *Daily Bulletin* occupied the entire second floor and was totally destroyed, losing all of the files and other property that insurance could not replace. The office and material were covered with insurance, and so far as the property that could be restored by the purchase of a new outfit the proprietors were made whole. This was the largest loss sustained by any one affected by the conflagration.

Williams' grocery was destroyed entirely, but was covered by insurance.

W. S. Shirk had a jewelry store in the building and suffered considerably from smoke and water, but his goods were many of them saved from destruction. The damage to the building was fully insured.

James W. Knight, one of the proprietors of the *Bulletin*, was sleeping in the building and was awakened by the smoke and gave the alarm. He hastened to the room of Fletcher Layne and a young man of the name of Harrison, who roomed in the bakery on the floor below, and aroused them just in time to save their lives. They were almost suffocated and were lying on the floor in a helpless condition. They were taken out more dead than alive and cared for until they were restored to their normal condition.

The building at the time belonged to R. H. Hannah, of

Alexandria, and James W. Sansberry, of Anderson, who immediately re-built it.

The *Bulletin* showed its usual pluck by getting out its regular daily edition as if nothing had happened. The *Daily Herald* and the *Democrat* kindly assisted them in their trouble, which was properly appreciated.

The Lion Store, adjoining, was also a sufferer to a considerable extent by smoke and water, but was insured.

The *Bulletin* removed to its present site on Eighth street and was again burned out on the 14th of August, 1891. The last fire was fully as disastrous as the first, but the paper survived and is still one of the institutions of Anderson.

The building in which the *Bulletin* is now situated has gone through two disastrous fires, an account of which appears elsewhere.

A HEADING FACTORY FIRE.

Twenty years ago Madison county was heavily timbered with oak and other valuable woods. The forests were then within sight of the court house. Lumbering interests were carried on largely, prominent among which was the stave and heading factory of C. T. Doxey & Co., south of the Big Four railway, and which was lately occupied by J. L. Kilgore's heading establishment. On the night of January 3, 1873, an alarm of fire was heard to ring out, and it was soon ascertained that the factory of Doxey & Co. was enveloped in flames. Every person within sound of the alarm rushed into the streets and hastened to the fire to render such assistance as they could, to help subdue the flames. There being a large amount of shavings and other combustible material in the factory, and a high wind blowing from the south-west, it was but a short time before the factory was totally consumed and nothing was left but the machinery to tell where this industry once stood. The loss was estimated to be about \$8,000, on which there was an insurance of about \$3,500. This fire had the effect to throw a large number of workmen out of employment in the dead of winter, which was a great hardship upon them. At that time there were but few manufacturing establishments within the limits of Anderson, and there were a large number of men and boys employed by Doxey & Co. in this factory. Be it said, to the credit of Major Doxey, that during the cold winter months he contributed a large amount of money to those who were thrown out of employ-

ment, and who were unable to take care of themselves. The factory was afterwards rebuilt, and was for a time owned by H. J. Bronnenberg, and then passed into the hands of J. L. Kilgore, who ran it until timber became so scarce that it became unprofitable.

BURNING OF THE ADAMS BLOCK.

At the corner of Eighth and Main streets, the present site of the Phoenix Block, was at one time a two-story business building consisting of four store rooms on the first floor, the second story being used for a public hall and offices. The building was erected in 1867-8 by Robert Adams, a once prosperous woolen manufacturer who lived north of Anderson on Killback. On the 16th of August, 1888, this structure was wiped out by fire which occurred about 4 o'clock in the morning when there was but little stir over the city. The fire department was summoned and worked hard to save the other buildings on the north side of the square. Randle Biddle, who was then night-watchman, was the first to discover the fire. He turned in the alarm, but from some cause it did not work perfectly and it was some time before the department responded. Among the occupants of the building at the time were Joseph Carr, Samuel Sykes and Benjamin Roadcap, who had rooms on the second floor. William Roach, Justice of the Peace, had his office in the room occupied by Judge Richard Lake, in the front of the building. Purcell & Ehli conducted a cigar manufacturing establishment on the upper floor. In the lower part of the building Mr. Pat Skehan had his grocery store. William West conducted a barber shop also in one of the lower rooms. There was also a dry goods store, all of which were burned, entailing in each case quite a loss.

The building at the time of the fire was owned by Captain Frederick Tykle, of Middletown. Immediately after the disaster Captain Tykle visited the scene and made a proposition to his son-in-law, Hon. John H. Terhune, that he would transfer to him the real estate, providing that he would place a building thereon, which agreement was entered into, and work was immediately commenced. As a result, the handsome pressed-brick structure, known as the When Block, and which was demolished by the explosion of natural gas a few years later, was erected. When the When Block was destroyed Mr. Terhune at once put up another building which is

known as the Phœnix Block, and is one of the handsomest in the city.

A. F. AND M. WORKS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Anderson Foundry, that occupied the grounds of the present establishment of the same name, was, on the night of December 14, 1871, destroyed by fire.

It was then owned by James and Abram Michner, who afterward moved to Kokomo, Ind., and engaged in a similar enterprise.

They sold out the stock in the plant in Anderson, and the company was reorganized. In the year 1876 John H. Terhune became interested in the business with the Hon. Edgar Henderson, Samuel Kiser and others, and this became one of Anderson's greatest money makers.

The fire above alluded to was a severe blow, not only to the proprietors, but to the employes as well, who were thrown out of work for considerable time.

The buildings were immediately rebuilt and work resumed as soon as they were ready for occupancy.

This establishment has become famous the world over on account of its brick and tile machines, which are used in every State in the Union and many places outside of the United States.

BURNING OF THE WALKER WAREHOUSE.

Alfred Walker was once the owner of the farm on which the beautiful suburb of Evalyn is now located. He had erected on this a palatial residence which he made his home, and which has since gone into the possession of Dr. William P. Harter.

Besides being a farmer on an extensive scale, Mr. Walker was also a dealer in grain and owned a warehouse, situated at the crossing of South Main street and the Big Four railroad. On the night of December 14, 1874, about half past 10 o'clock, the citizens were aroused by the alarm of fire. It was soon discovered that the Walker warehouse was burning. The fire had made such progress before the alarm was given that all attempts to stay the ravages of the flames were futile. The whole interior of the building seemed to be ablaze, and the flames had burst through the roof before any one arrived at the scene of the disaster. An effort was made by George Craycraft to enter the office and save the books, but on account

of the great heat from the flames, he was compelled to desist in his purpose.

The fire was undoubtedly the act of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in the stoves for several days, and the engine had been silent for nearly two weeks.

Mr. Walker carried an insurance of \$2,000, while his loss was estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$6,000. Besides the building, there were several thousand bushels of corn, wheat and other grain in storage for which Mr. Walker had to stand the loss.

Alfred Walker was the father of Mr. Frank A. Walker, the Anderson attorney. Mr. Walker is well remembered by the old citizens of the county. He died in St. Louis a few years ago.

ADAMS' HEADING FACTORY BURNED.

The extensive heading factory owned and operated for many years by the Adams Bros., at the crossing of the Big Four and Pan Handle railways was, on the 5th of September, 1887, the scene of one of the most destructive conflagrations that ever took place in Anderson. Early in the afternoon the people were alarmed by a cry of fire, and a huge, dense, black column of smoke was seen arising toward the heavens from the crossing. It was soon after ascertained that the heading factory was on fire. A drought had for many weeks been prevailing, and this made the factory and all the surrounding buildings an easy prey to the flames. It was estimated that at one time six acres of ground were in a mass of fire. The saw dust, the shavings that were lying on the ground, and other debris, together with a number of freight cars which stood on the tracks, were consumed.

The fire was discovered shortly after the local freight train on the Pan Handle railway had passed, in some stacks of heading at the south-east corner of the yard, near the building. It had caught quite low down near the ground, and when discovered, was rapidly mounting upwards on the stack. The fire department was at once called out, but little could be done to quench the flames, owing to the fact that there was so much inflammable material in and about the building that no earthly power was able to subdue them. In a brief period the buildings were destroyed, notwithstanding the fact that the roof and part of the side walls were made of iron. There were on hand more than a million pieces of

heading and four hundred cords of bolt wood in the yard. There were about forty loaded cars on the side-tracks at the time, but an engine on the Pan Handle railroad track succeeded in hauling several of these to a place of safety. The factory was one of the best in the country, and was supplied with the latest improved machinery, and all that was left of it was a mass of twisted iron that could only be sold for old metal. The loss of the Adams Bros. was estimated to be from \$25,000 to \$30,000, with an insurance of only \$2,500.

A dwelling house owned by James Trueblood, north of the factory, was also destroyed. The residence of Smith Andrews was at one time on fire, but was saved through the efforts of the hook and ladder company. Charles Goslin, an employe, was overcome with heat, and was carried away in an unconscious condition. Elias Vandyke was caught by a pile of burning heading and was badly burned. "Jack" Williams was also caught, but escaped with only slight injuries. Fully 2,000 people were present and witnessed the scene.

The destruction of this factory was a heavy blow to the Adams Bros. and nearly wiped out their entire capital. The meagre amount of insurance they held was but a drop in the bucket towards the rebuilding of the plant. The Anderson Board of Trade called a meeting to offer assistance to the unfortunate company, which the Adams Bros. agreed to accept on condition that they be permitted to reimburse the gentlemen who might come to their assistance. Upon these terms the Board of Trade went upon the streets through its officers and solicited subscriptions to the amount of \$7,000, and the factory was rebuilt.

The Adams Bros. executed notes to the citizens before commencing the rebuilding of their plant, and as soon as they had made sufficient money out of their business repaid all who were kind enough to come to their aid.

DESTRUCTION OF ARMSTRONG'S PLANING MILL.

Nathan Armstrong, of Anderson, has been an owner and operator of a planing mill for a great number of years. He was for awhile the partner of William B. Wright, under the firm name of Wright & Armstrong, and carried on an extensive business of building and contracting. From 1867 to 1869 they built nearly every house within the limits of Anderson, that was erected during that period. Mr. Armstrong pur-

chased from Mr. Wright, his interest, and continued to operate the same, alone, with the exception of the last few years, during which time his son Walter has had an interest. On Monday night, January 12, 1883, his large and extensive factory was noticed to be on fire by some persons who were passing by at the time. They saw smoke issuing from the building and immediately gave the alarm, but by the time people could reach the place, the fire had gained such headway that it was beyond control, and the workers were then directed to save the stock. The building being filled with inflammable material, burned so rapidly that in a short time nothing was left but the walls.

The loss to Mr. Armstrong was estimated to be \$15,000, with no insurance. This fell heavily upon him, but being a man of nerve and business tact, he immediately set about rebuilding the structure and placed therein new and improved machinery, which he has operated from that time until the present period, doing a prosperous business and has long since recovered from the effects of the loss that he sustained in 1883. No man in Anderson has enjoyed more universally the confidence of his fellow-men than does Nathan Armstrong.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ANDERSON.

A very destructive fire occurred at the corner of Ninth and Meridian streets in Anderson on the morning of the 13th of July, 1886, in which the grocery store of Irey Brothers; the millinery establishment of Miss Carrie Dodd; the meat market belonging to Rhoades Brothers; the shoe store of Minor Barrett; the United States Express Company; and the agricultural store of B. F. Alford were wiped out of existence. The buildings in which the fire occurred were wooden structures which had stood there for many years and were joined closely together. The fire was first discovered in Irey Brothers store by night watchman Wolf, who gave the alarm, but it being at an early hour in the morning when people are generally asleep very few responded in time either to assist in removing the goods or to help quench the flames. The cause of the conflagration was unknown but strong suspicions were aroused that it was the act of an incendiary. About two weeks prior to the fire a quantity of pine shavings which had been saturated with coal oil was discovered under the room occupied by the grocery store and had doubtless been placed there for the purpose of firing the building. The buildings

belonged to Hester Neely, some of which were afterwards rebuilt under leases, and others by Miss Neely herself. The fire was a severe blow financially to Mr. B. F. Alford, from the effects of which he has never been able to recover.

BURNING OF THE AMERICAN WIRE NAIL MILLS.

One of the most destructive fires that ever occurred in Anderson took place at the American Wire Nail Company's buildings in Hazelwood addition on the 13th of March, 1890, by which that immense industry was almost totally destroyed. The roof burned first and fell on the machinery and lower floor. Some of the stacks were left and the office fixtures were also saved. The rolling mill and the repair shop were totally destroyed; a greater portion of the wire mill department was saved. The machinery was badly burned and much of it broken by the falling of the roof; minor parts of the engine and boiler were broken and injured. This fire entailed a great loss to the company. During the conflagration there was much excitement, and consternation reigned supreme. The mill was covered by \$50,000 insurance, which did not make up the amount destroyed, much less the loss of time and delay in re-building. Immediately after the fire a move was put on foot to re-build the plant upon a more substantial basis. The directors, at a meeting shortly after, decided upon reconstructing the plant by building it entirely as an iron structure. The Board of Trade of Anderson called a meeting and entered into an agreement with the company to enlarge its plant to a certain capacity and donated a subsidy for that purpose. The leading members of the board and the best citizens of the city helped the company, and soon the buildings were restored and the men were again at work.

This is one of Anderson's best industries. The new buildings erected are entirely of iron, and it would be almost an impossibility to again burn them down.

This manufactory is spoken of elsewhere in these pages.

A LINE SHAFT VICTIM.

On the morning of December 16, 1894, Curtis L. Tingle, of Anderson, an employe of the Woolley foundry, met death in a most horrible manner. A fellow workman at the foundry heard a pounding noise in that portion of the building where Tingle was accustomed to work, and its unusual sound at once

filled his mind with apprehension. He immediately signaled the engineer to stop the engine. He then hurried to the cupola, where the limp body of Tingle hung suspended from the line shaft. The clothing of the unfortunate man was wrapped so tightly around the shaft that it became necessary to cut his body loose. There were no cuts or bruises visible, save a fractured left arm near the wrist. The face, however, bore every trace of an agonized death. How it happened will forever remain a mystery to his friends and the inmates of the factory, as no human eye was a witness. The generally accepted supposition, however, is that in adjusting a belt on a pulley his clothing was caught by the shaft, and the man, helpless and paralyzed with fear, was hurled to death. His cry of distress, if uttered at all, was never heard. The thump, thump, thump of his body as it struck the side of the wall told of an unusual situation in the cupola section and led to the discovery.

ACCIDENT AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

The County Fair at Anderson was for many years looked forward to as a great season of enjoyment by the people of the county. Many enjoyable days have been spent in the beautiful grove of spreading oaks that lent their grateful shade to the comfort of the mass of humanity who congregated there annually to give themselves up to gaiety and sport. Among the many scenes of pleasure there have been some of sadness as well. One of the unfortunate affairs was the breaking of the leg of A. W. Stewart, of Elwood, on the 7th of September, 1876. While "scoring" the horses for a start in a race Stewart was coming down the "stretch" at a lively gait when he collided with a horse driven by Richard Hunt, whereby his sulky was overturned and he was thrown out after being dragged for some distance, and had his leg broken and being otherwise bruised.

He was kindly cared for by friends and soon recovered. This accident caused the greatest excitement throughout the densely crowded grounds, and it was simply miraculous that others were not injured.

BURNING OF KILGORE'S HEADING FACTORY.

The extensive heading factory owned by J. L. Kilgore & Co., on South Main street, opposite the Big Four passenger station, was destroyed by fire on Sunday, the 16th of February,

1887, being one of the most destructive fires that ever took place in the city. The flames were first discovered in the engine room, where a spark from the furnace ignited a pile of saw-dust that lay close by. The fire spread with startling rapidity, owing to the combustible nature of the timber in the building. Although the firemen responded with promptness the factory was almost consumed before a stream of water could be turned upon it. This was a great loss to the proprietors as well as to the community from the fact that it was at that time the largest manufacturing industry in the city, and gave employment to a great number of workingmen, who were left almost destitute in the dead of winter. The building and its contents were partially insured, but not sufficiently to pay the loss. The company owned another factory at New Castle and it was several weeks before the proprietors determined upon re-building; but after mature deliberation the factory was re-built and placed in operation and so continued until a few years ago, when, in consequence of the scarcity of timber in this section of the country, the plant was moved to Paducah, Kentucky, where it is now in active operation.

THE FATAL SWIMMING HOLE.

On the 24th of August, 1876, Charley Brown, a lad of eight years of age, was drowned in White river, just below the Pan Handle railroad bridge, while swimming with some boys. He was the son of a widow, who was a domestic in the family of Michael Skehan, who then lived on West Eighth street. His little companions did all in their power to rescue him, but to no purpose, as they were all small and could be of but little help to him. After making a heroic effort to save himself, he went down for the third and last time and sank from sight. The little fellows who were in his company were terror stricken and for a time did not know what to do. After gathering their wits, they gave the alarm, and the citizens turned out and made search for his body which was found, after some effort, not far from where he went down. This was a very sad affair for his widowed mother, as he was her only son, and she was very poor and worked out to maintain him and herself.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ANDERSON AND THE SAD TRAGEDY FOLLOWING IT.

Prior to the organization of the First National Bank of Anderson in the year 1865, the banking facilities of Madison county were very limited. N. C. McCullough had, in 1865, established a small banking institution, which was afterward discontinued, and for awhile Anderson was without a bank. Afterward J. G. Stilwell and his son, Thomas N. Stilwell, came here from Oxford, Ohio, in the early '50s, and engaged in merchandising and other lines of business, under the firm name of J. G. & T. N. Stilwell; T. N. Stilwell being also a part of the time engaged in the practice of law, and for a time associate editor of the *Anderson Gazette*. They also did a small banking business in a private way, until in the year 1865, after the passage of the national banking law, when they, in company with other citizens of Anderson, organized the First National Bank, with a capital of \$50,000. The bank was very popular with the people and soon had a handsome business, being favored with the deposits of merchants, business men, corporations and public officials to such an extent that the deposits at one time reached the sum of \$300,000. During the panic of 1873 the house of Jay Cooke & Co., of New York, failed unexpectedly, and threw the whole country into a state of financial excitement. The First National Bank of Anderson was a patron of Jay Cooke & Co., which fact was generally known to its depositors, and consequently they became frightened and many withdrawals were made in a quiet way, which depleted the cash resources of the bank to such an extent that it was compelled to close its doors on the 15th of November, 1873, although no regular "run" had been made on the institution. Colonel T. N. Stilwell was very popular with all classes, and under ordinary circumstances would have been able to have stemmed the tide and brought the bank through; but owing to the universal distrust and the

shaken state of public confidence, the bank had to succumb to the inevitable.

At the time of the failure the bank had on hand as a part of its assets Venezuelan bonds to the amount of \$100,000, which Colonel Stilwell had acquired while he was minister to that government.

The payment of these securities was afterwards contested by the authorities of Venezuela, and a large amount of them was declared null and void by a commission appointed jointly by the United States and Venezuela, which had the effect to greatly diminish the cash resources of the bank.

When the bank failed Thomas McCullough, of Oxford, was made receiver, but only served a short time, when he resigned and Walter S. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., was put in charge and wound up its business.

When the receiver took charge a statement of the condition of the bank was given out, which showed the following resources and liabilities :

Cash--Bills receivable, accounts and other items.....	\$164,563
Due to depositors, individuals and corporations.....	137,717
Leaving assets over liabilities.....	25,846

Included in the assets were the Venezuelan bonds, which, being to a large extent invalid, reduced the available resources far below the liabilities, whereby the depositors were forced to sustain considerable of a loss. The bonds are yet in the hands of the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, and should they eventually be paid the First National Bank would pay out in full. There has been paid to the depositors forty cents on the dollar. Among the large depositors was Weems Heagey, Treasurer of Madison county, who had in the vaults of the bank at the time of its suspension \$21,000. The failure had the effect to tie up a large amount of money and caused much distress and a closeness of financial affairs, until the people had time to rally from its consequences.

At the time of the failure Colonel T. N. Stilwell was President, and A. B. Kline was Cashier.

This is the only bank failure that has ever occurred in Madison county.

Colonel Stilwell was a politician as well as a banker, and held several political offices during his residence in this county. He was elected to the Legislature in 1856, and in 1864 he defeated the Hon. James McDowell, of Marion, for

Congress, serving one term, during which time he received the appointment as Minister to Venezuela. He also assisted in the organization of the 34th Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, and was made Quartermaster of that regiment. It was organized at Anderson and went into camp in 1861 on what is now known as the George Forrey farm, north of White river, then known as "Camp Stilwell." He only remained with this regiment a short time, when he was called home by Governor Morton and put in charge of the organization of the 130th and 131st Regiments at Kokomo, Indiana. He was commissioned as Colonel, but did not go to the front, as his private affairs would not admit of his absence, and upon his resignation of his commission in the army he at once took personal control of the bank and remained at the head of its affairs until the calamity overtook it that we have related. Colonel Stilwell was a man full of life and of a progressive nature, and used the means at his hands to improve Anderson and Madison county wherever he could in any way advance their interests. He built the Stilwell House, now known as the "Hotel Doxey," which was not only the pride of its founder, but of every citizen of Anderson. He was also the chief promoter of the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis Railroad, now known as the C. & S. E., he being the "power behind the throne" in bringing about its organization, and saw it completed as far as Noblesville before his death.

Much litigation grew out of the failure relative to the estate of Allen Makepeace, one of the stockholders of the bank, which, as will be seen further on, resulted in a mortal combat between the litigants.

THE TRAGEDY.

It is not the purpose of the writers to tear open afresh old wounds, but we bring before the public the particulars of this sad tragedy only for the purpose of placing it where it belongs as a part of the history of events that have transpired in Madison county. No better friend of the writers of these pages ever lived within the borders of Madison county than was Colonel Stilwell. This is also true of the central figure on the other side, Mr. John E. Corwin. Many favors have been extended to us by both of these men, which will be gratefully remembered while memory holds its seat and as long as we are possessed of a proper sense of gratitude. While it is our intention, only as a matter of history, to make a record of this

sad event, we think the end can be best subserved by stating, without comment, the actual state of facts as they existed at the time.

The most authentic account given of the affair was published in the *Herald* on the 16th of January, 1874, following the tragedy, and for weeks thereafter it gave the full particulars of the shooting, the testimony taken before the coroner, and at the preliminary investigation before Asa Pratt, Justice of the Peace.

At the preliminary investigation, the ablest counsel in the State of Indiana was employed upon both sides of the case. The prosecution was conducted by Amzi W. Thomas, who was then deputy prosecuting attorney of the judicial district composed of Madison and Hamilton counties. He was assisted by Jonathan W. Gordon, of Indianapolis, acknowledged in those days to be the best criminal lawyer that the State of Indiana had ever produced; Col. Milton S. Robinson, the Hon. John W. Lovett and the Hon. S. F. Cary, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The defence was represented by the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, now ex-president of the United States, the Hon. James W. Sansberry and John A. Harrison, of Anderson.

From the account of the tragedy published in the *Anderson Herald*, we quote as follows: "The usual quiet of our city was suddenly disturbed on Wednesday afternoon by the occurrence of one of the most tragic events that has ever taken place in our local annals. At the hour of 5 o'clock, p. m. Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell entered the office of Mr. John E. Corwin in the room lately occupied by the Citizens' Bank on the north side of the square, and drew his revolver on Mr. Corwin. The latter was occupied at his desk inside the counter, and on discovering the Colonel's motion, sprang over the counter and advanced toward his antagonist, whose right arm he seized and threw down when Stilwell's pistol was discharged. The ball struck Corwin in the left groin, but fortunately was checked in its course by striking a key and a silver dollar in his pocket. Corwin then seized Stilwell by the shoulder or coat collar, pushed him around and fired two shots, both of which took effect in the left side of the head, killing him instantly.

"But few words passed between the men. Colonel Stilwell said something about settling up old business, as he entered the room, and that it was time that it was settled, and

Mr. Corwin, after crossing the counter, told Stilwell to put up his revolver. Mr. Lafe Burr, of Anderson, and Mr. Geo. L. Rittenhouse, a commercial traveler, were in the room, and were excited spectators of the deadly encounter. The weapon which Colonel Stilwell had in his hand was a double-barrelled Derringer, and he also carried a single-barrelled pistol in his pocket.

“The report of the homicide spread with great rapidity throughout the city, and in a few minutes a large and excited crowd had gathered in the building and on the streets.

“Corwin walked out of his office and across the street to the court house, and placed himself in the custody of Albert J. Ross, then Sheriff of the county, who permitted him to remain at his residence during the night under guard.

“As to the causes which led to this unhappy event, we may mention that a bitter and relentless feud had existed between the parties, they having quarreled at different times publicly and thus developing a feeling of deep animosity against each other. The difficulty had its origin in regard to some money which the late Allen Makepeace, Mr. Corwin's father-in-law, claimed to have deposited in the First National Bank, but which Stilwell denied ever having received. Mr. Corwin, as administrator of the Makepeace estate, had instituted suits for the recovery of the alleged deposit which were still pending in the court. After the unfortunate complication of affairs which compelled the suspension of the First National Bank in November preceding the tragedy, President Stilwell, being of a proud and sensitive nature, believed, from evidence real or fancied, that Mr. Corwin rejoiced in his humiliation. This, coupled with a terrible mental strain to which he had been subjected on account of his financial embarrassment, tended, as we believe, to precipitate a state of mind closely bordering upon insanity. We do not think Colonel Stilwell was responsible for his acts on the day on which he attempted the life of Mr. Corwin, and on which his own was ushered into eternity.

“A feeling of profound grief and gloom pervaded the city over this terrible drama. While the liveliest and most earnest sympathy was expressed in behalf of the bereaved family, public opinion so far as it found expression was generous towards Mr. Corwin, regarding his action as having been done in self-defence.”

We have written this account plainly as we understand the facts without any attempt at embellishment or sensational-

ism. We have sought to give the circumstances simply as they were.

The funeral of Colonel Stilwell took place from his residence on Main street at 11 o'clock on the 16th of January, being one of the largest ever held in Madison county. The Colonel had enjoyed not only a local and state, but also a national reputation. Prominent men from the adjoining, and also from distant states, came to pay their respects by attending his last sad rites. He was a man who was well beloved by the plain country people. Almost the entire population of Anderson, and a large assemblage of the people from the county attended the funeral. His remains laid in state in front of the spacious grounds surrounding his residence from early in the morning on the day of the funeral until the cortege had taken its march to the city of the dead for interment.

The preliminary trial of Mr. Corwin was begun at Westfield's hall before Squire Pratt, as before stated, and a large and interested crowd of people, many from the country, were in constant attendance throughout the proceedings. The utmost decorum prevailed, and the testimony was listened to with the closest attention. Occasionally Major Gordon would break the profound solemnity of the occasion by some sally of wit or remark of pleasantry, and thus kept himself on excellent terms with the audience. General Harrison confined himself very closely to the business before him. This gentleman mainly conducted the examination of witnesses. The aim of both sides was so far as possible to get the facts in relation to the unfortunate affair from the best recollection of the witnesses examined. The Squire discharged his duties in such a manner as to secure the approval of all parties. His decisions upon points of law were prompt and were gracefully acquiesced in by the distinguished attorneys in the case. Reporters from the *Cincinnati Commercial, Gazette, Cincinnati Enquirer, Indianapolis Journal* and *Indianapolis Sentinel* were present and took notes in shorthand of all that was said and done by the witnesses and attorneys in the case.

In relation to the deposits that the late Allen Makepeace claimed to have made with the First National Bank of Anderson, the following receipt was introduced in evidence, to wit: "The First National Bank of Anderson received of Allen Makepeace for safe keeping \$14,000 in 7 3-10 United States bonds, said bonds to be returned to said Makepeace at any time called for. Interest on said bonds due August 15th and

February 15th. (Signed.) J. G. Stillwel, T. N. Stilwell, Anderson, Indiana, December 28, 1865."

It would seem, from the reading of this receipt, that the bonds were not actually deposited with the bank as money, but that they were merely left with J. G. and T. N. Stilwell for safe keeping. In a suit afterwards brought by the Allen Makepeace estate a verdict was given against the estate of Colonel Stilwell for the full amount of the bonds so deposited (\$14,000).

It will be unnecessary in these pages to go into the full details of all the doings and sayings at the preliminary hearing, or to make any comment on the affair at length. It was decided by the Justice of the Peace, Asa Pratt, before whom the case was tried, after all the evidence that could be offered was heard, that Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell met his death at the hands of his antagonist, John E. Corwin, while acting in defense of his own life, and Mr. Corwin was accordingly acquitted.

This affair cast a gloom over the city of Anderson that was not effaced for many years, and it is never mentioned or referred to by anyone but with regret and the deepest sorrow.

Mr. Corwin remained in this city for several years after the occurrence and organized the Madison County Bank, of which he became president. It was afterwards merged into the Madison County National Bank, of which he was also elected president, and did a thriving business until the year 1884, when he sold his business to Major C. T. Doxey and Daniel F. Mustard, and removed to Middletown, N. Y., where he at this writing is residing.

CHAPTER LIX.

A NUMBER OF AMUSING INCIDENTS.

LEE M. TREES IN THE ROLE OF "SQUIRE."

In the year of 1880 the young fellows of Anderson township, by way of a joke, voted for Lee M. Trees, the "Merchant Prince" of Anderson, for Justice of the Peace, and Morris M. Williams, commonly known as "Bundy" Williams, for constable. When the votes were counted it transpired that they had each received enough to elect them, to the surprise of themselves and friends. They thought to further the fun, so they both qualified and entered upon the duties of their offices.

Soon after 'Squire Trees had filed his official bond, and been "qualified" he was called upon by a young and buxom couple from the country with a request to join them in holy wedlock. The "'Squire" very graciously ushered them into his elegantly furnished rooms over his store, and for a few moments excused himself. He went out and found his chief of staff, Mr. "Bundy" Williams, high constable, and fifteen or twenty of the "boys" and returned to his apartments where the groom and blushing bride were in waiting.

Lee ordered the waiting couple to arise to their feet and join hands. Constable "Bundy" Williams "gave the bride away" and the ceremony proceeded when in a very impressive manner, Lee said :

"Do you each solemnly swear in the presence of God and these witnesses assembled, that you will support the constitution of the State of Indiana; that you will love, cherish and honor each other through sickness as well as in health; that you will neither of you depart from the paths of virtue and rectitude, but will cling to each other as the ivy clings to the trunk of an old tree, so help you God."

To this they both nodded and replied "we will."

"I then, by the power vested in me by the State of Indiana, in the name of God and the holy Saint John now declare you husband and wife."

“Boys, let us take a light drink.”

The decanter was set out and the 'Squire, Constable, bride and groom partook first of the claret, then it was passed to the bystanders. Thus ended 'Squire Trees' first marriage ceremony.

He and Constable Williams only held their offices a short time and resigned, other business being too pressing for them to attend to the duties imposed upon them.”

THEY'LL HAVE IT IN THE HORSE-FLY.

Almost every farmer in Madison county will remember Robert Shinn, who kept a place where Louis Blest's "White House" now stands. Robert's place was headquarters for farmers to lunch, and to get all the political news. Robert and his good, old wife, recently deceased, kept posted on the politics of the day, and many politicians and candidates have been made and unmade in the Shinn grocery. Robert was a liberal fellow in all things, and had a heart as large as a tub. When the crusade against the saloons was raging in 1874, the ladies sat in little booths upon the streets, taking the names of all who entered the saloons, one of which was in front of Robert's place. Some one passed down that way and saw Robert complacently sitting beside the ladies who were watching his door, fanning himself with a large palm leaf hat. When he was asked, "Well, Robert, what do you think of the proceedings?" he answered with a big laugh, "Oh, I think they are a set of d—n fannyticks."

In 1866, W. E. Cook and Tom O'Neil, who were connected with the *Anderson Standard*, published a "fly-by-night" paper called the *Fire Fly*. It was gotten out in the night when every one was supposed to be asleep. It "roasted" every one without respect to person, and nothing escaped it. Robert Shinn was, one sleety morning, strolling down the street, when, without a moment's warning, out went his feet on the ice, landing Robert on his back. He was as thick as he was long, and in his scramble to get up, he rolled until he got over against the court house fence before he could regain his footing. Climbing up against the fence, he began to brush the offal of the public square from his clothing, and, limping up to the corner, with a look of despair, said: "I 'sposhe' they'll have it in that danged 'horse-fly' to-night."

Robert Shinn died several years ago in Anderson, at a ripe old age; while he was a saloon keeper, he was universally

liked by all who knew him and was an honest man. He paid his debts to the last farthing, and believed in doing to others as he would have them do unto him.

TWO LARGE BLACK COONS.

Lafe J. Burr, one of Anderson's old-time citizens, holds the title of president of the "coon club." It is an organization that meets on the street corners and talks a great deal about coon hunting, but really does but little hunting. It is composed of Lafe Burr, James H. Snell, George Hughel, Thomas J. Stephens, Jack Brunt, John P. Davis and several others whose names do not now come to mind.

Some friend of Mr. Burr's one day, in a moment of hilarity, went to the *Bulletin* office and put in a two-line advertisement and signed Lafe's name to it, wanting two large black "coons."

In a few days an old farmer drove up in front of Mr. Burr's gate with a farm wagon and stopped. He called Mr. Burr out of the house, and, after passing the time of day, said:

"Well, Lafe, here's your coons."

"What coons?"

"Why, the coons you advertised for in the *Bulletin*."

"I haven't advertised for any."

This aroused the old man's ire. "I reckon you did; I 'seed' it in the *Bulletin*, and I can read writin' and printin' as well as you can, and it's in the paper."

Lafe still insisted that there was a mistake somewhere in the matter. The old man began to warm up. "Look here, Mr. Burr, I've knowed you a long while, and respected you as an honorable man. Me and my boys quit our work and went to a great deal of trouble to catch these coons for you, and you don't want to play none of your foolishness on me. You can either take them and pay me for them or there will be trouble and our friendship is at an end."

"Well," said Mr. Burr, "I don't want to lose you as a friend, but I assure you this is a practical joke some one has put up on me; but I'll take the coons. What are they worth?"

"Two dollars and a half."

"All right; here's your money. Take them and put them in C. K. McCullough's Riverside Park, and come back and get your dinner and call it square."

The old man dumped the coons into the park and went home happy, and is yet a friend of Burr's.

Burr has always had a lingering suspicion in his mind that James H. Snell, the vice-president of the club, set up this job on him.

Mr. Burr, besides being an old coon hunter, is one of Anderson's respected citizens, and has been a great success in business affairs. At the November election, 1896, Mr. Burr was elected County Commissioner on the Republican ticket.

CHAPTER LX.

INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

As has been stated in other parts of this work, the ground upon which Anderson stands was at one time an abiding place for the Indians. The tribes who are known to have dwelt in Madison county at one time were the Delawares and the Pottawattamies. The headquarters for the Delawares was for a long time at "Anderson's Town," and as such it was known from the earliest pioneer history.

"It may at present be an unknown fact, yet it is an interesting one to state that the first suit at law in Anderson was heard in a cabin or lodge which had been occupied by Chief Anderson. At the time Anderson lived here there was another chief of the name of Green, in whose honor the stream of water that meanders through the western part of the town was named 'Green's Branch.' This is all that is left to perpetuate his memory. His wigwam stood on the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the present home of the Hon. James W. Sansberry, at the west end of Tenth street.

"This chief, so it is stated by the old settlers, was the worshipper of an idol. It bore a great resemblance to a human countenance, and was carved in a large slab of wood and elevated to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. It was known to have been used for such purposes for years before the people located here. Judge John Davis secured this idol as a relic and placed it in a room in the old court house, from which it was afterwards stolen.

"It is said that prisoners taken by this tribe in times of war were brought before this chief for trial, and were forced to run the gauntlet, and traces of the same could be very easily observed by the early settlers near Green's wigwam.

"Another chief was Killbuck, who is said to have been a Delaware. His lodge was on the north side of Killbuck creek. He is spoken of as a wise chief and one friendly to the whites. His remains occupy an unknown site in the woods north of the dam across Killbuck creek, on the Sparks farm.

“Nanticoke was the name of a chief whose village was located on the south bank of White river, on the present farm of Robert Cather, about four miles west of Anderson.

“‘White Eyes’ was another chief, whose lodge stood near the present site of the poor farm. All information in regard to him is very vague, and but little is known of him or his tribe.

“The Delawares, judging from early pioneer history, were a very war-like people, and were engaged in many most



AN IDOL WORSHIPED BY CHIEF GREEN.

desperate battles with the whites during the last century. At Fort Recovery, Ohio, in an engagement which resulted so disastrously to the whites, under General St. Clair, the Delawares bore a prominent part.

“Fronting the beautiful eminence upon the north bank of White river, some eight miles west of Anderson, is an old Indian burying ground which occupies nearly an acre, and from the depressions in the ground it is surmised that one hundred or more Indians are buried there. This ground is a part of the farm of Alexander McClintock. No excavations have been made on it, and should the privilege ever be granted

of making an examination of the ground some valuable information might be gleaned concerning the early occupants of Madison county soil.

“ A peculiar looking pipe weighing about a half pound was found upon a grave in this ground sometime since which was donated to the Madison County Historical Society.

“ Upon the farm of Matthias Hughel, some two miles east of Anderson, upon a high point overlooking the country for a distance of two or three miles to the south, is the site of the village of Moravian Indians, mention of which is made elsewhere. The evidence of the location of their lodges and wigwams were very easily traced with the advent of the white settlers into this region. When the excavations were made for the earthwork of the Anderson Hydraulic in 1870, the workmen exhumed a great number of skeletons which were believed to have belonged to the Moravian Indians.

“ A tradition existed for many years among the early settlers that both lead and salt abounded in some of the valleys and hills in the vicinity of Anderson, and to some extent this belief prevails at the present day. The Indians appeared to obtain them easily, and upon short notice, but steadily kept the secret to themselves. If lead was found at all, it is thought its place was among the hills along White river, to the northwest of Anderson.

“ The farm of Harrison Canaday, two miles north of Anderson, was in early times a favorite spot with the Indians for hunting deer. The early settlers thought that a salt well dug by the Indians existed near Killbuck creek by means of which the deer were induced to come to that place; but if that was really so, the Indians carefully guarded their secret and never revealed it to the white man.”

The descendants of the Madison county Delawares are now said to be found in the Indian territory. The above account of our early Indian history is taken from a paper by Fleming T. Luse of the Madison County Historical Society.

A LEGEND.

The following beautiful story was written by Miss Nellie Lovett, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. John W. Lovett, now the wife of Earle Reeve, of Anderson, and is reproduced in these pages by special permission of the writer:

Early in the present century, Indiana territory stretched from the Ohio river to the great lakes, and embraced within

its borders what is now the prosperous and populous State. It had never been subdivided by the surveyor's lines, and, with the exception of a few rude settlements of hardy pioneers and trading posts along the principal streams, it was inhabited only by the untutored children of the forest, members of the several tribes of the "Great Algonquin Nation," of which the Delaware formed a conspicuous part. It was a country beautiful to look upon, and lay just as the hand of nature had left it. There was no monotonous stretch of level prairie to weary the eye, but hill and valley, undulating upland and fertile river bottoms made up an ever changing landscape that was beautiful to behold, always pleasing and diversified. Near the center of the great territory in a bend of the river, then known in the Indian tongue as "Watseca," or White river, was the

VILLAGE OF THE DELAWARES,

ruled over and governed by that noble chieftain, "Kik-the-we-nund," or Anderson. At the time our story opens Anderson was a splendid specimen of the Indian race. In the very prime of life, standing six feet in his moccasins, straight as an arrow, of powerful frame and dignified bearing, he seemed a born leader of men, worthy to wave the scepter of authority over the important tribe to which he belonged. He had listened to the Moravian missionary, had heard the wonderful story of the cross, and ever since he had been a steadfast friend of the whites. The hardy hunter, trapper or trader, courageous enough to penetrate the unbroken forest and reach his village, was sure of a welcome at his wigwam. The forests abounded in game of every variety known to the zone. The river teemed with the best of the finny tribe, and in the fertile bottoms grew, in luxuriant abundance, the fields of Indian maize.

Thus in peace and plenty dwelt Anderson and his tribe, keeping inviolate the early treaties with the pale face race. Years before the chieftain's squaw had been stricken by the fatal fever, and had been called by the Great Spirit to the happy hunting grounds, leaving to Anderson a little daughter, "Oneahye, or Dancing Feather." She had grown to early womanhood, the pet of the tribe, tall and lithe of figure, swift of foot as the red deer, yet gentle and loving of disposition; this Indian maiden graced her father's wigwam, as the

WILD FLOWERS DECKED

the sloping hillside that stretched from its doorway to the margin of the beautiful river. The young braves of her own

and neighboring tribes, the Miamis and Pottawattamies, paid tribute to her beauty, and cast the trophies of the chase at her feet; but thus far her heart remained untouched and her fancy as free as the breeze that sported in the tree tops, or the wild birds that were her daily companions. But one day there came to the village a stalwart young hunter of the pale-face race. Brave and fearless, the wild life of the woods and prairies had a charm for Charley Stanley that had won him from the haunts of civilized life and had caused him to seek as his companions the dusky, untutored children of the forest. He was accorded a warm welcome at the chieftain's wigwam, and at her father's bidding "Oneahye" spread for him, under the shade of the old oak, a mat of soft and fragrant rushes, woven by her own deft fingers. To the young and susceptible hunter, this Indian princess was a vision of loveliness. He had never seen a form so graceful, or a face so expressive. The days glided by, and still he tarried, the guest of the tribe. By day the hunter and maiden wandered through leafy bowers, and at evening under silvery moonbeams, or the silent stars, the two floated on the bosom of the river in the light birch canoe. It was the old, old story; and when the beautiful Indian summer came and cast its mellow haze over hill and valley, the two were made one after the Indian custom, and thus another tie was formed to bind "Chief Anderson" to the whites.

* * * * *

The years grew green and grew brown; the moons waxed and waned, and time rolled on. The splendid country had attracted widespread attention, and each year saw new settlements of the ever restless Anglo-Saxons; saw the hand of civilization leaving its mark on the face of nature, and writing the doom of the red children whose heritage was coveted by the superior race. Already a trading station had been located at the village of the Delawares, and the log-cabin of the pioneer stood within arrow shot of the wigwam of the "Aboriginal." Anderson recognized the hand of fate; saw the writing on the wall, and knew that the red man must soon move toward the setting sun. With the other chieftains of the Algonquin nation he signed the treaty of St. Marys, in 1818, ceding to the United States the remaining interests of the Delawares in the splendid Indian territory, whereby it was agreed that within three years from the signing of the same, his tribe

would leave its ancestral territory, removing to a reservation west of the Mississippi. In accordance with the stipulations of the treaty, the 20th day of September, 1821, saw the exodus of the Delawares from the lands of their fathers.

The day was a beautiful one. The woodlands were robed in gorgeous hues of the Frost King and were flying the flaming banners of autumn. Fifty canoes floated on the river, while a herd of ponies and pack horses, bearing the camp equipage of the tribe, stood ready for the journey.

The young braves and squaws were to go overland, while the chiefs and aged members of the band were to travel by water. The white residents turned out to witness their departure, and there were many touching scenes at the parting. Charles Stanley and Oneahye, his Indian wife, had decided to remain at the settlement. At a given signal the canoes were filled with their burden of swarthy beings, and the cavalcade took up its line of march. Anderson was the last to move. When all was in readiness he laid his hand on the head of his daughter. A hush fell upon the assembled multitude as he spoke in the expressive and figurative language of the Delawares a father's parting blessing and benediction. The eagle feather in his plume quivered slightly, but beyond this there was no outward sign of the deep feeling that stirred the bosom of the noble chief. This simple ceremony over, he stepped into the canoe and stood erect, while the fleet, responsive to the strokes of the paddles, shot out into the current, and thus the long and tedious journey to the new hunting grounds, was commenced. The people on the river bank stood silently watching the departing canoes until a bend in the river hid them from view.

Twenty years had passed since the departure of the Delawares. Hard years they had been on the tribe. Pestilence and war, disease and death had played sad havoc, and but few remained of that goodly band of warriors. Anderson still lived, but broken by age, hardships and disappointments, he felt the future had little in store for him, and his thoughts continually turned back to the days of his early manhood, and a longing, unconquerable desire to see once again with his own eyes his dearly loved daughter, and revisit the old scenes, filled his heart.

Gathering about him a few trusty companions, he turned his face eastward, and by easy stages and frequent rests he made the journey. Charles Stanley had built for himself and

family a log cabin, somewhat more pretentious than most of his neighbors, and here the old chieftain received a warm and tender welcome; but the days of rest and enjoyment, which he had anticipated, were not to be. The fever was raging in his veins and pain racked his frame. On the evening after his arrival he became delirious, and from his incoherent words it could easily be told he was living over again the old, old days. At times he was engaged in counsel with the neighboring Sachems. Again, he gave the directions for the journey westward, and then he seemed to imagine himself in the old wigwam, and gently stroked the hair of his little granddaughter as he had her mother's many years before. On the third day he died and was sorrowfully laid to rest under the spreading branches of an old oak not far from the cabin where he died. Fifty years have passed. Where the village of the Delaware stood stands a vigorous growing young city, just feeling the impulse of new life, caused by the wonderful discovery of natural gas. On every hand are evidences of rapid growth and substantial prosperity. The place where the old oak stood abutts on one of the leading thoroughfares, is marked for a splendid hostelry, and the work of its construction has commenced. In excavating for the basement and cellars of the building the workmen came upon a human skeleton. It was the remains of "Anderson," the Delaware. By direction of the owners the skeleton was buried in the crypt of the building, where it now rests. Over it was erected the noble structure, and it was eminently right and proper that in honor of the noble chieftain the hotel should be called "The Anderson."

It is said that on the night of the 21st day of September, 1891, the seventieth anniversary of the exodus of the Delaware, just as the clock in the tower of the court house struck the hour of midnight, the ghostly form of an Indian, clad in the full habiliments of a Delaware chieftain, might have been seen standing erect on the highest crest of the unfinished building, with folded arms, looking towards the east, just as the chieftain had stood on the morning of his departure, seventy years before. It remained thus for a moment and faded out in a cloud of mist.

CHAPTER LXI.

INTERESTING CRIMINAL MATTERS, MYSTERIOUS AND OTHERWISE, RECALLED.

A DARING BANK ROBBERY.

At the hour of high noon on Saturday the 10th of August, 1878, the city of Anderson was thrown into wild excitement over the announcement that the banking house of William Crim & Co. had been robbed of a large sum of money. This was one of the slickest pieces of robbery that was ever perpetrated in this part of the country.

A well dressed stranger, a few days previously, had registered at the Doxey House under the name of H. F. Tilden, of Mound City, Iowa. He was of very pleasant address, of unassuming manner, talked but little to anyone but when in conversation was entertaining and soon ingratiated himself into the good will of several leading citizens about the city, among whom was Joseph R. Cain, the cashier of the Crim Bank. Tilden made several visits to the bank for small accommodations in the way of procuring change, at one time asking the cashier to give him silver for a twenty dollar bill. Mr. Cain took the bag of silver from the vault and counted it out, but just at that moment the stranger seemed to be troubled with a sore finger. He politely requested Mr. Cain to tie it up for him as he could not tie it with his other hand. He had a white rag wrapped around his finger which was also wrapped with a thread which was ready to tie. Mr. Cain, of course, complied with the request but in so doing he was compelled to reach over the counter. Mr. Tilden detained him as long as possible in tying it up by telling him that he had tied it too tight and had him to loosen it and retie it.

While this was going on a couple of sneak thieves, confederates of Tilden, had slipped in, with cork soles on their shoes, and crawled around the counter and got behind the cashier's department, where the safe was standing with the door open. A large sum of money was exposed, which they

grabbed from the vault and made their way out with their booty.

When Mr. Tilden entered the door he had a confederate who stood on the front steps for the purpose of detaining any one that might come in while the robbery was going on. Richard Thornburg, a farmer living a few miles from the city, was just entering the bank to transact some business, when the confederate, who stood on the outside, stopped him and made some inquiry as to where some person lived, or some other unimportant matter, and detained him until the sneak thieves had passed out of the bank and Mr. Tilden had also made his escape.

About this time Norval Crim, the son of William Crim, the president of the bank, arrived to relieve Mr. Cain while he went to his noon meal. Just as Crim entered the bank some customer came in with a large check, which required more money than was usually kept on the counter to pay it. After looking at the check he turned to the safe to take out a package, when, to his astonishment, the packages were gone. He immediately accosted Mr. Cain and asked him what had become of the currency. Mr. Cain was astounded to find that the packages had disappeared, and it immediately dawned upon him that he had been robbed, and at once suspected Tilden of being the guilty party, or at least an accomplice in the affair.

Tilden and his confederates immediately on leaving the bank started for the Pan-Handle train going north at 1:20 p. m. The alarm was given and pursuit was made. The officers boarding the train placed Tilden under arrest and also three others who were under suspicion as being his accomplices. The parties arrested with Tilden gave their names as J. C. Curtis, of Cleveland, John Ryan, of Fort Wayne, J. Ash and J. T. Bradley, of Pittsfield. All of these parties had boarded the train with Tilden. When the train arrived at Elwood Ryan endeavored to make his escape and jumped from the train and ran through a stave yard. He was seen holding his coat on entering the yard, but on leaving he had left it behind. This action on the part of Ryan led the officers to believe that he had hidden the money somewhere among the staves, and search was made by parties at Elwood, assisted by the officers, but nothing was found until the next day when Mr. Frank M. Hunter, Postmaster at Elwood, found \$1,790, and another party found a small sum, the amount of which the writer does

not remember. The money had been secreted in the stove piles by the flying thief, who was afterward captured.

Ryan and the other participants were returned to Anderson on the evening train, but waived preliminary examination until Monday morning. They were placed in the Madison county jail. James Hazlett was then Mayor of the city and the case was brought before him for trial, but the parties took a change of venue from His Honor and their cases were sent to William Roach, Esquire, where the preliminary trial took place on the Tuesday and Wednesday following. Ash and Curtis were both released, but the others, Ryan, Bradley and Tilden were held on bail, which they failed to give and were sent back to jail. Hon. Howell D. Thompson and Calvin D. Thompson, Esquire, were employed to defend them. Hon. James W. Sansberry and Hon. Charles L. Henry and A. S. McAllister appeared for the State. Friends of the parties came to the front and put up cash bail for them, which they afterward forfeited and never came to trial. It is said, however, that there were some arrangements with the managers of the bank and the friends of these parties that the greater portion of the money was restored to the bank. How much was taken and how much the bank received in return is known only by those who were intimately connected with the affair. The amount was variously estimated at from \$5,000 to \$12,000. It will never be known to outside parties what was the true state of affairs in this relation.

It is said that Ryan was afterwards killed in an encounter of some kind when he was in the act of committing an unlawful deed. Tilden, after being released, was on one or two occasions seen by parties who recognized him at Indianapolis. He was undoubtedly the smoothest rogue who ever planted his foot in Madison county. During the preliminary trial which was held in the court house, Mr. Tilden sat each day with a kid glove on one hand, in which he held the glove for the other. His faultless linen shirt front and the sparkling diamonds that he wore, with his boots shining as brightly as they could be made, were all scenes in his part of the play, and anyone entering the court room during the proceedings whom he had met at any time during his stay in town he saluted with a bow and greeted with a smile. He was so polite and kind to the officers, to the prosecuting attorney and the lawyers on the other side that he almost won their favors before the trial ended.

While many criticised Cashier Cain, it is safe to say that there is not one man out of a thousand placed as he was who would not have done as he did.

The writer has been behind the counter of a bank for many years and is ready to confess that he would in all probability have done as Mr. Cain did under similar circumstances.

A MYSTERIOUS BURGLARY.

W. S. Shirk, who is well known to almost every one in Anderson, and who kept a jewelry store on the north side, was the victim of two daring robberies within a period of two years. The first time, in the month of November, 1888, some unknown persons entered his store through the back door while the proprietor was at supper, and got away with about \$2,000 worth of jewelry, and diamonds, and made good their escape. The trays in which the valuables were kept were all emptied and the show cases left bare, a greeting that met Mr. Shirk's view when he returned from his meal that made him heart-sick. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he beheld the empty cases.

Mr. Shirk had just begun to recover from the effects of this robbery in a financial way, when he was, again, on the night of March 14, 1890, visited with a similar occurrence, only on a larger scale.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirk were boarders at the Hotel Doxey, and had gone to their rooms leaving the store closed, and the safes securely locked. A young man of the name of C. H. Williams was a clerk in the store, and had gone out to call on a lady friend, returning at about 12 o'clock to retire for the night, he having his sleeping apartments in the store. Upon entering the room he was astonished to see the safe door open, and upon examination he ascertained that a robbery had been committed. He at once repaired to the hotel and aroused Mr. Shirk, who hastened to the store, where he was soon convinced that he had again been the victim of burglars. The alarm was immediately given to the police and all effort to find a clue was made without success. The entire stock was taken and a large loss was sustained. Detectives were put to work on the case and the whole country was scoured in order to find some evidence of guilt or some trace of the robbers. Suspicion pointed towards the clerk, and the detectives decided to cause his arrest, which was accordingly done, but on

an investigation he was exonerated from all blame and fully acquitted of the offense.

This was without doubt one of the slickest pieces of thievery ever perpetrated. There was no one in the wide world who had the combination to the safe except Mr. Shirk, and how it was opened is to this day a mystery.

There was but one theory advanced by experts, and that was that some one had gotten possession of the letters on which the combination was set, at some time when Mr. Shirk had inadvertently laid them down, and quietly bided the time until an opportunity offered itself to perfect the job.

The clerk was not allowed to have the combination and was in no way familiar with the inside workings of the safe.

Some people were of the opinion that Shirk was the guilty party of his own robbery, but there was absolutely no foundation or reason for this conclusion, as he was in no one's debt, and could in no wise profit by such a transaction, and besides, he was the personification of honor and would not be guilty of such a crime.

Mr. Shirk was one of the finest workmen in his line in the United States, being a practical watch maker. He left Anderson not long after this occurrence, and moved to Florida on account of his wife's health, where he at this time resides.

Mr. Shirk learned his trade with John Awalt, in Anderson, and for many years was in his employ.

He was born and reared at Newcastle, Ind. This was a severe blow to him financially, and was the cause of his having to give up business for himself, and is now working as a journeyman at his trade.

A DRUGGIST "HELD UP."

On the 13th of August, 1880, about the hour of 12 o'clock at night, when all honest people had sought their peaceful couches and all was serene and quiet, Frank Murphy, a desperate night prowler of the light colored fraternity, made his way into the sleeping apartments of Charles A. Henderson, the well-known Anderson druggist, by climbing over the veranda from the ground below. He very deliberately went to Mr. Henderson's bed, where he and his wife were sleeping, and took Mr. Henderson's trousers from under his head and rifled their pockets. This aroused the sleeping victim, who at once made an attempt to get up and give the alarm, but he was promptly stopped by his midnight visitor,

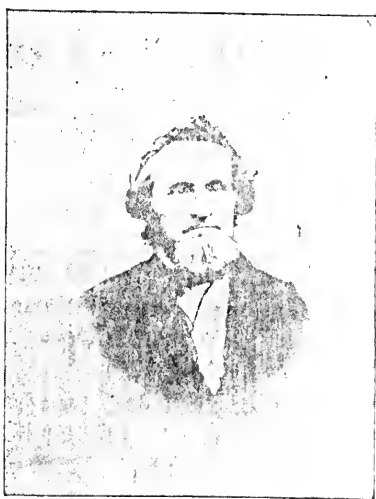
who held a Smith & Wesson's revolver to his face and commanded him to keep still at the risk of his life. Mr. Henderson thought discretion the better part of valor, so he meekly obeyed the command. There was a light in the room, and Mr. Henderson took a good look at the intruder. He satisfied himself that if he should ever meet him again he would know him. The impression made on Henderson's mind was so vivid that he has never lost the full outlines of that man's face. The next day after this occurrence Mr. Henderson met the robber on the street, and at once recognized him. He quietly gave the alarm to the city marshal, and he started in pursuit of the criminal. The rogue must have suspected that Henderson knew him, for he at once took a straight line for the Bee Line railroad, where a freight train was standing, about to start east. While the marshal was getting his forces ready a friend of Mr. Henderson hurried to the depot and quietly informed the conductor of what was going on, and he held the train until the officers arrived, and in a few minutes Murphy was a prisoner. The Circuit Court was in session at the time, and an indictment was procured against the prisoner and a hasty trial had, and he was soon on his way to Michigan City to serve time for his crime. He made threats that he would come back when he had served his time and kill Henderson; but he got over this, as he did come back, but never molested Mr. Henderson in any way.

CHAPTER LXII.

A NUMBER OF DISASTROUS FIRES IN ANDERSON AND VICINITY REMEMBERED.

AN OLD LANDMARK DESTROYED.

The older inhabitants of Madison county will remember the old Jackson flouring mill that stood on the banks of White river at the ford near the farm of Samuel Myers east of the city. The mere mention of the name of this mill calls to



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the minds of the old-timers the times when they "toted" their grists to mill long before there were any turnpikes in Madison county, and when they would have to travel a distance of eight or ten miles, and the trip would often consume two days or more. When they got to the mill they would have to wait for the grinding of their grain and then return home with the grist the next day. This mill was built by David Williams in 1832, and did good work from that time until its destruction. It was an old-fashioned water power, and

was the first to be built in this section of the country. It enjoyed the patronage of almost the entire county at one time, and it is said that often persons would have to wait and stand in line a day at a time in order to get their grist ground. Andrew Jackson purchased and operated it for a long time, and in the year 1857 sold it to his son David B. Jackson, who ran it until the day of its destruction. The cause of the conflagration seems to have been as follows: A young man working about the mill had put a fire in the stove in the morning and in building it dropped a piece of coal into a decaying place in one of the floor sills. At noon that day the fire was discovered in the foundation timbers. One of the millers was attracted to it and saw the smouldering coals which he put out as he thought, and no further attention was paid to it. At 11 o'clock that night the family was aroused by the cry of fire by the neighbors. Upon looking out the building was found to be in a sheet of flames. Nothing could be done to extinguish the fire, and the structure was destroyed. And thus was wiped out one of the old landmarks of Madison county. The dam above the mill remained for several years, but was finally torn away. No sign now remains to mark the spot where the mill once stood except the rippling of the water over the few straggling stones left where the dam once stood.

BURNING OF THE EAGLE CHAIR FACTORY.

At the corner of Eleventh and Meridian streets in Anderson, once stood one of the largest of Anderson's industries. It was known as the Eagle Chair factory, and employed a large force of hands. Its products went through the length and breadth of the land. It was established in 1868 by Holloway & Jackson, who began the manufacture of bent wood for chairs. The business was carried on by them until 1871, when a stock company was organized composed of Elisha B. Holloway, Enoch M. Jackson, David W. Swank, Minor Barrett, Isaac D. Bosworth, and others for the manufacture of chairs and other articles of furniture. The most approved style of machinery was purchased, and the factory was equipped in first-class style. From 50 to 75 people were employed, and a very extensive business was transacted.

After the concern had run for two years under the management of the above named gentlemen, several of the stockholders disposed of their interests to Alfred Walker who eventually became the sole proprietor.

On the 6th of May, 1880, the sound of the whistle of this busy hive of industry announced to the sleeping citizens, that the place was on fire. The people at once hastened to the scene, as was usual in those days, with buckets and other appliances for extinguishing fires, but with little effect, in this instance, as the building was filled with dry, combustible material, and it was but a little while until all the interior of the structure together with its contents was devoured by the raging flames, leaving nothing to tell where this thriving factory had once stood. The residence of M. A. Bosworth which occupied the site where the home of E. E. Newton at present stands, was also ignited by the flames, and burned to the ground. The large three-story brick building in which Johnson, Cates & Canaday are now conducting a furniture business which was then run as a planing mill, sash and blind factory by Bosworth & Bro., also took fire at several times, but was, by heroic work on the part of the men, saved from destruction. The old church building occupying the ground immediately north was also on fire, but was saved from destruction by the courage of a man of the name of James Stilly, who, at great peril to himself, crawled up the steep roof, to a height of about fifty feet, and threw his coat over where it had ignited, and thus put out the incipient flames. This daring act of Stilly's was applauded by loud shouts of approval from the people below. He received their thanks and was properly rewarded for his brave act by Mr. John W. Pence, the owner of the building.

The ground on which the Eagle Chair Factory stood subsequently passed into the hands of Hester & Sons who converted it into a barrel, stave and heading factory, which they operated for a considerable time.

The fire was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, and two persons who were seen loitering about the railroad depots were placed under arrest, one of whom gave his name as William Wilson of Ogle, Illinois. The name of the other individual has passed out of the recollection of the writer. Wilson was a Norwegian by birth, and claimed to be a printer by trade. He gave a good account of his whereabouts at the time of the fire, and also stated what his business in the city was. There being no positive evidence against him, he was released from custody.

The building and its contents were insured to the amount of \$1,500, but this sum was insufficient to cover the loss.

BURNING OF ROTH'S JEWELRY STORE.

On the night of December 26, 1885, about half past 12 o'clock, an alarm of fire was given when it was discovered that the extensive jewelry store, owned by William Roth, which occupied the building where Daniels' drug store is now situated, on the corner of Ninth and Main streets, was on fire. All efforts to stay the devouring flames were unsuccessful and in a short time the building with its contents was destroyed. The hook and ladder company did good service, and the wind being favorable, this was the only building destroyed on that side of the square. The roofs of the adjoining buildings were covered with men who were kept constantly dashing water on the flames and thus allayed the fears of many who felt that the entire square would be burned.

The fire was of mysterious origin and it was thought by many to have been the work of an incendiary, but there was no proof of the fact. Among the heavy losers were: William Roth on his stock of jewelry; Captain A. L. Makepeace, and Jesse L. Henry, who owned the building; Mrs. Wentworth, who had a millinery store in the adjoining building, also lost quite heavily.

THE MERIDIAN GLASS FACTORY BURNED.

On Saturday night September 19, 1896, at about the hour of 10 o'clock, the alarm of fire was given, and in a few moments it was heralded throughout the city that the Meridian street plant of the Pennsylvania Glass Company was on fire. The department was soon on hand, but there was so much combustible material in the building that such a thing as subduing the flames was impossible, and the structure and contents were destroyed, entailing a loss of \$40,000. The company carried on the plant and stock, nearly the same amount of insurance, so the loss was mainly on the insurance companies, aside from the time lost in replacing the buildings, and equipping them ready for use.

The establishment was originally the property of the American Glass Company, which came to Anderson in 1889, from Martin's Ferry, Ohio. This company failed in business in 1891, and the factory was sold to the Pennsylvania Glass Company, which has operated it since. It is one of the best factories in the county, having given employment to a large number of men, and runs the year round. It is a cooperative company, nearly all of the operatives being stockholders.

The officers at the time of the fire were Thos. J. McMahan, president; John L. Forkner, vice-president; John Schies, secretary and treasurer, and Flery Toms, manager.

The plant when first established manufactured fancy decorated ware, lamps and lamp flues, but the business from some cause did not prosper, and the company went to the wall. After the Pennsylvania Company acquired the property, it was converted into a bottle factory, and manufactured all kinds of glass specialties. The fruit jar season is a profitable time for this establishment, and it enjoys a large trade in this line. In connection with the plant was also a mould shop, where all of the moulds for this and many other factories were made. It was one of the severest losses to Anderson while the factory remained idle, and many employes, as well as merchants and business men, felt it very keenly. This factory has been rebuilt in a substantial manner.

DESTRUCTION OF A HANDLE FACTORY.

On the morning of September 26, 1884, a disastrous fire visited Anderson at about 2 o'clock, consuming the Handle Factory owned by Charles T. Doxey & Company, situated on Meridian street south of the Bee Line Railroad, with all its machinery and stock. The origin of the fire was a mystery but was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. It was first discovered in the northeast corner of the building upon the second floor in the part used for storing handles, and remote from the engine room. Work had been suspended at the factory during the week previous, in order to make repairs, and no fire had been built in the boiler-room and there was no possible means of the fire originating from the furnace. Part of the walls of the building fell in and the remaining portion stood in a toppling condition until they were torn down. There was stored in the building at the time 9,000 dozen handles ready for shipment. Mr. H. E. McCandliss, present street commissioner in Anderson, was manager of the factory and a large stockholder therein. The loss was supposed to be in the neighborhood of \$15,000, covered by \$9,000 insurance. After this disastrous fire the building was never rebuilt nor was the business resumed by the company.

BURNING OF THE "BANNER STORE."

On the morning of December 24, 1896, at the hour of 6 o'clock, the Leob-Brunt building on Meridian street, be-

tween Ninth and Tenth, in the city of Anderson, was discovered to be on fire. The flames were issuing from the basement and in a few minutes the whole structure was enveloped in flames. The efforts of the fire department proved futile, and all attempts to save the building and its contents were without avail. The building was occupied by "The Banner Store," owned by Messrs. Rawlings, Haynes & Co., and by Maag & Son, shoe dealers.

The building was insured in the sum of \$14,000, and the stocks were covered by \$30,000. The loss was much more than the insurance on the stock of Rawlings, Haynes & Co., while Maag's stock was thought to be fully covered. This was the third time this building was destroyed by fire. The first time in 1884, when it was known as the Doxey Opera House, when it was burned without any insurance, the loss being nearly \$80,000. It was again burned in 1893, when it was known as the Doxey Music Hall, being covered by insurance. An account of these conflagrations last named are given elsewhere.

The community displayed its sympathy without stint for the unfortunate victims of this fire, and assisted in every manner in trying to help them in their distress.

CHAPTER LXIII.

REMINISCENCES, AMUSING AND OTHERWISE.

SAM PENCE'S LOTTERY.

Samuel Pence, who is at this time, a familiar figure upon the streets of Anderson, gave a grand gift distribution and lottery in Anderson at Union Hall on the 24th of December, 1866.

Mr. Pence had for many years been engaged in the livery business, having his stables on South Main street on the ground now occupied by the Bronnenberg block. Becoming tired of the business, and wishing to dispose of his stock to the best advantage, Mr. Pence devised a lottery scheme as the best means of procuring a good price for the same. He accordingly advertised largely throughout the country by means of the newspapers and hand-bills of his grand drawing and distribution of prizes.

On the night when the drawing took place a brass band was in attendance, and hundreds of people crowded into the place to witness the event. The drawing was conducted to the satisfaction of all, and but few complaints were heard. It was an honest affair. There were no blanks given out; each and every ticket drew a prize of some kind. On this occasion many were present who lived eight and ten miles in the country. They waited anxiously and hoped for their number to be drawn, and when at last the affair was over the disappointment expressed on the countenances of some was amusing to behold. Many had invested as high as ten, twenty and thirty dollars drawing minor prizes, while others who had invested only the sum of one dollar drew some of the most valuable prizes. Nearly all the tickets advertised were sold, and brought quite a handsome sum to Mr. Pence for his property.

From the list of prizes drawn upon that occasion we give the following: One horse, "Pete;" one horse, "Bill;" one horse, "Sam;" one mare, "Kit;" one mare, "Jane;" one mare, "Sis;" one mare, "Betty;" one buggy, one double set of harness, one bed and bedstead, one single sleigh, one sad-

dle, one cutting box, one buffalo robe, one hog, one sow and pigs, one lever watch, one bureau, one iron kettle, one breakfast table, one bar of soap, one Colt's revolver, one milch cow. Besides the above articles, there were about 300 numbers each of which drew a one-dollar greenback. It was advertised that every ticket holder would be presented with a picture, which turned out to be the likeness of Abraham Lincoln, which was engraved upon the back of the ticket.

Some laughable incidents occurred during the drawing. The writer, who was one of the anxious spectators expecting to draw a fortune, was the recipient of a bar of Shultz's Star soap, while Nolly Walden, a colored barber who sat at his side, drew a fine horse. A lady who sat a few feet in front of him drew a sow and pigs, and a minister of the gospel who resided a short distance in the country, drew a cutting box. One man drew a grain cradle, and Enoch M. Jackson, a prominent citizen of Anderson, drew an iron kettle.

Mr. Pence is yet living in Anderson, where he has a host of friends.

DR. ABSALOM PARRIS.

Dr. Absalom Parris was an old-timer, who died near Anderson about 1875. He was a doctor of divinity as well as a doctor of medicine. He practiced medicine during the week and preached in the country churches on Sunday. While he was not a thoroughly educated man, he had a fair knowledge of things in general. He had an excellent flow of language, and could preach and pray in a way that would make the hair stand on end, and perfectly amaze his hearers.

He would grow eloquent in prayer, and use some language that was really beautiful. The writer will always remember hearing him wind up a prayer in the Presbyterian church in Anderson. He prayed that when he was to be removed from this "mundane sphere, that he might be wafted forth on angel wings, and conveyed to that beautiful and shining shore, where sickness, sorrow and death never dwell, and be permitted to rest his head on the bosom of the beloved Jesus, and breathe his soul out sweetly there."

He was one of the politest old gentlemen in the country, and always in a good humor. He was a sterling Democrat, always taking stock for his party in the campaigns as they came around. In his practice of medicine he had some few remedies that he prescribed in nearly every case. His head-

quarters were at Henderson's drug store. The Hendersons used to think a great deal of him, and made much over him when he went into their store, always welcoming him with an "eye-opener" behind the prescription case. You could hear him smack his lips clear across the room as he would remark, "Bub, that is excellent, excellent."

One of his favorite remedies was "hydrastis canadensis." He always called Charley Henderson "Bub." After being seated at the stove, properly warmed and "tuned up," he would turn to Charley, rubbing his hands, and say: "Bub, have you any of the hydrastis canadensis, known among we medical men as the Golden Seal — among the commonality of the people as yaller root?"

Charley always had some of his favorite prescription ready for him at a moment's notice. Dr. Parris was one of those old-school fellows whom you don't meet in the present day. He could be religious, and at the same time mix in the pool of politics, take a light drink with the boys and then leave it alone. In fact, a good drink of old rye made him, if anything, more religious. He could give expression to his scriptural views with more vigor and use language not to be found anywhere in the dictionary, when he was keyed up.

He lived west of the city for many years, and died in 1875, leaving a memory behind him that will remain green as long as the old-timers around Anderson survive. He also had a brother, William Parris, who was a doctor, and who figured quite extensively in these parts about that time. William was said to be better up in the medical profession than Absalom, but as a preacher and exhorter he could not "touch him," neither could anyone else. Absalom Parris stood without a rival in that line.

ANDERSON'S MONUMENTAL LIAR.

Among the other great things Madison county has produced in its time, is a number of very handsome, well-trained and well-developed prevaricators. It is not supposed that there is now, or that there ever was a man in Madison county who would willfully lie to hurt a fellow-man, or even to enhance his own interests, but for your spinning yarns and big story telling, she has had some "hummers."

There was at one time, many years ago, perhaps as far back as 1850, a man who lived here by the name of Blodgett, who was a blacksmith. He had his shop on the lot where

Charles T. Doxey's residence now stands, where he used to do work for the farmers, shoeing their horses, setting their wagon-tires and "upsetting" their axes, etc. When not at work he put in the time chaffering and giving the farmers and his customers in general big talks and large snake stories. James Mohan tells of a story that Blodgett related to him once when he was a boy.

He was sent to Blodgett's shop for some repair work. While he was waiting for his job, Blodgett told him about a barefooted fellow stepping on a piece of hot iron. He said:

"I was cutting some bars for the purpose of making horse shoes, when a big, gawky fellow from the backwoods came in barefooted; he had gone barefooted so long that his heels were perfectly calloused. I had just cut off a piece of a bar of iron, which fell on the dirt floor and the fellow, without seeing it, stepped on it with his heel. He stood there for several minutes without moving. I watched him closely, but said nothing. Finally the grease began to run out on the floor; a terrible smoke and smell arose; at last I said, 'Stranger, do you know you are standing on that hot iron and likely to get burnt?' About this time the heat began to penetrate the ball of his foot. He made a leap straight up in the air, coming down with a whoop like an Indian. I dropped my work and went to him, catching him around the waist as he again started to jump up in the air. I carried him to the 'slack' tub and soused him in, feet foremost. Such a sizzling and frying you never heard! The steam filled the shop so full that nothing could be seen. The horses that I was shoeing became frightened and stampeded, tearing every thing before them. His foot was so hot that the water in the tub was entirely absorbed before it was cooled off. By holding him in the water so long it entirely drew the fire out. When I let him out, he sauntered out in town as if nothing had happened, not even thanking me for my aid in his troubles. It took me all afternoon to hunt up the horses that had run out of the shop during the excitement."

James Mohan, James Battreal, Robert Titherington and several other old-timers vouch for the above, not for the truth of it, but that Blodgett really related it as a fact.

THE WAY A SNOWMAN TOOK A SHERIFF'S BREATH.

In 1870, O'Brien's menagerie gave an exhibition in Anderson. It was one of the largest aggregations of living won-

ders ever produced in this part of the country. During their stay they got into trouble with John A. Harrison about the ground upon which they showed. A general fight ensued in which Harrison got badly worsted. He had the show party arrested and fined for assault and battery. An execution was at once issued and placed in Thomas J. Fleming's hands, as Deputy Sheriff, for collection. He repaired to the show grounds and inquired for Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, who immediately came to the front, and in a very genteel manner listened to the reading of the writ; after which Mr. Fleming demanded payment. O'Brien explained that he had had a very hard season and was scarce of cash, but would turn out property until the Sheriff was satisfied. This was all he could ask. They entered the tent and walked around in front of a large cage of hyenas.

Mr. O'Brien called one of the attendants and said: "Jim, open that cage door and let this gentleman have those two hyenas. Open up that next cage of Bengal tigers and—"

"Hold on, hold on," said Tom, "d—n your tigers and hyenas. I don't want them."

"But do I not have a right to turn out such property as I choose to satisfy your execution?"

"Yes, but I believe if I was in your place I would appeal this case to the Circuit Court. I think you can defeat it. I'll go on your bond if you will take an appeal," said Fleming, all the time keeping an eye on the cages for fear the animals would get out.

O'Brien went up town and appealed the case. It was carried up to the Supreme Court, where it hung along for years. Finally it was decided in O'Brien's favor. After that time you could not hire Tom Fleming to tackle a showman with a legal process of any kind.

HOW THE BOYS "WORKED" AN OLD MAN.

In the happy days of the old court house the boys around there used to have a great deal of fun. There was no formality in the mingling of men of those times. The court house was the center of gravity. When the country people came to town, as soon as their trading was done they went over to the court house to visit the officers awhile and exchange stories with them. In those days the jury was generally selected from among the farmers in the country. It was like the meeting of a small legislature, and was looked forward to with

great anxiety, especially the winter terms. In the long evenings the jury generally congregated about some of the county offices, where they told jokes, sang songs, ate apples, cracked hickorynuts, drank cider, and enjoyed themselves until late bed time. One occurrence of those good old days comes to mind. During a term of the circuit court an old man from near the Tipton county line came into court, asking a divorce from his wife. He stayed around, waiting for his time to come, for several days. He wanted his divorce so badly that he was nearly "frozen." He was not the most intelligent human being in the world, and did not know much about courts and their modes of procedure. Isaac Forrest was on the jury that term. He noticed the old man staying around, and finally inquired of him what he wanted. The old man related his "tale of woe." Ike told him that if he would come up to the court house that night he would get his case tried. The old man was delighted and was on hand at the appointed hour. In the meantime, Ike had informed the boys, who were all promptly assembled at the court house after supper. Some one of the jurymen was selected to act as attorney for the plaintiff. Forrest presided as Judge. The case was tried, which took until nearly midnight. The evidence was voluminous and of a rich character. The old man charged adultery as his cause of action. His testimony was given at full length, in his own way, whereupon "Judge" Forrest took him through a severe cross-examination. It was one of the funniest proceedings that ever transpired in the old court house. "Judge" Forrest finally granted the old man a decree of divorce, with the provision that he should never marry again and should at once leave the country. The decree did not exactly suit him, so the next morning he tackled Judge Craven about it and wanted it amended. Craven did not understand it. After awhile it leaked out. Judge Craven was hot about it, and came very nearly bringing the boys over the coals. The old man had an actual case pending in court, and thought he was really divorced. A side lecture from Judge Craven taught the boys that it was not just the thing to "monkey" with cases on the court docket in sham trials.

THOMAS J. FLEMING AND THE COLORED PREACHER.

Along about 1869, or '70, Thomas J. Fleming was deputy clerk of the court of Madison county. He was one of the elev-

erest men in the world, but about that time he was exceedingly so, from the fact that he was a candidate for clerk, which caused him to get in his best licks. During this time a negro preacher came along, and engaged the court house to hold "meetin'" in, there being no colored church here at that time. The sheriff, Mr. James H. Snell, rather objected, as he did not want to be detained to look after the house and close it up at night after services. Fleming had an eye to getting the colored vote, so he volunteered to act as sexton. The hour arrived for services. Fleming rang the bell that adorned the cupola of the old temple of justice. The deacons, and brothers and sisters, and dusky maidens of ail sizes came to church. The preacher was one of the old-fashioned, hard-shell Baptists—a regular "Hepsidam" orator, whose voice could be heard for a mile distant. Fleming concluded that he would kill two birds with one stone; while the meeting was going on he was behind his desk making up court records. There was but one lamp in the house, which was one of those large-sized coal oil burners. It was arranged on one corner of the judge's stand, where it served to give light to the preacher, and also to Fleming at his work. A familiar hymn was sung and "meetin'" broke loose in earnest. The preacher took a text from away back, where it took "monstrous" hard "preechin'" to sift it down. He preached and preached at the top of his voice, till he got his hearers all shaken up. He swayed back and forth, ripped around, and pawed the air with his fists, winding up his sermon by saying: "My beloved bredern, I'se cum all de way down from Randof county, ah, I'se left my wife as a widder and my childun as offens, ah! to preach de gospel to a lost and ruined congregation, ah!" Making a mis-lick at this point, he struck the lamp with his fist and upset it, spilling the oil over the desk and clerk's books, leaving the audience in total darkness. Fleming flew around like a chicken with its head cut off until he got matters straightened up. The sisters screamed and the deacons raved like animals. At last, quiet was restored, and the minister wound up his sermon in the dark by saying: "My bredern, as I said afo', I'se preachin' for de good ob de soul, and not for money: but if any ob de bredern have any ole close to spah, I wouldn't mind takin' a few of 'em." After singing the doxology the meeting was dismissed. This was the last colored meeting held in the old court house.

OLIVER C. DAVIS AND HIS PECULIARITIES.

As long as any person lives in Anderson who knew Oliver C. Davis his name will be perpetuated. He was a friend as true as steel. His word was his bond. If he owed a dollar he was as sure to pay it on the day it fell due as the sun rose and set on that day. If he made a bet he held it as sacred as the most binding obligation. If he lost, the money was forthcoming without a sigh or a groan. He would give it up so gracefully that it made one feel good. If he won he expected prompt settlement, and he everlastingly hated the man who would not pay his bets. He had a very droll way of expressing his approval or disapproval of things going on around him, but always nailed the center when he "remarked."

One time he was coming down town on a very hot summer day, and passed a house where a man was sitting in the shade of a house, while his wife was out in the yard splitting wood. Oliver stopped, took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his face, and said: "Well, I have seen many and many of a lazy man, but you had ought to bin a Injun."

He bought land for taxes. A good old farmer came in one day and wanted to get him to assign a certificate to a piece of land on which the farmer had a lien. "Very well," said Oliver, "I will assign it for \$25." That took the old man's breath. It was too much, so he walked out. The next day the old man returned, and called on Davis and told him he had concluded to take the assignment. "All right," said Oliver, "it will take \$50."

"Why, gracious! Oliver, you said \$25 yesterday."

"Yes, but that was yesterday," said Oliver.

"Well, make it out right away before it gets any higher," chimed in the old man, drawing his purse and settling at once.

HOW "UNCLE BILLY" MYERS AWOKE HIS SLEEPING GUEST.

We have mentioned Uncle Billy Myers several times during the writing of this work, but he did many things that will long be remembered by old settlers, when called to mind. He kept such an extraordinary good house, it was so clean and nice in all its departments, that it was a pleasure for the weary pilgrim on the road to reach Uncle Billy's, and lodge with him. He prided himself on always being on hand to do all that was in his line to be done to make his guests comfortable. He boasted that he never let a lodger over-sleep himself, but

always got him off on the proper train. One time a drummer went there, who had important business at Logansport, and must go on the 1:30 train that night. He was afraid to go to bed for fear of missing his train. About 9 o'clock, Uncle Billy came into the bar room, where he found the fellow snoozing and nodding around, dead on his feet for sleep. "Why in the devil don't you go to bed?" asked Uncle Billy. "I am afraid of missing that night train. I wouldn't miss it for a hundred dollars."

"Go to bed. You must think I keep a devil of a hotel. I never let a man miss a train in my life." With this assurance the man retired and was soon oblivious to all the world around him. Uncle Billy concluded he would lie down on a buffalo robe and quietly snooze along until all the trains got out. He was soon snoring the plastering off the house. After awhile the shrill whistle of the engine back of his house brought him to his feet. The 1:30 train was passing. Up stairs he flew, rapping and thumping on the drummer's door until he awakened every one in the house. "Why don't you get up, you d—n fool, the train's been gone fifteen minutes." The man informed him that if the train was gone, it was no use to get up, and he turned over and went to sleep again.

THE FALLING OF THE STARS IN 1866.

In 1866, it was predicted by some cranks, or crooks, as you may please to call them, that on a certain night in November the stars would fall. Great excitement prevailed in Anderson as well as throughout a large part of the United States. The people of the town remained up all night to witness the grand spectacle. A man of the name of Winters kept the United States Hotel then, and had a choice set of young gentlemen boarders, such as Albert C. Davis, Hampton Ellis, George Darrow and many others. Winters was just from the country, and in his first experience as hotel proprietor was so green that the cows bawled at him. The boys persuaded him that a grand dance and banquet was just the thing for this occasion, so he employed an orchestra, prepared a sumptuous feast, and the merry dance was about to begin, when some one threw some stones upon the roof of the house and they came down through the skylight with a great crash. The old bell on top of the house began to ring and the guests commenced flying in all directions. Enoch Roach made his appearance on the scene about this time and informed the people that the grand

spectacle was now on. There was another shower of stones and the landlord flew, even deserting his family. A young man by the name of Riley, who was clerking for him, fled to the country and never came back. Al Davis, Hampton Ellis, and others, cleared the table of all the roast chicken, duck and everything else that was good to eat, and carried it back into Swank's grocery, where the boys assembled and had a bountiful feast. The dance was "busted" up. Winters, in a few days tumbled to the fact that all the stars that fell landed on his hotel. The boys "roasted" and "guyed" him so much that he shortly afterward sold out to Fred Cartwright, who kept the United States Hotel as long as it was run as a place of lodging.

THE ANDERSON "WIDEAWAKES."

In the campaign of 1860 the Republican party made a great hit by organizing what they named the "Wideawakes." It was a semi-military organization, uniformed with oil-cloth capes, caps and a coal-oil lamp or torch. They flashed it on the country at a given period simultaneously all over the United States. It was a winning card. Many young men were carried into the Republican ranks by this gaudy military array. Many first voters were hired into it who are now veterans in the Republican cause. The Democrats tried to counteract its influence by organizing the "Douglas Guards," uniformed with yellow oil-cloth capes, caps and coal-oil lamps. They were mounted on horseback. Their organization came too late, however. The young blood had caught fire in the Wideawake camp. Nothing could turn the tide.

Anderson was no exception to the general rule. She had her Wideawake company, a fine organization of the best men of the town, old and young. Many who belonged to that company are now gray-bearded veterans. Many are beneath the sod in a southern clime, where they lost their lives in the real battles of the country, not as Wideawakes, but as defenders of the flag of the Union.

A. B. Kline was the captain of a company, and was as "brave a lad as ere commission bore." He was a young man of fine appearance, stately as the sturdy oak, handsome and gallant, having the respect of his command, boasting of the finest Wideawake company in Indiana. He took his company far and near to the Republican gatherings that year, making a fine impression wherever it made its appearance.

Time drifted on, the election came and passed, resulting in the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. The war soon followed, and the young men of the country responded to the call in vast numbers. Nearly all who had been members of the Wideawakes drifted into the army. They had had a taste of military life, enough to give them a desire to go into the real scenes of army service.

Nearly all of Kline's company enlisted. He was at that time one of Anderson's best and most prosperous young business men and had a business he could not well leave, so he did not join them.

George Nichol, Colonel M. S. Robinson, Lon Makepeace, Captain Allen, D. F. Mustard and many others of Kline's old friends went to the front. George Nichol faced the booming cannon as a quartermaster. Mustard was a musician.

One night while in camp, around the blazing fire, crackling jokes, singing songs, writing letters to loved ones at home, the minds of the party settled on Kline, and his many virtues were discussed. Finally some one suggested that they have some fun at his expense. So they went to work and whittled out a long sword made of pine, stained it from end to end with red ink and finished with the inscription: "Presented to Captain A. B. Kline by his comrades-in-arms for chivalrous and meritorious conduct during the late Wideawake campaign." It was sent to him by express but no name disclosed the donors. It was a secret among the boys and a mystery to Kline.

Years rolled on, the war was over. Kline became cashier of the First National Bank of Anderson; George Nichol was auditor of Madison county, and Mustard was acting as deputy treasurer. Nichol's office was a kind of headquarters for the old-time boys to gather in and chat, tell stories of the army days, etc.

One afternoon a party had gathered in, among whom were Captain Allen, Mustard, Nichol, Captain Anderson and Kline. The subject of the war soon came up. During the conversation the subject of the wooden sword was brought up. It leaked out that Nichol and Mustard were in the scheme. Kline immediately "caught on."

"Well," he said, "I never knew of a quartermaster or a musician that was killed in the army."

Captain Allen spoke up: "Yes, Al, I know of one quartermaster that was killed in my brigade."

“Well, they must have been doing hell-fired good shooting that day,” responded Kline.

This brought down the house. Kline closed the argument on the army subject. His response was in keeping with his usual run of wit. He hardly ever missed a center when he shot off his mouth. Many of Captain Kline's old sayings will live in Anderson as long as the name of Kline lives. His friends who knew him in his better days have the same love and admiration for him dead that they had for him alive.

A FAMOUS RESORT.

The old “Henderson drug store” is one of the landmarks of Anderson. It was erected away back before the war, perhaps as far back as 1860, and has been occupied as a drug store ever since its existence. It is now occupied by the Cassel Bros. The late Dr. John W. Westerfield for many years did a flourishing business there, and the major part of his handsome fortune was made there. During the war the firm was Westerfield & Menefee. Dr. Menefee retired about 1866, and removed to Alexandria, where he started his famous “one-horse” drug store, and made a fortune, which he left when he died a few years since.

Dr. G. N. Hilligoss was for many years a clerk in the Westerfield and Menifee drug store, before starting into the practice of medicine. In the year 1868 Doctors William A. Hunt and J. F. Brandon formed a partnership under the firm name of Brandon & Hunt, and purchased the stock of drugs in that room, where they did business until they sold out to the Henderson Bros., Edgar and Charles A., who for many years occupied the room and did the largest business ever done in Anderson in that line.

Their store was headquarters for everyone — politicians, school teachers, lawyers and preachers. It was run on the “high pressure” plan and was never closed. Day and night, Sundays and week days, it was wide open. Both of the Hendersons were politicians by nature, and called around them all of the leading lights in politics.

Hendersons' drug store was a power in local, as well as State politics. Many a candidate has made his start from that store, and when once in the race, with the Hendersons behind him, he generally went through. It was while in this room in business that Major Henderson made his race and was elected to the legislature. He afterwards made a brilliant race for

State Treasurer, but was defeated for the nomination by a small majority. It was from that place that Charles A. Henderson started in the race for Clerk of the Madison Circuit Court and was triumphantly elected. Newt Pence was a clerk in the Henderson drug store when he was a candidate and elected City Clerk of Anderson. Albert C. Davis started from there and was elected City Clerk in 1870, and after serving his term, went back in the store where he remained for some time and in 1878 made a race for County Recorder and was elected. While many men who started from there for office were elected there have been many aspirants quietly taken into the back room and retired from the field.

This famous and long-to-be-remembered old landmark has to Anderson's old-timers many hallowed memories clinging around it. It had its brightest and happiest days when occupied by the Henderson Bros. It was there that such men as Colonel Stilwell, John F. Wildman, Colonel W. C. Fleming, J. M. Dickson, Joseph Pugh, ex-Mayor Wesley Dunham, James H. Snell, Andrew J. Griffith and George Nichol, who were the lights in politics, met. It was their rendezvous at night, and a place of meeting of Sunday afternoons to discuss the situation; to make and unmake candidates. The Hon. Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, Cassius M. Clay and George Francis Train have all met with the Anderson gentry there in social conclave. These last named gentlemen were often the guests of Colonel Stilwell in his lifetime, and of course much of their time was spent with the genial Hendersons and their friends. While the old building is rather a back number in appearance, it stands as a moqument to a great part of Anderson's history.

THE OLD GINSENG DAYS.

In gathering dates and facts for a work like this a person has often to call upon the old-timer. He can furnish one with a date that could not otherwise be gotten. In coming in contact with them a person learns to love them, and to listen to their stories with an interest unabated. Often the point you wish is entirely forgotten, and you have been led off in a direction different from the one in which you started. In the old-timers of Madison county there is material for a book as big and as good as the Holy Bible. Their trials, joys and hardships are as sacred to them and as instructive to those who listen to them as Holy Writ. This may seem a little

strong, but, to appreciate it, "cultivate" the old-timer, as we have done. In the halcyon days of the pioneer of Madison county money was a legal tender just as it is to-day, but there was but little of it to tender, and people didn't make much fuss about free silver or a gold basis, as they do nowadays. Coon skins, tan bark, venison and wolf skins were good enough for them, and ginseng was a staple article. Many people made quite a little money by gathering this root and drying it for sale to the traders that came around at intervals and took up their stock on hands.

Ex-Mayor Dunham is one of the old-timers. He came to Anderson in 1839, and is authority on all points of "ancient history" relative to Anderson. Mr. Dunham has in his possession a day-book, or blotter, used by one of the early merchants of Anderson. Ginseng, hoop poles and wolf scalps were entered upon the book as cash payment for various articles purchased.

Money was very scarce, and the articles mentioned above passed as the medium of exchange.

There is to-day a man living in Anderson who earned a livelihood in his boyhood days by digging ginseng. A ginseng factory was at one time located on Central avenue, near the spot now occupied by the armory, and the proprietor did a thriving business. The establishment was afterwards turned into a spruce beer factory. This has long since disappeared, but many of the older residents of Anderson will have a distinct recollection of it.

CHAPTER LXIV.

IN WHICH A NUMBER OF INTERESTING HAPPENINGS ARE
REMEMBERED.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Otto Ballard, who is at this time a member of the editorial staff of the *Anderson Herald*, came near losing his life by being drowned on the 14th of June, 1886, when a lad of sixteen or seventeen years of age. He had gone to White river, in company with several boys, for the purpose of bathing in the "old swimming hole" below Norton's Brewery. Ballard had not fully learned the art of swimming, and before he was aware of it was in water beyond his depth. He became frightened and losing his presence of mind began to sink. The boys around him were very much excited and could do nothing to relieve him.

Mr. William Cain, who happened to be passing by, heard the cries for help and went to Ballard's rescue. Cain jumped in. The drowning boy grabbed him around the neck so tightly that Cain could not release his hold and both came near losing their lives. Finally Cain succeeded in freeing himself from Ballard, and with the assistance of some boys, was able to land him in safety on the river bank. Had it not been for the timely arrival of Mr. Cain there is no doubt that Mr. Ballard would have been drowned, as his comrades were too badly scared to render him any assistance.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A WELL DIGGER.

John Estel, one of the old time residents of Anderson who has seen the place grow from a village of a few hundred to a city of twenty thousand souls, came near losing his life on the 9th of April, 1875, while engaged in digging a well at the corner of Thirteenth and Delaware streets, Mr. Estel being down in the well, filling a bucket, while his co-laborers would draw it to the surface by a windlass. Knowing the

treacherous character of the gravel walls and that they were liable to have a slide at any moment, a wooden curb had been prepared and was on the ground ready for use, but just before the men were ready to put it in the men on the outside of the well suggested to Estel that it was time for him to come out, as there was danger of a cave in.

As he sent the bucket full of sand to the top he said that after one more round he would come up. His words had scarcely passed his lips when the banks gave way and he was covered up to his arm-pits with drifting sand and gravel and it seemed at one time as if no earthly help could rescue him from an untimely death. Fortunately he had presence of mind enough to clasp his hands over his mouth and eyes and thus prevent smothering. One man descended quickly and removed the drift from about the imprisoned man's head and thus enabled him to free his hands; but there he was firmly imbedded and no means of getting him out except by digging. It was not safe for any one to stay in the well to assist him, as all this time large portions of the earth had fallen in, leaving quite a hole in the gravel with a heavy bank of sod and earth overhanging. The dirt and gravel kept falling in about his head until once he was entirely walled in, and had it not been for the presence of mind of a young man of the name of Edward Brown, a son of ex-Mayor William L. Brown, of Anderson, he would undoubtedly have been smothered. Brown saw sitting at the corner of the house an old barrel which had been used for the purpose of catching rain-water from the roof. He ran and got the barrel, knocked the head out and running to the well dropped it down over the head and arms of Estel, after which a man was sent down who scratched the gravel away from his mouth and this gave him a chance to breathe.

The barrel served as a place for the falling gravel to lodge against and thus prevented further encroachment on the person of the prisoner.

Estel in his perilous position prayed vehemently, called on Almighty God to save his soul, and to rescue him from his danger. It was a pitiful sight for the bystanders to behold him in this sad plight and to listen to his petitions addressed to the Great One above and not to be able to render him any assistance.

He was then imbedded in the gravel for nearly two hours until the workmen could cut away the banks for sufficient space around and by digging the gravel and sand out to such

an extent that a rope could be placed around his person and by this means he was slowly and carefully lifted up out of his confinement.

Estel prayed on this occasion as he had never prayed before and probably as he has never prayed since. It is safe to say that he will never forget the awful things that passed through his mind while buried in the gravel on that occasion.

Mr. Estel is yet a resident of Anderson and has ever since been engaged in well digging, but it is said that he never ventures beneath the surface of the earth, himself, but always gets some one else to engage in that treacherous part of the business.

A FRIGHTFUL FALL.

On the 26th of October, 1880, while Clark Sharpe was building the Boring-Hannah block, on the north side of the public square, he had a lad of the name of Andrew Thomas laying brick for him. Young Thomas was the boy wonder in the line of his trade; there were but few men in Anderson who could compete with him. He was the son of Benjamin Thomas, who died on the ocean a few years ago while on the way home from the scenes of his childhood in England. Benjamin Thomas was a good mechanic, one of the best stone masons in the country. Young Thomas inherited the traits of his father in that respect, and being left an orphan, he at an early age began the trade of a brick mason. He went as an apprentice with Clark Sharpe, contractor, who at that time lived in Anderson. It was but a very short time until young Thomas was a swift hand with the trowel, and being a favorite of his employer, he was put ahead in such a manner as to soon be earning journeyman's wages. It was in this capacity he was working when on the 26th of October, 1880, he fell from a scaffold and was badly hurt. He was so terribly mangled that it was thought he could not possibly recover. Mr. Byron H. Dyson was standing near by, and picked up his seemingly lifeless body and with assistance, it was carried into a place where medical aid could be had. He soon began to show signs of returning consciousness, strong restoratives were administered, and he was in a short time able to be removed to the home of his mother, where he for a long time, laid in the hands of a physician. Finally he recovered, and is yet living in Anderson and is one of her best citizens, and one of the best brick masons in the county.

SHOOTING AT JAMES W. SANSBERRY, JR.

One to look at the placid features of James W. Sansberry, Jr., would scarcely realize that he had faced the muzzle of a breech-loading shotgun and had received the contents in his face. Yet such is the fact. In the merry month of May, 1875, when the bluebirds were nesting and the jays were singing their songs in the boughs of the trees, James W. Sansberry, Jr., Isaac Elmer May and Charles Perrett were plodding their way down the banks of the placid waters of Greene's branch in pursuit of birds, when they got into an argument about their marksmanship. Perrett had the gun, and Sansberry twitted him about not being a "center" shot, and offered to step off to a distance of two hundred yards and allow Perrett to prove it by shooting at him. Perrett agreed to the arrangement, and Sansberry stepped the necessary paces and squared himself, and bade Perrett blaze away, not thinking, perhaps, that he would obey the command. Hardly had the word been given before Perrett leveled his gun and fired. The distance between them saved Mr. Sansberry, no doubt, from an untimely death. It was found that several of the shot had struck him in the face with such force as to knock out one of his teeth, and the others spotting his face in several places. To use his own expression, it gave him the sensation of having been shot in the face with a gun load of red pepper. The boys were nearly all scared to death, and kept the affair a secret for a time, but it afterwards leaked out through friends and crept into the public prints, which gave an account of the affair shortly thereafter. Mr. Perrett was about as badly hurt by fright as Mr. Sansberry was by the shot. He did not realize that the shot could go any such distance as to where Sansberry was standing.

This was a lesson to both of these young men, and in handling a gun from that time forward there is no record of either of them being willing to stand up in front of it.

A SHOOTING AFFAIR.

In the year 1874 what came near being a fatal shooting affair, took place in the billiard room connected with the bar of the Doxey House. Robert F. Shinn came near mortally wounding John B. Kinnard, of the *Anderson Herald*. Shinn was a young man, born and reared in Anderson. He had no particular occupation, but is supposed to have been a gambler

by profession. He was the son of Robert and Martha Shinn, respectable Irish people, who had lived in Anderson for a great many years. Robert F. Shinn's father died about the year 1876, leaving behind his widow Martha, who died a few weeks previous to this writing.

John B. Kinnard was a native of Pennsylvania, born and reared in Westchester, his present place of abode. His brother, William M. Kinnard, was in those days the editor of the *Anderson Herald*, and John B. was acting as city editor.

From some cause the *Herald* had singled out Shinn from among others who pursued the same occupation that he did, and waged a relentless warfare on him through the columns of the paper, giving him the name of "Fakey" Shinn. In alluding to Shinn, the paper would not use his proper name, but always applied to him the name of "Fakey."

Shinn had prior to this affair been mixed up in some shady transactions with one Ithamer McCarty, in which, it is said, that Shinn had "buncoed" McCarty out of a considerable sum of money, and was arrested and placed on trial for the offence. This was often alluded to by the *Herald* in its attacks on Shinn, also many other transactions which Shinn was alleged to have been connected with. The matter was kept up to such an extent that Shinn became desperate, and Kinnard being city editor was thought to be the writer, and without any warning whatever, upon meeting Kinnard in the bar-room of the Doxey House on the day above mentioned, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. The ball grazed Kinnard's head, for a moment dazing him and almost felling him to the floor.

Shinn at once fled from the scene, but was subsequently arrested by the City Marshal and indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. At his trial in the circuit court, Shinn was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of five years. He was vigorously prosecuted by the Hon. Thomas B. Orr, prosecuting attorney. Mr. Orr was assisted by the Hon. Charles L. Henry, now member of Congress from this district.

The defense was conducted by the Hon. Winburn R. Pierser, Howell D. Thompson, and Calvin D. Thompson. The case was tried before the Hon. Eli B. Goodykoontz, Judge of the Madison Circuit Court.

When Shinn had served about two years of his sentence he was, through the efforts of his friends and by the kindness

of heart of James D. Williams, Governor of Indiana, released from imprisonment on account of ill health. He returned to Anderson, resided here for several years and died of consumption.

It was doubted by many at the time of Shinn's trial whether he deserved so severe a sentence, and it was freely asserted by certain citizens who were acquainted with the circumstances in the case that he should have been acquitted.

CHAPTER LXV.

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

During the early part of the war a man by the name of McCloskey kept a saloon on North Main street, in Anderson, on the ground at present occupied by the Terhune block between Ninth and Tenth streets. He did a good business and accumulated considerable real estate, being possessor of the lot and building upon which he carried on his business. He was also the owner of an excellent piece of property at the corner of Thirteenth and Main streets, now owned by Dr. J. N. Hillgoss.

McCloskey had a wife and a step-son whose name was John Dunlap, who lived with him.

Some time during the year 1863 or 1864, he mysteriously disappeared and nothing has been seen or heard of him in this community since. It was thought by some that he had gone to a distant city and been foully dealt with or that he had come to an accidental death, but no one ever knew of his whereabouts or what had befallen him. After the striking of gas in Anderson and the city had commenced to put on "airs" the old buildings that stood between Ninth and Tenth streets on the east side of Main, were torn down and gave way to the present brick structures. In digging the cellar beneath one of the buildings in 1888, a human skeleton was unearthed. No one could give an account of why it should have been deposited there as no burying ground had existed in that locality to the knowledge of even the oldest settlers. This mysterious affair set the tongues of gossips wagging and it was said by many that it certainly must be the skeleton of McCloskey, but no evidence was at hand to demonstrate that McCloskey had been killed by anyone in this community, nor was there anything found to cast suspicion upon anyone.

After his disappearance Mrs. McCloskey having remained a widow for a period of two years became the wife of "Sandy" Carr, with whom she lived, and who carried on the sa-

loon business in the block occupied by her former husband. During her widowhood, to make it certain that there would be no mistake in her re-marriage, she applied for a divorce in the Madison Common Pleas Court, which was granted by Hon. William R. West, then judge of the Seventeenth Common Pleas District. In her application she stated the facts of McCloskey's disappearance; that he had abandoned her, and that his whereabouts were unknown to her, and also said that he was the owner of the real estate above mentioned and that she was his sole surviving heir, there being no issue by their marriage. She therefore claimed the title to the real estate, which the court accordingly decreed to her. Some question was afterward raised as to the validity of the title to the property, from the fact that the Common Pleas Court did not have jurisdiction in cases where the title to real estate was involved; but in a later proceeding brought in the Circuit Court to quiet title a verdict was granted in favor of the owners by purchase under Mrs. McCloskey. She afterward separated from Carr and drifted away from Anderson to Hamilton county where she may now be living for aught the writers know.

Sandy Carr, her husband, is yet alive and was in Anderson only a short time ago.

To this day whatever became of McCloskey is a mystery and it, perhaps, will always remain so.

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.

George L. Wilson, a young man residing seven miles west of Anderson, in Lafayette township, was placed under arrest on the 9th of September, 1887, for forging the name of John W. Closser, a well-to-do farmer in that neighborhood, and for attempting to procure funds upon the forged paper at the Exchange Bank. During the Madison County fair a note was presented to one of the officers of the bank who examined it and became satisfied that the signature of John W. Closser was not genuine. Making some excuse to Wilson he was told to return in the afternoon and the note would be cashed for him. It had been ascertained in the meantime that Closser was in the city attending the fair. A messenger was sent for him and upon examination of the note he denounced it as a forgery.

William A. Kittinger was at that time Prosecuting Attorney of the county, and was at once notified of the affair. He in company with the City Marshal concealed themselves

in the rear end of the bank, and when young Wilson returned for the money he was invited to take a seat in the back room while the clerk would compute the interest. As soon as he had closed the door behind him, he was placed under arrest by the Marshal, who accused him of the crime. The young man immediately broke down and confessed that the note was a forgery, but claimed that another party had committed the deed and had sent him after the money. The Circuit Court was then in session, being presided over by Hon. David Moss, of Noblesville. Wilson was placed in jail and an indictment returned against him by the grand jury on the following day. He was at once placed on trial. He made but little defense, but his attorney plead for him on account of his youth. Judge Moss found him guilty of the crime of forgery, but in consequence of his youthful appearance and his apparent ignorance of the enormity of the crime, and as this was his first offense, after pronouncing him guilty, gave him a good lecture and turned him loose on his good behavior. He immediately left the county and went to his people, who resided somewhere in Illinois, and has since that time never been seen in this vicinity.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN VISITS ANDERSON.

In the days of the old Union hall, George Francis Train, the renowned lecturer, editor, politician and theologian, delivered one of his peculiar lectures in that once popular place of amusement. Thomas N. Stilwell was then Anderson's great man. In his meanderings through social and political life he in some way met George Francis Train and was struck with his peculiar style. In the parlance of to-day, he was "stuck" on him.

Tom Stilwell, whether at home or abroad, always put Anderson down as the greatest town on earth. He loved the place and loved its people, and the people loved him. In order to give Anderson a taste of first-class literature, and an example of fine ability as an orator, Stilwell invited Mr. Train to visit him at his home, and while in the city to give the people a lecture at Union hall.

The time arrived and Mr. Train was on hand, with long, flowing locks and dressed in a black velvet suit of clothes, with diamonds in his shirt front and glittering on his fingers. In his full prime of life, he was one to be admired. He was as restless as a hyena, prancing from one side of the room to the

other, greeting his callers with a warm grasp of the hand, informing each one that the people would arise, throw off the yoke of bondage and oppression, and, with a spontaneous outburst, elect George Francis Train the next president of the United States.

It was evident from his actions at that time—1871—that he was strongly bordering on to “crankism,” afterwards developing into a full-blown crank.

The time arrived for him to go to the hall to deliver his lecture; he was escorted there by a committee of prominent citizens. Stilwell, being the lion of the occasion, was to introduce Mr. Train to the audience. Mr. Train and his escort had arrived at the hall and were behind the curtain. Stilwell, for some cause, was late in getting in. Mr. Train wanted to get out of the city on an out-going train, and his time was growing short. He walked back and forth on the stage like a roaring lion, giving Stilwell the very devil for not coming. Finally Stilwell put in an appearance and up went the curtain. Stilwell stepped to the front, and in his happy style, placed his famous guest before the audience. Mr. Train pranced out like a wild man let out of a cage, and thrusting his hand through his shaggy hair, he commenced:

“Fearless in war and peerless in state,
He who waits for Stilwell, takes the train too late.”

From thenceforward, he held the audience for two hours in breathless silence; he demonstrated to a dead certainty by chalk and blackboard, that before the expiration of twenty years from that date, Lake Michigan would rise so far above its level, as it then stood, that Chicago would be submerged and wiped from the face of the earth. No one believed it, but he made it so plausible that he held them all down in silence.

He wound up by nominating himself for president in 1872, and stood at the door going out, to give every one a chance to shake hands with the next president. And so ended the visit of George Francis Train to Anderson.

“MAM TAH,” THE FIRST NEGRO IN MADISON COUNTY.

Away back, perhaps as early as 1823, a family removed to Indiana, and settled in the wilds of Madison county, by the name of Tharp. They were well-to-do people, being able to own slaves in the state from whence they came. Among the

body servants owned by them, was a family favorite, a colored woman—"Mam Tah."

They brought her along with them and she lived and died in the service of the family. She attained the advanced age of 105 years. Indiana being a "free state," and slavery being prohibited, she could at any time, have left her old master and mistress, but she was so attached to them that she clung to them as long as they lived.

As she grew old she became childish and nearly blind, and would follow the folks around like some petted animal. She was a great worker, and was never satisfied unless at some kind of work. She was unable to do any work that was of benefit to her master; but in order to keep her employed, she was provided with an old basket that had no bottom in it. She would go to the chip pile and gather up chips and put into the basket, until she thought it was full, then start to the house with the basket, as well satisfied as if it was filled with chips. This she would go through with from morning till night, putting in her time, as she thought, for the benefit of those who had kept her all these years. The Tharp family owned what has for many years been known as the "old Jackson" farm, on which is now situated a beautiful suburb to Anderson.

They built and occupied the old brick house, that has since been remodeled and made into a handsome residence, known as the old Jackson homestead, that stands on the hill between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. There this old colored woman ended her life. Out of this farm was laid off a spot of ground for church purposes, to which, as was usual in those days, a "graveyard" was added. The "graveyard" was between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, west of Delaware, extending west to the west line of D. W. Storer's grounds. This served many years as Anderson's cemetery, many of the older citizens being buried there. Their bodies have since been disinterred and removed to the new cemetery across the river. The old graveyard is now covered over with handsome residences.

The old M. E. Church then stood on the lot east of the Storer mansion, between that and ex-County Auditor John E. Canaday's residence. Old "Mam Tah" died many years ago, somewhere between 1849 and 1855. At that time there was great prejudice against the colored people. They were scarcely recognized as human beings and thought unfit for the

society of the whites, while alive, and not allowed when dead to be buried beside the white people. Many people of that day did not believe that a negro had a soul. When the angel of death summoned "Mam Tah," and her spirit departed, there were objections raised to interring her body in the graveyard with the whites, so her friends took her body and buried it just outside of the old graveyard on the Tharp farm, and while her spirit is now in the realms of the departed, her body lies in an unmarked grave, the ravages of time having long since obliterated it. She was, perhaps, the first colored person who ever lived in Madison county. The old inhabitants disagree as to who came here first, she or old "Black Jess," an old colored man who lived here for many years and was a curiosity to many white people when he first came. Old "Black Jess" has long since gone where all "good niggahs go."

ST. TAMMANY'S DAY.

The first observance of St. Tammany's day in Madison county took place in Anderson on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1896, when every tribe of Red Men in the city and many members from surrounding towns took part.

A street parade took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in which bands of music discoursed lively airs, to which the braves kept time with steady tread. The line of march was kept up until they reached the cemetery, where an address was delivered by Judge Alfred Ellison and Mayor M. M. Dunlap, after which the graves of the fallen chiefs, warriors, and huntsmen, whose spirits have departed and gone to the "happy hunting ground," were profusely strewn with flowers.

"Buffalo Bill's" wild west show was stopping over Sunday in the city, and the Indians with his company took part in the street pageant, making a decided impression in their gaudy and picturesque apparel. They seemed deeply impressed with the ceremonies. Anderson in this proceeding has, perhaps, witnessed what no other city has, a real Indian procession on an occasion of this kind. Large numbers of people from the surrounding country witnessed the parade and exercises incident thereto.

BURNING OF THE BIG FOUR DEPOT.

On the night of the 27th of February, 1873, the old "Bee Line" depot that stood at the crossing of Main street and the railroad tracks, was destroyed by fire, being the act of an in-

cendiary. Just prior to the occurrence a handsome, well-dressed stranger made his appearance in Anderson and stopped at the Stilwell House. He wore diamonds and sported the finest of clothes. It was no time until he had society all shaken up, he was par-excellence the creature of the day. The young ladies of the city vied with each other in trying to look charming in his presence. He attended all the places of amusement, went to church and fancy balls. He had no visible means of support but plenty of money, which he freely spent among the young folks. He sailed under the name of Justinian P. Walters. He was finely educated; had traveled all over the world, and knew all of the prominent people in the leading cities from Maine to Mexico. He was a fine talker on any subject. The leading business men sought his company and made his stay a real pleasure to him. He was "stuck" on the town; came here to live in quiet retirement.

One morning about 3 o'clock the "Bee Line" depot was discovered to be on fire. It was burned to the ground with all its contents. Upon looking around it was discovered that Walters was missing. Some folks suspected that it was he who had burned the building after robbing it. A great many hooted at the idea at first, but suspicion grew stronger until the railroad officials set out to find him. Descriptive circulars were sent out all over the country after him. He had left some of his photographs with friends, which were procured and sent out to detectives. A conductor on the railroad remembered a man filling his description getting on his train at the crossing of the Bee Line and Pan Handle, at 2:30 o'clock, the morning that the fire took place, and rode to Cincinnati. Close watch and vigilant pursuit was made for him which resulted in his arrest at Crestline, Ohio, the next day after the fire occurred. A carpet sack or hand sachel was found in the depot where he was arrested, but he disowned it. He stuck to it that it was not his; but it finally seemed to so fully identify him that it caused his conviction. While he was in Anderson he wore a "storm overcoat" with a cape to it. The carpet sack was opened by the officers in which was found a number of railroad tickets and the cape to his coat or one made of the same kind of cloth. One of the tickets found was merely a stub torn off in an irregular manner, that fit to a ticket that had been taken up on the train on which he had ridden. This made a complete chain to the evidence, at least the rail-

road people thought so, as well as did the Justice who held the preliminary hearing. He was held over and indicted by the grand jury and committed to jail, where he stayed until the June term of court following, when his trial took place.

Walters set up in defense an alibi, and to the minds of many it was clear. It was the closest question that ever occurred in a Madison county court. His conviction was purely on circumstantial evidence. No living witness saw him at the depot or knew of him being there that night. It was proven that he took the 2:30 afternoon train the day before the fire to Cincinnati. Joseph Stein, who had seen him around Anderson and knew him, swore that he went to Cincinnati on that train and that Walters occupied the same seat with him from Anderson to the Brighton House. The hotel register showed that he was registered at the Brighton House that night. It was also proven that he was at the same place next morning. The theory of the prosecution was that he left here on the train as proven, went to Cincinnati, stopped at the Brighton House, registered his name and immediately took the train coming back to Anderson, where he arrived about 1 o'clock in the morning. Then he went to the depot, robbed it, set fire to the building to cover his crime, then walked to the crossing and boarded the 2:30 train again for Cincinnati, getting back there at 7 o'clock the same morning. After that he boarded a Bee Line train for Crestline, O., where he was arrested. John T. Dye, of Indianapolis, was employed by the railroad company to prosecute the prisoner.

The Hon. James W. Sansberry and Calvin D. Thompson defended Walters. John T. Dye made one of the best speeches in the prosecution that was ever made in Madison county. He is one of those close lawyers who never miss a point. His argument was so scathing that he at times made Walters, with all his effrontery, blush before the jury. Mr. Sansberry was then at his best as a lawyer and contested every inch of the ground. His able effort before the jury in winding up the case was long the talk of the Madison county bar.

The trial having resulted in conviction the prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment in the Prison North for ten years. After the adjournment of court Sheriff A. J. Ross, one evening, handcuffed Walters and started to prison with him. He bade all his acquaintances, who went to see him off, good-bye in a light-hearted manner and took up his journey. On the road, near the village of Walkerton, not far from the prison,

the prisoner was sitting in the seat beside the Sheriff when someone entered the car swinging the door shut after him, but the door failed to catch and swung open again. As quick as lightning Walters sprang like a cat to the door, out on the platform and off into a tamarack swamp. As soon as the sheriff realized that his bird had flown, he sprang to his feet and pulled the bell cord. The train was going twenty miles an hour. As soon as it could be stopped he gave the alarm and out into the darkness he went in pursuit of his prisoner, but no trace of him could be found. He went to the village and aroused the inhabitants, who scoured the country, but never found any trace of the prisoner. The Sheriff offered a reward for his apprehension, but every resource failed. Walters is yet at large, if he is still living.

A woman claiming to be his sister, who lived in Missouri, came to Anderson to see him once or twice while he was in jail, and also one from Decatur, Illinois. Sheriff Ross got information that he was skulking about the home of the woman in Missouri at one time, through Detective Rittenhouse, of Decatur. He went to the place and spent a night under a rose bush in the door yard eavesdropping and watching, with the hope of seeing Walters or hearing something of him. But he failed to find him, although there was evidence that he had been there at some time. Rittenhouse, the detective, knew Walters. He had made Decatur his headquarters at one time and was known to be a crook. He had at one time a lot of fine paintings and a handsome sum of money. The woman who claimed to be his sister went there as his wife. Walters' business was that of a bank swindler, and many small drafts were found upon his person issued by various banks throughout the country, and a kit of tools and acids for raising checks were among his effects. John W. Pence, now cashier of the Citizens' Bank, was railroad agent at the time of this occurrence.

KILLING OF JAMES BENEFIEL.

On the evening of August 7, 1890, James Benefiel, a young man about twenty years of age, was shot and killed by John Davis, on old South Noble street. Benefiel and Davis' wife had been friends previous to her marriage. On the above date young Benefiel and a companion named Edward Brown visited Davis' house during the afternoon, and, the family being away, took among other things, it is alleged, a number

of magazines and a revolver belonging to Davis. They went a short distance from the house and loitered around until the family returned—that is, Mrs. Davis and her mother. Soon after, Benefiel went to the gate and called for Mrs. Davis, who refused to have anything to say to him. He insisted on her coming out in the street and she finally went out in the yard and asked him what he wanted. He said he had been sent by officers to search the house. In the meantime Davis had returned home and, anticipating trouble, had gone in search of an officer. He could not find one, but borrowed a revolver and went back to his home, entering the house the back way. His wife told him to go out and see what Benefiel wanted. He went out and told Benefiel that someone had plundered his house, and that he wanted him to leave the premises. Benefiel muttered something and turned to go, but after taking two or three steps stopped, raised a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect in Davis' right side. Almost at the same instant Davis fired at Benefiel, the ball entering just above the left eye and passing clear through the head. Benefiel lived until half past six o'clock the next morning, when he died, having been unconscious from the moment he was shot. Benefiel lived with his parents at Elwood and was regarded as a reckless young man. His parents are highly respected. Davis was exonerated by the Coroner's jury that investigated the case. He is still living, but carries the ball in his body that was fired from his assailant's revolver. Davis is a quiet, unobtrusive man, but of undoubted courage. He was a soldier in the regular army at one time, stationed in Arizona, and had the distinction of arresting unassisted the famous outlaw, Tarbel. He has the reputation of being one of the best marksmen in Madison county.

DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS.

Up to the present time the most distinguished citizens of the county have been :

Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell, member of congress from 1864-6, and United States minister to Venezuela from 1867-8.

Hon. M. S. Robinson, member of congress from 1874-8, and Judge of the Appellate Court of Indiana (by appointment) from 1891-2.

Hon. W. R. Myers, member of congress from 1878-80, and twice elected Secretary of State of Indiana.

Hon. Charles T. Doxey, member of congress from 1883-4. Mr. Doxey was elected to serve the unexpired term of Hon. Godlove S. Orth, who died in office.

Hon. Charles L. Henry, elected to congress in 1894 and re-elected in 1896. He is now serving his second term.

Hon. W. T. Durbin, present Eminent Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Indiana, and member of the National Republican Committee.

In this connection the fact is worthy of mention that two of Indiana's most distinguished citizens were at one time residents of Anderson, namely: General Lew Wallace and James Whitcomb Riley. The former resided in Anderson at an early day, but only for a short time; the latter was connected with the Anderson *Democrat* in 1877.

THOMAS J. FLEMING.

No death ever occurred in Anderson doubtless that occasioned more profound regret than that of Thomas J. Fleming, which took place on June 11, 1894. While his demise was not sudden, it was unexpected and consequently a great shock not only to his immediate family and friends, but to the community at large. Mr. Fleming was born in Henry county, Indiana, in 1835, and came to Madison county when he was sixteen years old. In 1867 he was appointed deputy clerk of the Circuit Court by his brother, the Hon. W. C. Fleming, which position he held until 1870, when he was elected Clerk on the Democratic ticket. He served a term of four years, and immediately upon retiring was appointed Deputy Sheriff under J. W. McCallister. In 1881 he was appointed Deputy Assessor of Anderson township and served four years, when he was elected Assessor. His administration of the affairs of this office was highly satisfactory to the people and he was re-elected. It was while he was attending to the duties of this office that he was taken severely ill and before the community was aware of his serious condition his eyes were closed in death. After the announcement of his demise had been made a meeting of the older residents of the city was held in the Circuit Court room at which a number of prominent citizens and old-time friends paid their last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased in sentiments of highest praise. Appropriate resolutions were also passed and pall-bearers selected for the obsequies.

Memorial meetings have been held in Anderson by fraternal societies, churches and other organizations, but this was the first one ever held by the people to take action over the death of a citizen. Mr. Fleming was not a member of any society, secret or otherwise, and the meeting, therefore, was as great a tribute as could have been paid to his memory. He was an upright man, generous, modest, sincere and cordial. Although a strong partisan in politics, he was never offensive, and hence he was popular with all classes and conditions in life.

Besides his widow, he left one son and three daughters to mourn his demise.

HON. WILLIAM C. FLEMING.

Among the older residents of the county none is better known or more highly respected than the subject of this sketch. Mr. Fleming was born in Marion county, West Virginia, January 18, 1825, and came with his parents to Indiana in the spring of 1831. Excepting the time devoted to acquiring an education his early days were passed upon the farm. During the years 1848-49 he read law in the office of Judge David Kilgore, at Muncie, Indiana, and was admitted to the bar, but never actively engaged in the practice. In 1850 he was the Democratic candidate for member of the convention that framed the present constitution of Indiana, but was defeated by the late Judge John Davis. Two years later he was a candidate for the Legislature, and was elected by a majority largely in excess of his party's strength. In 1854 he was again nominated for the same office, but declined the nomination on account of business engagements. In 1857 he removed from Madison county to the territory now comprising the State of Nebraska, and in the following year was elected to the territorial legislature by a highly complimentary vote, there being five hundred and twenty votes cast in his district, of which he received four hundred and twenty-four. When the Legislature convened he was made the Democratic candidate for speaker of the house, but failed of election on account of the absence of a number of members who could not be present. Shortly after the house was organized the speaker was granted a leave of absence for several weeks, and Mr. Fleming was unanimously chosen speaker *pro tem*. In 1861 Mr. Fleming returned to Madison county, where he has resided ever since. He was elected real-estate appraiser for

the county in 1863, and in May, 1865, was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court to serve the unexpired term of Joseph Peden, who deceased in office. In October, 1866, he was elected Clerk, and served until 1870. He was honored with the nomination for a second term, but declined to run for the office, although his election was assured. Mr. Fleming was at one time editor of the *Anderson Democrat*, but disposed of his interest in the paper after a brief experience and purchased the Moss Island mills, west of Anderson, which he operated for several years. In 1888 he was appointed Justice of the Peace of Anderson township to fill the vacancy in that office caused by the death of Enoch M. Jackson. At the expiration of the term Mr. Fleming retired from active business, and is now living quietly at his home on West Fourth street, Anderson. In his day no man in the county exerted a greater influence in politics and affairs generally than Mr. Fleming. His integrity was never impugned and his official acts seldom criticised even by the bitterest partisans of the Republican party. He is a gentleman of the old school, quiet but cordial with his friends, and always unassuming. Men with much less ability have attained to higher station in life, but none has enjoyed a higher degree of respect among his fellow-citizens than he.

Mr. Fleming was married to Miss Catherine Thumma in 1855. Of this union three children were born, all of whom are living. Mrs. Fleming died in 1893. She was a woman of many excellent qualities, and enjoyed the respect of a large circle of friends.

RANDLE BIDDLE

Was born in Pasquotank county, North Carolina, September 12, 1827, and came to Madison county with his parents at an early day. His father settled in Adams township, and was one of the honored pioneers of that locality. Randle was reared on a farm and devoted the greater portion of his life to agricultural pursuits. He always took an active part in politics, and in 1861 was elected Trustee of Adams township on the Democratic ticket, which office he held with credit to himself and acceptably to the people until 1864. In 1874 he was appointed a deputy by Sheriff J. W. McCallister and removed to Anderson and took charge of the jail. After the death of Mr. McCallister, which took place soon after his election, Mr. Biddle was appointed a deputy by A. J. Griffith, who succeeded Mr. McCallister. He also served as a Deputy

Sheriff under T. J. McMahan. In 1880 he received the Democratic nomination for Sheriff, and was elected. After retiring from the Sheriff's office he was employed at various times as a police officer, and up to the last two years of his life served as a merchant policeman. About two years previous to his death he received a stroke of paralysis while discharging his duties as night watchman, and from that time on his health was feeble until his demise, which occurred April 15, 1895.

Randle Biddle was what might be termed, without levity, "a hale fellow well met." His disposition was as sunny as a summer day, and everybody was his friend. If he had a fault it was that one which is considered a virtue in others—generosity. No one ever appealed to him in vain for assistance in time of distress, or after the assistance had been rendered, heard him speak of it. He was as modest in his manners as he was unostentatious in his generosity, and always unconscious of either. He was a sincere friend, a kind neighbor and an upright citizen. His remains repose beside those of his wife in the Baptist cemetery at Ovid.

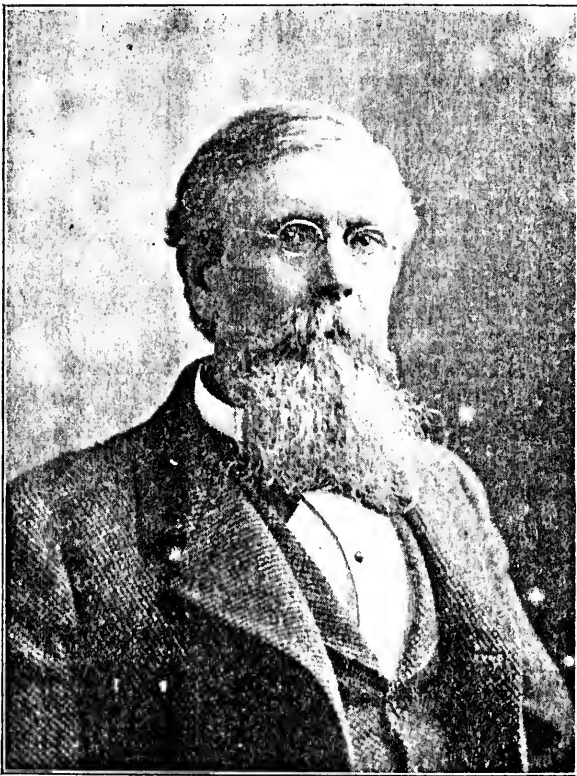
DR. GEORGE F. CHITTENDEN.

The subject of this biography was born in Switzerland county, Indiana, December 25, 1830, and is a lineal descendant of Thomas Chittenden, who served as governor of the state of Vermont for twenty-one consecutive years.

The Chittendens are a large and influential family of English descent, and among the first settlers of Connecticut, having founded a colony at Old Guilford, on Long Island Sound 257 years ago. A beautiful home was located here which has remained in the Chittenden name to the present time, and at which the Chittendens throughout the United States are always made welcome and treated as members of the family. One branch of the family subsequently emigrated northward and settled in Vermont, where it became prominent in the professions, politics and affairs generally. It is to this branch of the family that Dr. Chittenden belongs. His father, John Chittenden, was a farmer who immigrated to this State from New York in 1821, locating at Vevay, Switzerland county.

Dr. Chittenden was educated principally in the common schools and at Corydon Academy, attending the latter institution two years, after which he began the study of medicine at

Madison, Indiana, in the office of Dr. Benjamin Leavitt. At the expiration of three years of diligent study including a course of lectures in the medical department at Ann Arbor University, he entered the medical department of the University of Louisville, where he graduated in 1855. He then began the practice of his profession at Milford, Decatur county, Indiana, where he remained three years when he removed to Anderson, locating here in 1858. He at once entered upon a



DR. GEORGE F. CHITTENDEN.

successful practice which kept on increasing until May, 1861, when he was appointed assistant surgeon of the 16th Regiment, Indiana volunteers. During the following year he was promoted to the surgeoncy of the regiment, a position that he filled with eminent credit until the spring of 1864 when he tendered his resignation and returned home.

In 1868 Dr. Chittenden was elected Joint Representative from the counties of Madison and Henry to the Lower

House of the State Legislature, on the Republican ticket, and served one term. He was honored with the position of Chairman of the Committee on Corporations and was also a member of the Committee on Benevolent Institutions, in both of which positions he served his constituency and State acceptably. In 1873 he was elected a Commissioner of the State Hospital for the Insane, by the Legislature, and rendered able service during his term. He was twice elected to the City Council of Anderson from a Democratic ward, and during his incumbency rendered efficient service in the interest of tax payers. In 1880 he was selected as the delegate from the Ninth Congressional Republican convention to the National Republican convention at Chicago, which nominated James A. Garfield for President.

He has been a member of the Madison County Medical Society for twenty-five years, also a member of the District, State and National Medical Associations, in the affairs of which he has taken an active and prominent part.

At one time he was associated with Dr. John Hunt, recently deceased, in the practice of medicine, and in 1875 entered into a partnership with Dr. H. E. Jones, which continued for nineteen years, when the partnership was dissolved. The Doctor is still actively engaged in the practice and has associated with him his son, Dr. Edgar W. Chittenden.

Dr. Chittenden was united in marriage to Miss Amanda B. Branham at Vernon, Jennings county, in 1858. Three children were born of this union: Carrie B., Edgar W. and Mattie V., all of whom are living. Carrie is now the wife of M. M. Cronyn and resides at Indianapolis. The good mother deceased in 1889, beloved by all who knew her.

In 1891 Dr. Chittenden was married to Mrs. Catherine L. Brown, a lady of many enviable graces and varied accomplishments.

No citizen of Anderson or Madison county is held in higher esteem than Dr. Chittenden. Of irreproachable character, he stands second to no man in his profession, to which he has devoted his life with untiring assiduity and eminent ability. In every sphere of endeavor in which he has taken a part, socially, politically or professionally, his unpretending bearing has elevated him in the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. He is a member of the Presbyterian church, and while not ostentatious in the observance of the tenets of that denomination, is in the highest sense a Chris-

tian. He enjoys a good book and loves his home, where he can always be found surrounded by its comforts when not attending to the duties of his profession.

GEORGE NICHOL.

The first merchants of Anderson and Madison county have long since gone to their reward. But few even of the men, engaged in mercantile pursuits no farther back than the early '50s remain. Prominent among those who still survive, however, is the subject of this sketch.



GEORGE NICHOL.

Mr. Nichol was born in Butler county, Ohio, January 11, 1830. His boyhood was passed upon a farm where he enjoyed but meagre opportunities to acquire that which he so much desired—a superior education. A number of terms in the common schools and one year at Farmer's College, near Cincinnati, ended his school days.

In 1854, he located in Anderson and engaged in the hardware business, having for a partner the late Amos J. King. In 1855, he was married to Miss Harriett Robinson, oldest sister of the late Colonel M. S. Robinson. This estimable

woman deceased on the 25th of May, 1896, lamented not only by her immediate relatives but by a large circle of friends. In 1861, Mr. Nichol was appointed Quartermaster of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, in which position he served until the regiment veteranized in 1864, when he returned home having been a participant in all of the severe campaigns in which his regiment was engaged up to that time. While active in business, Mr. Nichol is an ardent Republican and has devoted much of his time and means in advancing the interests of his party. In return he has been honored with various positions of prominence and trust as a partial reward for his services. He was a member of the first City Council elected in Anderson, and in 1870, was elected on the Republican ticket to the office of County Auditor, being the first Republican elected in the county to that important office. This was one of the most hotly-contested elections ever held in the county, his opponent being the late Neal C. McCullough, a man of acknowledged integrity and ability, besides having abundant resources from which to draw in such a contest. The county at that time was safely Democratic by 600 majority and Mr. Nichol's success was regarded as complimentary in the highest degree. He is at the present time serving as Chairman of the Republican Central Committee of the county.

Mr. Nichol, in recent years, has been connected in an official capacity with nearly every enterprise having for its object the promotion of Anderson's interests and development of the county. He was chosen President of the Anderson Board of Trade at the time of its organization and served acceptably as long as it was in existence.

Mr. Nichol is a member of the Presbyterian church, but not fanatical in his religious views. He is consistent in his daily walk and conversation, stands deservedly high as a business man and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

BIOGRAPHY OF BAZIL NEELY.

Bazil Neely was a farmer and one of the early pioneers of Madison county. He was born in Ohio county, West Virginia, August 16, 1810. His parents were Thomas and Elizabeth (Seamon) Neely. His grandfather was Jonah Seamon. In 1812 the parents of our subject emigrated with his family to Wayne county, Indiana, and in 1816 the father returned to

Virginia on business where he died and was buried, leaving his wife and six children, of whom Basil was the fourth, with but little means of support. The widow removed to Fayette county, Indiana, with her children, and in 1827 Basil, who was but seventeen years of age, started out to seek his own fortune in the primitive wilderness. He went to Delaware county where he did general farm work at three dollars a month, and occasionally made rails at twenty-five cents per hundred. Farming implements in that day were few and unwieldy and his first plowing was done with a wooden mold-



BAZIL. NEELY.

board plow and four yoke of oxen. In 1833 Mr. Neely was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Suman. Of this union there was but one child, Miss Hester A. Neely, a sketch of whom will be found elsewhere in this work. On the 10th of July, 1833, he purchased eighty acres of land in Section 35, in Union township, Madison county, nine acres of which were cleared and improved by a hewed-log house, the remainder being covered by a dense forest. On this tract of land he located, and

not being afraid of work, in the course of time acquired an ample competency. He was resolute, persevering and energetic, in every way suited to the pioneer's arduous task of clearing up the wilderness. He was also fond of athletic sports and was an unerring shot with a rifle. He hunted frequently and in 1849, within one mile of his home, shot two deer while their horns were locked together.

In politics he was a supporter of Democratic principles, his first vote being cast for Andrew Jackson in 1832. In religious belief his predilections were inclined to the Christian Church, with which he united in 1893. Without ostentation he was benevolent. It can be truly said that no man ever lived in Union township who was more attentive to the sick and distressed than Basil Neely. He was honest and true as the day was long. His wife passed away on September 7, 1856, mourned by all who knew her.

Mr. Neely remained on his farm from 1811 to June 11, 1893, when he took up his residence with his daughter, Miss Hester Neely, in Anderson. During his later years his health was quite feeble, and on the 14th day of August, 1891, after a lingering illness, he went to his reward. He reposes in Mount Pleasant cemetery, Delaware county.

JUDGE JOHN F. McCLURE.

John F. McClure was born near Brookville, Franklin county, Indiana, December 24, 1852, and is the oldest of nine children, five of whom are living. His father, James McClure, was born in Ireland in 1818, and came to this country when he was two years old. His mother, Ann McClure, was a daughter of David McCall, one of the pioneers of Franklin county. The father is still living, but the mother recently deceased.

The subject of this sketch was reared upon a farm, where he devoted his time to the labors incident thereto until he was twenty-one years of age, when he entered De Pauw University, taking a classical course. His career at this institution was marked by close application to his studies and in 1879 he graduated with high honors, being selected as salutatorian of his class. Immediately after his graduation he entered the law office of Berry & Berry at Brookville, and at the expiration of two years came to Anderson, where he formed a partnership for the practice of law with Isaac Carter under the firm name of Carter & McClure. This partnership lasted but a short time, however, as Mr. McClure was elected Principal

of the Anderson High School in 1883 and taught one year, when he formed a law partnership with the Hon. F. P. Foster. In 1886 he received the Republican nomination for Mayor of Anderson and was elected.

It was during his incumbency that natural gas was discovered at Anderson and it was largely through his untiring efforts that many of the large business enterprises which now contribute to the city's importance were located. His serv-



JUDGE JOHN F. MCCLURE.

ices as an active, faithful official were appreciated by his fellow-citizens and he was re-elected in 1888. Upon retiring from the office of Mayor he purchased an interest in the Anderson *Herald* which property he managed for one year. During his connection with the paper he was elected Councilman from the First ward and being thoroughly acquainted with the duties of the position, on account of his previous experience as Mayor, rendered valuable service in the administration of the city's affairs. In 1894 he was elected City Attorney by the common council and served two years. He was thrice honored

by his party by being selected as chairman of the Republican Central Committee for the county and served in that capacity for six years. In 1896 he was honored by his party with the nomination for Judge of the Circuit Court and elected, being the first Republican chosen by the people to fill this responsible position since Madison county became a judicial jurisdiction. He has just entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office and gives promise of justifying every hope and expectation indulged by his friends. Judge McClure is unassuming both in his bearing and conversation, liberal in his views but firm as need be in matters when decision is necessary. He is candid and cordial, but under no circumstances forgets that he is a gentleman. His present ambition is to discharge the duties of his office acceptably and if conscientious endeavor will accomplish this end there is no doubt of his success. He owes no allegiance to any particular sect or religious society, but is prominent as a Knight of Pythias, having occupied the highest office to which a member can be elected in a subordinate lodge.

Judge McClure was married to Miss Mary Falknor December 12, 1888, and resides on West Seventh street.

HOWELL D. THOMPSON.

The subject of this sketch was born May 6, 1822, in Center county, Pennsylvania. In 1829 his father removed to Clinton county, Ohio, and here the son passed his boyhood, attending school whenever it was possible until it became time to select a trade, when he went to work at carpentry and followed it until 1844, when he came to Indiana and began teaching school. Randolph and Grant counties were the scenes of his labors in this vocation until 1857, when he entered Farmers' College, near Cincinnati. He devoted himself assiduously to his studies and graduated from this institution in 1849. After graduating he returned to Indiana and taught a select school at Pendleton. In December, 1849, he commenced the study of law under Judge David Kilgore and afterwards completed his preparatory course under the late Judge Hery Craven. In March 1851, he was admitted to the Anderson bar; May, 1851, to the Supreme Court of the State, and in November of that year to the Circuit Court of the United States. It was also during this year that he removed to Marion, Indiana, where he began the practice of his profession. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861

he enlisted a company of which he was captain in April of that year, but being in feeble health he was compelled to resign in the following November and return home. In May, 1862, he removed to Anderson and formed a partnership in the practice of his profession with the late Judge W. R. Pierson. This firm remained in existence for many years and enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. In 1871 Mr. Thompson was elected County School Superintendent and looked after



HOWELL D. THOMPSON.

the duties of that office for two years with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the public. No citizen of the county, perhaps, takes deeper interest in the education and proper training of the young than Mr. Thompson. His influence has always been exerted in behalf of good schools, as it has in the interest of every enterprise having for its object the general diffusion of knowledge and the welfare of society.

For a period of thirty five years Mr. Thompson has been identified with the Madison county bar as one of the ablest and most honored members. He is still actively engaged in

the practice and occupies a position among the members of the profession of which he may well feel proud.

Politically, Mr. Thompson is a Democrat; religiously, he is a Presbyterian. He is an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, believes in the principles it inculcates, and without ostentation endeavors to observe them in his intercourse with the world. He is liberal in his views and believes in enjoying life within the pale of propriety. His elegantly furnished home consequently is one of the most hospitable in Anderson. His friends are always graciously received and entertained with a cordiality as sincere as it is enjoyable.

He was married on the 5th of December, 1852, to Miss Eliza J. Butler. Of this union two children have been born, Mrs. E. E. Newton and Mrs. Charles L. Sherman, both of whom are residents of Anderson.



MISS HESTER A. NEELY.

The subject of this biography is the only child of Basil and Sarah (Sumán) Neely and was born July 4, 1835, on the Neely homestead in Union township, where she resided until June 14, 1893, sharing with her parents the trials and hardships incident to pioneer life. Miss Neely enjoys the distinction of being the oldest maiden in the county, and is also among the oldest living natives in the county. Notwithstand-

ing the school facilities were meagre in her day she acquired sufficient knowledge of the elementary branches of an education to enable her in after years to take care of her large property interests without assistance. After the death of her mother, in 1856, she took charge of her father's home and looked after the household duties until she moved to Anderson in 1893, when she brought her venerable parent with her and attended to his every want until his death, in 1894. Among the lessons instilled into her mind by her father in her early years was punctuality in meeting promises and discharging obligations, and this lesson she cherishes as sacredly as she does his memory. Circumstances, together with good judgment and careful management, have rendered her one of the wealthiest women in the county, her property holdings in Anderson being the most desirable in the city, comprising as they do the most valuable portions of the southwest square.

Miss Neely lives in an elegant home on West Sixth street, which she has furnished in a manner consonant with her taste, "neat, not gaudy." She is not extravagant in her ideas of living but nevertheless seeks comfort and contentment regardless of the expenditure they may entail. While she is not a collector of the quaint and curious in the strict sense of the term, she has, perhaps, one of the most interesting private collections of rare relics and heirlooms in the county. These treasures consist of several pieces of rare chinaware, old books and quaint implements of various kinds, all of which she prizes more for the associations connected with them than for any intrinsic value they may possess.

She is not and has never been a devotee of fashion or society and takes no pleasure in them; she appreciates her friends, however, and enjoys their companionship. She is specially fond of travel and has visited many interesting localities including the Pacific slope. Miss Neely possesses to a degree that quality which Shakespeare regards as "an excellent thing in woman"—modesty. Quiet and unassuming, she has pursued the even tenor of her way, doing unto others as she would have others do unto her, and meeting the disappointments of life as bravely as becomes her sex.

JOHN R. THORNBURGH.

The subject of this biography was born in Richland township, Madison county, Indiana, on June 7, 1861.

The Thornburghs are of Scotch-Irish descent. That

branch of the family from which our subject sprung settled originally in Guilford county, North Carolina, where his father, Jonathan Thornburgh, was born in 1814. He went to Illinois at an early day for the purpose of locating, but in passing through Indiana he was so favorably impressed with the State that in the course of a year he returned, and in 1838 purchased a farm in Richland township, Madison county, where he lived until 1869, when he was gathered to his fathers. He took great interest in the affairs not only of his township, but of the county, and was greatly respected by



JOHN R. THORNBURGH.

all who knew him as an upright, conscientious citizen. At the time of his death, besides a family of several children, he left a widow, Mary Thornburgh, who was a daughter of Henry Miller, one of the old settlers of Delaware county, Indiana. John R. Thornburgh was but five years of age at the time of his father's death, and lived on the farm with his mother, attending school, when opportunity offered, until he was nineteen years old, when he entered college at Oberlin, Ohio. While there he became fascinated with the study of Human Science, and after eighteen months of college work went to lecturing on phrenology and physiognomy. About two years

afterwards he returned to his home and subsequently spent two collegiate terms in the Central Normal college at Danville, Indiana. While at Danville he met Miss Blanche Scruggs, who subsequently became his wife. She was his classmate and a member of one of the leading families of Rush county, Indiana. After leaving Danville college he taught a few terms of school and commenced the study of law while teaching. He afterwards entered the law office of Judge Alfred Ellison, and was admitted to the bar in 1890, being the first of the farmer boys of his native township to enter upon the profession and practice of law. He met with flattering success from the beginning of his legal career, being retained in many of the important trials in the courts of the county. Shortly after being admitted to the Madison county bar he was admitted to practice in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Indiana.

He still retains his interest in the old home farm, and his office is always open to his former neighbors and boyhood friends, whether they call on business or pleasure. Politically Mr. Thornburgh is a Populist, and in the local counsels of his party takes a prominent part. He is also an active member of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, and esteemed generally as a high-minded gentleman and worthy citizen.

COLONEL MILTON S. ROBINSON.

A history of Madison county without proper mention of the life, character and public services of the subject of this sketch would not only be incomplete but would subject the work and its author, or authors, to just criticism. He was one of the county's most distinguished citizens and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens to as great a degree as any man that has ever resided within its borders.

Colonel Robinson was born at Versailles, Indiana, April 20, 1832. His father, Colonel Joseph R. Robinson, was a noted lawyer and orator in his day and served as a member of the convention that formed the present constitution of Indiana.

Colonel Robinson was educated in the common schools, and under the judicious instruction of his father studied for the profession to which he devoted his life and in which he became so prominent. His progress in his studies was so rapid that he was regularly licensed to practice law under the old constitution of the State before he had attained his majority,

and soon after the war was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State, and United States Circuit and District Courts.

On November 15, 1851, he located at Anderson and commenced the practice of his profession. By his energy and ability in the discharge of his professional duties he gradually secured a large and lucrative practice, which he retained until the breaking out of the Civil war, when he entered the army



COLONEL MILTON S. ROBINSON.

as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, after having twice declined a Colonel's commission tendered him by Governor O. P. Morton, giving as his reason for so doing lack of experience in military affairs. He was prominently identified with the fortunes of his regiment until he was promoted by Governor Morton to the Colonelcy of the Seventy-Fifth Indiana Volunteers, with which regiment he remained until the close of the war, participating in the great battles of the campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia. In 1865 he was breveted Brigadier-

General for gallant and meritorious service. He was always an active Republican, and in 1856 was chosen as a Presidential elector for the Eleventh Congressional district. In the winter of 1861 he was elected a director of the Northern Prison by the Indiana Legislature. In 1866 he was elected Senator from the district composed of Madison and Grant counties, and during his term was regarded as one of the leaders of his party in the Senate. In the summer of 1874 he was nominated by the Republicans of the Sixth Congressional district as their candidate for Congress. He was elected, and in 1876 was again nominated and re-elected. In March, 1891, he was appointed as one of the Judges of the Appellate Court by the late Alvin P. Hovey, Governor of Indiana, and was nominated by the Republican State Convention for the same office in June, 1892, but died before the election occurred.

In January, 1873, he associated with himself John W. Lovett in the practice of the law. The firm continued in the practice under the name of Robinson & Lovett until 1888, when Sanford M. Keltner, Esq., became the junior member, and from that time on until Colonel Robinson received his appointment as a Judge of the Appellate Court the firm was known as Robinson, Lovett & Keltner.

Colonel Robinson was twice married, his first wife being Miss Almira F. Ballard, to whom he was united on July 8, 1856. She died shortly after his return from his service in the army. On the 29th of June, 1866, he was married to Miss Louise A. Branham. Of this union three children were born, of whom but one, a son, Chester Robinson, is living. Mrs. Robinson died in 1890.

Colonel Robinson's career from the time he entered upon the practice of his profession was active and eventful. He was in every relation of life a sincere and candid man, and as such was known and appreciated by his fellow citizens. He was ever foremost in every good work, whether religious or secular, and gave unstintedly of his means for the promotion of any undertaking in which he might engage. While a strict partisan in politics he so conducted himself that he enjoyed the respect and confidence of his political opponents. Socially and religiously he was a man of liberal views and generous impulses; always conscientious, he was fearless in the discharge of what he esteemed a duty.

In the practice of his profession he was a safe counsellor, painstaking and courteous, and while ambitious to succeed in

any cause he might espouse, his methods were always just and honorable. As a judge he was impartial, firm, able and industrious, as is shown by his opinions published in the official reports of the Appellate Court.

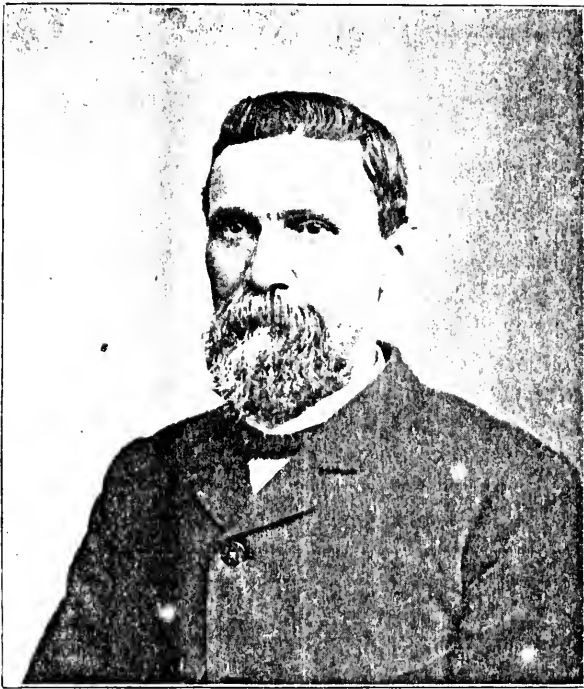
From his early manhood to the date of his death he was a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, and contributed largely of his means and influence to its support.

Colonel Robinson died July 28, 1892, after a brief illness induced by excessive heat. His funeral, in point of attendance, was the largest that has ever taken place in the county. Many prominent citizens from different portions of the State, members of the Appellate Court, the Governor and other State officials were in attendance, while his friends and fellow-citizens from every part of the county were present in large numbers to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. Of him it can be truly said that the world was better for his having lived.

CAPT. ALONZO I. MAKEPEACE.

Of all the men who enlisted in the service of their country from Madison county during the great struggle for the preservation of the Union, none has a more interesting or thrilling history than Capt. A. I. Makepeace. His experience if given in detail and properly elaborated, would require a volume of itself, but a brief sketch is all that can be expected or given in a work of this character, however, much the authors might desire to preserve all the incidents of his military career. Capt. Makepeace is a native of Madison county, having been born at Pendleton, April 9, 1833. His parents, Alfred and Hannah Makepeace, were among the early pioneers of the county who settled in Fall Creek township. They subsequently (1836) moved to Anderson, where Alonzo, or Lon, as he is familiarly called, was reared, the greater portion of his time being devoted to farming. His education was acquired in the common schools of Anderson. On the 1st of April, 1856, he was one of a party of young men who left Anderson for California, by the Nicaragua route, and landed at Graytown, Central America, on the 18th of the same month. There was great excitement in Central America at that time owing to the efforts of General Walker, the famous filibuster, to secure control of the government of that country. Neither life nor property was considered secure on account of the disturbed condition of the people, and the party of fortune-

seekers concluded to return home. Arriving at New York, Mr. Makepeace went to Canada on a prospecting tour, and returned to his home in Indiana by way of Niagara Falls. After his return he worked at carpentry until his father built the large flouring mill on North Central avenue, which is now owned and operated as a brewery by T. M. Norton & Sons, when he engaged in the milling business for a while. In the meantime the clouds of the great civil war were gathering



CAPT. ALONZO I. MAKEPEACE.

and casting their somber shadows over all the land. It was not long until hostilities began and the country was involved in the greatest struggle of modern times. The patriotic young men of the land responded to the call of the President for troops, and marched away to defend the flag of their country. Among the number was the subject of this biography, who enlisted July 5, 1861, in Company A. 19th Indiana volunteers. He was mustered into the service at Indianapolis on the 29th of July, and on the same day was elected second lieutenant of his company.

On the 8th of August, the Nineteenth Indiana was ordered to Washington, and on November 11, 1861, he was promoted to the position of First Lieutenant. He was subsequently (February 10, 1862,) promoted to the Captaincy of his company. The Nineteenth Indiana was one of the regiments composing the famous Iron Brigade and suffered as much, if not more, than any regiment engaged in the war, Captain Makepeace participated, along with his company, in all of the principal battles of the south-east. He was at Lewinsville, Gainesville (lost thirty-one men out of forty-two in this battle), Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, South Mountain, Antietam, Manassas, Cedar Mountain, and many other battles, including the battle of Gettysburg, where he was captured on the first day of that decisive engagement. This was on the 1st of July, 1863. He, with several thousand other soldiers, who were captured at the same time, was taken to Libby prison where he remained ten months, when he was transferred to Danville, Virginia, from that prison to Salisbury, North Carolina, thence to Macon, Georgia. While enroute to the latter prison, he escaped from the train near Augusta, but was recaptured. After remaining in prison at Macon for a short time, he, along with three hundred other captains, was taken to Charleston, South Carolina, for the protection of that city which was being shelled by Federal gunboats. Intelligence was conveyed to the Federals of their location in the city by Union sympathisers and the presence of the prisoners did not result as anticipated. The firing was kept up by the vessels, but no shell exploded in the vicinity of the prisoners. Captain Makepeace was afterward transferred to Columbia, South Carolina, where, on November 4, 1864, he again escaped, and, in company with three others, eluded the Rebels for forty-eight days, notwithstanding they were pursued by blood-hounds a portion of the time. They traveled only at night and in that time walked over four hundred miles, encountering many dangers and suffering innumerable hardships. They were at one time within a few miles of the Union army, but fate was against them and they were recaptured in the Smoky Mountains, near Delonaga, Georgia. He was taken back to Columbia, and transferred thence to Charlotte, North Carolina, where he escaped again, but being sick and discouraged by his previous experience he concluded to return to prison. From Charlotte he was taken to Raleigh,

North Carolina, thence to Wilmington, in the same State, where he was finally exchanged on the 1st of March, 1865.

Captain Makepeace was a prisoner just twenty months to a day and was transferred from time to time to nearly every prison in the Confederacy. He was discharged at Washington in May, 1865, and returned home, after an experience that fell to the lot of but few men in the army. Soon after returning home he engaged in the hardware business as a clerk with Nichol & King, but subsequently became a member of the firm, Mr. King having retired. This firm is still in existence and does a larger business in its line than any other firm in the county.

In 1886 Captain Makepeace received without solicitation on his part the Republican nomination for Sheriff of Madison county, and was elected, overcoming an adverse majority of eight hundred. He is a member of Anderson lodge I. O. O. F., and was the first commander of Major May Post, G. A. R., but is not connected with any other organization, social, fraternal or religious. He was on the staff with General Veazy at the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R., at Detroit, in 1880, and has attended every encampment of that organization as well as every reunion of his old regiment for the past twelve years. Captain Makepeace was married to Miss Margaret Robinson, a sister of the late Colonel M. S. Robinson, on the 16th of September, 1858. The fruits of this union have been two children, Frank and Harriett, both of whom are married and living in Anderson. Mr. Frank Makepeace is one of the proprietors of the *Anderson Daily Bulletin*. Harriett is married to Mr. T. N. Stilwell, a son of Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell, deceased.

Captain Makepeace is an unpretending gentleman, not given to vaunting his achievements, and it is safe to say that but few, even of his intimate friends, are acquainted with the facts related in this sketch. Considering his military experience he is remarkably active. He has a large circle of friends and has laid by a competency against old age.

SAMUEL HARDEN.

No man in Madison county, perhaps, has done more to preserve its early history than Samuel Harden. He has always taken great interest in the achievements of the first settlers as well as in matters generally pertaining to the pioneer period of the county and therefore honorable mention of his efforts

to secure from the spoiler Time the names of the first comers here, their unpretentious deeds, customs and interesting incidents connected with their lives, is cheerfully accorded in these pages. He wrote the first history of the county under certain disadvantages that but few can appreciate who have not engaged in such an undertaking. The work is not perfect by any means, and neither is this, nor any other history that has been or ever will be written of the county, but within its modest pages much is contained that would have been lost no doubt had it not been for his painstaking research.



SAMUEL HARDEN.

Mr. Harden was born in Hamilton county, Indiana, November 21, 1831, and at the age of fourteen years was apprenticed to learn the saddler's trade with an older brother. He served an apprenticeship of two years, when he took a "tramp" East as far as Ithica, New York, with a party of drovers. In 1852 he made the overland trip to California, where he engaged in mining with "varied success" until 1855, when he returned to Indiana, and after a brief residence at Huntsville, this county, married a daughter of the late J. T. Swain. He soon after located at Markleville, where he worked at his trade for fifteen years. In 1862 he enlisted in the Sixth-ninth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, and was

wounded at the battle of Richmond, Ky. He was discharged soon after this and returned to Markleville, where he was appointed postmaster.

In 1874 he published a history of Madison county. In 1880 he commenced writing the history of Hancock county, but sold his interest in the work to J. H. Binford, who, in connection with J. K. King, completed and published it. In 1887 he published a volume entitled, "Early Times of Boone County, Indiana," and in 1888 another book entitled, "Those I Have Met, or Boys in Blue." In 1896 he published his last work, which he named "The Pioneer." All of these works contain many interesting sketches of the first settlers of Madison, Hancock, Hamilton and Boone counties, as well as much valuable and important historical information. Mr. Harden's efforts are being appreciated more and more as the years roll by and after his pilgrimage is over will perpetuate his memory longer than would marble or bronze. It may be said in this connection that he has one of the finest collections of Indian and other interesting relics in the county; in fact there are probably but few, if any, finer private collections in the State.

Mr. Harden is a resident of Anderson, where he pursues the "even tenor of his way," enjoying the esteem of all who know him.



NEW COURT HOUSE.
ERECTED 1882.

CHAPTER LXVI.

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

This township derives its name from Abraham Adams, the first white man to settle within its borders, and not from the second President of the republic, as many suppose. It is situated in the extreme southeast corner of the county and has an area of thirty-five square miles. It is bounded on the north by Anderson and Union townships, on the east by Henry county, on the south by Hancock county, and on the west by Fall Creek township.

Adams was one of the first townships organized in the county. The first comers to the township found abundant game in its unbroken forests, and a soil not only extremely fertile but well-watered, a climate neither excessively hot nor cold but a happy medium between the two, in fine the prospect presented to the first settlers was such as to give them assurance that they had found a pleasant land, where they could with proper effort secure homes for their families and a competency for their old age. Favorable accounts of the new country were sent back to their old homes, and soon after the coming of Abraham Adams, in 1823, the population began to increase rapidly. Mr. Adams settled near the present site of Ovid (New Columbus). About the same time Harper, Bridge, Sr., Hudson, Sawyer and Bridge, Jr., the murderers of the friendly Indians (an account of which is given elsewhere), settled in the township. Among others who came about this time, or a few years later, were Joseph and Moses Surber, Abraham Blake and Anthony Hill, of Ohio. The latter came in 1827, and located on what was afterwards known as the L. D. Reger farm.

During the years 1828-9, George Hudson, Sr., of Ohio, accompanied by his sons, Isaiah, Eli, George, William, Jonathan and David; Thornton Rector, of Wayne county, Indiana; Thomas, William and Garrett McCallister, John Gilmore, Sr., and Hugh Gilmore, Martin Brown, Samuel and L.

Reger, of Virginia, settled in the township. In the spring of 1830, Levi Brewer and Joseph Ingles, of Ohio, settled in the township, and in 1831, Colonel Thomas Bell and Hezekiah Justice, also of Ohio, cast their lot with the early settlers of the township. Colonel Bell was afterwards elected Representative from the district of Madison and Hancock counties and served a number of terms. As an evidence of his popularity, it is said that at a certain election when he was a candidate, but one vote was cast against him in the township.

In 1831-5, Samuel Huston and Jacob Evans, of Wayne county, Indiana, Isaac Cooper, of Virginia, Harvey Chase, of North Carolina, and William Prigg, of Maryland, settled in the township. Isaac Cooper located on the land where the murder of the Indians occurred. The land upon which this atrocious crime was committed is situated one mile and a half northeast of Markleville, and is now owned by Solomon Hardy.

Including the names already mentioned, the following list comprises all, or nearly all of the first settlers in the township: Manly Richards, Hiram Burch, John Copman, William Sloan, Ralph Williams, Stephen and Henry Dobson, William Stanley, John Markle, David Rice, Thomas Shelton, Joseph Smith, James Collier, William Penn, Reason Sargent, David Ellsworth, William Nelson, Stephen Norman, James Pearson, E. Trueblood, James Peden, Caleb Biddle, Barnabas Clark and John Borman.

These are the men who cleared up the first farms in the township and prepared the way for all that has since been accomplished in the grand transformation of the wilderness to fruitful fields and meadows green. Many of them were honored by their fellow-citizens with positions of trust and honor, and all were identified with the progress and development of the county.

EARLY EVENTS.

The first house in the township was erected by Abraham Adams in 1823. It was constructed of unhewn logs and stood just east of the present site of Ovid.

The first school-house in the township was located on Section 19. It was similar in construction to all other houses of that period. The next school-house erected in the township stood on the east side of the present site of Ovid, but in what year it was built is not known.

The first school teacher in the township was a Mr. Hudson. He was followed by Reuben Wyatt, John Roberts, Hiram Burch, George Kearney, Thomas McCallister, George R. Boram and others. Mrs. Susan Justice, who is at present making her home in Anderson, went to school to Mr. Wyatt when she was a child. Mrs. Justice is seventy-four years of age.

The first orchard in the township was planted by Abraham Adams about the year 1829.

The first frame house erected in the township was built by Friend Brown. The farm upon which it was erected was one of the first that was "cleared up" in the county. The first brick house was erected by Morris Gilmore in 1838 on what is known as the Morris Gilmore farm. The first elections were held at the house of Abraham Adams and later at the house of Manly Richards. In 1830 New Columbus (Ovid) was designated by the County Commissioners as the permanent voting place, and continued the only voting precinct in the township up to 1870, when the township was divided for election purposes by the Commissioners and another precinct was established at Markleville.

The first church erected in the township was built by the Baptists in 1834. It was situated half a mile west of New Columbus, and for many years afforded the members of that denomination a comfortable place of worship. The early ministers here were Nathaniel Richmond, William Judd and Morgan McQuay. Among the active membership were Caleb Biddle and Ira Davis, at whose homes meetings were held for a number of years previous to the building of a place of worship. Owing to removals from the township and other causes the society declined in membership, and in the course of time the building was made the object, or target, of every mischievous person who passed that way seized with an inclination to throw a club or stone. The building was finally removed to a different locality and devoted to secular uses. Proper mention of the other churches in the township is made elsewhere.

MILLS.

In 1835 a man of the name of Bailey Jackson began the erection of a sawmill on the south bank of Fall creek, at New Columbus, but abandoned the enterprise before it was completed. James Peden afterward purchased the site and completed Jackson's undertaking in 1843. This mill was operated

successfully for a great many years and finally went the way of all the water mills in the county. It was the first mill built in the township and furnished the lumber for the first frame buildings erected in this part of the county. Its last owner was Adam Forney.

The next mill erected in the township was built in 1841, by Isaac and Edmund Franklin. It was also a saw-mill and was situated on the north bank of Fall Creek on section 15. In 1843 they began the erection of a grist mill near the same site which was completed the following year. These mills were known as the "Franklin Mills," and did a lucrative business up to within a few years of their destruction by fire in 1888. They were owned and operated by many different persons in their day, the last owner and proprietor being James K. Lawson. The dam across Fall Creek is still standing where these mills were once situated and is still visited in season by lovers of piscatorial sport from many parts of the county. In fact, Fall Creek at this point until recent years, was one of the most famous fishing grounds in the county.

In 1857 Blake & Hudson built a saw-mill near the present site of Markleville. This was the first mill run by steam in the township and was successfully operated until 1863, when the machinery was sold and shipped to Frankton. Abisha Lewis and John Houston built the next steam saw-mill in the township in 1872. It cost about \$3,000 and at the time of its erection was the best in the county. Two years after it was built a shingle-machine was added to the mill which proved a profitable investment. This mill is still in operation at Markleville, and is owned by the Markle Brothers.

Soon after the completion of the southern extension of the C. W. & M. Railway (Big Four) through the township, a saw-mill was built at Emporia, two miles north of Markleville. The mill is owned and operated by William and Edward Trueblood.

As there is but little valuable timber left in this part of the county, it is safe to say that it will be but a short time until this class of mills will have disappeared from the township as they have in other localities.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

With the increase of population the demand for enlarged school facilities became more urgent and the log school houses of the township began to disappear. In 1854 several frame

school buildings were erected at different points and the school law of 1851 was thereafter observed in the regulation of the schools until it was supplanted by the present school system. In 1873 the frame buildings began to disappear, two brick structures being erected that year, one of which was at Markleville and the other at Ovid. Each of these buildings cost \$1,100. In 1877-8, three more brick buildings were erected. There are at this time ten buildings and eleven teachers in the township. The school enumeration for 1858 in the township showed that there were 584 school children; in 1874 the total number was 538 and this year it is 560, including both Markleville and Ovid.

CHURCHES.

There are at the present time in the township five religious societies and six churches. In 1831 a Baptist society was organized at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Collier about a mile and a half south-east of where Markleville now stands. This society at the time of its organization was composed of thirteen members but grew rapidly and in 1852 a place of worship was erected. This building was used as a place of worship until 1872, when it was torn down and another of larger dimensions erected by the society about a mile further north. J. F. Collier donated the land upon which both buildings were erected and also served the congregation as pastor for a number of years, being assisted by Revs. O. P. Hawkins, J. E. Ellison and T. S. Lyons. This church has a large membership.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

In 1848 a meeting of a number of members of this denomination was held at the Baptist church west of New Columbus (Ovid) and a society was organized, the first eldership being composed of Eli Hodson, Andrew Bray, J. I. Seward and Jesse VanWinkle. The society continued to hold meetings here and elsewhere in the township until 1852, when the congregation concluded to build a place of worship, which was accordingly done, the church being situated two miles east of Columbus. About two years after its completion it was destroyed by fire; but the membership being large another building was immediately erected at a cost \$1,400. It was known as White Chapel. This church organization flourished for a number of years under the pastoral care of Elder Daniel Franklin and others, but owing to deaths, removals from the

township and other causes, the membership declined and their place of worship passed into the hands of Thornton Rector, who converted it into a place of residence.

GERMAN BAPTIST CHURCH.

This society was organized in 1860 by Elder George Hoover, and in 1873 a place of worship was erected a short distance north of Columbus. The building is a brick structure and cost \$2,500. The membership of this church was also large at one time, but has been gradually declining for many years. Regular services are no longer held here.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Ministers of the Methodist faith were the first to hold religious services in the township. Other denominations had larger memberships, however, and it was not until 1856 that the Methodist society erected a church just south of Markleville. Previous to this meetings were held at the homes of the membership and in an old log schoolhouse near the site of the present edifice. Prominent among the active membership of this society in the past were Stephen Noland, Ralph Williams, L. D. Reger and James Small. The society at the present time is in a fairly prosperous condition.

CHURCH OF GOD.

In 1887, the year following the coming of Mrs. Maria Woodworth, the noted female evangelist, to the county, a number of her followers organized a society at Markleville and built a church. Regular services were held there for a time and the society flourished; but through various causes unnecessary to mention, interest in the work began to wane and regular services were discontinued. At this time the congregation is without a minister.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

This society was organized at New Columbus (Ovid) in the '50s, and in 1861 a place of worship was erected just west of the village. The Lutherans are not strong numerically in the township and consequently regular services are dispensed with.

THE UNION CHURCH.

About 1876 the Baptists, Methodists and Christians in the vicinity of New Columbus entered into an agreement to build

a place of worship, the same to be used at stated times, or alternately, by each denomination. The church is situated near the village on the west and is known as the "Union Church." While any of the three denominations is entitled to worship in the building, the Christians have taken charge of it and at the present time hold services there exclusively.

FRATERNITIES.

On the 24th of May, 1854, Ovid Lodge No. 164, A. F. & A. M., was organized at New Columbus, the following constituting the charter membership: Hiram Peden, R. E. Poindexter, John J. Justice, David Fesler, Solomon Pool, James Bidle, John McCallister, Joel Pratt, Josephus Poindexter, William Sebrell, John Hicks, B. W. Cooper, Garrett McCallister and John Slaughter, all of whom had been initiated into the mysteries of the order in the Masonic Lodge at Pendleton, the parent lodge of all the Masonic organizations in the county. The meetings of Ovid Lodge were held in a two-story log building on the west side of New Columbus until 1860 when a new building was erected by the organization. The meetings of the Lodge have been held in this building ever since.

The new lodge room was dedicated on the 14th of July, 1860, Joseph Eastman, S. B. Irish and William Roach officiating as Grand officers for the occasion. Following the dedicatory ceremonies there was an open-air dinner, speeches and a general good time. Of the charter members of this lodge Hiram Peden, now and for many years past a resident of Anderson, alone survives.

RURAL LODGE.

On May 24, 1864, Rural Lodge No. 324, A. F. & A. M., was organized at Markleville, the charter members being, Samuel Harden, John Justice, David Johnson, John Boram, E. B. Garrison, Levi McDaniel, Daniel Cook, Samuel Cory and W. B. Markle. This lodge held its meetings for a year in the second story of Samuel Harden's residence, when it moved to a room above a shoe-shop owned by W. A. Lynch. Meetings were held here for a number of years when a lodge room was erected over a store owned by Hardy & Lewis. This continued to be the home of the lodge until March, 1879, when it surrendered its charter. The lodge has never been revived, the membership preferring to attend Ovid Lodge.

MARKLEVILLE LODGE I. O. O. F.

On November 18, 1875, Markleville Lodge No. 502, I. O. O. F., was organized, with the following charter members: A. J. Blake, Joseph P. Blake, S. F. Hardy, J. R. Leakey, Joseph Wilkinson, A. Van Dyke, George Cooper and Reuben Wilkinson. This lodge flourished for a while when it gradually went down and finally surrendered its charter.

STATISTICAL MATTERS—TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

The population of the township in 1850, was 1,309; in 1860 it was 1,453; in 1870 it was 1,576; in 1880 it was 1,663, and in 1890 it was exactly what it was in 1880. The total value of lands as returned this year by the assessor is \$586,170; value of lands and improvements, \$648,095. Total value of taxables in the township, \$820,365.

NEW COLUMBUS (OVID).

This town was laid out by Abraham Adams in 1834. It has a beautiful location, being situated upon a hill just south of Fall Creek. It is six miles south of Anderson, and at the present time has about one hundred inhabitants. The town was given the name of New Columbus by its founder, but on account of the annoyance occasioned in the delivery of mail, there being a town of the same name in Bartholomew county, the name of Ovid was given the postoffice when it was established here in 1837. Previous to that year the citizens of the village and surrounding country went to Huntsville to post and receive their mail. The first postmaster was William Miller; the next was William Gray, who was followed by James Peden and his two sons, Joseph and Hiram, in the order named. Hiram Peden was succeeded by George Hodson. The present postmaster is William Carmody. The first merchant in the village was Hiram Burch. William Miller succeeded him. J. M. McClanahan was also one of the early merchants. The first physician to locate here was Dr. C. Horn. Other early physicians were Drs. Parry, Smiley, Hildreth, Pratt, Cooper, Bair, Troy, Edwin, Rider and Myers. The first and only tannery in the township was located here. It was built in 1837 by Henry Armstrong and Bartholomew Fort, but was not a success and was finally abandoned.

About a mile east of the village, Andrew Bray built a distillery in 1838, which he operated for a number of years.

As previously stated, New Columbus was for many years the only voting place in the township, and whenever an election occurred there was more or less turbulence. It is related by old-timers still living in the vicinity that an election seldom occurred without being attended by as high as fifty or sixty fights. The fighting would sometimes begin before the voting and would continue at brief intervals until after the polls had closed. Those days have passed, however, and there is not a more peaceable or law-abiding community in the county to-day than this. The spirit of politics is quite as lively as it was in the old days, but the argument of physical strength has given way to more rational methods. It is not known save to a few of the old-timers who still remain that the town was once incorporated, but such is the fact, as will be seen by the following:

The Board of Commissioners ordered an election held in New Columbus on the first Monday in April, 1840, to incorporate the same as a town, as follows: "On a petition of a majority of the citizens of New Columbus, Madison county, Indiana, it is ordered that the citizens of said town hold an election in said town on the first Monday in April next, for the purpose of electing the proper officers to govern the said town as an incorporated town. And upon the citizens complying with this order the said town thereafter be considered as incorporated."

MARKLEVILLE.

This town derives its name from John Markle, who owned the ground upon which it stands and who laid it out in 1852. It is situated eleven miles southeast of Anderson on what is known as the southern extension of the C., W. & M. (Big Four) Railway, and two miles west of the Henry county line. What is still known as the "Pendleton and New Castle pike" passes through the town. Among the early merchants of the place may be mentioned Newton Busby, E. B. Garrison, Ralph Williams, David Johnson, J. W. Shimer, H. H. Markle, J. W. Blake, Harrison Coon, Sebrell & Blake, and Hardy & Lewis. The latter firm did a large business in the '70s and erected the finest business room in the town. Mr. S. Hardy and Mr. N. Moneyhun are the principal merchants at the present time.

The first postmaster here was John Markle. He was followed by Samuel Harden, and he in turn by William Swain,

David Johnson, S. F. Hardy and William Coacheran. The present incumbent is O. H. Seward. The first physicians in the place were Daniel Cook, William Hendricks, William Swain, Jacob and William P. Harter. The population in 1870 was about 100 and at the present time it is estimated at 250.

ALLIANCE.

This is a station on the southern extension of the C., W. & M. Railway (Big Four). It is situated about two and a-half miles northeast of Ovid and is one of the three places in the township at which trains stop regularly. A general store is located here, but no manufacturing enterprises, and the future of the place is consequently not very bright.

EMPORIA.

This is a small station situated on the southern extension two miles southeast of New Columbus and two miles north of Markleville. It was located upon the completion of the railroad to that point in 1891. There is a general store here owned by William Mauzy, also a sawmill owned and operated by William and Edward Trueblood. William Trueblood is the present postmaster.

POLEYWALK.

This is a name given to a thickly settled locality in the southwest corner of the township, about a quarter of a century ago, on account of the roads and "walks" being constructed of poles. These corduroy roads were necessary in many portions of the county at an early day, but with the draining of the country and the building of pikes they gave way to the new order of things.

This particular locality was noted among other things for its many social gatherings, especially dances, which the young people, after working hard all day at their domestic duties or in the fields, would attend and dance from "early candle lighting" until dawn. Very frequently a fight would take place to vary the programme on these occasions, but as deadly weapons were seldom resorted to in those times by young men in adjusting a difficulty, no one was ever seriously injured. The boys and girls who contributed to the merry-making in this locality at the time of which we write are settled in life; many of them the heads of families, but they still take delight in relating the experiences of their younger years.

THE BIG LICK.

This famous hunting resort in the early settlement of the county is located in the southeast corner of the township at the source of Lick Creek. It was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians before they left for their reservation beyond the Mississippi. Deer and other animals would come to this spot in great numbers to lick the ground which was largely impregnated with salt, and the hunter had but little difficulty in supplying his larder with an abundance of meat. Long after deer had disappeared from that part of the county the "perches" made by hunters in the forks of trees at the Big Lick, from which they would shoot unwary animals when they came to lick or drink, could be seen.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following citizens of this township have been connected with the administration of county affairs: Thomas Bell, Representative from 1831 to 1833, Madison and Hancock counties then being a district for representative purposes. Mr. Bell also represented these counties in the State Senate from 1835 to 1841, and subsequently (1844) represented Madison county in the Lower House of the State Legislature. Thomas McCallister, Representative from 1840 to 1842; elected again in 1844 and served one term, and again elected in 1850 and served one term. Stanley W. Edwins, Representative from 1879 to 1880; Joseph Peden, Circuit Clerk from 1862 to 1865 (died before term expired); John W. McCallister, Sheriff from 1874 to 1875 (died before term expired); Randle Biddle, Sheriff from 1876 to 1878; John McCallister, Commissioner from 1851 to 1857 (died while in office, and George R. Boram, of same township appointed to serve out his term); Eli Hodson, Commissioner, 1858 to 1860; George R. Boram, Commissioner from 1860 to 1862; Peter Fesler, Commissioner from 1862 to 1864; John McCallister, Commissioner from 1870 to 1873; G. W. Hoel, Commissioner from 1872 to 1875; A. Cunningham, Commissioner from 1891 to 1894; Allen Boram, Commissioner from 1894 to 189-; A. W. McCallister, County Assessor from June, 1892, to 1896.

ELI HODSON, A PIONEER.

Eli Hodson, the subject of this sketch, was one of the old-time gentlemen who came to Madison county in the early

days of its settlement. In addition to being a prosperous and well-to-do farmer he figured extensively as a politician and leader of men in the community. He was very suave and polite in his manners, and treated his fellows with a courtesy excelled by none. In the early times he was one of the associate judges of Madison county. At that time there were three judges composing the Circuit Court—one the Circuit Judge, who was required to preside at the sittings of the court in the different counties which went to make up his judicial circuit. In addition to this there were two associate judges, elected by the people of each county in which the court held its meetings, and sat with the President of the Court. Mr. Hodson at one time was County Commissioner, and he it was who caused the proper grading of the public square to be made. He also had shade trees planted in the little park that surrounded the court house, making it one of the prettiest places in the county. In this he was assisted by Samuel B. Mattox, ex-Recorder. The trees served in the summer time as a shelter from the rays of the burning sun, and the people from all parts of the county, when in attendance at court or in the city on business, made good use of this beautiful retreat. The trees remained until 1882, during the erection of the new court house, when they were cut down and hauled away. For incurring this expenditure Samuel Mattox, who was then the Recorder of Madison county, and Mr. Hodson, were subjected to a good deal of abuse, and considerable loud talk was indulged in by the tax-payers for the expenses incurred in the grading of the lot and in the planting of the trees; but as time wore on, and the little trees grew into large and stately oaks, public sentiment changed, and they who had been the severest in denouncing Mr. Hodson and his associates took great pleasure in reclining beneath the shade trees and singing the praises of those whom they had once denounced.

Mr. Hodson was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, in 1805. In 1828 he emigrated to Madison county and entered eighty acres of land in the adjoining county of Henry, and also eighty acres in the county of Madison, on which he resided until the time of his death. In January, 1830, he was married to Miss Lydia Hart, who died in 1834, and in 1836 he was married again, this time to Miss Cynthia Ayleshire. Mr. Hodson was a consistent member of the "New Light Church," and was ordained a minister of the same. He remained with them a few years and then he became a promi-

ment member of the Christian Church, which was organized by the Rev. Alexander Campbell.

Mr. Hodson died at his home on the 27th day of February, 1880, at the age of seventy-four. It was said of him by his neighbors that he was always kind and obliging, and ever ready to aid his fellow-man; that he never gave offense knowingly to any one; that he was always a peacemaker in his neighborhood between those who indulged in unhappy wrangles. He was universally loved and respected by all who knew him.

CARSHENA M'CALLISTER AND HIS DOGS.

Carshena McCallister is a farmer who has since his childhood lived in Madison county. He is the son of the late John McCallister, who was once a prominent farmer and business man of Fall Creek township. Carshena, like many others, takes the world easy, and is fond of out door sports. He was in his younger days a great hunter, and kept quite a pack of hounds. In 1882, when the writer was Auditor of Madison county, in making up the tax duplicates, opposite the name of Carshena McCallister was placed by the assessor, thirteen dogs. This being an unusual number of canines for an ordinary farmer, it was thought to be a mistake of the assessor, and the book was laid aside until an interview could be had and the error corrected.

In a few days Carshena came into the office, and was taken into the vault in a quiet manner, and confidentially told that a great injustice had been done him by the Township Assessor. He seemed much surprised, and said that the officer was a special friend and wanted an explanation. He was told that he had been charged with thirteen dogs.

Looking around in order that no one might hear what was said, in an under tone he replied:

"Well, don't say anything about it; there are three or four he didn't get."

This was a sufficient explanation, and Carshena went home happy, and in the spring cheerfully paid the taxes on his dogs.

There are but few who have gotten more out of the routine of life than Carshena McCallister, or who enjoys the world's blessings as they are presented to them more than he.

Judge Hervey Craven was the only man in the county who ever came near being a rival of his as a dog fancier. The

Judge always had a fine selection of all kinds and sizes of dogs and enjoyed much sport with them.

JOSEPH WILKINSON.

Joseph Wilkinson, who was once Trustee of Adams township, removed to some other part of the country. He was, during his residence in this county, decidedly a man of affairs. No political meeting in his locality was complete without his presence. No candidate for a county or township office stood much show if he did not stand in solidly with Joe.

He was one of the "machine" men of Adams township, who helped to work up a candidate's case—make and mold sentiment for him. Adams township has for years contained many of the makers and unmakers of county candidates.

Joe Wilkinson did not have any religion. He often argued against the thing, just for argument's sake. He was a good-hearted fellow and generally did right as nearly as he knew how, and was willing to rest his case and take his chances. While he was Township Trustee, about 1880 to 1884, he had a good time running the public business. He ran it on his own schedule and took the results as they came. At times the County Commissioners would "tackle" him, to curb him in matters over which they thought they had control, but generally got worsted in the fight. Joe generally had his fences built high, and burned the bridges behind him.

One time he was making his annual settlement with the County Board whose duty it was to see that the trustees had proper vouchers for money expended by them. Jacob Bronnenberg was one of the Commissioners. He was always on the alert and lookout for leaks and waste ways in the public treasury. He thought Wilkinson was a little too "slack" in his use of the public funds, and was eyeing every voucher filed.

Joe was slashing them down and reading them off in a great hurry, slapping them down on the table a great deal like a man in an interesting game of "seven-up" would play a trump in taking a "trick."

"No. 1, John Smith, ten dollars.

"No. 2, James Johnson, fifteen dollars," and so on.

Uncle Jake broke in:

"Hold on! Hold on! I want to see that voucher. What's that for? That's too much. You'll break up the county. There's no law for it."

Joe never stopped or paid any attention, but kept calling off his vouchers and slapping them down on the table.

"I want to know who's running the county—the County Commissioners or the Township Trustees?" asked Uncle Jake.

"Oh d—n it, Jake, be still, you're interrupting the court," replied Joe, and on he went reading his vouchers until he was through.

"Now, gentlemen, there's my report and my vouchers. I am through with them. Thank you for your attention. Good day."

The Board of Commissioners could do nothing but order his report filed and make a record of it, and let him and his constituents fight it out if there was anything wrong in it. Law, gospel, death, hell or the grave had no terrors for Joe Wilkinson, let alone the wrath of a Board of County Commissioners.

But in all Joe Wilkinson was one of the best fellows in the world at heart. He hung his worst side out. The deeper you dug into him the better he got.

MOCK LEGISLATURE.

In the rural village of Ovid, or New Columbus, as it is familiarly called, during the winter months of 1879 the citizens of that place and surrounding country indulged in a good deal of pleasantries by organizing a mock legislature and holding meetings once a week, in which all the prominent men of the township took an active part.

The "house" was formally organized on Tuesday evening, the 14th of January, 1879. The plan of organization was such that every one desiring to become a member should select a certain county in Indiana and work for its interest, after subscribing to the constitution and by-laws of the organization. An election was held for officers, with the following result: A. W. McAllister, representing LaPorte county, as Speaker; Mr. Galloway, of Madison county, as Clerk; Samuel Gray, Sergeant-at-arms; and M. Y. Spaulding, Door-keeper. George Fesler assumed the name of His Excellency, Governor Rosecrans, and acted as the Chief Executive.

After the organization the Governor sent in quite a lengthy message recommending certain internal improvements and other business matters. The following were a few of his recommendations: An amendment to the fish law, that

persons should never fish until they were sure of making a catch. He also recommended the construction of a belt railway around the capital at New Columbus, and asking for the annexation of the suburban town of Anderson, in order to provide it with a more efficient municipal government; also recommending a bill for facilitating commercial intercourse between the capital at New Columbus and the town of Anderson.

The first bill introduced was for opening Fall Creek, as far as Forney's farm for the purpose of navigation. These bills went through the ordinary committees as though they had been in a legislative body and were reported back to the house, where they were warmly discussed pro and con, when they were either passed or met defeat as other legislative bills do. These meetings were kept up during the winter months and not only furnished amusement for all those who participated therein, but served as an education to them in parliamentary law, as they were held down by the speaker to a strict construction of all parliamentary usages in the discussion of bills and other matters pertaining to legislation.

The Governor, George Fesler, has long ago passed beyond this vale of tears, while the Speaker of the House, A. W. McAllister, is now a resident of Anderson and fills the important office of Assessor for Madison county.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—SUICIDE OF MRS. SURBER.

About three miles southeast of New Columbus in the year 1834, there occurred one of the most horrible suicides that ever transpired in Madison county. The person who took her life was a Mrs. Surber. It appears that her husband had left home early in the morning to go to Pendleton to attend a muster. The law then required all able bodied male citizens between the ages of 21 and 45 to appear at designated localities once a year to drill in the manual of arms. Failure to do so meant a fine for the person offending. Mrs. Surber was opposed to her husband going and endeavored in every way to dissuade him from so doing; but in order to avoid the payment of a fine, Mr. Surber concluded to attend the muster despite the protestations of his wife, and started away leaving her alone.

From all that can be learned, his wife took umbrage at his going, and determined that he should never see her alive again, and went about deliberately to kill herself. From the floor to the joist in the cabin was about seven feet. To this

she securely fastened a rope. She then mounted a stool and fastened the other end of the rope with a noose around her neck. She then kicked away the stool and swung off, her feet almost touching the floor and her body turned around with her back to the door.

Mr. Surber, all unconscious of the terrible deed which had taken place during his absence, returned at three o'clock in the afternoon. He was unaware of the condition of affairs, and approached the body, took hold of it by the right arm, and asked her what she was doing there and why she had closed the door. In doing this he caused her body to turn around, and the countenance of his dead wife stared him horribly and ghastly in his face. So tightly had the rope been drawn by the weight of her body that her tongue protruded from her mouth and her teeth were firmly imbedded in it.

The neighbors gathered at the house and gazed upon the sickening sight. From a foolish feeling prevalent at that time that the body of a suicide must not be touched by any person until the Coroner had viewed the remains, it was allowed to stay in its position until the following day. This occurrence was fixed on the memory of those who had witnessed it as long as they continued to live. It was the talk of the neighborhood for years and many persons were afraid to go into the house or venture upon the premises for fear of being bodily captured by ghosts or spooks.

BURNING OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A little three-year-old child of Stephen Orr, who resided on the farm of Jesse Skinner, near Markleville, was burned to death on 21st of March, 1879. The mother of the child had gone to a neighbor's house, leaving the little one with a sister. When she returned she found the little one lying on the floor, with its clothing entirely burned off its person. The cries of the child failed to reach the father who was in the woods near by making rails, and he did not know of the sad affair until his wife gave the alarm. This was indeed a terrible accident, and will long be remembered by Mr. and Mrs. Orr, and their neighbors who witnessed the horrible spectacle of the unfortunate child in its charred and lifeless condition.

AN OLD BURGLARY.

On the 1st of June, 1852, the house of Andrew Bray, Esq., of Adams township, was entered by thieves, ransacked

and plundered of its contents. Considerable valuable property and money were obtained.

Mr. Bray was one of the well-to-do farmers of that locality and always had more or less cash about the house, there being no banks in Madison county in which to deposit it.

No one was ever apprehended for the crime, although suspicion pointed strongly to two well-known characters, but no evidence of a positive kind could be adduced against them.

An occurrence of this kind at that time caused much excitement in the neighborhood, and was for a long while a cause for gossip.

Mr. Bray enjoyed the distinction of being the richest man in Adams township, and he knew it as well as his neighbors. It is said when any one in the locality would sell a farm, Andrew would swell up and walk up and down his possessions, and interrogate himself, "why don't some one buy Andrew Bray?" "*No one able.*"

He was the first to build a brick residence in the south part of the county. At that time it was considered simply palatial.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

John Markle, a young farmer living one mile north of Markleville, while cutting logs in the woods near White Chapel, about one and a-half miles from his home, was overtaken by a storm on the 7th of August, 1890, and he and one of his horses were instantly killed by lightning. Mr. Markle and a boy had gone into the woods with the intention of loading logs and hauling them home, from which place he intended to remove them to the saw-mill the next morning. The boy was terribly shaken up, but suffered no serious injury, and after returning to his senses spread the news in the neighborhood of Markle's sad fate. The dead man was taken home to his young wife, to whom he had been married but a short time, and whom he had left shortly before in the best of spirits. It was a terrible blow to her, and she was completely overcome by her grief. Young Markle was only about twenty-two years of age. He was sober and industrious, and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him.

SUICIDE OF MRS. MAGGIE SHOVER.

On the 26th of November, 1882, the citizens of Adams township were thrown into a state of excitement and consternation by the rumor that Mrs. Maggie Shover, wife of

Henry Shover, had committed suicide. Mr. Shover was a wealthy and highly respected farmer of that township. Upon investigation, it was learned that Mrs. Shover had gone into the cellar, and finding a rope, had thrown it over a joist, and by this means had strangled herself to death.

She had been married in July previous to Mr. Shover, who was then a widower and the father of three children.

It is said that domestic trouble was the cause of her untimely end, as she and her husband did not live together happily. A Coroner's inquest was promptly held and a verdict returned in accordance with the above facts.

Henry Shover, her husband, is yet a resident of Madison county, and a brother of James Shover, who is well known in Anderson.

DROWNING OF WILLIAM RECTOR.

William Rector was an epileptic who for many years lived in Adams township, and who on the 9th day of July, 1889, was drowned in Fall creek while in the act of bathing, in company with his brother-in-law. He had been in the water for some time and after coming out for the purpose of changing his clothing he went in again. He made a jump and immediately sank to the bottom. He evidently strangled or had been seized with an epileptic fit. His brother-in-law became frightened to such an extent that but little attempt was made to rescue the drowning man. Rector's body was not recovered until a day or two later, when an inquest was held by the Coroner of Madison county, who returned a verdict of accidental death by drowning. His remains were interred in the neighborhood of his home on the following Wednesday.

SUICIDE OF OREN VAN WINKLE.

Oren VanWinkle, a young man of Adams township, committed suicide on Sunday, the 27th day of April, 1885, by shooting himself. He was a farm hand employed by Isaac Jones, of that neighborhood. For a year or more he had been paying attention to a most estimable young lady of his immediate vicinity, who received his attentions as a friend, but not as a lover. It seems that young VanWinkle was very much devoted to her and became deeply enamored of her. A few days before this occurrence, in a conversation with the young lady, he made known his love, and, it is supposed, asked her hand in marriage, to which she had not given her assent. Her refusal had such an effect upon him as to cause him to become

temporarily deranged. Several days prior to his death he wrote a letter to his sweetheart, in which he told her how dearly he loved her and if she would not marry him he did not care to live any longer. The weapon used was a small 22-calibre pistol. Shortly before committing the deed he laid down upon a lounge and then placing the muzzle of the pistol against his head pulled the trigger. The ball penetrated his brain and death was instantaneous. He was a very quiet young man and was only eighteen years of age. His mother, two sisters and a brother lived near Elwood. He was a cousin of John Quincy VanWinkle, who is the present Superintendent of the Big Four Railway system. His funeral took place from the residence of Charles VanWinkle, near Mechanicsburg, on the following Tuesday.

A PECULIAR INQUEST.

William Creason was for many years a resident of Adams township and was considered a very peculiar and inoffensive man, of a harmless disposition. He knew enough to go about his business, was industrious, temperate and observant of his obligations. He was about forty years of age and had been married, but his wife had secured a divorce from him.

In the month of August, 1881, he mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood and his whereabouts were unknown to his relatives, who manifested a great deal of anxiety, but could find no clue of him. On Sunday, the 21st of August, a man of the name of Socrates Campbell was riding through the edge of a swamp about two miles southwest of Markleville when he was startled by coming suddenly upon what appeared to be a human skeleton partly hidden from view by the thick growth of bushes. A hasty inspection enabled him to identify the clothing as belonging to William Creason. Mr. Campbell rapidly rode to a neighbor and informed him of the discovery. Coroner Michael Ryan was notified. The remains were permitted to lie in the position in which they were found until his arrival late at night, when an inquest was held. The verdict of the Coroner was that the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot fired by his own hand with suicidal intent.

The cause assigned for this act by Mr. Creason's friends was that his wife, after having been divorced from him for some time, had given evidence of wanting to return to live with him, but a few days prior to his disappearance, at a meet-

ing between the two, the wife had changed her mind and refused to again become his wife. Over this announcement he brooded so much that his mind became deranged, and he took this means of putting himself out of the way.

In holding the inquest Coroner Ryan, while making an examination of the head, and for the purpose of ascertaining the location of the ball, chopped the skull open with an ax. This action on the part of the Coroner subjected him to a good deal of unfavorable comment for a long time afterward.

A SAD CASE OF SUICIDE.

On the 18th of June, 1872, Decatur McCallister, a son of John McCallister, a prominent citizen of Adams township, committed suicide by shooting himself. He was one of the leading young men of that neighborhood, well educated, and refined. He had a pleasant home and his relations with his brothers, sisters and parents were most happy. No cause could be assigned for the rash deed other than that he had been suffering from some trifling ailment, although nothing serious was thought of it by his friends. He had been to Anderson on the day of his death and returned home in the evening, when he started in company with his father to the barn to feed a lot of hogs that they were fattening. He complained of not feeling well and stopped before reaching the barn saying that he believed he would return to the house. On reaching the house he sat down on the veranda, drew a pistol from his pocket, said to his sister, who was standing near by, "Good bye, Mary," and putting the pistol to his forehead, fired. The bullet entered his head, he fell over and expired within a few minutes. He was about 21 years of age and was of remarkably good habits, and paid close attention to business. It was difficult to account for his strange conduct.

His father and mother were deeply affected, and it is said that John McCallister, the father of this young man, never really recovered from the shock, and was never the same genial, lively companion with friends and neighbors that he was before the sad occurrence. The father was a prominent Democrat, and at one time held the office of County Commissioner, and was on several occasions a candidate for the Sheriff's office of Madison county.

FOUND DEAD.

On the 5th of June, 1874, Henry Rector, an old and respected farmer of Adams township, was found dead in a fence

corner in his field where he had been plowing. Mr. Rector was a bachelor, and had resided on his farm for many years. He was an upright, straightforward man, and had but one fault — that of too free indulgence in alcohol, to the use of which his death was attributed. It was a very warm day, and having been exposed to the burning rays of the sun, this, with the alcoholic poison which he had imbibed, was believed to be the cause of his sudden demise.

He was alone in the field at the time, with no one to witness his last moments. Some neighbor passing along found his remains. Word was sent to Anderson, and it was not long before the Coroner was upon the ground and held an inquest. A verdict of death from over-heat and from the excessive use of stimulants was returned.

Mr. Rector will be remembered by the older residents of the neighborhood in which he died, as being one of their most thrifty and useful citizens. He always kept his farm very neat and clean.

He was a familiar figure on the streets of Anderson, as hardly a Saturday passed on which he was not in the city. He was a very free-hearted, jolly, good-natured fellow, and was fond of mingling with people, which was largely the cause of his drinking habits. If he chanced to be in a place where liquor was obtainable he never waited to be asked to drink, but invariably called up the "house." He was well-liked by people who congregate in such places, and his arrival was always anxiously looked for.

AN ACCIDENTAL KILLING.

Frank Main, a young man in Adams township, met with a fatal accident on Monday, the 9th of December, 1889, while out hunting with Joseph McCleary. They had started up a rabbit which took refuge behind a log. Main ran to the log and standing the butt end of the gun at the end of it, stooped over to look after the rabbit, and in doing so accidentally discharged the weapon which was heavily loaded. The entire charge struck him in the side just above the right hip, passing upward and lodging in the region of the heart from the effects of which he died about 5 o'clock on the same evening. The deceased was an excellent young man and his death cast a gloom over the home of his childhood, he being well beloved by all the neighbors in the community. He had been at one time a resident of Anderson, having purchased a lot in Hazel-

wood, and it is said that he was engaged to an estimable young lady of Ovid to whom he would soon have been married had his life been spared. The parents of the young man now reside in Anderson.

ROBBERY AT MARKLEVILLE.

Mr. S. F. Hardy, of Markleville, is one of the oldest merchants in Madison county, having kept a store at that place and been postmaster of the village for many years at different periods. On Monday night, the 8th of December, 1884, burglars effected an entrance to his store and took away with them goods and merchandise to the value of \$300. Mr. Hardy was at that time postmaster and kept the office in his store, but the thieves did not disturb the mail or take any of the stamps. There was never any clue obtained as to the guilty parties although Mr. Hardy offered a liberal reward for their arrest and conviction. Markleville was at that time without any railroad or telegraph office and therefore the escape of the criminals was a very easy matter. Suspicion rested on certain parties known to Mr. Hardy, but no arrests were made for want of positive evidence.

KILLED BY DYNAMITE.

Many years ago there was a dam built across Fall Creek on what is now the farm of John Forney, for the purpose of damming the water sufficiently to run a little mill that at one time stood on the stream. Roman Gilmore came into possession of the land adjoining on which the dam was located, and spent considerable money in trying to prevent the water from flooding the portion of his land adjoining the stream. It was a source of much aggravation to him, and he finally made up his mind to get rid of it. On the 21st of July, 1890, he accomplished his desire to a certain extent by blowing up the dam with dynamite. A camp of railroad builders was located near the Gilmore farm. At the camp a large quantity of dynamite was stored for the purpose of blasting. Gilmore had talked considerably to the railroad laborers and spoken to them in regard to his trouble. Some of the parties suggested to him that the way to rid himself of the nuisance would be to blow it up with dynamite. Following the suggestion Mr. Gilmore, with his two sons, Hugh and Michael, procured a quantity of the explosive from some source, and about half past 10 o'clock in the night repaired to the place and placed a

couple of charges under the dam. One of the cartridges was placed in a piece of gas pipe and the other, containing about seven pounds, was put at another point. Both charges were fired, but only the one in the gas pipe exploded. Hugh Gilmore was standing about eight feet from the charge, and when it was fired failed to hear the warning given. When the explosion took place a piece of the burst gas pipe was driven with fearful force through his body, terribly lacerating it. The terror stricken father and his other son, as soon as they had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the explosion, were horrified upon returning to the scene to see Hugh writhing in mortal agony upon the ground. The wounded boy was taken home and Dr. Lundy Fussell, of Markleville, was summoned. The young man lived but a few hours after he reached his home, as no medical aid could be of any benefit to him. The father of the boy, as well as all the neighbors, was very much affected by the affair. The Gilmores were a prominent family in the community, and they had the sympathy of all who knew them. Forney, the owner of the dam, felt greatly outraged over the matter, and for a time threatened Gilmore with prosecution, but on account of the fatal result in Gilmore's family his heart was softened and no proceedings were ever begun against him. This affair caused a profound sensation throughout the county at the time. Roman Gilmore is still a resident of Adams township near the spot where the explosion took place.

THE BROWN-CUMMINS MURDER.

In the annals of crime Adams township, though a peaceful and law-abiding community, has furnished many bloody affairs that are within this volume, handed down as a matter of history, without comment or conclusion.

Among the most horrible of these affairs was the murder of young Cummins by Luther Brown, which is yet fresh in the minds of many people in the county who lived here prior to the age of natural gas. It darkened the homes of two neighboring families, and caused the death of a well-respected young man and ruined the life of another. The facts gleaned from papers printed at that time and memoranda made are as follows:

In the spring of 1885 a dance was given at the residence of Isaac Ayleshire.

Eli B. Cummins and Luther Brown were rivals for the

affections of Cynthia Ayleshire, the daughter of Mr. Isaac Ayleshire, at whose house the dance was given. Both young men were about the same age—twenty-one, perhaps.

Cummins was of a stalwart build, while Brown was slender and small. The former had rather supplanted Brown in the affections of Miss Ayleshire, and, stung by jealousy, the latter conceived the bitterest hate for Cummins.

Young Brown belonged to the neighborhood orchestra that had been invited to play for the dance, and went without any other invitation. Upon his arrival at the house he and Cummins became involved in a quarrel, which ended in a fight, and Brown was worsted. Smarting under the humiliation of the affair, and maddened by jealousy, he remained outside the house until the dance was over, and skulking in the shadow of the barn, armed with a rock, he waited for Cummins to pass by. His opportunity came. Cummins, unconscious of the fact that Brown, with murder in his heart, born of jealousy, lay in ambush, passed by the barn, when the latter, with the ferocity of a tiger, rushed out and struck Cummins on the head with a stone, fracturing the skull.

In spite of this, Cummins grappled with his antagonist, and the two rolled to the ground. During the struggle, Brown, who was underneath, stabbed Cummins in the heart with a pocket knife, and death immediately ensued.

The case aroused the utmost interest, and the neighborhood at once took sides. The trial came off at the October term of court, 1885. It was one of the most memorable in the history of criminal cases in this county. The prosecution was conducted by D. W. Wood, and Robinson & Lovett were for the defense. The latter made a strong plea of self-defense, and, while it failed to win the jury, it stemmed the tide of popular opinion against the accused. A sentence for life was returned against young Brown. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, but the finding of the lower court was sustained.

After nearly six years of imprisonment in the Northern penitentiary at Michigan City, Brown obtained his liberty through the tireless efforts of friends and the interposition of the executive power, being paroled on the 4th of May, 1891.

The verdict of the jury which sentenced him to imprisonment for life stood six long years, only to be annulled by the stroke of a pen in the hands of the Governor.

His friends had never given up hope of obtaining his par-

don, and from the day the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the lower court they had been tireless in their efforts to secure the exercise of executive clemency.

Petition after petition had been filed with Governor Gray and Governor Hovey. Hon. John W. Lovett, who was Luther Brown's attorney, together with Judge M. S. Robinson, directed all the efforts looking to young Brown's release.

In getting up the petition to the Governor, eight of the jurors who returned the verdict sentencing him to imprisonment for life signed the petition for his pardon. Judge Moss, of Noblesville, who occupied the bench during this trial, refused to sign it.

One of the main things that induced the Governor to extend clemency to the prisoner was the fact that the prison officials gave the warmest recommendations touching his conduct while in the penitentiary.

After being released and returning to Anderson he was utterly dumbfounded. Anderson had struck gas in the interim and it was altogether as much changed in its appearance as he had been in his personal appearance by his confinement. It was not the same town; all landmarks had vanished and gone. And never was man more completely bewildered in the midst of scenes that were once familiar to him than he. Even the points of the compass had passed from his memory and he could not tell north from south.

The changes, however, in the objects around him were not any greater than the transformation in himself. He had aged in the fleeting six years of his confinement wonderfully.

The trial of this case lasted for several days and was attended by the entire community where the killing occurred, as well as by many of the citizens of Anderson.

The effort of Colonel M. S. Robinson, made in behalf of young Brown, was undoubtedly the effort of his life. His masterly argument still rings in the ears of all those who heard it, although his tongue is now still in death.

Hon. David W. Wood, the young and eloquent prosecutor, excelled all his former efforts in the prosecution of the case for the State. His effort was worthy of one older in years and the practice of law.

After serving nearly five years in the State prison young Brown was paroled by Governor Hovey and is yet living at this writing, and is said to be a peaceable and law-abiding citizen.

SHOOTING OF THORNTON RECTOR.

John Adams was a quiet, inoffensive farmer who for many years lived in Anderson township, about three and a half miles southeast of Anderson. He was occasionally in the habit on coming to the city of getting more to drink than was good for him.

On the 19th of December, 1872, Adams with a number of friends was returning from the city, when a difficulty arose between the son of Mr. Adams and Thornton Rector. After several blows had been exchanged between the parties, Rector got up against a fence and took out a knife and warned his antagonists to stand back, telling them that if they interfered with him any further they would be hurt. John Adams, the father of the young man engaged in the fight with Rector, stepped up, and drew a revolver and pointing it at Rector, fired, the bullet taking effect in his lip, passing through his mouth and knocking out several of his teeth. After the shot was fired, Rector came back to Anderson and had his wounds dressed, and Mr. Adams went on his way home. The weapon used was a small Smith & Wesson seven-shooter, which accounts for the fact that so little damage was done to the recipient of the shot. No arrest was made for several days until the convening of the grand jury when Adams was indicted and placed under arrest by the Sheriff of the county for assault and battery with intent to kill. He immediately gave bail and was released to appear at the next term of court for trial.

At the convening of the court, Adams attended from day to day during the proceedings; the evidence had all been adduced, the arguments of the counsel were made, charge delivered to the jury by the Hon. Hervey Craven, Judge of the court, and the jury had retired for deliberation. The jury were out but a short time when they returned to the court room with their verdict to be read in open court. The verdict was about to be handed to the judge for publication when it was noticed by one of the attorneys for the defense that Adams, the prisoner, was absent. The sheriff called him in the Court House yard and made a diligent search in the immediate neighborhood, but no traces of him could be found. After the retirement of the jury Adams had become alarmed and had quietly got away from the scene. The question was immediately raised by the defense that it would be improper and contrary to law to publish the verdict of the jury in the absence of the

accused and therefore moved to suppress the same. After some arguments pro. and con., the Judge sustained the motion and the jury was discharged. This was a complication that had never risen in the courts of the county and gave rise to a legal battle on the points involved. The cause was taken to the supreme court for determination of the questions raised by the defense. In the meantime A. J. Ross, sheriff of the county, had re-arrested Adams and placed him in custody again. Judge Craven admitted him to bail by his giving a bond for his appearance. At the succeeding term of the court Adams was again placed upon trial and was finally acquitted.

DEATH OF HARRY IRISH.

Harry Irish was born and reared in Pendleton and was a well respected and fine young business man who embarked in the drug business at Wilkinson, in Hancock county. At this place, it is sad to relate, he died on Sunday, the 27th day of February, 1887. He was alone at the time when he took the fatal drug, consisting of twenty drops of belladonna. During the temporary absence of his wife, about noon time, he went into the drug store, which occupied a part of the same building as his residence, and procured a phial containing a drachm of belladonna, swallowed about one-third of its contents, first taking the precaution to return to his bed, he having been sick for several days. He died a few minutes afterward without speaking. He formerly had conducted a drug store at Markleville, in Adams township, and had moved from that place to Wilkinson about a year prior to his death. His wife was a most estimable woman, being the daughter of Dr. S. B. McCrillus, of Anderson. His funeral took place at Pendleton on the Tuesday following the occurrence. His remains were interred in the Falls cemetery. His widow is now a resident of Los Angeles, California.

ROBBERY AT ALLIANCE.

On the 23d of January, 1894, the store of Michael Stohler, who lives in Adams township, six miles south of Anderson, on the Rushville extension of the Big Four Railway, was entered by thieves. Among other things stolen was a large amount of coffee, tobacco, cigars, sugar and miscellaneous articles, including a shot gun, amounting in value to perhaps two hundred dollars. The thieves had with them a two-horse wagon in which they loaded their plunder and made good their es-

cape. Who the parties were has never been ascertained, and "who stole Stohler's gun" will in all probability always remain a mystery.

Herron Richardson was placed on trial at the May term, 1896, of the Madison Circuit Court, for this theft, and after a long and hard fought battle was acquitted. He was prosecuted by Hon. B. H. Campbell and defended by W. A. Kittinger and G. M. Ballard.

KILLING OF JOSEPH RAILSBACK.

About half past 7 o'clock on the evening of the 8th of September, 1888, there occurred on a lonely road, three miles south of New Columbus, one of the bloodiest homicides ever perpetrated in the county. On that evening two young men, Thomas Surber and Joseph Railsback started from Pendleton ostensibly to attend a Republican meeting at Markleville. On the way they stopped at the house of a brother of Surber, living near the scene of the crime in Adams township, where they appeared to be in a friendly mood. After remaining a while at the house of his brother, Surber left accompanied by Railsback, but instead of proceeding to Markleville they went west along a country road in the direction of Pendleton. They had not gone very far when it appears that they began to quarrel, whether about politics or some other matter will never be known. It was thought, however, that the difficulty had its origin in a scandal in which both were involved as it was intimated by parties attending the inquest held by Coroner W. A. Hunt over Railsback's remains that rumors of that character had been in circulation in the neighborhood.

While the men were quarreling a man of the name of Joseph Peedy came up, and from him the only testimony concerning the homicide was elicited. And his testimony was not satisfactory, as it was evident that he had either been in an intoxicated condition at the time, or so badly frightened that he could not remember what the men were quarreling about. He stated that Surber and Railsback were apparently sober, and that they had been fighting before he met them, as the former called his attention to a wound on his face where Railsback had struck him with a stone tied in a handkerchief. While Surber was talking Railsback again assaulted him and the fight was resumed. Surber pulled out a knife and used it so effectively upon the person of his antagonist that the latter soon sank to the ground from loss of blood,

and before assistance could be summoned, expired. Surber returned to his brother's house, and, after informing him what he had done, left the country. No effort was ever made to apprehend him for the reason, doubtless, that the testimony indicated that he acted in self-defense.

After an examination of Railsback's wounds had been made by the Coroner his body was delivered to his father who conveyed it to Fall Creek township, where it was properly interred.

Railsback received no fewer than a dozen stabs, nearly any one of which would have proven fatal.

Neither of the men had any social standing in that part of the county, and, aside from the stigma of the crime upon the fair name of the community, their fatal encounter caused no regret.

CHAPTER LXVII.

BOONE TOWNSHIP.

The following concerning the early history of Boone township has been kindly contributed by the Hon. J. R. Brunt, a native of the township, but at present a resident of Anderson.

“Boone township was first settled by immigrants from North Carolina. James Brunt in 1820 emigrated from that State and settled on Blue river, in Rush county, and was followed by his sons and sons-in-law later.

“In the spring of 1836 Thomas Brunt and his brother-in-law, Wright Smith, came to Madison county and selected land in what is now Boone township. They went to Fort Wayne, where the government land office was located and entered the land, paying \$1.25 an acre. Smith's land was in the south part of the township on a creek; Brunt's some two miles further north on the same creek. This creek, on account of the great quantity of blue flag, commonly called lilies, that grew along it, they named ‘Lily Creek.’

Smith moved his family onto his land and lived in a tent till he cleared a ‘truck patch’ and built a cabin. He was the first white man to build a home in the township.

“Brunt rented a cabin and truck patch of ‘Granny’ Balance, in the north part of Monroe township. He moved onto his land in Boone township in January, 1837, and was the second to move into the township.

Soon after came his father, James Brunt, and another brother-in-law, John Moore, from Rush county, and located between Thomas Brunt's and Wright Smith's farms.

The first school house was built on John Moore's land and was a rude affair of rough round logs, covered with clapboards, weighted on with weight-poles. In one end was a large fireplace, with a mud and stick chimney; the door was made of clapboards, and there were no windows. The floor was made of dirt, pounded down, and the seats of logs split in two, with four pegs for legs. James Smith, son of Wright Smith, taught the first school.

The first white child born in the township was Joseph Taylor Smith, son of Wright Smith. He was the captain of a company in the Seventy-fifth Indiana Regiment during the war for the maintenance of the Union. He afterwards practiced law in Anderson, and now resides in Manhattan, Kansas.

In 1837 and 1838 many bought lands and made homes in the township. Bazilel Thomas, John and James Tomlinson and Hugh Dickey, from North Carolina; Dudley and George Doyle and Peter Eaton, from the same State; Robert Webster, from Delaware; John W. Forrest, Ben Sebrell and Micajah Francis, from Virginia—but mention cannot be made of all.

These early settlers depended upon their guns for all their meat. Game was plentiful. Deer and turkey were to be found everywhere, while coon and squirrel were so numerous that the pioneer had to fight both day and night for a few bushels of corn, and then take it on horse back to Pendleton to mill, taking two days to get a bushel of meal. No wonder that hominy and coarse meal pounded in a "mortar" with a pestle, was a staple article of diet.

Wright Smith, the first settler, died on his farm December 23, 1863, and Thomas Brunt December 31, 1879, both having been useful citizens, always active, honest and industrious.

These men found Boone township a wilderness. They gave it the name of Boone; also named the creeks, laid out the roads, helped to raise nearly all the houses and barns, and built all the first schoolhouses and churches. Providence raised them up for the times and place and their work under the circumstances was well done."

Boone township was named in honor of the famous frontiersman and Indian fighter, Daniel Boone. The township is bounded on the north by Grant county, on the east by Van-Buren township, on the south by Monroe township and on the west by Duck Creek township. It is six miles from the east line to the west line and five miles from the north line to the south line, containing thirty square miles.

Among the early pioneers of the township not named in Mr. Brunt's contribution to these pages, who are worthy of honorable mention, are Bryant Ellis, Enoch and Morgan B. McMahan, Eli Freestone, Elijah Ward and Ambrose Keaton, all of whom settled in the township, with the exception of Mr. Keaton, who is still alive, in 1825. From that time until 1847 they and their families constituted the population of the township. During the latter year and year following they

were joined by William Schooley, Jesse Windsor, William Hyatt, Andrew Taggart and J. Purtee. The last named was the first white man in the township to settle on the Miami Indian Reserve. After Mr. Purtee settled there the Reserve became popular with immigrants to the township and a majority of them located within its borders.

EARLY EVENTS.

The first marriage was celebrated on the 18th of April, 1838. The contracting parties were Dudley Doyle and Miss Sarah Eaton.

The first death in the township was occasioned by the falling of a tree on John Huff in 1843. The second death was that of Mrs. Adam Doyle, which occurred January 21, 1844.

The first election was held September, 1843, at a log schoolhouse near the site of what was afterward known as the Tomlinson schoolhouse. At this election Dudley Doyle and Morgan B. McMahan were elected Justices of the Peace for a term of five years. Peter Eaton acted as Inspector at this election by appointment.

The first Sunday School in the township was organized by the Methodists in 1853. Wright Smith was the first Superintendent. The second school was organized by J. W. Forrest in 1854.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The first school house in the township was built in 1840, but it was not until 1853 that educational matters received much attention. During that year Thomas Brunt, Benjamin Sebrell and M. L. Overshiner, trustees at that time, caused to be erected four or five school houses at as many different points in the township. These buildings were all log structures and built upon the general plan that obtained during the pioneer period. They have all disappeared, and the school children of to-day enjoy all the conveniences of modern school buildings, as well as the advantages of a school system that is acknowledged to be second to none in the Union.

In 1858 the school enumeration was 296; in 1874 there were 390 children of legal school age, and at the present time 414. There are nine school houses in the township, and nine teachers are employed.

CHURCHES.

Many years before a church was erected in the township the pioneers enjoyed religious exercises at their homes. Among

the early preachers were Rev. Peter Cassel, Elder Daniel Franklin, Aquilla Purtee, Wright Smith, Rev. John W. Forrest and William Cole.

The first church organized in the township was the Methodist, in 1851. During that year Rev. William Boyden organized a society at the home of Aaron Taffe. This society was composed of seven members. Wright Smith was selected as class-leader, and not long after built a log church at his own expense. He afterwards sold this building to the township for school purposes, and erected a substantial frame structure, which has since been known as Smith's chapel.

In 1853 a Baptist society was organized by Rev. John W. Forrest, and four years later a place of worship was erected on Mr. Forrest's farm.

STATISTICAL.

In 1850 the population of the township was 299; in 1860 it was 678; in 1870 it was 1,078; in 1880 it was 1,410, and in 1890 it was 1,325. The value of lands at the present time, as shown by the assessor's returns, is \$528,225; value of lands and improvements, \$584,450; total taxables, \$742,405. No township in the county has made greater progress in the way of improving lands during the past twenty years, than Boone. It is one of the finest agricultural townships in the county.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following citizens of the township have been elected to office in the county: Benjamin Sebrell, Sheriff, from 1860 to 1864; Thomas Brunt, Commissioner, from 1860 to 1870; James W. Thomas, Treasurer, from 1870 to 1872; Edward Peters, Commissioner, from 1887 to 1893; Nathan T. Call, Treasurer, from 1884 to 1886; Timothy Metcalf, Commissioner, from 1894 to 189-.

FORRESTVILLE.

The site of this village was in Section 21, near the center of the township. It was selected by John W. Forrest and laid out into lots on the 24th of July, 1850. Several houses were subsequently erected, among which was a church. There was a general store and a post-office at one time. But these have all disappeared and nothing remains to indicate that such a place ever existed.

INDEPENDENCE.

Mention is made elsewhere of this village. It is situated in four townships, two of which are in Madison, and two in Grant county. A portion of the town is in the extreme north-west corner of Boone township. But little business is done here, and it is probably only a question of time when it, like other towns that have been similarly situated, will be abandoned.

CLARKTOWN.

This village was laid out by Benjamin Clark and is situated just across the west line of Van Buren township, in Section 13. There is no post-office here and but one small, general store

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY HUNTING INCIDENTS.

In opening up and developing the north part of the county, particularly Boone township, Thomas Brunt's cabin was always selected as "headquarters" by land buyers, hunters, and the "comers and goers" generally to the new country. Mr. Brunt was well informed concerning the lands in his vicinity and was acquainted with all the tracts that had been entered. He was frequently employed by persons desiring to enter land to go to Fort Wayne and act as their agent. He would invariably go on foot, the distance being 60 miles from his cabin to the land office. Much of the road he was compelled to travel was nothing more than what was called at that time, a "blazed trace." Houses were from three to six miles apart the entire distance. Among those who used to hunt in season and make Mr. Brunt's home an abiding place was Jesse Forkner, father of the late Samuel and Madison Forkner, of Richland township. One of the sons would usually accompany the father to assist in taking care of the game. Mr. Forkner was an excellent marksman and well versed in woodcraft. William Scott, father of the late Daniel M. Scott, of Monroe township, also of James P. Scott, at present one of the leading merchants of Alexandria, was another of the early pioneers who used to make an annual visit to Mr. Brunt's for the purpose of hunting deer and wild turkey. Another successful hunter and trapper of that day who used to "stop" with Mr. Brunt while hunting in the north part of the county was Matthew Taylor, of Lafayette township. He would always go prepared for a season of enjoyment, carrying on a large gray horse his gun and ammunition, a "fiddle" and a three-gallon jug filled with whisky.

Whenever it was known that "Uncle Matthew" was in the neighborhood the boys would gather at Mr. Brunt's with full assurance that they would have a good time, and it may be said that they were never disappointed.

The most successful and intrepid hunter in the north part of the county in that day was Elijah Williamson. He is described by Mr. A. J. Brunt, who has kindly contributed a share of these reminiscences, as a large, active, powerful man with an iron constitution and absolutely fearless. Frontier life was his glory and there was nothing too hazardous to turn him aside in the pursuit of game. He knew the grand old woods of that day like the experienced navigator knows the ocean. He was familiar with the habits of game and knew the habits of fur-bearing animals thoroughly, having been reared in the woods and having as associates men who had learned no lessons save those which had been taught them by nature. He was besides a practical joker and enjoyed a funny situation. He was continually playing pranks on his neighbors, particularly those who were afraid of Indians or the savage animals that infested the forest. He came from Maryland and about the same time and from the same place came another man of the name of John Blades and settled in the south-east corner of Monroe township on the Fort Wayne trace which afterwards became the Fort Wayne state road. Blades was just the opposite of Williamson in nearly every respect. He was afraid of Indians and wolves and was ready to start at the slightest indication of danger. On account of his cowardice he was made the victim of many of Williamson's jokes. Indians would often pass through the neighborhood and frequently stop at the cabins of the settlers who always received and treated them kindly. The settlers had nothing to feed their horses and would let them run at large. Very often they would stray off and it would be reported that they were stolen by the Indians when the latter had nothing to do with their disappearance.

On one occasion Williamson reported to Blades that the Indians were around stealing horses and that he would better "look out." Blades, like all the settlers, while tending his little corn patch would hitch his horse so that he could graze during dinner time. One day Williamson directed his oldest son to put on a pair of moccasins and go to the place where Blades had his horse hitched, or hobbled, and after making tracks that could be discovered to ride the animal through the

woods a mile or so and hitch it securely. The boy did as directed and when Blades discovered that his horse was gone and saw the moccasin tracks, he concluded that the Indians had stolen the animal. He at once went to Williamson and informed him of what had happened and asked him to take the lead in an effort to recover his property. Williamson said that the Indians had undoubtedly stolen his horse and that the proper thing to do was to gather the neighbors together with their rifles and go in pursuit of them. Blades mounted his remaining horse and, with Williamson's two boys, started out to arouse the neighbors. In a short time a small number of the settlers had assembled at the place where the horse had been stolen. Williamson gave directions as to the way the pursuit of the Indians should be conducted. It was agreed that if anyone should find the animal two shots were to be fired and these to be followed by two more in the course of a few minutes. After riding through the brush for an hour or so two shots were heard, which were presently followed by two more. Williamson had found the horse! He was soon surrounded by the entire party to whom he related a thrilling story of his pursuit of the Indians and capture of the horse. He said that he "pushed the Indians so close" that they had to abandon the animal. Blades was delighted to get his horse back and had no idea that he was the victim of a joke. The moccasin tracks were evidence enough to him that a prowling Indian had stolen his property.

On another occasion Blades was working on the roof of a small log stable that his neighbors had assisted him in raising, when he heard the crackling of some dry twigs. He glanced around and seeing an Indian by the side of a tree trying to draw a bead on him with his rifle, lost control of his nerves and rolled off the roof to the ground. The fall aroused him and he ran to his house, where he remained for some time before venturing out. While Blades was rolling off his stable his neighbor, Williamson, was off some distance enjoying the joke he had played him. Williamson had dressed one of his boys like an Indian and, knowing that Blades would run at the sight of one, concluded to have a little fun at his expense.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Williamson had a son-in-law of the name of John Campbell, a stout, brawny man, who also enjoyed a joke. One of their neighbors was a man of the name of May, who would

frequently indulge his appetite for intoxicating liquors to the extent of becoming tipsy. In fact, May rather enjoyed being "mellow," and never refused to imbibe when invited. It was arranged between Williamson and Campbell that the latter was to invite May to accompany him to Alexandria and get him tipsy. Williamson had a large bear skin and the scheme was for him to envelope himself in the shaggy coat, secrete himself in a thicket near the trail by which Campbell and May would return from Alexandria, and as they approached for Williamson to make a noise in the brush and imitate the growling of a bear. In order to prepare May for the anticipated "scare" they purposed giving him, Campbell talked about bear on the way to Alexandria and the danger of going about without being armed, as he had noticed fresh bear tracks and felt satisfied that there were several large ones in the vicinity, designating a particular thicket situated near the path they were traveling as a probable bear haunt. They stayed in Alexandria until dusk, when Campbell suggested that it was time for them to start home. May was feeling the effects of the liquor Campbell had treated him to, and, like a great many others who sometimes get in a similar condition, did not care what might happen. It was quite dark when they reached the thicket where Williamson was waiting for them. As they approached they heard the brush crackle and a ferocious growling. Campbell shouted, "There comes a bear!" and started to run. May attempted to follow, but being intoxicated, could not run as fast as Campbell and was soon overtaken by Williamson, who growled more ferociously than ever. May saw that he could not escape and stopped, saying "D—n the bear." He had no weapon with which to defend himself, care having been taken by Campbell that he should be without even a knife, and he promptly resorted to his only means of defense—his fists—and these he used with such herculean vigor about the ears of the "bear" that Williamson soon realized that the joke was turned on him and cried out, "It's me, May; it's me!" Williamson extricated himself from the bear skin and frankly acknowledged that his neighbor had the best of the joke. He and Campbell often referred to their experience with May, as they enjoyed a joke even if it was at their own expense.

Williamson had another neighbor of the name of Bryan Ellis, who, while not an experienced hunter, had a very superior coon dog. Williamson was aware of the dog's good

qualities and would often invite Ellis to go coon hunting with him. They would usually have good luck as Williamson, besides being an expert hunter, had a number of good coon dogs himself. It is related that on one occasion in the month of March, when the streams and branches were open and clear of ice, that Williamson called one evening at the cabin of his neighbor and asked him to go hunting with him. Ellis was not inclined to go, but while they were talking the dogs struck out and treed a coon across a small creek that had its course near Ellis' cabin. Williamson called his attention to the fact that a coon had been treed and finally Ellis consented to go and help catch it. The spring rains and thaws had swollen the stream to unusual proportions and after going as far as they could without getting wet, Williamson told Ellis to climb on his back and he would carry him across. Williamson took the torch and axe, with which they had provided themselves, and with Ellis on his back started across the deepest part of the creek. As he proceeded and the water got deeper, he would squat and tell Ellis to climb higher. Ellis finally got on Williamson's shoulders when the latter purposely stumbled, "ducked" his head and let Ellis go head foremost to the bottom of the creek. Williamson appeared very sorry and expressed great regret about the mishap that had befallen him, but in relating the occurrence to others, which he often did and for years afterward, he expressed no regret unless it was that the water was not a little colder and perhaps a little deeper. It is proper to say that they caught the coon, but never after would Ellis go coon hunting with Williamson.

These are only a few of the many pranks played by Williamson on his neighbors. Mr. A. J. Brunt says that when he was a small boy Williamson taught him how to make and set mink and coon traps, also how to construct wild turkey pens, and that he gave him the first twenty-five-cent piece he remembers of owning for a coon skin. Years after he paid him many dollars at different times for coon, mink and deer pelts. Mr. Brunt and the Williamson boys were "great friends," and did much of their hunting together. When it was impossible for one party to go they would let the other take the hounds. Like all boys, they were full of life and fun, and played many jokes on the early settlers. Nothing was done maliciously, and no heart-burnings were engendered. In the language of

Mr. Brunt, "there has never since been the innocent sport in this county that was enjoyed by the early settlers."

In the early settlement of Iowa Williamson emigrated to that state, where he continued to hunt and trap as long as there was any wild game left worthy of the name. At the age of seventy-two years he could hunt all day and never complain of being fatigued. At this age he could see to read and shoot his rifle without glasses. He has one son, Robert, who is yet living in Iowa, and two daughters, who are still living in Boone township. Lily was married to Jesse McMahan, and Ann to Morgan B. McMahan, deceased. Both daughters have lived in the same vicinity in Boone township since they were children, and have always been held in the highest esteem by all who know them. Their father would frequently return from Iowa and pay them and his grandchildren a visit, and they would invite the neighbors to call and see him of evenings during his stay. On these occasions the young and old would gather round him and listen with eager interest, often until the midnight hour, while he related his early experiences in the township, recounted his "hair-breadth escapes by field and flood," and recalled old recollections generally. Elijah Williamson lived to the ripe old age of ninety years, when he departed for the "happy hunting ground" of paradise.

HUNTING INCIDENTS.

The following hunting incidents are contributed to this work by the Hon. John R. Brunt:

ABUNDANT GAME.

One day in summer Thomas Brunt was in the woods hunting for meat. As he was noiselessly passing along he saw a deer in a thicket fighting flies; the foliage was so thick he could only see a small part of the animal, but "no shot, no meat," so bringing his gun to his face he fired. At the crack of the gun the deer made an immense leap and bounded away. Quickly loading his gun he went to the place where the deer stood to see how badly it was wounded, for a wounded deer always leaves signs that the practical hunter read like a book. On reaching the place, great was his surprise to find a deer struggling on the ground, when drawing his knife he dispatched it. The two deer had been standing side by side and the ball passed through the brisket of the first and the body of

the second and he had killed the one he had not seen at all. He followed the blood tracks of the other and soon secured it also.

One day Moses Moore, son of John Moore, was passing along a path in the woods with an axe on his shoulder, when he saw a deer coming toward him. It was coming slowly along the path smelling the ground and had not seen him. He stepped quickly behind a tree beside the path and as the deer came opposite, dealt it a blow with the axe, killing it on the spot.

One Sunday Thomas Brunt was sitting in his cabin and, looking out of a hole called a window in the side, he saw two large wild turkeys in his corn patch. He watched them for some time, being a strict church member he did not like to violate the Lord's day, but finally the temptation was too great, and turning to his wife, he said: "Sallie, I believe I will take 'Old Betsie' (his gun) and make these gentlemen acquainted with her voice."

"Oh, no, Tommy, I wouldn't go hunting on Sunday."

"No, I'll not go hunting, but I'll just slip down the fence and let 'Betsie' speak to those fellows once." So off he went; crawling into a fence corner, he poked "Betsie" through, and she spoke, and over tumbled a fine gobbler; the other evidently thought the turkey flopping on the ground was funning, so he bristled up as if to fight him. "Tommy" had slipped in another load and "Betsie" soon spoke again, and over tumbled the other gobbler. They had plenty for a Sunday turkey dinner.

THE LAST WILD DEER.

Morgan Sebrell, who still resides in the township, has the distinction of killing the last wild deer seen in the county. On the 24th of November, 1871, while he and Timothy Metcalf were out hunting in the woods near the house of T. B. Eaton, they discovered fresh deer tracks which they cautiously followed some distance when Sebrell got a shot at the animal and killed it. It was a large buck, each of its antlers having seven prongs. The antlers are preserved by Mr. Sebrell as a trophy, as he is justly, though modestly, proud of the fact that it was his fortune to kill the last wild animal of its species in the county.

OTHER REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES—HOW DUDLEY DOYLE
MADE HIS WILL.

In Boone township, there lived an old Virginian, of the true "Old Virginy" style, by the name of Dudley Doyle, whom all of the early settlers of Madison county will remember. Dudley was one of those industrious, hard-working pioneers, who helped to make Madison county what it now is—the garden spot of Indiana. He was honest with himself and as true as steel to his friends. He came as nearly fulfilling the commandment to "love thy neighbor as thyself" as it is possible for it to be done. At one time, Dudley had a long spell of sickness and it was thought that he could not recover. He was informed by the attending physician that he had better prepare his worldly affairs, which he was about to leave behind, in the manner in which he desired to leave them, as his time was very short. He accordingly sent for a "'Squire" to draft his will. The 'Squire came, and Dudley dictated the document in solemn accents from first to last, while the 'Squire slowly and carefully penned it down. After the last line had been written, the last bequest made, Dudley signed his name, called his friends around him, and bade them good-bye. All was solemn and silent as the tomb, save an occasional sob, or sigh, from the sorrowing friends. The 'Squire placed his "specs" in their box, picked up his statutes and was in the act of stealing quietly out of the room, when Dudley halted him and said; "Say, 'Squire, I forgot something."

"Ah, what is it, Mr. Doyle?"

"Why, I want you to put in there that Dudley Doyle died a Democrat." The codicil was added as directed and Dudley turned his face to the wall to die, but as fate would have it, he was not called away. He recovered from his spell of sickness and lived for many years thereafter. He was continuously elected Justice of the Peace as long as he would accept the office. Living to a ripe, old age, but making his words in the codicil good, he died a Democrat.

THOMAS B. EATON, ONE OF THE CHARACTERS OF BOONE
TOWNSHIP.

Thomas B. Eaton, late of Boone township, was one of the pioneers of Madison county. He was a brother-in-law to Dudley Doyle, who came to the county many years ago. Thomas was one of those eccentric kind of fellows—had his odd ways and whims, but was no fool by any means. He

was a good scholar, being at one time considered one of the best mathematicians in the county.

Away back in the early history of the county he was for a while Deputy Treasurer. It is said he could tell any man's taxes off-hand to a cent without looking on the books. The County Commissioners at one time named a ditch in honor of him, and appointed him to see that it was completed according to the plans and specifications. This was one of the proudest distinctions of Thomas' life. He put in his whole time and energies in seeing that nothing was left undone. He was a terror to those assessed on the ditch. Many wanted to slight the work, but it would not go with Thomas. He was armed with copies of the law and specifications, and nothing would do but the fulfillment to the letter.

He consulted every one in authority in regard to the ditch law, from County Attorney to the Attorney General of the State, until he had it pat, and no evasion whatever was allowed in his management of the affair.

In an early day when there was no machine shops nearer than Richmond, some parties were running a threshing machine in his neighborhood, when they broke the "concave." They sent Thomas to Richmond for a new one. This he took as quite an honor, and performed his duty in elegant style. He rode to Anderson on horseback, where he took the train next day for Richmond. There was but one train each way on the road between Anderson and Richmond. He succeeded in getting his repairs made and started to the depot for his train towards home, carrying the concave on his back. When he got nearly to the station, the train began to move out. Thomas immediately began to motion them to stop. "Whoa, there, whoa! Hold on, hold on! Thomas B. Eaton, of Madison county, with a concave! Whoa, there!" But the train did not whoa; it moved out leaving him, where he had to remain until next day. He thought he was greatly outraged and long talked about the iniquities of the infernal railroad companies. Thomas is now dead, but he left behind him many recollections. He was an odd character, but honest and true to his friends. He filled a place in Madison county's history, and is entitled to his share of her greatness.

DEATH OF JOHN C. JONES, EX-MAYOR OF ANDERSON.

John C. Jones, an old and highly respected citizen of Madison county, died at his home in Boone township on the

26th day of July, 1895. Mr. Jones was the second Mayor of Anderson, having been elected to that position in the spring of 1866, and served two years, at the end of which time he removed to his farm where he resided until the time of his death. His wife was a sister of Benjamin Sebrell, who was from 1860 to 1864, Sheriff of Madison county, Mr. Jones being his chief deputy. Mr. Jones never accumulated much of this world's goods, but he saw a good deal of the bright side of life and was a hale fellow well met, who enjoyed the respect of nearly everybody, and had but few enemies.

He will be long remembered by the old settlers of Madison county.

FOUND DEAD IN BED — SUDDEN DEATH OF LABAN ANDREWS.

Laban Andrews, who lived on the line between Madison and Grant counties, died very suddenly on the 16th day of November, 1888, having been found dead in bed. At first it was thought that foul play had been the cause of his taking off, but upon investigation made by Dr. William A. Hunt, Coroner of Madison county, a verdict was returned of death from natural causes. The house at which he died was situated about a mile east of the road, on the line separating Grant and Madison counties. He was about twenty-one years of age and left a wife and one child. The inquest showed that there was a hereditary tendency to heart disease on the part of his family, and this was supposed to have been the cause of his demise.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO NATHAN T. CALL, EX-TREASURER OF MADISON COUNTY.

Nathan T. Call, ex-Treasurer of Madison county, met with a serious accident on his farm in Boone township on the 9th day of March, 1892, while sawing down a tree. In falling, the tree caught Mr. Call beneath its weight and severely wounded him, breaking one of his legs and otherwise maiming him. It was thought for awhile that he would die from the effects of his injuries, but he finally revived, although a cripple for life.

Mr. Call was in 1884 elected Treasurer of Madison county and served for two years. He is one of the leading Democrats of the north part of the county.

A BOY KILLED IN BOONE TOWNSHIP ON THE PLAY GROUND
AT THE BRUNT SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE INNO-
CENT PASTIME OF PLAYING BALL.

The Brunt schoolhouse in Boone township is one of the old landmarks of Madison county, and has witnessed many scenes of pleasure and merriment which will be long remembered by those who attended school and "spelling bees" at that place, prominent among whom are A. J. Brunt, John R. Brunt, Isaac D. Forrest, Albert J. Ross and many others who are now the leading citizens of Madison county. But while speaking of the pleasures enjoyed at this schoolhouse it is our melancholy duty to record one unfortunate affair, which took place on the 19th day of November, 1874. While the boys were out at recess, romping and playing as boys at school usually do, and some of them were engaged in the game of town ball, a bat in the hands of Richard Brunt slipped from his grasp, striking a comrade by the name of McLane in the forehead, injuring him so badly that he died on the following day. Both of the parties were prominently connected in the neighborhood, and the unfortunate accident cast a gloom over the entire community, which hung for a long time like a pall over the sad scene of this accident. Young Brunt was nearly heart-broken and did everything he possibly could to alleviate the sufferings of his playmate until death relieved him of his pains. Richard Brunt is now living in the township. He is a good neighbor, an honest and upright citizen and well respected by all who know him. He is the youngest son of the late Thomas Brunt, frequently spoken of in this volume.

ENOCH M'MAHAN AND HENRY STREETS, A FARM HAND,
BURNED TO DEATH.

On the 19th day of May, 1888, the house of Enoch McMahan, of Boone township, was burned to the ground, and Mr. McMahan and Henry Streets, a farm hand, nineteen years old, the only occupants of the building, were burned to death.

Enoch McMahan was a widower, his wife having died several years prior to this occurrence. He and his farm hand lived alone in the house, and were on the night of the fire sleeping in the same room, unconscious of the flames that were about to enwrap them. Some neighbors discovered the fire and ran to the house to notify the occupants, but the unfor-

fortunate men did not awaken in time to extricate themselves. They could be clearly seen through the flames by those who first arrived at the burning building. It was a shocking sight for the old neighbors and friends of the deceased to be compelled to stand by and behold them perish before their eyes when no help could be rendered them.

Enoch McMahan was one of the early settlers of Boone township, who helped to fell the forests and make it one of the most beautiful localities in the county. He was a man possessed of truly Christian virtues, and it was often said of him that if ever there was a man beneath the heavens who was really a Christian, Enoch McMahan was one. He believed in the Golden Rule and practiced it. He was a man who had the highest regard for his word and obligations: he was a kind neighbor and a benefactor to many beginners in the locality in which he lived.

Mr. McMahan was related to Thomas J. McMahan, ex-Sheriff of Madison county, and now President of the National Exchange Bank, of Anderson. He was also related to A. J. Brunt and John R. Brunt, of Anderson.

This shocking fire left a lasting effect upon all those who witnessed it, and will long be remembered in the locality in which it occurred. No sadder event ever took place within the bounds of Madison county.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

DUCK CREEK TOWNSHIP.

This township was the last organized in the county (1852). It is situated in the north-west corner of the county and is bounded on the north by Grant county, on the east by Boone and Pipe Creek townships, on the south by Pipe Creek township, and on the west by Tipton county. Two-thirds of the township originally belonged to the Miami Indian reservation, and up to the time of its organization was a part of Pipe Creek township. It has an area of twenty-four square miles and derives its name from the small creek that flows through the south-eastern part of its territory.

Henry Cochran was the first settler in the township. He came from Butler county, Ohio, in the fall of 1838, and selected a tract of land on Section 38, where he erected a small log cabin. He afterwards returned to Ohio, where he remained a year, when he returned with his father and took possession of his cabin. These two men were the only settlers until the latter part of 1839, when Thomas Casteel and Elijah Berryman located in the township. The next decade did not bring many immigrants to the township, but from 1849 settlers began coming in and the population increased rapidly. It is worthy of note here that A. C. Ritter, of Ohio, made the first entry of land on the Miami reserve in this township in 1848. Among those who came to the township about this time and a few years later on were Anthony Minnick, James French, Azel Stanberry, Stephen Williamson, Mahlon Hosier, David and Elliott Waymire, Amasa Clymer, Samuel Purtee, Fielding Sampson, Isaac Daugherty, Isaac Wann and D. B. Newkirk. Thomas W. Harmon, John Adair and others settled in the township in the early '50s.

FIRST ELECTION.

The first election in the township was held during August, 1852, in a little log church belonging to the United Brethren society and situated on the bank of the creek near the present site of what has since been known as the Waymire graveyard.

This church continued to be the voting place until 1856, when a school house was built on Anthony Minnick's land and thereafter used as a polling place. The first Trustees elected were Thomas W. Harmon, John T. Adair and John Hosier, the first Assessor, Anthony Minnick; the first Justices of the Peace, Elliott Waymire and Amasa Clymer. The latter served for a period of sixteen years.

OTHER EARLY EVENTS.

James Casteel was the first white child born in the township. This event occurred on the 9th of November, 1842. Henry Cochran and Miss Rebecca Casteel were married on the 26th of December, 1844,—the first marriage in the township. Of this event a historian says: "No invitations were issued and the ceremony was not marked by the presence of liveried servants or gorgeous costumes. The well-wishers of the happy couple crowded around them in homespun suits, accompanying their congratulations with a pressure of hands seared and calloused by honest toil." Mr. Cochran is now residing in Elwood at an advanced age but without the companion of his life's journey, Mrs. Cochran having died in 1895.

The first death in the township was that of Samuel Cochran on September 11, 1844.

FIRST ORCHARDS.

The first orchards planted in the township were those of Thomas Casteel and Henry and Samuel Cochran. The trees were purchased of John Mills, in Pipe Creek township, and they were planted in the spring of 1843.

FIRST MILLS.

Jacob E. Waymire erected a steam sawmill near the former residence of Henry Cochran, about the year 1850, which operated until 1866, when he sold to Mr. Cochran, who added some improvements in the way of new machinery and continued to operate the mill until 1873, when he admitted his son Samuel to a partnership in the business and removed the machinery to Elwood.

S. and V. Worley also built a steam sawmill near the present site of schoolhouse No. 6, in 1875. This mill was afterwards purchased by William and J. B. Hollingsworth and removed to the farm of the latter.

William Hedrick also owned a large sawmill in this township.

SCHOOLS.

The first schoolhouse in the township was erected in 1841, on the Knott farm. It was an unhewn log structure and was subsequently removed to the present site of schoolhouse No. 2. The second schoolhouse was constructed of hewed logs and was erected on the farm of Isaac Wann, in 1853. There were 205 school children in 1858, while the enumeration for the present year shows that there are 422 persons eligible to the privileges of the public schools. There are seven school houses in the township, and seven teachers are employed.

CHURCHES.

The pioneer Christian denomination in this township was the United Brethren. This denomination built the first church in the township, a little before or soon after it was organized, in 1852. Some time during that year Elder Samuel Purtee organized a society of eight members, who held their meetings regularly at the homes of the membership until their house of worship was completed. The building was a rude structure, and the New Light Christians afterwards co-operated with the United Brethren in erecting a place of worship on the farm of W. F. Hollingsworth. At the present time there are five religious congregations or churches in the township, namely: The United Brethren, the Maple Grove Methodist Episcopal church, the Concordia Christian church, the Harmony Christian church and the Heavenly Recruits' church. The New Lights, who had a congregation of about twenty members in 1876, have no society at the present time.

STATISTICAL MATTERS.

The population in 1860 was 498; in 1870 it was 789; in 1880 it was 1,110; in 1890 it was 1,325. The value of lands at the present time, as shown by the tax duplicate, is \$507,720; lands and improvements, \$566,636; total value of taxables, \$670,645.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Duck Creek has been represented but twice in the administration of the county government, Charlton Reed having served one term as County Surveyor (from 1874-6) and Moses D. Harmon elected Recorder in 1894. Mr. Harmon is the only Republican ever elected to this office in the county. He is both courteous and efficient and is popular with all classes.

INDEPENDENCE.

A portion of this village is in the north-east corner of the township. The village is situated in four townships—Boone and Duck Creek in Madison county and Liberty and Greene townships in Grant county. It has a population at this time of about two hundred, but as it has no railway facilities but little business is done here.

KILLING OF GEORGE ADAMS.

One of the most exciting homicides that ever took place in Madison county occurred near Elwood on the 17th day of May, 1888, in which George Adams, a farmer of Duck Creek township, was killed by Charles Conway, of Henry county. George Adams, the victim, and George Melrose and Charles Conway, the perpetrator of the deed, came to Elwood on Saturday morning and met at that place. While there they visited several saloons and became very boisterous before evening. They started toward home, George Adams in a wagon, and when near the residence of William Rybolt Adams stopped to deliver some packages which he had purchased for Rybolt while at Elwood. Melrose and Conway were in a buckboard and overtook Adams while he was at Rybolt's house. The parties got into a conversation which resulted in a quarrel, ending in blows. Conway jumped out of the buckboard with a revolver in his hand and flourished it at Adams, when a comrade took it away from him. He then jerked out his knife and made a lunge at Adams, cutting him in the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. After this, the fighting ceased and in a few minutes Adams fainted from the loss of blood. He was carried to Rybolt's door yard and laid on the ground: his coat was removed and it was discovered that he had been seriously injured. Further examination showed that an artery had been severed. Efforts were made to stop the flow of blood, which proved unsuccessful. The wounded man was taken into Rybolt's house and a messenger was dispatched for Doctor M. J. McTurnan, at Rigdon, and Doctor Daniel Sigler, of Elwood. McTurnan was the first to arrive, but Adams had suffered so much from the loss of blood that he was beyond medical aid. When Doctor Sigler arrived an effort was made to tie the artery, but it was too late to be of any benefit. Adams died about 5 o'clock the next morning. In the meantime Conway had become alarmed

at the serious turn that affairs had taken and started for his home in Henry county. Melrose, however, lingered at the house, and when he learned that Adams was perhaps fatally injured he went to him and asked him to testify in the presence of those assembled that the wound was not received from his hands, which Adams readily agreed to.

Melrose immediately went to Elwood and gave himself up to the officers, and was taken before Squire Ward L. Roach for a preliminary hearing and was bound over to the court as an accessory to the crime. He was taken to Anderson, placed in jail and held to await the action of the Grand Jury. Conway, in the meantime, had driven to Windfall and taken the train there for his home, not knowing of the fatal consequences of the stab he had inflicted on Adams until the following Sunday evening, when he was arrested by the Sheriff of Henry county on a warrant issued from Madison county. He was brought to Anderson on the following Monday and taken before the Mayor of the city, but waived an examination. He was placed in jail and made no effort to give bond. Conway was accompanied by his father, who was a highly respected citizen of Henry county, and also by James Brown, an attorney of New Castle. Conway justified himself in the act by stating that Melrose and Adams had become engaged in a quarrel, and that Adams struck Melrose with a club. He stated that all the parties, including himself, had been drinking, and that while Adams was fighting Melrose with a club, he from his seat in the buckboard ordered Adams to stop when Adams turned to him and started to assault him. He grabbed him by the collar and jerked him over the seat and while handling him had struck him, and that he, Conway, during the melee, had drawn a revolver from his pocket and attempted to defend himself, but was frustrated by a companion, who knocked it from his hands. Conway strenuously denied having cut Adams, and stated that the only knife that he saw in the crowd was one in the hands of Melrose.

Adams was a tenant living on the farm of Gustave Kramer, about six miles from Elwood. He was an industrious man, and always bore a good reputation. He had removed from Franklin county about two years prior to the occurrence.

Young Conway was about twenty-four years of age and lived near Moreland, in Henry county, and had been visiting his uncle, who resided near the scene of the tragedy. He had been subjected from early life to epilepsy and had been petted

by his parents on account of the infirmity, and was a badly spoiled boy. He was very peevish and of an irritable disposition. On former occasions he had made demonstrations of viciousness several times, and had used his knife, but with no fatal result. George Melrose was acquitted of any criminal action in this matter. Conway was brought into the Circuit Court in Anderson for trial after an indictment had been found against him by the Grand Jury, but took a change of venue to Delaware county. On the 9th day of August, 1888, he was there found guilty of manslaughter and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Goodykoontz & Ballard defended Melrose, and were credited with handling the case judiciously, and thereby gaining for him his freedom.

CHAPTER LXIX.

FALL CREEK TOWNSHIP.

Fall Creek township derives its name from its principal stream and natural falls. The history of no township in the county possesses greater interest, perhaps, for the "old-timers" and their descendants than that of Fall Creek. It was here that the settlement of the county was begun and the first of all the interesting happenings incident thereto occurred. The township contains forty-two square miles and is bounded as follows: On the north by Anderson and Stony Creek townships; on the east by Adams township; on the south by Hancock county and on the west by Greene township.

As stated in a previous chapter, John Rogers, an Irishman, was unquestionably the first white man to locate in the county. He left a record written by himself in a book which indicates that he came to Fall Creek township December 29, 1818. It is doubtless true that others visited the vicinity of the falls earlier than this date, but as they did not locate, their names are not known. Mr. Rogers located at a point east of the present site of Pendleton, on what has been known for many years as the "Vernon farm."

The first colony to settle in the township was composed of Elias Hollingsworth, William Curtis, Moses Corwin, Thomas McCartney, Manly Richards, William McCarty, Saul Shaul and Israel Cox. They were all heads of families excepting Moses Corwin. They came from the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio, and after selecting their respective tracts of land returned home for their families. The journey back to the Falls was accomplished by the aid of an ox team and wagon and four pack horses. There being no roads west of New Castle their journey from that place to their new home was beset by many difficulties and trials. Uncle Jimmy Hollingsworth, who is still living in Anderson, at the ripe old age of eighty-one years, was a member of the party, and still remembers trudging along behind the ox wagon, as well as many other little incidents connected with the journey.

This colony was joined by Conrad Crossley, Isaac Jones,

William Neal, William, Isaac and Henry Seybert. Adam Dobson, Palmer Patrick, Nathaniel Richmond, Judge Holliday, Adam Winsell, Jacob Shaul, Thomas and William Silver, Kilbourn Morley and Dr. Hiday. It is claimed by good authority that Judge Stanfield and a man of the name of Burras, were living on the prairie north-east of Pendleton about the time of the arrival of the Ohio colony in 1820.

Saul Shaul was the first of the early settlers to enter a tract of land in the county, a portion of Section 30, which he cleared, improved and cultivated. This farm is situated about two and a-half miles south-west of Pendleton and upon it was planted the first orchard probably in the county. Nathaniel Richmond, John Rogers, John Gunse and Adam Winsell, also set out orchards about this time—1823-4. The trees were brought from Henry county by John Berry. The first nursery in the county was planted by William Williams, three miles east of Pendleton in the '30s. Mr. Williams died in 1847.

Adam Winsell started the first blacksmith-shop in the township on his farm, two miles east of where Pendleton is now situated. It is probable that this was the first blacksmith-shop in the county. He was one of the first Associate Judges elected in the county and notwithstanding he was uneducated, filled the office creditably to himself and acceptably to the people. He was one of the Judges who presided at the famous trial of the Bridges, Sawyer and Hudson for the murder of the friendly Indians on Fall Creek in 1824, a full account of which will be found in another chapter.

OTHER PIONEERS.

Besides the pioneers already mentioned there came to the township at an early day: Thomas M. Pendleton, in whose honor the town of Pendleton was named, F. M. Richmond, Dr. Lewis Bordwell, Thomas and James Scott, Enos Adamson, Martin Chapman, Thomas and Isaac Busby, Moses Whitecotton, James Irish, Absalom Ulen, Jesse Boston, Thomas Snyder, Joseph Carter, Jacob Mingle, George Nicholson, Thomas Bell, J. T. Swain, and B. F. Gregory. Dr. Bordwell was the first physician in the township and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him. These early pioneers have all passed from earth, but many of their descendants are still living in the township and are universally esteemed,

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

The first marriage in the county occurred in Fall Creek township. This social event took place sometime during the year 1821, Stephen Corwin and Miss Hannah Ellsworth being the contracting parties. Their marriage was consummated under difficulties. The county at that time was not organized and Mr. Corwin was compelled to go to Connersville on horseback to procure a marriage license. The incidents relating to the marriage are meagre, but the descendants of the early settlers still remember some of the circumstances as related by those who were present on that occasion. It is said that there was no table upon which to spread the marriage feast and that a door was lifted from its wooden hinges and utilized for that purpose.

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD.

The first white child born in the county was E. P. Hollingsworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Hollingsworth and brother of James Hollingsworth, of Anderson. Mr. Hollingsworth was born in Fall Creek township, November 7, 1820. While he has the distinction of being the first child of civilized parentage born in the county it is shared to some extent, if not fully, by Electa Shaul, who came into the world on the same night. Mr. Hollingsworth is still living.

THE FIRST DEATH.

Sometime in the fall of 1823 a man of the name of Martin and his wife were stricken with fever and both died, it was supposed about the same time. The fact that they were sick was not known to the settlers and they died unattended. They were not discovered for several days after their demise. They were buried in the same grave on the west side of the present site of Pendleton.

THE FIRST SUICIDE.

The first suicide in the township occurred in 1838 on the farm owned at the present time by John Goul. An old man named Jacob Fox entered an untenanted cabin and hung himself. The cause of the suicide was not known.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY TIMES.

There were no social cliques or classes among the early pioneers, the interest of one being the concern of all, and the consequence was that many acts of neighborly kindness were

performed by them that are worthy of remembrance. A case in point is that of the generosity and good will displayed by Conrad Crossley on one occasion. In 1822 Mrs. Elias Hollingsworth was stricken with a fever and was very ill. She conceived the idea that if she had some imported tea she would not only get better, but would soon recover. There was no tea in the settlement and the nearest point at which it was thought the commodity could be obtained was New Castle. Conrad Crossley heard of Mrs. Hollingsworth's desire for a drink of the beverage and at once volunteered his services to procure it. He immediately set out on horseback for New Castle, but on arriving at that place found that there was no tea in the village. Nothing daunted, he remounted his horse and rode to Richmond, where he was again disappointed, the merchants of that place having no tea in stock. He once more rode forward and at Eaton, O., found what he had gone so far to obtain. He returned to the settlement on Fall Creek after an absence of several days and the craving of his sick neighbor was fully satisfied. Such an exhibition of self-sacrifice is seldom heard of in these times. The journey was fraught not only with great inconvenience, but danger, matters that did not deter the big-hearted backwoodsman in his willingness to assist a friend in distress.

THE FIRST CORN-CRACKER.

The first settlers on Fall Creek experienced many difficulties in securing breadstuff for their families, there being no mill in the county, until the latter part of 1821, when one was built by Thomas McCartney. Previous to that they were compelled to go to Connersville for their meal and flour. In 1820 corn was very scarce in the settlement, and Elias Hollingsworth, Samuel Shaul and William Curtis went to Strawtown, Hamilton county, where they purchased two canoe loads of that cereal. They pushed or "poled" the canoe up White river to the present site of Anderson, when the corn was loaded into an ox wagon belonging to Mr. Hollingsworth and hauled to the Falls. It was afterward taken to Connersville and ground into meal. Monday morning was the usual time for starting to mill and very often the trip would consume a week.

The mill built by Mr. McCartney was situated on the south side of Fall creek at the Falls. The work of constructing the mill, dressing the stone and arranging the machinery

was done principally by himself. Mr. McCartney also had a little store at the Falls which he kept in connection with his mill. Besides the pioneers, he did considerable business with the Delaware Indians, who had not yet left the county. He kept a small stock of beads, brooches and other trinkets which he disposed of to the red men in exchange for furs and other peltries. Mr. McCartney was among the first merchants in the county, if not the first.

THE FIRST ROAD.

The first road surveyed in the township was known as the New Castle and LaFayette State Road. By an act of the Legislature Morgan Shortridge and Zenas Beckwith were appointed to locate this road, and on the 13th of December, 1828, they reported to the Board of Justices of each county through which it passed, that the line of the road had been surveyed. The road passed through Pendleton, and a portion of it is yet known as the Pendleton and New Castle pike.

THE FIRST POTTERY WORKS.

Among the first industries established in Fall Creek township was a factory for the manufacture of potteryware, such as crocks, jugs, etc. The factory was erected by James Perkins at a point on what is now Tariff street, on the east side of the Big Four railroad, in Pendleton. Mr. Perkins manufactured potteryware at this place for some time, when he sold out to Lewis, better known in his day as "Potter" Johnson. The product of this industry was in great demand at one time and it flourished for a number of years.

THE FIRST TANNERY.

It was in 1827 that Thomas McCartney built the first tannery in the township. It was located in the north-west part of the town of Pendleton, on out-lot No. 2, and was operated with more or less success until 1863, when it was abandoned. Among others who owned this tannery in its day were Aaron Shaul, Charles Mitchell, H. Neal, A. M. Ulin, A. E. Russell, James Thomas, Neal and J. O. Hardy.

THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING.

The first camp-meeting in the county was held in 1832, about three miles south-west of Pendleton on the Samuel Hundley farm, now owned by John Hickey, Esq., of Anderson.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Methodists and was conducted by Rev. James Havens and others. Camp-meetings were held at this place every summer or in the early fall for many years, and were always largely attended by the early settlers. The scenes of religious fervor witnessed at these annual meetings were peculiar to the times and people and are seldom, if ever, seen at the camp-meetings of to-day. People who had religious convictions were not ashamed to shout in those days. They were not afraid of criticism. They became happy when the old-time Christian songs were sung and gave expression to their feelings in loud but honest, heart-felt hosannas. Their descendants are Christians, too, but not demonstrative. They are "conservative." The old-fashioned religion and the old-fashioned songs that the pioneer ministers of the Gospel used to preach and sing are not "popular" in this age of "progress." They are too rude and boisterous to suit "society" as constituted to-day. Still, it is no doubt true that society, as constituted to-day, does a great many things that would have been quite as shocking to the early Christians as their old-fashioned singing and praise-offerings are to the modern Christian. The modern Christian, it may be said, is not always a Christian, except by profession.

THE FALLS OF FALL CREEK.

Much has been said and written about this historic spot and its picturesque surroundings, yet few, comparatively, of the younger class of people living in the central and northern parts of the county know anything about its beauties or its history. This freak of nature is not surpassed in the State for romantic beauty, and much of the interest attaching to the early history of the county arises out of the many incidents that have occurred in its immediate vicinity. It would be a matter of more interest than importance, perhaps, to know the name of the first white man who gazed upon the pellucid waters of the stream as they dashed over the solid rock, a distance of ten feet, to the eddying pool below. As stated elsewhere in these pages, the Falls had no doubt been visited by explorers and home-seekers before John Rogers located in the vicinity, but who they were or whence they came is not known. The quarter section on which the Falls are located, says Helm, is a part of the sixteenth section set apart by Congress in each township for school purposes. The proximity of the Falls made it a desirable point. Here there was a natural mill-

site—a dam constructed by nature, and settlers were attracted to it regardless of the fact that the land was not in the market. No one took the matter in hand until the year 1850. By that time the peaceable possession of twenty years was about to expire. It was then suggested that measures be instituted to restore the land to the school fund, which, it was claimed, could then be done at a trifling expense; but the matter was neglected until it was too late.

The Falls property and surroundings have undergone many changes. The corn-mill erected by Thomas McCartney on the south side of the creek at the Falls gave way to a large grist-mill built by Thomas Bell which did a flourishing business for years. This mill, as well as the Falls property, was afterwards owned by James M. Irish, one of the early settlers of the township, who purchased the land of the County Treasurer at a sale of school lands. He transferred his interest in the property sometime during the '30s to his son Samuel D. Irish, and removed to Texas where he remained until 1848, when he returned and remained until 1859. During that year he removed to Texas again and died there. Mr. Irish was a man of progressive ideas and on account of his dark complexion was given the sobriquet of "Black Hawk" by the pioneers. Andrew Jackson, who afterward became one of the most prominent men in the county, had built a woolen or carding mill, in the vicinity of the present site of the Universalist church at Pendleton, and as Mr. Irish wanted to erect a woolen-mill on his Falls property he purchased Mr. Jackson's factory and saw-mill on the north side of the creek opposite the grist-mill. These mills were operated very successfully for many years by Samuel D. Irish and attracted a great deal of business to Pendleton. It is said that this saw-mill supplied the lumber for the first court house built at Indianapolis. In 1850 the woolen-mill was enlarged and provided with improved machinery; trade increased with the development of the country and a large business was done in woolen fabrics and textiles up to the death of Mr. Irish in 1864. Soon after his death the property was sold at a Commissioner's sale by George R. Boram to a syndicate composed of J. W. Bomgardner, J. N. Zeublin, J. E. French and Dr. Madison G. Walker. This company, with Bomgardner as manager, constructed a system of stone work across the creek just above the falls for the purpose of augmenting the water power. The work was arranged in

three semi-circles about three feet above the bed of the stream. This masonry may answer the purpose for which it was intended, but adds nothing to the primeval beauty of the Falls. In fact, every change, every improvement that has been made in their surroundings since the white man first settled in this vicinity has detracted from their native grandeur. No farther back than forty years ago the Falls and their environment presented a scene of picturesque beauty rivaled only in the idle visions of the romancer and poet. What they were in the solitude of long ago when the Mound Builders were here, can only be imagined.

The mills owned by the company were swept away by fire June 1, 1865, and a large two-story flouring-mill was afterwards built upon their site. This property is now owned by B. F. Aimen, one of the oldest and most enterprising of Fall Creek township's citizens.

The raising of flax in Madison county has nearly become a thing of the past. It was for many years one of the leading industries and yielded large and ready profits to the farmer, but as the soil became worn it was no longer a paying business, and now it is a rare thing to see a field of growing flax. It takes strong, fresh land to grow a paying crop, and it will not grow a second time on the same ground to a profit. In the flax-raising period all of the towns of importance had flax mills, where the straw was manufactured into jute for bagging and similar uses. Pendleton, not behind its rival towns, had one of these mills erected by J. Casely & Son, in 1869, at a cost of \$5,000. It did a flourishing business until the production of flax ceased to be profitable, when it was abandoned.

Just above the Falls and west of the Big Four railroad, on the north side of the creek, is the spot where Hudson, Bridge and Sawyer expiated their brutal crime—the murder of the Indians—a crime which caused the greatest alarm throughout the settlement at the time and aroused to the highest pitch the indignation of the pioneers against the murderers. Just below the Falls is where the noted negro politician and ex-slave, the Hon. Fred. Douglas, was assaulted by a mob of pro-slavery men in 1843, a full account of which will be found elsewhere in this work.

TOWN OF PENDLETON.

A large per cent of the first settlers of Fall Creek township located along the creek near the Falls, and the proximity

of their homes gave the locality the appearance of a town. The ground upon which the town of Pendleton now stands belonged to Thomas M. Pendleton and the density of population in that vicinity suggested to him the idea of founding a town. With this end in view he had his property surveyed and divided into town lots on the 13th of January, 1830. He had entered this land in 1823. The lots were platted and duly recorded. Several additions have since been made to the original plat and the town to-day is one of the prettiest in the State. But few of the old landmarks of the original village remain; the buildings devoted to business, to worship, to education, to private residences—all impress the beholder with the fact that while improvements have been going on in other parts of the county, the citizens of Pendleton have kept pace with the times. To one not familiar with the history of the place it would be difficult to believe that it is the oldest town in the county, and that for many years it was one of the most important business points in central Indiana. There is an appearance of refinement, an air of independence and progress that is presented by but few towns of its size in the West.

The Bellefontaine railroad (Big Four) was completed to Pendleton in 1850, and on the 24th of December, 1853, a vote was taken to determine whether the place should be incorporated as a town or remain a village. Nathaniel Richmond, G. M. Rogers and T. G. Mitchell were the inspectors and the vote stood 37 for, to 4 against the proposition. The first Board of Trustees was composed of Nathaniel Richmond, T. G. Mitchell and John Houston and the first meeting of the Board was held March 31, 1854. David Bowsman was the first Marshal of the town. The first street Commissioner was John Houston, who was elected in 1855. John Taylor Wall was the first School Trustee.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The Pendleton Methodist Episcopal church was the first religious society organized in the county. Its organization occurred in 1823, before there was a frame building in the town or township. The first members of this society were Thomas M. Pendleton and family, Mrs. Thomas McCartney, Mrs. Samuel Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hundley and Mr. and Mrs. James Scott. Religious exercises had been held in the township, however, two years at least before this society was organized, by a Rev.

Mr. Taylor, who preached at the house of Elias Hollingsworth to the early settlers. Whenever a circuit rider would visit the settlement a courier would be sent out to inform the settlers that religious services were to be held, designating the time and place. Uncle Jimmy Hollingsworth, mention of whom has been frequently made by the authors, was then a mere lad and often discharged this office. Rev. Nathan Fairchild also preached to the early settlers of the township and is still kindly remembered by the few remaining old-timers.

On the 28th of April, 1832, or nine years after this society was organized, Thomas M. Pendleton and wife deeded to F. M. Richmond and others, trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the north half of Lot 32, in the town of Pendleton, forever, in trust, "in consideration that they erect, or cause to be erected, a house of worship for the use of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Up to this time services were held at the homes of members. A log church was at once erected on the lot donated by Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, where services were held until 1839, when it was torn down and a frame building, with a seating capacity of about 600, erected in its place. This building was enlarged and remodeled in 1877. Among the early pastors who have ministered to the congregation of this church were: Revs. James Reeder, James Havens, Edward Ray, F. M. Richmond, J. H. Hull and W. H. Goode. Many of the ablest and most eloquent ministers connected with the North Indiana Conference have visited Pendleton and preached from the pulpit of this church. The congregation is the largest in the township and is composed largely of the best and most prominent citizens in this part of the county.

The Baptists at one time had a small congregation at Pendleton, and in 1834 erected a house of worship, but in 1872 the society united with the Baptists at Anderson and disposed of the building. Nathaniel P. Richmond, Martin Brown and wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Irish and Susannah Richmond were among those who organized this society.

The Society of Friends once had a place of worship at Pendleton at an early day, but it was abandoned, and there is now no regular place for holding religious services in the township, although there are a good many Friends in the locality. John Middleton was the first minister of the society, and held services at the house of Jonathan and Ann Thomas as far back as 1836.

The First Universalist church of Pendleton was organized February 20, 1859, at Huntsville, a previous meeting having been held on the 6th of that month at Pendleton for the purpose of taking preliminary steps towards organizing a society of those who believed in the doctrine of Universalism. A committee was appointed at the Pendleton meeting to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the society, and at the Huntsville meeting the report of the committee was received and adopted. Those who participated in this meeting were James Cassidy, Joshua Crawford, John Tillson, John Houston, David Bowsman, Jacob Weford, Lewis Cassidy, John Wert and T. G. Mitcheli. A board of trustees, consisting of John Houston, John Tillson and David Bowsman, was elected, and preparations were begun at once for the erection of a church. Meetings had been held by members of the society previous to this in the second story of the seminary and other places. The late Rev. B. F. Foster, of Indianapolis, the memory of whose gentleness, benevolence and Christian effort is still fragrant throughout Indiana, preached the first Universalist sermon in Pendleton. Rev. Gibson was called to the pulpit soon after the church organization had been effected, and during his incumbency a place of worship was erected on the corner of Main and Water streets. The paper circulated for subscriptions to the building fund declared that this church "shall always be open to moral, scientific, religious and political lectures so long as and whenever they are conducted in an orderly manner." The building was a frame, but in 1895 it was reconstructed and is now a brick edifice, of neat and substantial appearance. Many of the leading citizens of the town and township are connected with this society. The present pastor is the Rev. Forshire.

This church occupies the site of the first court house erected in the county.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The school enumeration for the present year shows that the number of persons in the township eligible to the privileges of the public schools is 928, of which 465 reside within the corporate limits of Pendleton. The enumeration also shows that there is but one colored child of legal school age in the township. The township has eleven school houses and thirteen teachers exclusive of the corporation of Pendleton, which has two buildings and employs nine teachers. The

buildings at Pendleton are eligibly situated, and besides being commodious are supplied with everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of pupils. For many years Pendleton had but one school building, a two-story brick structure, known as the Pendleton Academy. This building was erected in 1864 upon the site of the second school house built in the town. The first school house stood just east of the Big Four railroad near the present thoroughfare known as Tariff street. The new building erected in 1895 is modern in every respect and one of the handsomest in the county.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

The first lodge of any order instituted in the county was Madison Lodge No. 44, F. and A. M., at Pendleton, on the 10th of February, 1841. A meeting of Master Masons had been held, however, previous to this for the purpose of taking the initial steps necessary to the organization of a lodge. This meeting was attended by Henry Wyman, William Roach, J. L. Bell, J. H. Cook, S. D. Irish, Thomas Adamson, W. H. Mershon, Thomas Silver and Archibald Cooney, the original promoters and members of the lodge. Henry Wyman presented the petition for a dispensation authorizing that organization of the lodge to the Grand Master, and on the above stated date the lodge was organized. The first officers were, James L. Bell, W. M.; W. H. Mershon, S. W.; S. D. Irish, J. W.; J. H. Cook, Sec.; Thomas Silver, Treasurer; Joseph Chittwood, S. D.; Thomas Adamson, J. D., William Roach, Tyler. This was not only the first lodge in the county, but among the first north of the old national road and the parent of nearly all the Masonic lodges in this portion of the State. Bernard Thomas was made a Mason on the 15th of May, 1841, by this lodge, being the first person in the county initiated into the mysteries of the order. The early meetings of the lodge were held in the second story of a dwelling house owned by J. H. Cook.

Madison Lodge has experienced many vicissitudes since its reorganization, but to-day is one of the strongest lodges in the county, financially and otherwise, owning one of the finest temples in the State. This building was completed and dedicated in February, 1893. It is situated on west State street, is constructed of brick and stone, and is three stories high. It will stand for years as a monument to the enterprise of the membership of Madison Lodge.

I. O. O. F.

Pendleton Lodge No. 88, I. O. O. F., was instituted on the 11th of September, 1850. The first officers were: G. W. Bailey, N. G.; James Beck, V. G.; W. N. Lummis, Secretary; George Brown, Treasurer.

The lodge was organized in the hall of Madison Lodge F. & A. M., and continued to hold its meetings there until the Masonic Fraternity completed its lodge building on State street, when an arrangement was made by which both lodges occupied the same hall for a number of years. In 1880 the Trustees purchased lot 12 (original plat) as a site for a new hall. A two-story brick building was erected on this site in 1890 and in January, 1891, the new home of the lodge was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The lodge is in a flourishing condition, having an active and constantly increasing membership.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Sicilian Lodge, No. 234, was instituted December 19, 1889. It has a large membership and is in an excellent condition financially. The meetings of the Lodge are held in the hall formerly occupied by the Masonic Fraternity.

I. O. R. M.

Oconee Tribe, No. 159, Improved Order of Red Men, was instituted November 26, 1892. The Lodge is in a fairly prosperous condition. The meetings of the Order are held at present in Cook's hall.

U. A. O. D.

Pendleton Grove U. A. O. D., No. 20, was instituted April 5, 1895. This was the first lodge of Druids organized in the county. The membership is active and the Lodge is in a flourishing condition.

J. O. U. A. M.

Pendleton Council, No. 18, Junior Order United American Mechanics, was instituted October 8, 1892. The Lodge is growing.

MAJOR HENRY POST,

Major Henry Post, No. 230, G. A. R., was organized August 28, 1883. This Post was named in honor of the gallant Major Henry, who was murdered by guerillas in Mis-

souri, an account of which is given elsewhere in this work. The Post has a membership at this time of about 25. W. H. H. Benefiel is the present Commander.

MANUFACTURERS AND OTHER INTERESTS.

For many years the milling interests created a great deal of business and attracted a large and profitable trade to Pendleton. The mills at the Falls, flour, saw and woolen, had an extensive patronage and it was not uncommon to see as high in number as 50 wagons waiting to discharge a load of grain or wool or to receive a grist or load of lumber, when they were in operation. As stated elsewhere, there is but one mill now at the Falls. The busy scenes that once gave to that locality an air of thrift and industry have vanished and the patronage that was concentrated there so long has been diverted to other places.

Pendleton at this time has three glass factories, one a bottle works and the others window glass establishments. The Pendleton Window Glass Co. was the first organized after the discovery of natural gas. B. F. Aiman is at the head of this company. The factory is situated across Fall Creek, north of town and when in operation employs a large number of hands. The Indiana Window Glass Factory and Bottle Factory are located south of town. Besides these industries there is located here one of the largest tile and brick factories in the county, a wire fence factory, the Star flouring mills and elevator, a saw-mill, one planing-mill and three grain elevators.

PENDLETON BANK.

In 1872 A. B. Taylor & Son organized the Pendleton Banking Company and after doing a safe and profitable business for a number of years sold out to E. P. Rogers, who subsequently disposed of an interest to T. M. Hardy. In 1891 Aaron Morris, of Milton, Ind., purchased an interest in the institution and has been identified with it ever since. On July 1st of the present year Mr. Rogers retired.

This institution buys and sells exchange and does a general banking business. Its cash capital is \$25,000. It is conducted on safe, though conservative, business principles, and enjoys the entire confidence of the public.

HOTELS OF PENDLETON.

Jacob Mingle was the first man in Pendleton to entertain the traveling public. His house was situated on the south

side of West State street. His patrons were principally immigrants to the "new country." About the year 1835 Jesse Boston erected a two-story frame house on the south side of State street, west of Main street, where he furnished "accommodations for man and beast." This hotel (or tavern) was known as the Madison House, and was the favorite resort in early times of the lawyers who "rode the circuit." Mr. Boston died in 1837, and his widow conducted the business until her decease several years later. After her death the property was closed, but in the course of time was leased and re-opened as a hostelry by D. R. Franks, who afterward disposed of it to D. S. Clark.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

This hostelry stood on the north-east corner of State and Main streets. It was built by James Gray and occupied by him as a residence and place of business until his death, after which it passed into the hands of James H. Smithers. Many different proprietors had charge of the property in its day, among whom were A. K. Rockenfield, J. Hixon, Amos Birchfield, J. H. Badley, F. E. Ireland and Mrs. Tallie O'Toole, the last named being the proprietor July 7th of the present year, when it was entirely consumed by fire.

Back in the '50s and early '60s Hezekiah, better known as "Daddy," Bates was proprietor of a hotel that stood on State street, where George Ireland's harness and saddlery shop is now situated. This hotel was known as the "Bates House," and under the management of Mr. Bates enjoyed a full share of the public patronage.

"Daddy" Bates was a blacksmith by trade and at the time he engaged in the hotel business was reputed a good one. He was a man of unquestionable courage and in his younger days capable of holding his own in feats of strength with men even of much larger mold. He was naturally of equable disposition, but when imposed upon, a dangerous man. Bates had a bar connected with his hotel and was probably the first man to sell intoxicating liquors in Fall Creek township under a license. Shortly after the breaking out of the Civil war three men, who had just enlisted in the service, made a "raid" upon his saloon. Bates ran for his shot-gun and the men ran out into the street and tried to escape the vengeance of the infuriated proprietor. Two of them succeeded in getting away, but the third, a man of the name of Hankins, was

shot in the side and dangerously wounded. The man recovered, however. Bates was tried upon a charge of shooting with intent to kill, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

Some time after this, a temperance mob made an attack upon his place of business with the intent of destroying his stock of liquors. The mob was in front of the hotel, the doors of which were securely bolted, when Col. Hervey Craven happened along on the opposite side of the street. Curiosity led him to join the crowd and just as he stepped into the outer circle of the excited throng, Bates fired a rifle from an upper window, inflicting a painful, but not serious, wound in the Colonel's left arm. Bates was arrested but Colonel Craven refused to prosecute him, insisting that it was an unlawful assembly and that he had no business there.

HUNTSVILLE.

This town was laid out May 24, 1830, by Eleazer Hunt and Enos Adamson, both of whom were early settlers in this locality. It is situated about one mile north-east of Pendleton, on the south-west quarter of Section 15 and the south-east quarter of Section 16. Among other prominent early settlers here were the Swains, Thomas and J. T.; Abel Johnson, John Montgomery, B. F. Gregory, John Jones, William Wright and Dr. McCain. A spirit of rivalry existed between Huntsville and Pendleton until the completion of the Bellefontaine Railroad to the latter town, when it gradually began to die out.

For many years the township elections were held here, but in 1838 a petition was presented to the Board of Commissioners, asking that the place of voting be changed to Pendleton. This petition was strenuously opposed by the people of Huntsville, but after due consideration it was granted. The election laws were changed in 1890, the Australian system being adopted by the State Legislature, and there are now four polling places in the township, Huntsville being one of them.

FIRST MANUFACTORIES.

As remarked elsewhere in this work, every village at an early day had a tannery and Huntsville was not an exception, A. S. Underwood having established an industry of that character in 1830, on what is now known as Main street. This tannery afterwards passed into the hands of many different

proprietors, and finally was abandoned in 1863. Eleazer Hunt also started a tannery during the year 1831 and operated it for six years, when he sold it to Isaac Wright. This tannery was abandoned during the ownership of John and William Hunt.

In 1830 the first grist-mill was erected by Enos Adamson. The mill was located on the north bank of Fall creek, in the southwest part of the town. Mr. Adamson afterward increased the capacity of the mill by adding new machinery. He also operated a woolen mill and an oil mill in connection with it. The property was destroyed by fire in 1848.

Not long after the destruction of the property Nathan Wilson, Jonathan Wynn and Thomas Kocuin erected the present mill. This mill, together with a sawmill just east of it, was operated by Cook & Aimen for a number of years, and in 1872 Mr. Aimen became sole proprietor. Extensive improvements were made to the property by Mr. Aimen, who subsequently sold out to the present owner, Mr. George Phipps. This gentleman is one of the most prominent business men in the township, progressive in his ideas and thoroughly reliable. The first distillery in the township was erected on the mill race at Huntsville in 1831, by Robert Childers. This enterprise was short lived, as it was abandoned in 1833. The village had a hatter in the person of James Hackney, who opened a shop in 1831 and continued in business until 1838, when he removed farther west.

The first shoemaker in the place was Joseph Hair, who opened a shop on Main street in 1831.

John Conrad was the first tailor to locate in the village — 1831. He was elected Justice of the Peace and took an active part in securing the location of the Bellefontaine railroad.

Among the early carpenters, if not the first, to locate at Huntsville, were Thomas and J. T. Swain. The first blacksmith was William Maul.

The first store in the village was owned by Benjamin Snodgrass. Other merchants of early times who did business here were Simeon Lewis, Dr. McCain, John Tillson, Benjamin Lukens, Nathan Wilson, H. Lewis, and William Johnson. The late William Roach, of Anderson, so well and favorably known to the older residents of the county, was once a resident of the village and clerked for Mr. Snodgrass.

There was a post-office at Huntsville at one time, but the people now receive their mail at the Pendleton office. The

first postmaster was David P. Hazleton. He was succeeded by J. W. Roberts, who held the position for sixteen years. Horace Lewis was the last postmaster. Among the prominent physicians who have practiced at Huntsville are John Hunt, Joseph Weeks, W. H. Lewis, E. C. Prigg and W. P. Brickley.

MENDEN.

Save the United Brethren church, one residence and a cemetery, there is nothing at this place to remind one of the Menden of long ago. It is situated at the intersection of two country roads, three miles south of Pendleton. A post-office was located here at one time, but was abolished in 1851. Thomas Jordan established a store at this point at an early day, but subsequently sold out to Morgan Drury. Mr. Drury was appointed postmaster and served for a number of years. He was succeeded by John Pyle, and Mr. Pyle by Jonathan Wiseman, who was the last postmaster at this place.

The lands surrounding Menden are among the most fertile in the county.

POPULATION AND TAXABLES.

The population of Fall Creek township in 1850 was 2,128, in 1860 it was 2,117, in 1870 it was 2,183, in 1880 it was 2,479, and in 1890 it was 2,544, including Pendleton and Huntsville. The population of Pendleton in 1880 was 614, and in 1890 it was 996.

The total amount of taxables in the town of Pendleton this year (1896) is \$518,390; the total amount in the township, \$1,101,445.

REMINISCENCES.

Thomas M. Pendleton, who is still remembered by Mrs. Alanson Russell, of Anderson, and others, is described as a rather courtly gentleman, who did not take kindly to modern customs, particularly in dress. He wore the continental frock coat, knee breeches, low-cut shoes with silver buckles, and a queue. Thomas or "Major" McCartney also wore a queue and continental frock, but did not affect knee breeches. These gentlemen were the only persons in the county who adhered to the continental style of dressing.

THE FIRST COOK STOVE.

In 1832 Palmer Patrick purchased a cook stove at Cincinnati, brought it to Pendleton and presented it to his wife.

But few of the pioneer women of the locality had ever seen a cook stove, and when they learned that Mrs. Patrick was the proud possessor of one a great many called to see it. Mrs. Russell, a daughter of Mrs. Patrick, to whom the authors of this work are indebted for much information contained herein, says that the stove was regarded as a wonderful appliance, and that the women who called to inspect it expressed a great desire to have one like it.

A PIONEER BULLY.

Nearly every locality at an early day had its "best man," or "bully," who was always present at every meeting of the militia or other gathering to defend his title. These men were not always desperadoes, nor of ugly disposition. They simply prided themselves on their strength and ability to endure punishment and would fight simply for the "glory" of whipping their man. Fall Creek township had a character of this description. He had, however, a vicious disposition and became very offensive, both in language and conduct upon the slightest provocation. His principal business was running horses, racing in that day, as in this, being very popular. His associates were men of like character, not so notorious as Rick, perhaps, but equally bad and reckless. Rick had been so successful in his fights that he had become "a terror." But his downfall came just as it always does to men of his class. He got into a controversy on a certain occasion with a Mr. Cottrell, a man much older than himself and wholly unable to cope with him in a fight. He used very abusive language to Mr. Cottrell and among other things applied to him a vile epithet. James Cottrell, a nephew of the insulted man, heard of the affair and one day met Rick whom he asked about the name he had called his uncle. Rick admitted that he had applied the epithet and at once prepared to whip Cottrell on the spot, an undertaking that resulted in curing him of fighting forever afterwards. Young Cottrell got hold of Rick and before he let loose of him beat him almost into insensibility. It is said that Rick never attacked a man after this affair; his spirit was crushed and he was no longer a bully.

Among Rick's intimates was a man of the name of Joseph Snodgrass, whose character in the community was equally as bad, if not worse, than that of his friend. Counterfeit money had been placed in circulation, and suspicion pointed to Snodgrass as the counterfeiter. He was closely watched, and

when sufficient evidence of his guilt had been secured to warrant his arrest, Sheriff William Roach and a deputy went to Fall Creek township and placed him under arrest. Snodgrass went along with the officers quietly until he came to Fall creek, which he crossed in advance of the Sheriff and his deputy. After getting across the stream he turned round, said "good-by" to the officers and dashed into the heavy underbrush and was gone. If he was ever heard of afterward by his friends it was kept very quiet. Certain it is that he was never again seen in the county. It was also noticed after his disappearance that counterfeit money did not circulate so freely in the township.

AN OLD AND PROMINENT CITIZEN.

William Cox, of Fall Creek township, ex-county commissioner, while not a pioneer of this county, is in every sense of the word an old-timer. He was one of those men who was built on the old-time style—came forth in a day when a man's word was considered as good as his note. Uncle Billy prides himself on always making his word good. He is as punctual as any man in the wide world in the performance of any agreement he makes. He came to this county fully forty years ago from what is called Blue Rock, Colerain township, on the Colerain pike, not far from Cincinnati.

A large settlement of the "Blue Rockers" in an early day removed to this and Henry county to seek their homes and fortunes, prominent among whom were the Williams, Hughes, Runyans and Coxes. Mr. Cox has mingled somewhat in politics, always being victorious in every race he has made for office. He is a Democrat from "away back" and loves the teachings and traditions of that grand old party.

He is the founder and owner of Billy Cox's famous drum corps and martial band, which has done service in every campaign for the last thirty years; all of his sons are musicians of more or less prominence. When campaign year comes around you can safely rely on Billy Cox's band being "in it." Billy has the distinction of doing an act that he may well be proud of as long as he lives. There are but very few men in the world who would have done what he did under the circumstances. He is entitled to the honor of making Hon. Joseph E. McDonald a Senator from Indiana in 1874.

In the spring of 1874 the Senatorial district, then composed of Madison and Delaware counties, met in joint con-

vention and nominated William Cox, of Madison county, as a candidate for State Senator, which honor he accepted and set about to fix up his political fences in order to win the fight. This was the Granger year—when the Grangers and Independents came nearly sweeping the two old political parties from the face of the earth. Soon after the nomination of Mr. Cox, the Grangers met in convention and placed in nomination Robert H. Cree, of Monroe township, a very popular farmer, formerly a prominent Republican. The Republicans nominated Rev. Cornelius Quick, of Frankton, as their candidate. So it became a three-cornered fight. The Republicans, as a rule, were very hostile toward the Grangers, as the organization drew more largely from their ranks than from the Democracy. The situation became plain to politicians that in case Mr. Cox could be induced to withdraw from the race there was a fighting chance to win the fight, with Cree in opposition to the regular Republican nominee. An agreement was secretly entered into between Cree and the Democratic leaders in the district, that in case Cox would withdraw and Cree be given a clear field, if elected, he should vote for a Democrat for United States Senator. A committee waited upon Mr. Cox and laid the case before him, and after considering the matter, although he had a good fighting chance himself of going to the Senate, like a hero gave up his place on the ticket and Mr. Cree was substituted in his stead. Mr. Cox and all his friends did valiant service in the campaign and were largely instrumental in bringing about Mr. Cree's election.

When Mr. Cree was elected it was ascertained that he held the key to the situation; he was an "Independent." By his assistance the Democrats could control the organization of the State Senate and send a Democrat to the United States Senate. In order to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Cree was given the privilege of naming any officer of the Senate, for which he in return and by reason of former pledges made, cast his vote for Joseph E. McDonald, making him a Senator for the term of six years. Mr. Cree dictated the organization of the Senate that year.

James Buchanan, the editor of the "Independent" organ of the State, was made Principal Secretary; all the balance was made up of Cree's friends in Madison county—all Democrats. Edwin P. Schlater was Assistant Secretary; Dr. E. H. Menefee, of Alexandria, was Sergeant-at-arms; Major Edgar

Henderson was Assistant Door-keeper; Charles L. Sherman was Postmaster, and several other offices of minor importance were filled by Madison county Democrats. It was called the Madison County Legislature. The Republicans never got done cursing Cree, while the Democrats praised him. George Harding, in the *Indianapolis Herald*, never missed an opportunity to scorch Cree on every hand. So you see Uncle Billy Cox's pure patriotism and self-denial gave the Democracy in that campaign a grand victory and sent a great man to the United States Senate.

ISAAC BUSBY, AN EARLY SETTLER.

Among the early settlers of the southern part of Madison county, Isaac Busby was a prominent character. He was the father of a large family of children, many of whom yet reside within the county, and are prominent as farmers and business men, and all thoroughly respected by the communities in which they live.

“Isaac Busby was born in the State of Virginia on the 10th of March, 1796. He came to Wayne county, Indiana, in 1818, and was married to ‘Sallie’ Willetts, October 14, 1819. He made his residence in Wayne county until 1825, when he came to Fall Creek township, where he entered a fine tract of land, which was afterwards known as the Swain farm. One circumstance in connection with the entering of this land from the Government is spoken of by a writer on this subject. Martin Fever, who had also come from Wayne county, had bought the land owned by S. A. Rogers and Charles Rogers. This was a tract that had been occupied by Brazelton Noland, who had ‘squatted’ there without purchasing the same from the Government, trusting to luck for the means with which to pay for it in the future.

“Mr. Fever on his return to Wayne county was full of admiration for the Noland land and particularly for a remarkable spring which burst from the ground before the house. Isaac Busby went to Indianapolis and entered this land at the Government land office. Mr. Noland was anxious to go to law about the matter, but he and Mr. Busby made an amicable settlement, and Noland took his household goods and went to Union township, where he lived for many years.

“Mr. Busby was deficient in education, but the goodness of his heart made up for all shortcomings in that direction. A very promising family grew up around him, and his respected

wife, 'Aunt Sallie,' was beloved by everyone who knew her. He often expressed his feelings in regard to his lack of education, saying that it was his hope, if opportunity offered, to give his children a good education. He was true to that purpose. If Fall Creek township has deserved well of her faithfulness to education and to all that the term implies, the honor thereof belongs pre-eminently to three men, Isaac Busby, John J. Lewis and Neal Hardy. They gave a tone to public thought that caused an impetus to the proper training of the young in the community, of which they were the leading spirits, which is felt to this day and which will be manifest through an indefinite future.

"Mr. Busby was a devoted follower of the political banner of Henry Clay from early youth, and continued to be an ardent Whig until the organization of the Republican party. He naturally hated slavery and the Democratic party. It was therefore impossible for him to be anything else but a Republican, and so he remained through all the long years of the momentous struggle which closed with the recognized equality of all men before the law. Several years before his death he sold his farm and retired from business and spent the evening of his days in well-earned repose. He died on the 12th day of April, 1874, and sleeps in the cemetery which overlooks the lovely country which was once the scene of his labors and joys."

THE FIRST CLERK OF MADISON COUNTY.

Moses Cox, the first clerk of Madison county, was certainly an oddity. The old citizens who knew him have related many incidents in relation to him that are laughable.

He was a sturdy backwoodsman, possessed of a noble disposition, and a kind heart. A man with limited education, but possessed with a store of good "horse sense." Cox was a man of convivial habits and a "knocker" of no small pretensions. In his day the man that passed the lie expected a fight, and one who would take it without resenting it was no man at all.

During Cox's term as Clerk in 1822 and 1823 the record showed a number of cases against him for assault and battery where he had punished the hardy pioneers in royal style.

It is said that he would read the minutes of the court in such cases with much pride and satisfaction.

Mr. Cox was also a great lover of a game of "Old Sledge" or seven up. It was his delight to entertain his friends during

court time in this way. One time when court was in session at Pendleton, the Judge convened the session and no one appearing behind the clerk's desk, inquiry was made as to the absence of the clerk, and a search was made for him, when he was found behind a log heap in the woods in the rear of the court grounds sleeping off a night's debauch after an indulgence in his favorite game with some friends. He was aroused and made his appearance in court with his hair disheveled and one side of his coat tail burned off by getting too near the log-heap.

After a slight reprimand from the Judge for his absence from duty, the court went on in its usual manner and Moses Cox kept the minutes in his peculiar way.

It is said that Mr. Cox was very popular with his fellow-men, a hale fellow well met, and a man hard to cope with in a political contest.

While he had his faults, with all his shortcomings he was made of the stern stuff of which all pioneers were composed, and filled a position in the rank and file of men of his day, better perhaps than many others would have done with the means at hand and his surroundings.

JOHN ROGERS AND MOSES WHITECOTTON.

The Kingmans, in writing their history of Madison county, merely made mention of such a man as John Rogers, without any further account of him or his early adventures. Harden, in his book, issued in 1875, simply refers to him. The subject of this sketch was beyond doubt the first white man who made his way into the wilderness of this county. A brief description of him is given by a correspondent to the *Herald*, of August 26, 1881, whom we take to be J. B. Lewis, a prominent and well-informed citizen of Fall Creek township. In this statement he gives a long account of Mr. Rogers, together with some reminiscences relating to his life.

“John Rogers was a tall, raw-boned man of Irish lineage, who came from North Carolina to Fall Creek township and settled there December 29, 1818, on an eighty-acre tract of land, now known as the Thomas Wilhoit farm, about one and a half miles from Pendleton, near the turn-pike road leading to New Castle. He cleared some lands, but when the United States survey was made, shortly after his settlement, he found himself on land, a part of which he did not like or wish to enter from the government, so he removed a few hundred yards to the south-east and settled on the land afterwards known as

the Edward B. Vernon farm. Here Mr. Rogers lived until 1838, when he sold the land to Abraham Vernon, the father of E. B. Vernon, after which Mr. Rogers removed to Iowa, where he died at an advanced age some years since. The late Lewis W. Thomas stopped over night with him at his Iowa home a little more than a quarter of a century ago. In passing, it is worthy of note to remark that the Vernon farm still remains in the hands of the family to which it was transferred by the first holder, something which is true of but very few lands in the township.

“John Rogers had four sons and two daughters, like himself, stalwart. James died in early manhood. Hugh and Henry worked together at the carpenter trade in Pendleton fifty years ago, Hugh remaining there until 1846. Polly, one of the daughters, married Alfred Kilgore, brother of the late Judge David Kilgore. Alfred Kilgore was himself an attorney. He was a man of brilliant parts and was well beloved by his neighbors, but he had rather convivial habits and a love for strong drink. He died young and his widow married Enos Adamson, a man of ability and energy, and once owner of the Aimen Mill, at Huntsville, and who removed to Iowa about the time that his father-in-law, John Rogers, went there. Mr. Adamson was at one time County Commissioner in Madison county.

“Mr. Rogers had the shrewd wit of the Irish race and many anecdotes of him were formerly current about Pendleton. It is said that a neighbor once spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers about inducing Alfred Kilgore, their son-in-law, to subscribe for a paper, when Mrs. Rogers broke in, ‘Och, don’t do that, for papers are Polly’s chafe pestherment,’ alluding to Alfred’s law books and papers.

“Another old citizen of Fall Creek township related that he at one time met John Rogers on a very cold day on his way to Pendleton, and when he spoke to him, Rogers said: ‘I have just been to town, where I was owing a friend a little money, and I heard he was very sick and I knew that if he died he would want to take it with him, so I went down to pay him off.’

“Even now the face of this tall personage, with his gray locks and his shrewd look, rises before me as I write and as he appeared to my childish eyes, and so having rescued him for a moment from the oblivion to which the historian has

consigned him, I dismiss him again to that silence and peace which is the lot of almost all of the human race."

Moses Whitecotton was also an early settler in Fall Creek township, and a neighbor of John Rogers. Moses was one of the first Justices of the Peace in that locality. He was a natural poet and kept his docket in rhyme. The old record would be a curiosity if it could be unearthed. At one time he got out of provisions and was in limited circumstances on account of continued sickness in his family. He appealed to his neighbor, Mr. Rogers, in a way that would melt a heart of stone. His petition was as follows :

" My family is sick, with nothing to eat,
I pray you the loan of two bushels of wheat ;
This favor, if granted, shall ne'er be forgotten,
As long as my name is Moses Whitecotton."

The good-hearted Mr. Rogers complied with the request and supplied the wants of the afflicted family, like a pioneer of those days naturally would, and in payment for the accommodation Whitecotton executed his note therefor in the following strain :

" One day after date I promise to pay
To old John Rogers, without delay,
One hundred weight of hemp when I make it and break it,
One dollar in cash I shall not deny ;
Witness my name, this 4th of July,
" MOSES WHITECOTTON."

He also at one time went to Kentucky and purchased a "jack" and brought him to the county, and in giving his pedigree he started out by giving his name " Daniel Boone :"

" Old Daniel Boone was a man of strange facts,
But this Daniel Boone is the jack of all jacks."

Whitecotton is remembered by some of the old-timers and his queer ways will long linger in their memories.

REMINISCENCE OF JUDGE ADAM WINSSELL.

In other places in this volume we have spoken of Judge Adam Winsell in connection with the courts of Madison county. In Kingman's history the Judge was dismissed with a very brief comment. It seems from his prominence in this county in the early days that he should have had at least proper mention. In looking over the files of the *Herald* of September 22, 1881, we find from the pen of Joseph B. Lewis

a very good account of this once distinguished gentleman, in which he says: "Adam Winsell came to Madison county in 1819. He was, at the first term of the Circuit Court, held in 1823, one of the associate judges. He entered the west half of the northwest quarter of Section 22, Township 18 north, Range 7 east, also an eighty-acre farm just east of this. He gave out to his neighbors that he had entered it himself, rather than run the risk of having it entered from 'under him,' for more than ten years before he procured the title from the United States. Judge Winsell was a blacksmith, and it was he who made the irons and placed them upon the men who had committed the Indian murders, in 1824. He said that he had put them on so tight that no 'corpus' could take them off without his consent. At one time he came to Anderson to live and remained one year, and then returned to his farm. On one occasion, when about to gather the corn from his field, he found that he had been anticipated by the squirrels, who had eaten it all up. The county, at the time referred to, swarmed with migratory squirrels, which were as voracious as lean kine, and who devoured everything in their way. They were as destructive as the Kansas locusts, which made such a memorable record in that State only a few years ago.

Caleb Williams, one day during this squirrel visitation, made a lot of bullets and went out on the edge of his corn to shoot squirrels. He stood in one place and killed fifty-one of these little animals, but missed his fifty-second shot.

Judge Winsell remained upon his farm until 1837, when he sold it to Joseph Weeks, and went "west." He was as well qualified for the absurd position of associate judge as was the average citizen.

The Judge for many years had a lot of hogs that ran wild in the woods south of Lick creek, in Fall Creek township, and his neighbors jokingly charged him with claiming all the hogs in those parts. One day in front of the court house in Anderson, during term time, an old man by the name of Samuel Morley, one of the Madison county pioneers, remarked: "There's a hog running wild in the woods by my place and he has the strangest marks on him that I ever saw. He is perfectly white except a large heart on his right shoulder, which is as red as blood." Judge Winsell, who was present, listened with the greatest interest. "Why," said he, "that is my old white hog; he's been gone all summer." At

this Morley burst into a loud laugh. "There's no such hog there; I just wanted to see if you would claim it." The joke was on the Judge, and he was compelled to treat the crowd.

The late J. J. Lewis once met Judge Winsell in the woods. Both were hunting squirrels. Mr. Lewis was about to shoot at a squirrel in the top of a tree. "Hold on," said the Judge, "you'll strain your gun if you shoot it so far." And no argument could convince the Judge that he was not right. He always obtained religion at camp meeting, just after the harvest times, and continued in good standing in the church until the shooting matches began in the fall, when he would get drunk, and, as a necessary consequence, be expelled from the church and remain outside until camp meeting time came around the next year. It is due to truth, if not to the dignity of history, to say that the Judge was a good shot and a boon companion of the boys at these shooting matches.

Justice to this brave old pioneer also requires us to say that his good nature was boundless, and that he was never known to have been cross to his well-beloved wife, "Aunt Sallie," or the children.

Of course, such a character as this would be very popular in those early days, and the good Judge was so to the fullest extent. After living in this county many years he departed for Iowa—a fact which was very much regretted by his neighbors. He was a much better man than many of those who make higher pretensions. His memory, although associated with some grotesque happenings, will be long cherished for his many kind deeds.

DEATH OF AN OLD WAR-HORSE.

Colonel G. W. Parker, of Pendleton, was for many years a resident of Indianapolis, during which time he was elected to the high office of Sheriff of Marion county, and served in this capacity for two terms. Colonel Parker is a man of a very genial disposition and was popular with his fellow men, which aided him largely in his success as a politician. During the war he served as a Colonel of an Indiana regiment. When he retired from the service he brought home with him his old war-horse, upon whose back he had ridden through the battle of Stone River and many other engagements. He kept him upon his farm near Pendleton until he died, the Colonel having removed to that locality from Marion county. He was very fond of his old comrade-in-arms and kept the horse

as a remembrance of the many days of happiness and sorrow spent by him during the war marching through the South, where he had given his services in defense of the flag of our country. The horse died on Friday, the 28th of February, 1885. His remains were kindly cared for and decently interred on the Colonel's farm near the beautiful Falls of Fall Creek.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—AN ODD SUICIDE.

In the year 1838 a man of the name of Fox took his own life about one and a-half miles north of Huntsville by hanging himself. He was a single man in the employ of a man of the name of Gunn, who had died a few days previously. Mr. Gunn was a man very highly respected and his death was the cause of much regret. The eulogies pronounced over him by his neighbors together with the assertions from the piously inclined that all his troubles were over, and that he had gone to a brighter and better land above, where all was peace and happiness, and where the wicked came not and where there was everlasting joy, sounded in the ears of Fox until he had grown very much excited and finally determined, as it is supposed, to go to that beautiful land himself, the quickest route.

The Sunday after Gunn's funeral the family all went to church leaving Fox at home. When alone he placed a halter strap around his neck and threw the other end over a joist in the room and then kicked the chair on which he stood from under him and swung himself into eternity. When the family returned from church and opened the door of the cabin the ghastly and horrible countenance of Fox stared them in the face, his body having swung around facing the door. The horror of the people was indescribable. As soon as possible the remains were removed and the family got out of the house and could never thereafter be induced to reside there.

THE MOBING OF HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN 1843.

Much has been said and written about the mob which assaulted Frederick Douglass, the great colored orator, in Pendleton, a brief account of which appears in Samuel Harden's book, published in 1875. The people who lived in the neighborhood of the occurrence have differed as to the correct date when it transpired, but this we shall give beyond a reasonable doubt. Although a stain has been cast upon Madison county because of this outrage, it cannot be considered to have

had its origin in politics, because at that early period neither of the then existing parties had espoused the cause of the abolitionists, who desired to witness the down-fall of human slavery. To call a Whig in those days an abolitionist meant about the same thing as if the "epithet" was applied to a Democrat. This episode came about through hatred for the negro, regardless of political affiliations. Not until the great war of the Rebellion had spent its force, and had ended in victory for the Union cause, were many people found who would squarely confess that they were abolitionists. However, there was one sect of people in this land of ours who gloried in this name. They were the "Friends," or "Quakers," many of whom resided in Fall Creek township in the days when Douglass was mobbed, and many of whose descendants are yet to be found in that vicinity. These people, however, were not numerically strong enough to give much aid or comfort to either party.

The Hon. Frederick Douglass, just before the assault upon him, had been making a tour through the Western States, and it was his custom to stop at such places as Fall Creek township, where there was a settlement of Friends or abolitionists, and deliver addresses in behalf of the freedom of his colored brethren.

The meeting which he addressed on Fall Creek was held in the woods, and had been under way but a few moments when an interruption of its proceedings was made by a man named Rix, who deliberately walked up to the stand and set to one side a pitcher of water standing there, at the same time urging some others that were with him to make an effort and "they would clean him out."

Among others prominently connected with Rix were Peter Runnels, Duke Scott and Thomas Collins. Mr. Douglass, seeing his perilous condition and recognizing the evident intent of the assailants to do him bodily harm, attempted to escape by getting over a fence in the rear of the platform. While in the act he was struck with a stone and knocked to the ground, receiving a severe hurt. He was taken care of by kind friends, who rescued him from the angry mob, and kept by them until such time as he could make his way out of the neighborhood with safety to himself.

Inasmuch as so many different stories have been put into circulation about this event, we have taken the liberty to use the following extract from a letter written by Joseph B. Lewis,

of Pendleton to the *Indianapolis Journal* in the spring of 1895, on this subject. Mr. Lewis was familiar with all the circumstances and we believe his statement to be nearer the truth than any account of which we have knowledge. Mr. Lewis was a resident of Fall Creek township at the time, and being a facile writer, a close observer of facts, and a man of undoubted veracity and integrity, his statement cannot be questioned.

In his letter to the *Journal*, he says: "I observe that some citizen of Pendleton has recently given his recollections of an attack by a mob upon Frederick Douglass in the town of Pendleton in 1843, in which he gives the event as having occurred in 1847 or 1848."

"The gentleman's recollection is wrong in some particulars as the event occurred in 1843. Mr. Douglass was at no time in or near the house of Dr. M. G. Walker, although that gentleman undoubtedly saved Douglass from death at the hands of a brutal ruffian who was swinging a heavy bar of iron over the head of the prostrate man when Dr. Walker, a very powerful man threw his whole weight against the murderous villain and hurled him away just as Neal Hardy, also a brave and powerful man, and Edwin Fussel gathered around the falling orator and drove the mobocrats away.

"These fellows lived in Adams township in this county, and in the north part of Hancock county, and not in Anderson, as stated by your correspondent. They went away leaving Mr. Douglass lying on the ground in insensibility, being sure that they had killed him, and they long enjoyed that delusion."

Mr. Douglass was raised from the ground by kind hands, and placed in charge of Mr. William Lukens, who took him to the home of Neal Hardy, where he was cared for and nursed with a tenderness which he never forgot and which led him years afterwards to say, "Since 1843 Neal Hardy and family have been a part of my life."

Frederick Douglass in writing of his life has this to say on this subject: "At Pendleton the mobocratic spirit was even more pronounced than in many other localities visited by me. It was found impossible to obtain a building in which to hold our convention, and our friend Dr. Fussel and others erected a platform in the woods where quite a large audience assembled. Mr. Bradburn, Mr. White and myself were in attendance. As soon as we began to speak a mob of about sixty of the roughest characters I ever looked upon, ordered us

through its leader, to be silent, threatening us, if we were not, with violence. We attempted to dissuade them, but they said they did not come to parley but to fight and were well armed. They tore down the platform on which we stood, assaulted Mr. White and knocked out several of his teeth, dealt a blow to Mr. Bradburn, striking him on the back part of the head, badly cutting his scalp and felling him to the ground.

“I undertook to fight my way through the crowd with a stick which I had caught up in the melee. I attracted the fury of the mob, which laid me prostrate on the ground under a torrent of blows, leaving me thus with my right hand broken and in a state of unconsciousness.

“The mobocrats hastily mounted their horses and rode away. I was soon raised up and revived by Neal Hardy, a kind-hearted member of the Society of Friends, and carried in his wagon about three miles in the country to his home, where I was tenderly nursed and bandaged by good Mrs. Hardy until I was again on my feet. But as the bones broken were not properly set, my hand never recovered its natural strength and dexterity.”

The Mr. White mentioned by Mr. Douglass was William A. White, brother of Maria Lowell, first wife of James Russell Lowell. Mr. White was a very able and prominent man, who met a tragic fate at Milwaukee some years later.

Mr. Lewis in his article further states that he has a very vivid remembrance of Mr. Douglass and his description of the mob in a speech which he made at Jonesboro, at some time subsequent to this attack. Douglass was then about twenty-five years old; he was an athlete and in the prime of a splendid young manhood. He was at that time a more eloquent orator than later in life. He was full of eloquent words, to which was added a bitter sarcasm, all of which made it very easy for anyone who then heard him to understand that he would become famous. The ring of his voice was quite different from that of his maturer years, when his husky voice and his soul's utterances seemed to belong to another.

The mobbing of Mr. Douglass caused great excitement in the community, and was not only severely criticised by all good and law-abiding citizens, but quite a number of the parties implicated in the mobbing were arrested, taken to Anderson and placed in the county jail.

There were two sides to the question. A number of citizens in the neighborhood of New Columbus, where several of

the assailants lived, took the part of the rowdies. The excitement ran very high; a company of men was formed at the village of New Columbus under the leadership of the Hon. Thomas McCallister, who was then a power among the citizens of the county. These men started for the Court House for the purpose of demanding the release of Runnels and the other prisoners in jail. Before reaching Anderson they halted their wagons a mile or so distant outside of the place and prepared their accoutrements of war, and ammunition for battle.

They sent a delegation ahead to demand of the Sheriff the surrender of the prisoners. For a time it looked as though there was going to be a real war. Colonel Nineveh Berry, a prominent citizen, accompanied by William B. Allen, ex-Sheriff of the county, were foremost among those who desired to maintain the laws. These men went out to meet the belligerents. They endeavored to treat with them and to allay their excitement. The release of Runnels was agreed to and McCallister said that hostilities should cease and accordingly the mob disbanded.

Since this outrage, public sentiment has not only been changed in Madison county, but everywhere throughout the land, where the flag of the United States floats to the breeze. There are now but few spots in our country where a negro or any other citizen cannot, from a public platform, indulge in free speech and proclaim his sentiments, upon any proper subject without molestation.

The Hon. Frederick Douglass in after years—on at least two occasions—visited Madison county. At one time not many years prior to his death he addressed a large meeting at the fair grounds at Anderson. In private conversation he spoke freely of the Pendleton affair and blamed no one for other than the natural dislike for the colored man at that time.

ARRESTED FOR COUNTERFEITING.

On the 28th of December, 1854, Adam Anderson, John Jones, a man of the name of Huston, and William Brown were arrested by Benham Nelson, then Sheriff of Madison county, for passing counterfeit bank bills. These parties lived on what was called the Prairie road, in Fall Creek township, near the Anderson township line, in the neighborhood of the farm now occupied by James Quinlan.

There had long been suspicions that counterfeiting was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of Pendleton, and it

was with some difficulty that the officers were able to locate it, from the fact that the counterfeiters were very shrewd in the management of their operations and the circulation of their bogus money. Finally suspicion became so strong from some acts of the younger members of the gang that the officers felt justified in making arrests, and calling a posse, headed by the Sheriff, proceeded to the locality to place the parties under arrest. Their crime being a violation of the United States laws, they were at once taken before Judge Sample, of Muncie, who was then United States Commissioner, and a preliminary trial was held and they were bound over to the District Court at Indianapolis on a bond of \$2,000 each.

Anderson and Jones were each about sixty years of age and had lived a long time in the community, and each had raised to maturity respectable families. Huston and Brown were young men of good parentage and had enjoyed a good reputation in the community in which they lived. It was strongly hinted that some other prominent people who are yet living in and around Pendleton were also engaged in this nefarious business, but sufficient evidence was never obtained upon which to arrest them and convict them of the crime. At the trial in the court Jones and Brown were convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a number of years, the term of which is not known to the writer.

The young men were let off without imprisonment.

BURNING OF JOSEPH O. HARDY'S BARN.

Joseph O. Hardy, of Fall Creek township, was at one time one of the wealthiest and most influential farmers of that locality, being a public-spirited, high-minded gentleman, and full of push and enterprise. He was the leader of men in his neighborhood until one misfortune after another overtook him, causing him eventually to be reduced almost to poverty. Many of the old-time citizens of the county can remember him and the many business transactions in which he figured.

He was once the owner of the large and elegant farm now in possession of Philip Matter, about four miles south of Anderson, on the Pendleton turnpike.

On Friday night, the 6th of November, 1874, a large barn situated on that place was discovered to be on fire. The building was a structure of about 60 x 100 feet, which had been erected but a short time, and contained an immense amount of

grain, several tons of hay, farming implements, and six head of horses, all of which were consumed. The whole interior of the barn was ablaze when first discovered, and nothing could be done to arrest the flames. The total loss on the property, was estimated to be in the neighborhood of \$6,000, and the insurance amounted to only \$3,000.

The farm on which this fire occurred has a history connected with it not enjoyed by any other piece of property in the county. It was once owned by a man of the name of James Carson, who, during the war of the Rebellion, went to the State of Arkansas, where he remained until the close of the war and for a long time thereafter. In the meantime he had sold and transferred the farm to one E. A. Russell, who formerly resided in Anderson. Mr. Russell gave notes and executed a mortgage for the same. The former owner of the property to whom Mr. Russell gave the notes not having made his appearance in Madison county before the termination of the Rebellion, action was brought through Judge W. R. Pierse and others for the purpose of having the notes and mortgage executed for the purchase of the property confiscated on the ground that Mr. Carson, who had gone to Arkansas, was disloyal, and not a citizen of the United States. The case was tried in the Circuit Court, and after a patient and careful hearing, it was decided that the notes and mortgage were null and void, and they were therefore canceled by order of the court, and thus Mr. Russell and his co-plaintiffs became the owners of this beautiful and valuable property without the payment of any money whatever.

The title subsequently passed into the hands of one Bailey Davis, a wealthy farmer of Fall Creek township, and subsequently became the property of Mr. Charles L. Henry, of Anderson, who received a warranty deed under Mr. Davis for the same. During all this time, and during these transfers no demand was ever made by any one to test the validity of the title. Nor was there any such demand made until after Mr. Henry had come into possession of the property. Sometime about the year 1885 the owner of the property from whom it had been confiscated unexpectedly made his appearance in Anderson, and demanded compensation for the land, which being refused, he employed the law firm of Robinson & Lovett, who brought proceedings in the United States court to have the judgment of the Madison Circuit Court confiscating

the property set aside, and repossessing the rightful owner of his land.

The case was hotly contested. The court, however, held that the plaintiff having proven that during his residence in Arkansas he had never committed a disloyal act against the United States, and that he had been true to his government, the real-estate was, therefore, decreed to him as being the lawful and rightful owner.

This decision left Mr. Henry but one alternative, to fall back on Mr. Bailey Davis, the only responsible party from whom he held the warrant of title. In the further transaction of this matter, Mr. Bailey Davis proved that he was an exceptionally honest and upright man, doing what but few people would have done under similar circumstances. Instead of employing attorneys and going into court to defend himself, as he might have done, and thus added costs to Mr. Henry and others, he simply, after having determined the amount of the purchase money with every cent of interest on the notes reckoned to the latest date, went down "into his jeans" and planked down nearly six thousand dollars of his hard-earned money, and paid the same over to Robinson & Lovett, the attorneys for the lawful owner. And thus ended one of the great legal battles of this county.

But a few weeks previous to this writing this celebrated farm was again visited with a fire which destroyed the large barn recently built by C. L. Henry on the opposite side of the road from the former one. It was then owned by Mr. Philip Matter, of Marion, Ind. The structure and its contents were swept away.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

In the month of November, 1875, one of the most daring highway robberies ever committed in the county took place on the Fishersburg pike, between Pendleton and Fishersburg, in which a man of the name of Andrews was held up and robbed of the pitiful sum of \$6.

Andrews was a brother of Whittfield Andrews, who lived in the country, and had drawn \$700 out of a bank at Indianapolis, which belonged to a lady friend, for whom he was an agent, and to whom he had paid the money shortly after receiving it. When he had done this he took the evening train on the Bee Line road for the purpose of visiting friends in Madison county. He left the train at Pendleton, and after

partaking of a lunch started to walk from there to Fishersburg. About two miles from Pendleton, near the residence of a man of the name of Clark, he was met by two men whom he recognized as having seen at Indianapolis, and who had dogged his steps during the day. Before he scarcely had time to stop one of them struck him on the head with some kind of a weapon which felled him to the ground, after which he was beaten in a most terrible manner so he was rendered unconscious. In that condition he remained for some time, and when his senses returned found that both his boots were gone, his stockings taken off and his pockets rifled of their contents. The robbers received nothing for their pains except the small sum of \$6.

Mr. Andrews was so injured that he could scarcely stand, and after almost superhuman efforts he succeeded in reaching the residence of Harvey Gwinn, in Stoney Creek township. Mr. Gwinn conveyed him to his residence and then took him to the home of Alfred Gates, just across the line in Hamilton county, Mr. Gates being a cousin of Andrews. The wounded man remained for several days at the residence of his relative in a critical condition, but finally recovered and returned to his home. He had no doubt but that his assailants had been present in the bank at Indianapolis when he drew the money, and that they had shadowed him to this point, where they intended to kill him and then rob him. No clue to the robbers was ever obtained or their whereabouts made known.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

On the 28th of June, 1868, J. W. Pavey, of Fall Creek township, suddenly and without warning gave up the race of life, being found dead in his bed. He had been in his usual good health and early in the morning got up to do some chores as was his custom, and after doing his work he returned to his sleeping chamber and retired again.

The members of the family, in due time, got up and breakfast was prepared at the usual hour. Mr. Pavey was called for his meal, but did not respond. In a short time he was called again, with no response, when the family became alarmed and on going to his room were horrified to find him cold in death.

Mr. Pavey was one of the early settlers of that neighbor-

hood then known as the "Beaver Dam" locality and was highly respected.

His funeral was largely attended and his memory is yet fresh in the minds of the older people of that locality.

SUICIDE OF J. L. HENSLEY.

J. L. Hensley was a prominent farmer, who lived about three miles north of Pendleton, and was a brother of the late Doctor Hensley, of this county. On Thursday, the 21st day of January, 1885, he took his own life by hanging. On the morning of his death, a neighbor, William Sisson, visited his home, and chatted with him upon various subjects. Mr. Sisson did not notice anything peculiar in his manner or words and was very much surprised a few hours later to be informed of his death. The deceased was a man of a very kind disposition, and lived at peace with his family and neighbors. He was a veteran of the Mexican war, and had also served in the 69th Indiana Regiment in the War of the Rebellion. His body was found hanging in a corn-crib, to the end of a rope which he had used for the purpose.

Mr. Hensley was born in Virginia in the year 1821, and was about 64 years of age at the time of his death. During the war he distinguished himself as a good soldier, and at the battle of Pittsburg Landing was, for meritorious service, promoted to be First Lieutenant in the company in which he enlisted. He was a charter member of Sam Henry Post, G. A. R., of Pendleton, and was buried by that organization with all the honors of war. He left a wife, six children and one brother to mourn their loss.

SUICIDE OF DR. HENSLEY.

Dr. William Hensley, of Fall Creek township, was a well-known personage in Madison county for a great number of years. He lived at Pendleton for a long time, and was an agent for a life insurance company. He had in his earlier days prepared himself for the practice of medicine at Connersville, Indiana, but for some cause abandoned it. He never practiced after he located in Madison county. He was a farmer at the time of his death, and lived on a piece of land which he owned north-east of Pendleton. He was of a very jovial disposition, a fluent talker and a good story-teller, and was the last person any one would think who harbored the idea of self-destruction.

On Saturday morning, the 28th of February, 1888, he arose about 6 o'clock to start the fire as usual, and before any of the family was aware of his intentions he took a loaded shotgun and blew out his brains. His death was simultaneous with the discharge of the gun. The load entered below his right jaw and blew off the top of his head. It mutilated his face and head in a terrible manner. No special cause could be assigned for this rash act other than despondency, caused by the failure of his crops and financial troubles. He was a man about sixty-five years of age and lived with his third wife. He was a native of Virginia. He left a wife and six children, two of whom were married. He was a brother of J. T. Hensley, whose suicide is given above.

DROWNING OF CHARLES HAINES.

Charles Haines, a young man about twenty years of age, a son of Abner Haines, who resided about four miles south of Pendleton, was drowned in White river on the 12th of August, 1887, six miles west of Anderson. He with several others were spreading their seines in the river for the purpose of catching fish, when young Haines attempted to swim across a small whirlpool where the water was quite deep. The current proved too strong for him, and he was carried down and drowned in the presence of twenty men, who stood around apparently dumb from fright. Gideon Knopp, a young man of the neighborhood where the occurrence took place, made an effort to rescue Haines when he came to the surface for the first time, but he received a blow on the head from the drowning man that stunned him.

The body was recovered almost immediately after it sank to the bottom, but life was extinct, and all efforts at resuscitation were without avail. The remains were taken to the home of his parents, and his funeral occurred at the neighboring cemetery a few days afterwards.

BURNING OF A BARN.

On Christmas morning, 1884, a large barn situated in the rear of Todd & Taylor's store in Pendleton, was discovered to be on fire, the flames bursting through the roof. In a few moments the entire building with its contents was destroyed. The building had been erected for a livery barn and belonged to Eliza Taylor and was occupied at the time by George Hollowell, a butcher. It contained five valuable horses belonging

to him and one belonging to Clinton Mowery, three buggies, three sleighs, three meat wagons and a large quantity of hay and feed, all of which were destroyed. Great efforts were made to save the horses, but the fire drove back everyone who attempted to go near. Otto Lackey made heroic efforts to rescue the animals, but was so overcome by heat that he was taken away from the place in an unconscious condition. The building stood in the center of a square and was surrounded by other buildings, two of which nearly touched it, but a heavy snow on the roofs saved them from destruction. There was no insurance either on the building or its contents.

BURNING OF A HOUSE ON THE OLD "JUNCTION FARM."

In the month of February, 1885, a large two-story house that stood upon what was known as the "Junction Farm," two and one-half miles south-west of Pendleton, was destroyed by fire. It had been built by Mr. John Hussey, of Indianapolis, about a year or so previous and was occupied by William Tyler, a tenant. A portion of the household goods was saved, principally from the lower rooms in the building. The house and contents were insured, but not sufficiently to cover the loss. The fire started in the kitchen but its origin is unknown. Tyler and his family were left without shelter but were taken care of by kind neighbors, who went to their relief.

FATALLY SCALDED.

On the 28th of August, 1891, Mrs. Peter Coverdale, living three miles north of Pendleton, while scalding a chicken left a pan of boiling water on the ground near where her two-year-old daughter was playing. The mother's attention was called away for a moment and the little one fell over and submerged one of its arms in the boiling water, from the effects of which she took lock jaw and died on the morning of August 31.

BURNING OF THE CATARACT MILLS.

What was once known as the Cataract Mills at Pendleton, situated at the Falls of Fall Creek, was on the 13th of July, 1882, destroyed by fire. This mill was one of the landmarks in that locality, having been built many years ago. For a long time it was run as a flouring mill in connection with a large woolen mill. It was at one time considered one of the most valuable pieces of property in Madison county,

before steam and other modern appliances were in use. In those days it was a money-making institution.

For a long period it was the property of the Irish estate and was owned and operated by Samuel D. Irish, who was the father of Volney B. and James Irish, now residents of Anderson. The fire was discovered about 10 o'clock in the morning; it was in the upper part of the mill and did not manifest itself until it had attained such proportions as to be beyond control. In a short time the building and its contents were in ashes.

It was owned at the time of its destruction by Colonel Parker and a gentleman of the name of Potts, who had only a short time previous to the fire been engaged in overhauling it and making repairs, thus making one of the most complete mills in the county. The loss was estimated to be fully \$15,000, and was covered by insurance. Colonel Parker, one of the owners, was at one time a resident of Indianapolis, and had served two terms as Sheriff of Marion county. The mill was afterwards rebuilt and is at present standing on the old site near the Falls, but it has never been considered since the day of the fire a financial success.

POISONED BY DRINKING LEMONADE.

In the month of August, 1881, Mr. Thomas M. Carter and family, who resided in the south part of Fall Creek township, while attending an old settlers' picnic near Greenfield, were poisoned by drinking lemonade.

There was a large crowd in attendance, and the pumps on the grounds having given out, Mr. Carter resorted to a decoction of lemonade to quench his thirst, and also had his wife partake of the same. When they left the grounds they went to Greenfield to take supper with some friends, intending to drive home in the evening. They were not long in the house when Mr. Carter complained of feeling very sick, and by the time supper was ready he was too ill to partake thereof. A physician was immediately called, but Mr. Carter continued to grow worse until about midnight, when he died. Carter was well known in the community in which he lived, having been reared on a farm near where he had his home. At the time of his death he was a prominent member of the Methodist church and a superintendent of the Menden Sunday school. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows. His remains were buried on the Sunday following his death. His funeral

was attended by a large concourse of people. He left a wife and one child to survive him. Mrs. Carter had taken a small portion of the lemonade, but it did not affect her as it did her husband.

LOUIS EPPARD'S BARN BURNED.

On Sunday morning, March 23, 1890, the barn of Louis Eppard, in Fall Creek township, was burned, with several horses and his grain, hay and farming implements, entailing a loss to the amount of \$2,000, with no insurance.

The barn was supposed to have been fired by an incendiary, but no evidence was obtained that would lead to the apprehension of the guilty party.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

J. M. Kinnaman, a farmer residing near Pendleton, visited Anderson on the 13th of October, 1884, to attend a Republican rally, and had with him his son Claude, a boy about sixteen years of age. After the ceremonies of the day were over young Kinnaman, in company with some friends, went to the Bee Line Railroad station to board a train going out at 12:30 at night to his home, and at the crossing of Jackson street, in Anderson, in attempting to get on the train he was accidentally killed. All of his companions succeeded in getting on board, and he in some manner was thrown under the train with fatal results. His absence was not noticed by his friends, who went on their way home unconscious of what had befallen him. His remains were discovered lying beside the railroad track a short distance from where the accident occurred. Dr. B. F. Spann, then Coroner of Madison county, was notified, and had the remains taken to Markt's undertaking establishment, where they were prepared for burial. The relatives were at once notified. The boy's father arrived in the city early next morning and took charge of his body and removed it to Pendleton, after which it was interred in the Falls Cemetery. The body was frightfully mutilated.

A HORRIBLE CASUALTY.

On the 6th of September, 1890, the last day of the last county fair held on the old fair ground, on West Eighth street, one of the most distressing accidents occurred on the Bee Line Railroad, four miles south-west of Anderson, that has ever taken place in this county, in which Emmet Locke and

John Eastman were instantly killed while crossing the railroad at what is known as the "Gowl Crossing," between Anderson and Pendleton. Locke was a colored man in the employ of the "When" clothing store of Indianapolis, and Eastman was his guest, enjoying a ride home from the fair. The "When" advertising wagon drawn by four horses had started to Pendleton in charge of Emmet Locke. It was the intention to drive from there to Springfield, Ohio, and advertise the "When" firm at the fair.

Fred Bloomer, the advertising agent, concluded to go to Indianapolis by rail, so he left the wagon in charge of Locke and got on the train.

Before the wagon started for Pendleton John Eastman, a plasterer, who lived at Huntsville; and who had been at Anderson attending the fair, obtained Locke's consent to ride with him to Pendleton. They left Anderson about 3 o'clock. There appears to have been no eye witness to the horrible affair. Locke had evidently driven the horses across the track at the crossing, not being aware of the near approach of the train. It suddenly came upon them, and the horses, becoming frightened, turned around instead of going forward. The wagon had, by this time, got half way across the track, and the engine, which was running along at a lightning speed, struck it before its unfortunate occupants were aware of their danger.

The wagon was dashed into a thousand pieces and Locke and Eastman were instantly killed.

The former was horribly mangled, and his head was completely severed from his body. Eastman's body was picked up on the west side of the track, with a horrible hole in the fore part of his head. He was not mutilated to any extent. Poor Locke's body was in a dozen pieces.

Bloomer was on the train, and after it was stopped it ran back to the scene of the accident, when he jumped off and was horrified at the sight and the thought of what a narrow escape he had made from an awful death.

The remains of the unfortunates were placed on boards and taken to Pendleton and Coroner Armington notified. As there was no witness to the affair his investigation was necessarily brief. He collected the remains of Locke and sewed them together, and they were sent to his friends at Indianapolis. Those of Eastman were turned over to Trustee Cook and buried in the Falls Cemetery.

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

On the night of July 31, 1891, a building occupied by Dr. Frank L. Stone and John C. Manning, of Pendleton, was destroyed by being blown up by dynamite. Luckily no one was in the house at the time and no personal injury resulted. The outrage was supposed to have been perpetrated on account of Mr. Manning, who was deputy Prosecuting Attorney, having made warfare upon the liquor traffic and evil doers to such an extent as to incur the displeasure of that element in the town. This version of the matter is, however, only conjecture, as no one will, perhaps, ever know the real cause of the deed, or who did the unlawful act.

ANDREW B. TAYLOR.

Andrew B. Taylor was one of the early settlers of Fall Creek township and became one of its leading lights in business, political and church affairs. He was a man of high moral character, shrewd in business, full of energy and enterprise. For many years he was the leading spirit in his locality and the magnet around which all business affairs hung. He was born in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, in 1817, and came to Madison county and located a claim near Pendleton in 1834, having traveled the entire distance on foot, carrying his baggage on his back. In 1839 he returned to Virginia and brought back with him his father's family. In 1847 he was married to Melvina Boston, who yet survives him and resides in the old homestead at Pendleton. He engaged in milling and buying grain, first having run what is known as the Falls Mills and afterwards the First National Mill. In 1859 he owned and operated a flouring mill at Huntsville and carried on buying and selling grain in what was known as the City Mills. In 1867 he bought the Zubelin Warehouse, which he owned and occupied as a grain establishment until the time of his death in September, 1873. He organized the Farmers Bank of Pendleton in 1872, of which he was president and general manager, until his demise. In 1875 he built the Taylor Block and moved his bank into one room, which is now occupied as a banking house by the present owners of that institution. At the time of Mr. Taylor's death he was agitating the question of building a railroad from Noblesville to Newcastle by the way of Pendleton, and had succeeded in creating quite an interest in this undertaking, which, however, died away after his death. The decease of Mr. Taylor was long felt by the

farming community of Pendleton and vicinity, as he was very accommodating to his friends and extended many favors to the farmers of that locality, by way of advancing money upon their growing crops and doing many other good acts which many others in like circumstances would not have done.

His remains were deposited in the Falls Cemetery and were followed to their last resting place by one of the largest funeral processions that was ever seen in that section of the county.

DEATH OF DOCTOR JOSEPH STEPHENSON.

Dr. Joseph Stephenson was for many years a resident of Pendleton, being one of the oldest and most influential farmers in that part of the county, as well as a leading physician. He was born in Warren county, Ohio, in 1819, and died in Pendleton on the 16th of March, 1886. He came to Madison county about the year 1835, and worked on a farm for a time, studying medicine in his leisure moments, attending lectures, and then graduated from the Medical College at Cincinnati in 1850. He then settled in Pendleton in the practice of his profession, where he remained for the rest of his life.

He was married to Josephine Boston, May 1, 1850, who yet survives him and is residing at Pendleton. Doctor Stephenson was very frugal in his habits, although one of the best livers in Madison county, and after giving his children a good education he had quite a large fortune left, which came into their possession after his death. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he was very prominent.

His remains were interred in the Falls Cemetery near the place of his home.

DEATH OF ANDREW K. ROCKENFIELD.

Andrew K. Rockenfield, the subject of this sketch was for many years a resident of Fall Creek township, and was prominent in social and business circles. In 1878 he was elected Coroner of Madison county, which position he held until the time of his death, which took place on the 17th of January, 1879.

He was born in Miamisburg, Ohio, April 1, 1825, and came to Huntsville, in 1849, with Aaron Mullendore, with whom he learned the trade of tanner and carrier. He was married to Miss Celia A. Campbell, the sister of D.

W. Campbell, who died recently in Anderson. She, however, lived but a short time. He was again married on the 23d of December, 1863, to Miss Deborah W. Darragh, with whom he lived until the time of his death, and who survives him. Mr. Rockenfield was of a very generous disposition and genial in his nature. He had but little disposition to acquire property so long as his wants were supplied. He was always ready and willing to share with his friends whatever he had. He was a member of the Wesleyan Church at Pendleton, where his funeral took place under the direction of Rev. J. A. Dobson, of Muncie. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends, and were deposited in the Huntsville Cemetery.

THE INDIAN MURDERS IN 1821.

To write a history of Madison county without giving an account of the murder of the Indians, in the early days of our



THE FALLS OF FALL CREEK NEAR PENDLETON.

commonwealth, would be doing history an injustice. This occurrence took place so long ago that it is impossible for one of the present day to tell the story, in anything like an intelligent manner without drawing almost wholly from what has already been said about it by others who were living here at the time. There are but few now living who, personally, know anything about the details of this bloody affair. Mr.

James Hollingsworth was a resident of the county at that time, but was quite young, and knows but little of the facts outside of what one so young would naturally get from hearing older folks in the neighborhood say about it. The killing took place in Adams township, in the early springtime of 1824. The Indians who were killed were not warlike savages, but a small band of hunters who had pitched their tents, hunting and trapping. The tribe of Indians who had originally lived in Madison county had all left here and gone to reservations set apart for them by the Government. It was, perhaps, not thought to be such an awful thing to kill an Indian, at that time, or, perhaps, this deed would never have been done. The county of Madison had but barely been organized, and law and order had scarcely been established at that time.

Oliver H. Smith, one of Indiana's brightest legal lights, assisted in the trial and made notes of it. At this time, since the actors have all passed off the stage, no better account of this notable event could be given, than to reproduce his account of it, given in his "Early Reminiscences of Indiana" as follows:

At the time of the Indian murders on Fall creek, the country was new and the population scattered here and there in the woods. Game was plenty, and the Indian hunting grounds had not been forsaken by several of the tribes. The white settlers felt some alarm at the news of an Indian encampment in the neighborhood, and although they were all friendly, a watchful eye was kept on all of their movements. The county of Madison had just been organized. Pendleton, with a few scattering houses at the Falls, was the seat of the new county. Anderson, on White river, was a small village. Chesterfield and Huntsville were not then heard of. There were only a few houses between Indianapolis and the Falls, and still fewer in other directions from the capital. Early in the spring of 1824, a hunting party of Seneca Indians, consisting of two men, three squaws, and four children, encamped on the east side of Fall creek, about eight miles above the Falls. The country around their camping ground was a dense, unbroken forest. The principal Indian was Ludlow, and was said to be named for Stephen Ludlow, of Lawrenceburgh. The other man was called Mingo. The Indians commenced their season of hunting and trapping, the men with the guns, and the squaws setting the traps, preparing and cooking the

game, and caring for the children—two boys some ten years old, and two girls of more tender years. A week had rolled around, and the success of the Indians had been very fair, with better prospects ahead, as the spring was opening, and raccoons were beginning to leave their holes in the trees in search of frogs that had begun to leave their beds in the muddy bottom of the creeks. Ludlow and his band, wholly unsuspecting of harm, and unconscious of any approaching enemies, were seated around their camp fire, when there approached through the woods, five white men—Harper, Sawyer, Hudson, Bridge, Sr., and Bridge, Jr. Harper was the leader, and stepping up to Ludlow, took him by the hand and told him his party had lost their horses, and wanted Ludlow and Mingo to help find them. The Indians agreed to go in search of the horses. Ludlow took one path, and Mingo another. Harper followed Ludlow, Hudson trailed Mingo, keeping some fifty yards behind. They trailed a short distance from the camp, when Harper shot Ludlow through the body. He fell dead on his face. Hudson on hearing the cracking of the rifle of Harper, immediately shot Mingo, the ball entering just below the shoulders and passing clean through his body. Mingo fell dead. The party then met and proceeded to within gunshot of the camp. Sawyer shot one of the squaws through the head. She fell and died without a struggle. Bridge, Sr., shot another squaw, and Bridge, Jr., the other squaw. Both fell dead. Sawyer then fired at the oldest boy, but only wounded him. The other children were shot by some of the party. Harper then led on to the camp.

The three squaws, one boy and two little girls lay dead, but the oldest boy was still living. Sawyer took him by the legs and knocked his brains out against the end of a log. The camp was then robbed of everything worth carrying away. Harper, the ring leader, left immediately for Ohio and was never taken. Hudson, Sawyer, Bridge, Sr., and Bridge, Jr., were arrested, and when I first saw them they were confined in a square log jail.

I entered with the Sheriff. The prisoners were all heavily ironed and sitting on the straw on the floor. Hudson was a man of about middle size with a bad look, dark eye and bushy hair, about 35 years of age in appearance. Sawyer was about the same age, rather heavier than Hudson, but there was nothing in his appearance that could have marked him in a crowd, as any other than a common farmer. Bridge, Sr., was not

much older than Sawyer; his head was quite gray, he was above the common height, slender and a little bent while standing. Bridge, Jr., was some 18 years of age, a tall stripling. Bridge, Sr., was the father of Bridge, Jr., and the brother-in-law of Sawyer.

The news of these Indian murders flew upon the wings of the wind. The settlers became greatly alarmed, fearing the retaliatory vengeance of the tribes and especially of the other tribes of the Senecas. The facts reached Mr. John Johnston at the Indian Agency at Piqua, Ohio. An account of the murders was sent from the Agency to the War Department at Washington City. Colonel Johnston and William Conner visited all the Indian tribes, and assured them that the Government would punish the offenders, and obtained the promises of the chiefs and warriors that they would wait and see what their "Great Father" would do before they took the matter into their own hands. This quieted the fears of the settlers, and preparation was commenced for the trials. A new log building was erected at the north part of Pendleton, with two rooms, one for the Court and the other for the Grand Jury. The Court room was about twenty by thirty feet with a heavy "puncheon" floor, a platform at one end, three feet high, a bench for the Judges, a plain table for the clerk, in front, a long bench for the counsel, a little pen for the prisoners, a side bench for the witnesses, and a long pole in front, substantially supported, to separate the crowd from the court and bar. A guard by day and night was placed around the jail. The court was composed of Wm. W. Wick, Presiding Judge, Samuel Holliday and Adam Winsell, associates. Judge Wick was young on the bench but with much experience in criminal trials. Judge Holliday was one of the best and most conscientious men I ever knew. Judge Winsell was a blacksmith, and had ironed the prisoners; he was an honest, rough, frank, illiterate man, without any pretensions to legal knowledge. Moses Cox was the Clerk; he could barely write his name, and when a candidate for Justice of the Peace at Connersville, he boasted of his superior qualifications: "I have been sued on every section of the statute and know all about the law, while my competitor has never been sued and knows nothing about the statute." Samuel Cory, the Sheriff, was a fine specimen of a woods Hoosier, tall and strong boned, with hearty laugh, without fear of man or beast, with a voice that made the woods ring as he called the jurors

and witnesses. The county was thus prepared for the trials. In the meantime the Government was not sleeping. Colonel Johnston, the Indian Agent, was directed to attend the trials to see that the witnesses were present and to pay their fees. Gen. James Noble, then a United States Senator, was employed by the Secretary of War to prosecute, with power to fee an assistant. Philip Sweetser, a young son-in-law of the General, of high promise in his profession, was selected by the General as his assistant; Calvin Fletcher was the regular prosecuting attorney, then a young man of more than ordinary ability, and a good criminal lawyer. The only inn at Pendleton was a new frame house near the creek, still standing by the side of the railroad bridge.

The term of court was about being held. The Sunday before the term commenced the lawyers began to arrive, and, as was the custom in those days, they were invited out to dine on the Sabbath by the most wealthy citizens, as a favor and compliment, not to the lawyers, but to their hosts. We had a statute in those days imposing a fine of one dollar on each person who should "profanely curse, swear, or damn," and making it the duty of all judges and magistrates to see that the law was enforced upon offenders in their presence. Judge Holliday invited Calvin Fletcher, the Circuit Prosecuting Attorney, and his Indianapolis friend, Daniel B. Wick—the brother of the Judge—to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, of course, there being no previous engagement in the way. Dinner was announced. Judge Holliday asked a "blessing" at the table—Mr. Fletcher declining. The Judge had killed a fat goose for the extraordinary occasion, which was nicely stuffed with well-seasoned bread and onions, and placed in the center of the table. Mr. Wick, who was not a church member, fixed his eye upon the goose and said, by way of compliment—

"That is a damned fine goose, Judge."

"Yes, it is a fine goose, and you are fined a dollar for swearing."

Not a word more was spoken at the table. Dinner over, Judge Holliday said—

:"Squire Wick, pay me the dollar."

"I have not a cent with me, Judge."

"Perhaps Mr. Fletcher will lend it to you," suggested the Judge.

"I really have only enough with me to pay my tavern bill," said the Prosecuting Attorney.

"What is to be done?" asked the Judge.

"Lend him the money, Judge," responded Fletcher, "and take his note, or bind him over to the court."

"I'll bind him over—you'll go his security?" replied Judge Holliday, with a query.

"The rules of the court forbid lawyers from going security for anyone," responded the Prosecutor, "but you can go it yourself: just draw the recognizance that 'Daniel B. Wick and Samuel Holliday, Associate Judge of the Madison Circuit Court, acknowledge themselves to be indebted to the State in the penalty of twenty-five dollars each for the appearance of Daniel B. Wick at the next term of court to answer.'"

The reasonable proposition of Mr. Fletcher was at once accepted by all parties. The recognizance was taken in due form and forfeited at the next term, by the absence of Mr. Wick. Judgment was rendered against Judge Holliday for twenty-five dollars. A petition to the Governor was drawn up and signed by the whole bar; a remittance soon followed.

The trial of Hudson commenced the next day after the Sabbath dinner at Judge Holliday's. A number of distinguished lawyers were in attendance from this State, and several from the State of Ohio. Among the most prominent I name General James Noble, Philip Sweetzer, Harvey Gregg, Lot Bloomfield, James Rariden, Charles H. Test, Calvin Fletcher, Daniel B. Wick and William R. Morris, of this State; General Samson Mason and Moses Vance, of Ohio. Judge Wick being temporarily absent in the morning, William R. Morris arose and moved the Associate Judges:

"I ask that these gentlemen be admitted as attorneys and counsellors at this bar; they are regular practitioners, but have not brought their licenses with them."

"Have they come here to defend the prisoners?" asked Judge Winsell.

"The most of them have."

"Let them be sworn; nobody but a lawyer would defend a murderer."

Mr. Morris—"I move the court for a writ of habeas corpus, to bring up the prisoners now illegally confined in the jail." Judge Winsell—"For what?" "A writ of habeas corpus." "What do you want to do with it?" "To bring up the prisoners and have them discharged." "Is there any

law for that?" Morris read the statute regulating the writ of habeas corpus. "That act, Mr. Morris, has been repealed long ago." "Your honor is mistaken; it is a constitutional writ, as old as the Magna Charta itself." "Well, Mr. Morris, to cut the matter short, it would do you no good to bring out the prisoners. I ironed them myself, and you will never get them irons off until they have been tried, habeas corpus or no habeas corpus." Pecuria "motion overruled." Judge Wick entered and took his seat between the two side judges. "Call the grand jury." All answer to their names and are sworn. Court adjourned for dinner. Court met; the grand jury brought into court an indictment for murder drawn by Mr. Fletcher against Hudson. Counsel on both sides—"Bring the prisoners into court." The Court—"Sheriff, put in the box a jury." Sheriff—"May it please the Court, Dr. Highday just handed me a list of jurors to call on the jury." Judge Wick—"Bring Dr. Highday into Court." "Did your honor wish to see me?" "Dr. Highday, is this your handwriting?" "I presume it is." "Dr. Highday, we have no jail to put you in, the one we have is full: hear your sentence: It is the judgment of the Court that you be banished from these court grounds till the trials are over. Sheriff, see the judgment of the Court carried strictly into execution."

I digress to give the scene in court, published by General Sampson Mason, in a Springfield, Ohio, paper. "As I entered the court-room the Judge was sitting on a block, paring his toe nails, when the Sheriff entered, out of breath, and informed the Court that he had six jurors tied, and his deputies were running down the others." General Mason, with all his candor, unquestionably drew upon his imagination in this instance.

Hudson, the prisoner, was brought into court by the deputy sheriff and two of the guard. His appearance had greatly changed since I first saw him in the log pen with his comrades in crime. He was now pale, haggard and downcast; and with a faltering voice answered upon his arraignment, "Not guilty." The petit jury were hardy, honest pioneers, wearing moccasins and side knives. The evidence occupied but a single day and was positive, closing every door of hope to the prisoner. The Prosecuting Attorney read the statute creating and affixing the punishment to homicide, and plainly stating the substance of the evidence. He was followed for the prisoner in able, eloquent and powerful speeches,

appealing to the prejudice of the jury against the Indians, relating in glowing colors the early massacres of white men, women and children by the Indians; reading the principal incidents in the history of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton; relating their cruelty at the battle of Blue Licks and Bryant's Station, and not forgetting the defeat of Braddock, St. Clair and Harmar. General James Noble closed the argument for the State in one of his forcible speeches, holding up to the jury the bloody clothes of the Indians, and appealing to the justice, patriotism and love of the laws, not forgetting that the safety of the settlers might depend upon the conviction of the prisoners, as the chiefs and warriors expected justice to be done.

The speech of the General had a marked effect upon the crowd, as well as the jury. Judge Wick charged the jury at some length, laying down the law of homicide in its different degrees and distinctly impressing upon the jury that the law knew no distinction as to nation or color; that the murder of an Indian was equally as criminal in law as the murder of a white man. The jury retired, and the next morning brought into court a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." Motion for a new trial was overruled. The prisoner was brought into court and sentence of death pronounced in the most solemn manner by Judge Wick. The time for the execution was fixed, as is usual, for a distant day. In the meantime Hudson made his escape from the guard one dark night, and hid himself in a hollow log in the woods, where he was found and arrested.

Time rolled on, the fatal day for the execution arrived. Multitudes of people were there. Among them were seen several Senecas, relatives of the murdered Indians. The gallows was erected just above the Falls, on the north side. The people covered the surrounding hills, and at the appointed hour Hudson, by the forfeiture of his life, made the last earthly atonement for his crimes.

Such was the result of the first case on record in America where a white man was hung for killing an Indian. The other cases were continued until the next term of the court, and will be the subject of a distinct sketch.

TRIAL OF SAWYER.

Monday morning came. Court met. Judge Eggleston, in fine health, on the bench in the center; Adam Winsell on

his left, and Samuel Holliday on his right; Moses Cox at the Clerk's desk, Samuel Cory on the Sheriff's platform, and Colonel John Berry, captain of the guard, leaning against the logs. The grand jury was called, sworn and charged, and court adjourned for dinner. In the afternoon the evidence of the main witness was heard. I had prepared the indictments in my office and had them with me. The foreman signed the bills on his knee, and they were all returned into court before adjournment. That night Colonel John Johnston, the Indian Agent, called at my room and offered me \$100 on behalf of the United States. I informed him that I was a State officer and could not accept the money, however tempting it might be under the circumstances.

The court met in the morning. We agreed to try Sawyer first for shooting one of the squaws. The prisoner was brought into court by the Sheriff. He appeared so haggard and changed by his long confinement that I scarcely knew him. The court room was crowded. General James Noble, Philip Sweetser and myself for the State; James Rairden, Lot Bloomfield and William R. Morris for the prisoner. Judge Eggleston—"Sheriff, call the petit jury." Judge Winsell—"Sheriff, call 'Squire Makepeace on the jury, he will be a good juror; he will not let one of these murderers get away." Judge Eggleston, turning to Judge Winsell—"This will never do. What! the Court pack a jury to try a special case?" The jury was soon impanelled. The evidence was conclusive that the prisoner had shot one of the squaws at the camp with his rifle after the killing of Ludlow and Mingo by Harper and Hudson. The jury were a hardy, heavy-bearded set of men, with side knives in their belts and not a pair of shoes among the whole of them; all wore moccasins.

Mr. Sweetser opened for the State with a strong matter-of-fact speech; that was his forte. He was followed in able speeches by Mr. Morris and Mr. Rairden for the prisoner. General Noble followed for the prosecution with a powerful speech. The General was one of the strongest and most effective speakers before a jury, or a promiscuous assembly, I have ever heard. The case went to the jury under an able charge from Judge Eggleston, and Court adjourned for dinner.

At the meeting of the Court in the afternoon the jury returned a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter," two years' hard labor in the penitentiary. Mr. Rairden sprang to his feet. "If the Court please, we let judgment go on the verdict and

are ready for the case of Sawyer for killing the Indian boy at the camp." "Ready for the State." The same jury was accepted by both sides—being in the box. They were immediately sworn. General Noble opened for the prosecution and was followed by Charles H. Test, William R. Morris and James Rairden, with powerful speeches. The jury were referred to their verdict in the previous case and their judgment warmly eulogized. This was, by arrangement, my case to close. I saw my position, and that the only point I had to meet was to draw the distinction between the two cases, so as to justify the jury in finding a verdict for manslaughter in the one case and of murder in the case before them. In law there was no difference whatever. They were both cold-blooded murders. The calico shirt of the murdered boy, stained with blood, lay upon the table. I was closing a speech of an hour. Stepping forward I took up the bloody shirt, and holding it up to the jury: "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the cases are very different. You might find the prisoner guilty of only manslaughter in using his rifle on a grown squaw; that was the act of a man, but this was the act of a demon. Look at this shirt, gentlemen, with the bloody stains upon it; this was a poor, helpless boy, who was taken by the heels by this fiend in human shape, and his brains knocked out against a log! If the other case was manslaughter is not this murder?" The eyes of the jury were filled with tears. Judge Eggleston gave a clear and able charge upon the law. The jury, after an absence of only a few minutes, returned a verdict of "murder in the first degree." The prisoner was remanded and Court adjourned.

TRIAL OF BRIDGE—SCENES AT THE EXECUTION.

The next morning the case of Bridge, Sr., for shooting a little Indian girl at the camp, was called. The prisoner entered with the Sheriff. He was more firm in his step and looked better than Sawyer, though a much older man. A jury was impanelled. The proof was positive. The case was argued by Mr. Morris and Mr. Rairden for the prisoner, and Sweetser and myself for the State. The charge was given by Judge Eggleston, and after a few minutes' absence, the jury returned a verdict of "murder in the first degree." The only remaining case—of the stripling, Bridge, Jr., for the murder of the other Indian boy—came on next. The trial was more brief, but the result the same—verdict of murder in the first

degree, with a recommendation, however, to the Governor for a pardon, in consequence of his youth, in which the Court and bar joined. The trials closed, pro forma motions for new trials were overruled, the prisoners remanded, to be brought up for sentence the next morning, and the Court adjourned. Morning came and with it a crowded Court House. As I walked from the tavern I saw the guards approaching with Sawyer, Bridge, Sr., and Bridge, Jr., with downcast eyes and tottering steps, in their midst. The prisoners entered the court room and were seated. The Sheriff commanded silence. The prisoners rose, the tears streaming down their faces, and their groans and sighs filling the court room. I fixed my eyes upon Judge Eggleston. I had heard him pronounce sentence of death on Fuller, for the murder of Warren, and upon Fields, for the murder of Murphy. But here was a still more solemn scene. An aged father, his favorite son and his wife's brother—all standing before him to receive sentence of death. The face of the Judge was pale, his lips quivered, his tongue faltered, as he addressed the prisoners. The sentence of death by hanging was pronounced, but the usual utterance, "And may God have mercy on your souls," was left struggling for utterance.

The time for the execution was fixed at a distant day; but it soon rolled round. The gallows was erected on the north bank of Fall Creek, just above the Falls, at the foot of the rising grounds you may see from the cars. The hour for the execution had come. Thousands surrounded the gallows. A Seneca chief, with his warriors, was posted near the brow of the hill. Sawyer and Bridge, Sr., ascended the scaffold together, were executed in quick succession, and died without a struggle. The vast audience was in tears. The exclamation of the Senecas was interpreted—"We are satisfied." An hour expired. The bodies were taken down and laid in their coffins, when there was seen ascending the scaffold, Bridge, Jr., the last of the convicts. His step was feeble, requiring the aid of the Sheriff. The rope was adjusted. He threw his eyes around upon the audience and then down upon the coffins, where lay exposed the bodies of his father and uncle. From that moment his wild gaze too clearly showed that the scene had been too much for his youthful mind. Reason had partially left her throne, and he stood wildly looking at the crowd, apparently unconscious of his position. The last minute had come, when James Brown Ray, the Governor of the

State, announced to the immense assemblage that the convict was pardoned. Never before did an audience more heartily respond, while there was a universal regret that the executive mercy had been deferred to the last moment. Thus ended the only trials where convictions of murder were ever had, followed by the execution of white men, for killing Indians, in the United States."

The Hon. Charles H. Test, in a conversation with one of the authors of this book in 1872, while he was attending court in Anderson, related a little anecdote concerning himself in connection with these trials. He said: "I was a young man at that time and had just been married to the one of my choice, without any visible means of supporting a wife. I had a fair knowledge of the law and trusted to good luck to bring me and mine a just reward for our future support. It so happened that I was acquainted with General Noble, who had charge of the legal side of these cases for the Government, and he was a very good friend of mine. Knowing my need of a start in life, he very generously invited me into the cases, an offer I readily accepted. I took an active part in the trials and won for myself a rather enviable reputation for a young man. After the trials were over and the time came for my pay for services rendered, I was astonished beyond all expression when I was handed a cool \$300 in gold and asked for a voucher for it. This was more money than I had ever had my hands on at one time; I was almost dumbfounded. I rallied in due time and put it in my old saddle-bags and started for Connersville to see my wife and spring the surprise on her. When I arrived home it was in the night, and my wife had retired. I did not care to disturb her, so I just slipped the money into the bureau drawer, the only piece of furniture we had of any value. In the morning when my wife awoke she did not disturb me. Knowing that I was tired, she let me slumber until she had the morning meal about ready. About the time she intended to call me she had occasion to go to the bureau for something, as we used it also for a cupboard. Upon pulling out the drawer she almost fainted. There she beheld what she had never seen before, \$300, all in gold. Her impression must have been that I had committed the crime of robbery, for she immediately flew to my bed-side and demanded an explanation of how I came by so much yellow lucre. I told her of my good fortune, and how I had acquitted myself on the trial of the murderers; that my services were

so much appreciated that this pile of yellow metal was my reward. The explanation was more than satisfactory to her and another link was formed in our already happy married life. This was the beginning of my long and successful career as an Indiana lawyer with all its joys and sorrows."

Judge Test grew to prominence at the bar of Indiana. He was one of the ablest advocates that Indiana ever produced. He was judge of the Circuit Court in his district for many years; was also judge of the Superior Court at Indianapolis for one term. He died there a few years ago, leaving behind him an honorable record and a lasting memory.

Bridge, Jr., who was reprieved on the scaffold, was afterwards a resident for many years of Carroll county, living at Camden, where he reared a respectable family. He died at Delphi in June, 1876. One of his sons was for several years a member of the Board of Commissioners of Carroll county.

Fifty years ago Dr. Henry Cook, of Pendleton, exhumed the remains of one of the executed men and articulated the bones. Whether they were the bones of Bridge or Sawyer was not known.

In 1872 John Bridge, who was pardoned on the scaffold, returned to Pendleton and visited the scene of the execution of his father, and also the spot where he was buried. Bridge at one time lived in Montgomery county, Ohio.

CHAPTER LXX.

GREENE TOWNSHIP.

This township occupies the southwest corner of the county and has an area of twenty-four square miles. It is bounded on the north by Stony Creek township, on the east by Fall Creek township, on the south by Hancock county and on the west by Hamilton county. It was organized in 1826 and was among the first townships settled in the county. It is generally supposed to have derived its name from the abundant verdure of its forests, although there are many who are inclined to the opinion that it was named in honor of Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. There is no record or other reliable information extant concerning the matter.

In 1821, or about one year after the first colony of pioneers settled along the banks of Fall creek in the township of that name, Jacob Hiday and family, consisting of his wife, four children and a grandson, emigrated from Ohio and settled within the limits of what is now Greene township. Mr. Hiday located on the south side of Lick creek where he erected a log cabin and began the work of clearing up a farm. This cabin was situated on what is known as the Thomas Hiday farm and was the first erected in the township.

Samuel Holliday was perhaps the next settler in the township. He came from Kentucky and located in the woods about a half-mile north of the present site of Alfont. Shortly after coming to the county he was elected Associate Judge and was on the bench at the trial of Hudson, Sawyer and the Bridges for the murder of the Indians in Adams township, the particulars of which are given elsewhere in these pages. Judge Holliday was a gentleman of superior scholastic attainments and enjoyed the entire confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. He had two sons, William A. and Joseph, both of whom were prominent in their day, the former as a Presbyterian minister and the latter as a soldier in the Mexican war and later as a representative in the State legislature from Blackford county, Indiana. Judge Holliday subsequently removed to Hamilton county, where he died in 1835.

Among the prominent early pioneers of the township were Richard Kinnaman, George Keffer, Josiah Shaul, William and John Huston, Thomas Scott, Abraham Cottrell, Andrew Shanklin, John and Charles Doty, Peter Colerick, John Cottrell and Captain William Nicholson. The last-named gentleman raised a company of volunteers during the Mexican war, but the war closed before they could report for duty and the men were disbanded. Captain Nicholson also commanded a company of home guards during the war of the Rebellion and was among the first to tender his services to the State on the occasion of its invasion by the Rebel General, Morgan. Captain Nicholson erected a tannery in 1844, on what is known as the G. W. Davis farm, and was the first and only tanner in the township. William Alfont, Robert Fausset, Samuel Gibson, James Jones and Washington W. Pettigrew also settled in the township at an early day and took an active part in clearing away the wilderness. Many of the descendants of these first settlers reside in the township and are among its first and most respected citizens.

THE FIRST ORCHARD.

The first orchard in the township was planted by Richard Kinnaman, in 1826, two years after John Rogers, John T. Gunn and others had set out orchards in Fall Creek township. The trees were purchased by Mr. Kinnaman, of William Williams, of Fall Creek township. This orchard was planted on the farm afterwards known as the Saul Shoul farm. Soon after, George Keffer, Samuel Holliday, James Scott and Abram Cottrell set out orchards on their respective farms.

Richard Kinnaman also erected and operated the first distillery in the township. It was located in Section 21, near the mouth of Foster's Branch. Mr. Kinnaman did a lucrative business for several years when he disposed of the property and engaged in farming. This was the only distillery ever erected in the township, and was abandoned not long after Mr. Kinnaman retired from its management.

CHURCH SOCIETIES.

Immigration to the township was slow, but four years after the first house was built within its borders, the religiously inclined deemed it advisable and proper to organize a church society. The Methodists being in a majority took charge of the matter, and, accordingly, a society was organized in the fall

of 1825. Meetings were held from time to time at the houses of the membership until 1848, when a place of worship was erected on the farm of Henry Manifold, which was given the name of "Mount Carmel Church." Among the first and most active members of the society were James D. Hardy, William McCarty, John Marsh and wife, and Samuel Gibson and wife.

In 1841 another society was organized at the residence of Samuel Dobson by Rev. Donaldson. This society was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dobson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shanklin, Mr. and Mrs. Moses E. Kern, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Silver, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goul, Mr. and Mrs. John Shaul, and Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Bolinger. The society continued to hold meetings at the house of Mr. Dobson up to 1852, when he and his family emigrated to Iowa, after which the meetings were held at the house of Andrew Shanklin until 1865, when a place of worship was built on the George A. Williamson farm. This church is known as the Pleasant Valley Methodist Episcopal church.

The German Baptists, or Dunkards, also have a church organization in the township and in 1872 erected a house of worship on the farm of David Richards generally known as the Beach Grove Church, although it is equally as well known as the Frey Church from the fact that Enoch Frey officiated for many years after the church was erected as assistant preacher. The church had a membership of seventy-five persons in 1880, but on account of deaths and removals the congregation at this time is not so large.

BURIAL GROUNDS.

In 1857 William A. Williamson donated the land on which is situated Pleasant Valley Cemetery. The first interment in this burial ground was a young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ford, who died on the 30th of March, 1858.

Beach Grove Cemetery is situated on the two acres of ground purchased by the German Baptists of David Richards for a church site and burial ground. The first interment here was that of Washington Pettigrew in 1872. In 1862 James Jones donated for burial purposes the small tract of land known as Mount Carmel Cemetery. The first burial in this cemetery was that of George Clayton, a private soldier in the Second Indiana Cavalry, who died while at home on furlough. He was buried in July, 1862, with military honors.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The first school house in Greene township was erected by subscription in 1829 on the farm or tract of land belonging to James Jones. The house was constructed of round logs or poles and was supplied with slab benches for seats. John Wilson was the first pedagogue to teach in this building—a three-months term in the winter of 1829. This school house was used until 1837 when the second building was erected on section twenty-five. This building was somewhat more pretentious than the first school house, being constructed of hewed logs. John Lewark taught the first school in this building in the winter of 1837, and was the second school teacher in the township. A neat frame building now occupies the site where the log structure stood.

At this time there are seven schoolhouses in the township, but one more than was required a quarter of a century ago. In 1874 six teachers were necessary to conduct the schools and at this time eight are required. In 1874 there were 328 children of legal school age in the township. This year (1896) the report of the County School Superintendent to the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State shows that the total number of children of school age is 454, of which number 256 are males and 198 females, and all white.

POPULATION.

The population of the township in 1850 was 754; in 1860 it was 709; in 1870 it was 954; in 1880 it was 976 and in 1890 it was 1008. It will be observed from these figures that the growth of population in the township has not been so rapid as in other townships in the county.

OTHER STATISTICS.

The total amount of taxables in the township, including the corporation of Ingalls, for 1896, is \$649,730. The total acreage is 15,360, of which 14,915 acres are taxable. The total value of lands, according to the assessment of 1896, is \$381,319; value of improvements, \$62,670; value of personal property, \$104,386.

ALFONT.

Previous to 1851, the town of Alfont was a mere hamlet, there being but three or four log houses in the vicinity of its

present location. It derives its name from William Alfont, one of the early settlers of Greene township and for several years after the completion of the Bellefontaine Railroad considerable business in the way of buying and shipping grain, produce and other commodities was transacted here. Shortly after the completion of the railroad, however, the town of Fortville, two miles west of Alfont, sprang into prominence as a trading point and the latter place entered upon a decline from which it has never recovered. Lick creek runs near the town on the east and north and at an early day (1835) a saw mill was erected here by William Alfont, the water of the stream being utilized in running the mill. It was burned in 1847, but was soon after replaced by a steam mill which was successfully operated for many years.

Among the early inhabitants of the town were Nathaniel Blackburn, William Snodgrass, William Molden, C. P. Miller. Mr. Moldey was the first merchant, railroad agent and post-master. William Cottrell and John Ross were the first blacksmiths and a Mr. Lyman, the first shoemaker.

INGALLS.

On the 5th of June, 1893, the land upon which Ingalls is situated was platted by the Ingalls Land Company, of which J. H. Clark was President. The town is situated a half mile east of Alfont on the Big Four road, and was named in honor of the President of that road, M. E. Ingalls. Immediately after the town site had been platted Potter Bros. erected a large factory known as the Zinc Works. This factory employs a large number of hands. In 1895 Mr. Henry Wagner and others built a glass factory for the manufacture of bottles and glass jars, which also gives employment to a number of operatives. The Big Four Railway Company built a handsome depot soon after the town was laid out and several business houses were erected, giving the place a prosperous appearance. At the March term of the Commissioners' Court, 1896, a petition was presented to the Board asking that the town be incorporated. The petition was granted, and on the 7th of April, 1896, an election was held for the purpose of determining whether or not the place should become a corporation. Henry Swain, John Manifold and Silas Baker acted as inspectors at this election. The total number of votes cast was sixty-five, of which sixty-one were in favor of incorporation and four against the proposition. On the 1st of May town

officers were elected as follows: Marshal, Chance Stewart; Clerk, J. H. Lail; Treasurer, J. M. Manifold. Town Council—J. C. Manifold, George Laws and William Potter. School Board—J. S. Cummins, William Russell and John Hubbart.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Among the prominent citizens of the township who have been honored by their fellow-citizens in the county with official positions are Samuel Holliday, Associate Judge from 1823 to 1831; Andrew Shanklin, Representative from 1851 to 1853; Samuel Shaul, County Commissioner from 1832 to 1834; Isaac W. Jones, County Commissioner, from 1867 to 1869.

KILLING OF MICHAEL LAVIN.

Near the village of Alfont an accident occurred on the Bee Line Railroad in July, 1872, among the laborers on the section between that place and Fortville. They were returning from their day's work on three hand-cars, and when near the station the rear car ran against the one in front of it, producing a concussion sufficient to throw three of the men off the car. They fell upon the track and were run over by the rear car. A young man of the name of Clayter had his foot badly crushed. The section boss was bruised in a bad manner, but nothing serious resulted. The third of the party, Mr. Lavin, suffered a compound fracture of the left thigh, with a laceration of the muscular parts, and also a small fracture of the right limb. The injured man was taken to Fortville and an engine immediately sent to Pendleton for medical aid. Dr. Ward Cook hastened to the scene, and after an examination of Lavin it was decided that, in order to save his life, amputation of his left leg was necessary. After considerable time for meditation, Lavin agreed to undergo the operation, with the understanding that his brother should be present.

On the following Saturday his brother came, but refused to allow the operation to be performed. The Doctor then dressed the limb and he was taken to his home at Winchester, where he lingered for a few days and died from the effects of the wounds. There is but little doubt had Lavin undergone the operation of having his leg amputated that he would have ultimately recovered.

A DISTRESSING SUICIDE.

James Carson Davis, a young man about twenty years of age, a brother of Columbus Davis, with whom he lived, about seven and a half miles west of Pendleton, committed suicide on the 13th of February, 1873, the facts of which are about as follows: On the day previous to the occurrence Columbus Davis and his wife went away in the evening to stay all night with relatives, leaving in his house three children and Phillip Stanford, a school teacher, who was boarding there, and a Miss Main, a servant girl, who had care of the house in their absence. Young Davis also stayed with them. During the evening it was noticed that young Davis was in an irritable state of mind, but nothing was thought of it at the time. About 9 o'clock they retired for the night, Miss Main taking the children into an adjoining room, and Stanford going upstairs to his sleeping apartments, while Davis remained down stairs to fasten the doors. In a short time Davis went up stairs, got his revolver, and said to Stanford that he was going to shoot a dog. He returned to the sitting-room, and one of the children looking in saw him seated in the rocking chair, with his feet upon a stool and the pistol lying on his lap. The child told Miss Main what she had seen, who immediately started into the room and asked him to put away the weapon, as she was afraid of it. Before she scarcely had time to reach the door the report was heard, and she ran back.

Stanford came down stairs and found young Davis lying upon the floor in the agonies of death. The neighbors were called in and Columbus Davis was sent for. The Coroner of the county was notified and held an inquest, as provided by law. There was no cause known to any of the family why he should have committed the rash act, other than some little financial troubles he had while in Kansas a short time previously. He stated on several occasions that he had borrowed \$30 from his father, but had never been able to return it. His father had written him several letters about it, asking him to pay the money back. It seems that in brooding over the affair his mind became temporarily unbalanced, and in a fit of insanity he resorted to the desperate means of self-destruction to extricate him from his troubles.

BARN BURNED.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of March 12, 1895, Willard Smethers, a farmer residing five miles west of Pendleton on the Pendleton and Noblesville pike, was awakened by the noise of crackling flames. Looking out of his window he beheld his barn on fire. In the barn four horses were stabled and they all perished. The poor brutes had been suffocated even before Mr. Smethers knew of the fire, or before he could dress and get out to the building. A large quantity of hay and corn, a new buggy and all agricultural implements of value stored in the building were consumed. They were a complete loss; not a vestige of anything was left. The loss was in the neighborhood of \$2,500, and no insurance. It fell particularly heavy on Mr. Smethers, who was a young farmer and just getting a start in business. There is little or no doubt but the fire was of incendiary origin. There was no possible chance of the blaze being kindled in any other manner than by an incendiary. No clue was ever obtained as to the identity of the perpetrator of this villainy.

AN UNKNOWN KILLED.

On the 6th day of July, 1896, an unknown man was run over and killed at Ingalls on the Big Four railroad. He was a man about twenty-five years old, and apparently of German birth. No clue was obtainable as to his identity, and after Coroner Sells held an inquest he was buried at the expense of the public, as an unknown.

CHAPTER LXXI.

REMINISCENCES.

THE GREENE TOWNSHIP RANGERS.

In these piping days of peace when the world is undergoing a most beautiful and pleasing tranquility, the allusion to any warlike instrument of ancient or modern times sets our people shaking, their knees to quaking and their teeth chattering. The fire of the late rebellion has burned out, yet in the ashes rest embers, when uncovered and brought into contact with the buoyant air bring back to life the memory of the unhappy days of '61.

To speak of them seems to bring back the flash of youth and valor to the old veteran's eye. There is now mouldering in the archives of Madison county an old, musty paper, that to read it brings back those scenes of strife and bloodshed. It tells the story of the ones who were willing to uniform, arm and equip themselves and guard the interests of those left at home, while the boys in blue were tearing down the ramparts of rebellion in the front. It tells how the brave men gathered themselves together and swore to defend themselves and their homes against their warlike enemies who threatened the country at that time with war and bloodshed.

The document referred to is the muster roll of the "Greene Township Rangers." A glance over the list will be sufficient evidence to the reader of the warlike and ferocious disposition of many of its members. Whilst many of those whose names are attached to the paper afterwards attached themselves to military organizations and became real live soldiers, and displayed their valor on many of the battle fields of the South, there are many who never became other than the "Greene Township Rangers."

The organization of this company was at the first of the war and many went into it as much through a desire to belong to a military company for the name of the thing as any other. But afterwards war became a serious matter. The country needed soldiers for service rather than dress parade. Many

of them went to the front, leaving the "Greene Township Rangers" behind. Some of them returned and are yet living in Madison county: some sleep in graves unmarked in unknown spots, and while their bodies are mouldering to mother earth their souls are marching on. Their memory is perpetuated by the muster rolls of the Nation's military archives. While the roster at the national capitol will serve to keep green the memory of those brave boys as soldiers for the defense of the Union, this old, musty paper in the court house of Madison county will still be a silent witness to their deeds as "Greene Township Rangers." Here it is verbatim:

"We, whose names are hereto subscribed, being citizens and residents of the State of Indiana, hereby agree to form ourselves into a volunteer militia company in the Indiana Legion, under the provisions of an Act for the Organization and Regulation of the Indiana Militia, &c. Approved May 11th, 1861, to be called Greene Township Rangers.

"And we hereby severally agree to uniform ourselves in accordance with the requirements of said law, and organize the said company at Bock's mills in Madison county without delay:

"William Nicholson, Samuel Brattain, William F. Nicholson, Joseph Bock, John Brattain, Andrew Smethers, O. B. Shaul, Francis Warin Stage, Christian Goul, Frederick Schwickhardt, Richard Lackey, Abraham Schwickhardt, Walter Kinnaman, Anderson Bolinger, R. L. Snyder, Elijah Bolinger, Jacob E. Hessong, H. C. Bolinger, George A. Main, N. S. Anderson, Aaron Summers, John W. Ford, Wesley Duld, John H. Hedrick, William H. Main, John C. Hedrick, John H. Valentine, Charles M. Norris, Alford Valentine, Peter Urick, James Valentine, Daniel Valentine, Claudius Bock, James L. Burdette, Godfrey Haas, Henry Mikel, George Whitecotton, Henry Hiday, C. Nicholson, Mabury Welchel, Jackson Brattain, Ely Thomas, William Pavy, Ely Smethers, Abram Nicholson, William Cannon, Lemuel Givens, George N. Shawl.

"We, the undersigned, undertake and bind ourselves as security for the 'Greene Township Rangers,' a volunteer militia company in the Indiana Legion, organized under the provision of the 'Act for the Organization and Regulation of the Indiana Militia,' &c. Approved May 11, 1861, that each

of the said members of the said company will uniform themselves in accordance with the provisions of said law.

“WESLEY WHITE,

“SAMUEL NICHOLSON,

“RICHARD H. KINNAMAN.

“August, 1862.

“This taken and approved by me this September 4th,
1862.

“JOS. SIGLER, A. M. C.”

DEATH ON “KLU KLUX.”

Some time after the civil war ended there moved into Madison county from the mountains of Virginia a family by the name of Summers. They settled in Greene township, in the George Shaul neighborhood, where some of them yet reside. Prominent among the family was one calling himself Doctor Summers. Whether he was ever a doctor and read medicine or not, he rode astride of a pair of pill-bags and made the people believe he was a doctor from “away back.” He was a “holy terror” to the family as well as to some of the rest of the human family who lived down in that neck of the woods.

He had a temper like a hand-saw and when enraged was a regular hyena. No one dared to cross his path—mother, sister or brother. He was liable to “do them up” if they came in his way. He always carried a “gun,” well loaded, and was fond of blowing and bluffing about what he would do. While he never started a graveyard down there, there were several people, among whom were some of his relatives, who would have been glad if his “gun” had gone off and killed him. He was on several occasions brought into court for assault and battery and other depredations done among his own folks. They were nearly always at law with him.

One time he was indicted for some offense against the peace and dignity of the State of Indiana. The warrant was placed in the hands of A. C. Davis, who was the deputy sheriff of Madison county, to bring the offender into court. By some means the old doctor had an inkling that the officers were on his trail. He fortified himself ready for their arrival, and prepared to give them a warm reception. Davis and an assistant arrived at the scene of the conflict about 10 o'clock A. M., where they found the Doctor in the saddle, a large pair of saddlebags under him, a carbine strapped on either side of his saddle; his horse prancing up and down the road champing

the bits, 'he doctor foaming and "cavorting." Davis, on meeting the Doctor, accosted him and told him that he had a warrant for his arrest.

"Arrest me! No d—d 'Klu Klux' can arrest me. I never was arrested nor do I intend to be."

"You had better get down off that horse and behave yourself, or you may have serious trouble, my old friend," remarked Davis, keeping very cool. He replied: "I am from the mountains of Virginia, and I don't intend for you or any other d—d 'Klu Klux' to arrest me. I am a bad man and dangerous to fool with," riding off up the road away from the deputy sheriff, raising his hat and flourishing his revolvers over his head. He thought he had bluffed Davis out, as he had often done his neighbors. Davis took after him and gave him a chase. Finally coming up with him, Davis leveled a "Smith & Wesson" on him and demanded his surrender. As soon as he saw that Davis meant business, he wilted and acted the baby, begging not to be taken to town, offering to do anything required of him if left out of jail. No one around would go his bail, so Davis started to Anderson with him when he met O. B. Shaul, who took pity on the old doctor and bailed him out. When time for trial came around the Doctor was on hand and took a tantrum in court and tried to bulldoze everybody around, but Judge Craven soon silenced him by ordering him to desist or go to jail.

He met his match when Deputy Sheriff Davis tackled him. His Klu Klux combination would not work on Davis, and he was glad to get off on any terms. He left here and went back to Virginia several years ago.

CHAPTER LXXII.

JACKSON TOWNSHIP.

This township was named in honor of the sixth President of the United States. It contains an area of twenty-eight square miles, and is shaped like the letter L. It is bounded on the north by Pipe Creek township (a small portion by Lafayette township), on the east by Lafayette and Anderson townships, on the south by Stony Creek township, and on the west by Hamilton county. White river runs through the township from east to west, and Pipe creek through the north-west corner. Stony creek has its source in the south-east corner of the township. As stated in a previous chapter, this township was one of the first settled portions of the county, the first settlers being two families of the name of Kinser and Dewey, who located here in 1821. The Deweys settled just opposite the present site of Perkinsville and the Kinsers on a tract of land that was subsequently entered by Daniel Wise. Just how long these two families remained in the township is not known, but probably not very long, as neither Kinser nor Dewey ever entered or bought land in the county. Benoni Freel was, perhaps, the first actual settler in the township, and there is still a tradition extant among the older residents of that part of the county that he built the first house and cleared the first land in the township. The house and the land upon which it was located were situated south of White river and near where Perkinsville now stands. The next settler in the township was Daniel Wise, who came from Ross county, Ohio, in the spring of 1822, and in the October following entered 400 acres of land south of the river, between Perkinsville and Hamilton. This land is still owned by his descendants. The pioneers who settled in the township between 1822 and 1825 were William, David and John Montgomery, George Cunningham and Robert Blair, all from Ohio; George, James and Alexander McClintock, Joseph Lee, James White, Lemuel Auter, John Connor, Sr., John Connor, Jr., and Thomas Forkner. In the fall of 1825, as stated in the general history

of the county, William Parkins, together with his wife and seven children, came to the township seeking a home, and went into camp on the spot where Perkinsville is now situated, where he remained until he leased a tract of land of Daniel Wise, erected a log cabin thereon and moved his family into it. It was about this time that the Indianapolis & Fort Wayne road was surveyed through the township, and in the fall and winter following, cut out by the settlers. This was the first mail route through the county.

In 1826 John Ashby came from Ross county and settled near the present site of Hamilton where he remained until his death which occurred two years later. A number of his descendants still reside in the vicinity of Hamilton. Among others who settled at an early day in the vicinity of Hamilton were Joel White, Joseph Lee, Joseph Miller, Joel Epperly, Robert Cather and the Ashbys, Robinnettes, Benefiels and Harlesses.

For several years after the township began to be settled the pioneers were compelled to take their corn to Pendleton to have it ground, the "corn-cracker" at that place being the nearest mill to the Jackson township settlement. It is fourteen miles from Perkinsville to Pendleton, and William Parkins, becoming tired of the inconvenience, not to say hardship, of going that distance to have his corn ground, concluded to construct a mill of his own, which he accordingly did and from that time on the settlers were not compelled to go so far for their corn meal. This mill was operated by hand, the stones or buhrs being made of native limestone and the rest of the machinery out of round poles. This mill could grind about one bushel of meal an hour and was patronized by the early settlers for miles around. In the course of a few years that part of the country increased in population and it became necessary to have increased milling facilities. Mr. Parkins with the assistance of the settlers constructed a dam across White river, opposite where Perkinsville now stands. The dam was made of logs, tree tops and brush and immediately after it was completed Mr. Parkins built a water mill on the north bank of the river. This mill was a rude structure in which he placed one run of stones fashioned by himself and son, James, out of native "nigger heads." Another run of stones for grinding wheat was subsequently added, also a bolting machine that was run by hand. A saw mill was built in 1854 and operated in connection with the grist mill. This

property subsequently passed into the hands of Andrew Jackson, of Anderson, who in 1846 erected a large frame building on its site and placed in it the best milling machinery obtainable at that early day. The Indianapolis & Bellefontaine (Big Four) came into possession of the property in the early '50s for stock subscribed by Mr. Jackson for the construction of that road. It was afterwards purchased of the railway company by James M. and David B. Jackson, sons of Andrew Jackson, who operated it for a number of years, when they sold out to Jacob Zeller, who improved the property and built up a large trade. During the time he owned the property it was considered one of the best flouring mills in the state. He disposed of it to Alfred Clark and on the night of the 19th of August, 1884, it was consumed by fire together with a large amount of grain. This property has never been rebuilt.

CHURCHES.

A Methodist society was organized in the township about the year 1824. Benoni Freel took an active part in the organization, and was the first class-leader in the township. The first regular services were held in a log schoolhouse, erected on the Daniel Wise farm by Mr. Dewey. This building is still standing about midway between Hamilton and Perkinsville, and is probably the oldest building in the township, having been erected in 1825. The first minister to preach here was a Rev. Mr. Reeder. Revs. Nathan Fairchild, C. Bonner and Thomas Ellsberry were among the first ministers to preach in the township.

With the coming of immigrants to the township the society increased in numbers, and late in the '40s a brick church was erected in Perkinsville. This building stood until 1888, when it was torn down to give place to a more commodious and at the same time more pretentious place of worship.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH.

It was some time during the '40s that a small number of this denomination met at the house of Samuel Gentry, just east of Perkinsville, and organized a society. William Parkins took upon himself the leadership of the little flock, and, being a local preacher, conducted the services of the society. He was frequently invited to other neighborhoods to preach, and on one occasion walked eighteen miles to preach a funeral discourse. Mr. Parkins and wife, Samuel Gentry and wife

and Jacob Foland and wife formed the nucleus of the society, and held religious services at schoolhouses and private dwellings up to 1852, when the membership, which had gradually increased in numbers, built a frame church at Perkinsville at a cost of about \$1,000. This church is still standing.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

In April, 1866, a society of this denomination was organized by Rev. Elias Wilson at Hamilton. The meetings were held at the homes of the members and in school houses until 1879, when the society erected a place of worship in Hamilton. The building cost about one thousand dollars and was dedicated October 19, 1879, free of debt by Rev. J. H. Luse, President of the Indiana Conference. Silas Busby, one of the most prominent members of the church, organized a Sunday school in May, 1879, that at one time had a large membership.

PERKINSVILLE.

This town is one of the oldest in the county. It was laid out August 1, 1837, by T. L. Beckwith, James Beckwith and Bicknell Cole, on the west half of the north-west quarter of Section 33. This land was entered on the 30th of June, 1823, by John Montgomery.

The founders of Perkinsville wished to name the town in honor of William Parkins, but having confounded that name with "Perkins," the plat was placed on record as "Perkinsville." It is worthy of note that but few of the remaining old-timers of the county or township are aware of this discrepancy in these names, notwithstanding Mr. Parkins' prominence at one time in the township. The town is eligibly situated on the north bank of the river and at one time was one of the best business points in the county. The absence of railroad communication, or connection, has retarded its growth and it has never had a population in excess of four hundred and fifty people. The Indiana Central Canal was projected through the township and Perkinsville was at the height of its prosperity, perhaps, just before the collapse of that enterprise. Two years before the town was platted, Thomas L. Beckwith opened a general store and entered upon a career of business that made him prominent, not only in the township but in the county. He not only did a large mercantile business but dealt extensively in stock and during his career of more than forty years as a merchant and trader, handled as much, if not more,

money than any man in the county. He was appointed postmaster in 1838 and held the office for thirty-nine years, or until 1877, when he was succeeded by Moses Jenner, and he by E. C. Stephenson. The present postmaster is Joseph Lennis. Other early merchants were Hedrick & Bristol and Becknell Cole. During the '70s, A. J. Applegate, Luther Lee and E. C. Stephenson were the principal merchants. At the present time there are two general stores, one of which is owned by Reuben Neese, the other by Joseph Lennis. There are also two drug stores, two barbershops, and two blacksmithshops. There are two hotels, one of which is owned and managed by Thomas A. Dean, the present Trustee of the township.

Among the more prominent physicians who have practiced their profession here are Drs. Douglass, Clark, T. L. Carr, Thomas Cook, C. N. Branch, Sr., J. M. Garretson, C. E. Diven, J. S. Hougham, William Garretson and Noah Adair, the last three named being the only practitioners in the town at the present time.

THE SCHOOLS.

Perkinsville has a graded school, the building in which it is conducted being a two-story brick and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is used. Three teachers are required to conduct this school.

Jackson township has eight school buildings and employs eleven teachers. The school enumeration for 1896 shows that there are 385 persons of legal school age in the township.

The first school in the township was taught by a Mr. Williams about the year 1835, in a log cabin situated on the Daniel Wise farm. There were not to exceed ten pupils, among whom there were three or four of the McClintock children, an equal number of the Wise family and Joseph Lee.

HAMILTON.

This town was founded by Henry Devlin, father of the late Hon. Lafe Devlin, of Cambridge City, in 1836. He was the agent of Messrs. William Conner and John D. Stephenson, of Noblesville. These gentlemen were very active in locating towns and establishing stores along the line of the Indiana Central Canal at the time it was being constructed.

The town is situated six miles west of Anderson and four

miles east of Perkinsville, near the south bank of White river. Considerable business was done here during the '40s, there being several business houses and a post-office in the town. These have long since disappeared and the probability is that Hamilton has seen its best days.

POPULATION, TAXABLES, ETC.

The population of the township in 1850 was 950; in 1860 it was 1007; in 1870 it was 1200; in 1880 it was 1423, and in 1890 it was 1299, showing a decrease of 124 in a decade.

The value of lands as returned for taxation is \$524,260; improvements, \$43,885; personal property, \$101,413; total amount of taxables, \$687,273.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

The first blacksmith in the township was William Parkins, who established a shop soon after locating in the township. He made hackles and did a general blacksmithing business.

Among the early "tavern keepers" in the township was John Ashbey. He kept the first tavern at Hamilton in 1842.

Robert Blair erected the first brick house in the township, on what is known as the Zeller farm, opposite Perkinsville, in 1827. The house is still standing.

An I. O. O. F. Lodge was instituted at Perkinsville in 1859, but surrendered its charter ten years ago. The first officers were: Culpepper Lee, N. G.; T. L. Beckwith, V. G.; W. W. Boyden, Secretary, and Jacob Zeller, Treasurer. The Red Men also had a Lodge at Perkinsville during the '80s, which has since passed out of existence.

The first marriage solemnized in the township was that of Isaac Shelton and Delilah Crist, in December, 1825.

The first birth was Sarah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Auter, and the first death that of William Montgomery.

Mr. Daniel Goldsberry is the oldest living native of the township. He is seventy-one years of age. His home is on the south side of White river, opposite Perkinsville.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

A story is still told by the old-timers of the mysterious disappearance of a stranger at an early day in the township, and it is intimated that certain persons now dead were guilty of his murder. The man was traveling on horseback, as was

the custom in that day, and announced that he was visiting this part of the country for the purpose of buying land. The next day after his appearance in the township his horse was found grazing along the road between Hamilton and Perkinsville. The bridle and saddle were on the horse but a pair of saddle-bags, which had been seen in the man's possession by a number of persons, was missing. All the circumstances of the stranger's disappearance pointed to foul play, and it was generally believed that he had been murdered for his money. In 1847 Mrs. Samuel Shultz found a pair of saddle-bags in a hollow log near where the stranger's horse was found grazing along the roadside, and a few years ago some laborers, while opening a gravel pit near the same spot, exhumed the remains of a man. These circumstances created no little talk and revived anew the story of the stranger's disappearance. The old-timers, and others familiar with the facts and circumstances, have no hesitancy in saying that the stranger was murdered.

A FATED HOUSE.

Back in the early fifties a man of the name of Daniel Wise lived on a farm in Jackson township. He had built what was then considered one of the finest farm residences in Madison county, being a large two-story brick structure, situated near White river, fronting on the Anderson and Perkinsville stage road. He and his family had just got comfortably fixed when, on the 2d of June, 1853, a terrible cyclone swept through that part of the country, tearing his house to pieces, sweeping away his barn and other out-buildings and seriously wounding Lavina Regan, a married daughter stopping at the house.

It was one of the most disastrous storms in the history of the county up to that period. It leveled the timber for quite a wide strip through the adjoining neighborhood, tore down fences, and upturned houses and barns in its path of destruction.

About two miles north of the scene of this disaster another house was blown down, in which James Cusack, Clarkson Snyder and a small boy were badly hurt.

Mr. Wise immediately rebuilt his house and moved into it, where he dwelt until his death, which took place a few years thereafter.

It seems that fate has been against this place, as, on the 14th of June, 1880, another storm passed over almost directly

the same route, and again leveled this structure to the ground. Although the storm was a dreadful one, no lives were lost. Mrs. Wise and her family miraculously escaped being killed or receiving any personal injuries. The house at this time is occupied by Susan Wise, a widow, and her family.

Being a woman of fine business attainments and a good manager, she had saved the means left her at the decease of her husband and was able to rebuild immediately after the disaster. As rebuilt, it may be seen by the passer-by, who can yet distinguish the cracks in the brick walls that were made at the time of the first storm. Part of the walls were left standing and were of sufficient strength to permit of an addition thereto.

This is known in the neighborhood as the "fated house." Just why fate should be against this particular locality is hard to tell. It is situated in one of the most beautiful spots in Madison county, on the south bank of White river, overlooking a beautiful valley of fertile fields and meadows on either side.

This storm is alluded to elsewhere in this volume.

STABBING AFFRAY AT PERKINSVILLE.

On the 15th of September, 1873, a serious stabbing affray occurred in the village of Perkinsville, in Jackson township, the facts of which are about as follows: Thomas J. Thurman had a lawsuit in which Columbus Wall was a witness against him. After the termination of the suit, Thurman sought a quarrel with Wall about his testimony in the case, which ended in blows. Wall struck at Thurman, but the blow was warded off. Thurman then caught Wall, whom he tried to stab with a large pocket knife. Fortunately, the point of the blade struck a rib, along which it passed, making a gash about six inches in length.

A bystander by the name of Isham Benefiel, at this juncture, in order to save the life of Wall, caught Thurman and held him until other parties wrested the knife from his hands. Wall, being freed from his antagonist, picked up a stone, which he threw at Thurman, missing him, and striking Benefiel in the face, cutting an ugly gash in his cheek and over his eye.

Both of the combatants were arrested by the Constable of the township and taken before Squire James M. Garretson, where Wall plead guilty as to his part in the transaction. Thurman's crime being of a more serious nature—that of as-

sault and battery with intent to kill—was bound over to the Circuit Court, in the sum of two hundred dollars, which he gave and was released from custody, to answer the charge in the Circuit Court.

DEATH OF A BAND TEACHER.

In the year 1874 a tidal wave swept over the country whereby the temperance people of the United States, in one solid phalanx, made warfare against the liquor traffic. Indiana was no exception to the rule, and in Madison county the excitement was carried to almost a fighting point. Women camped on the streets of Anderson, and prayed and sang in front of the saloons for months at a time. They sat in little booths in front of the places where liquor was retailed and registered the names of each individual who went within and partook of drinks there offered for sale. The movement became so widespread that it entered largely into the politics of the city, and was the cause of the defeat of the nominees of the Democratic party in the city election of that year, the Democracy having taken open issue against the crusade. Other towns and villages in the county had a similar experience, but not on so large a scale. In the town of Perkinsville considerable excitement prevailed and had about quieted down when a man of the name of John J. Sims dropped into that usually quiet precinct with the intention of opening up a saloon for the retailing of ardent spirits. This was the first licensed saloon ever opened in that place. Prior to this event liquors in that vicinity had been sold by the druggists.

On one corner stood the store of John S. Hougham, where drugs, notions and liquors, for medicinal purposes, were sold, and it is said that in his back room beer could be obtained. He was succeeded by a man of the name of Lee, and a Mr. Ward, now deceased, who kept the store for a considerable length of time. On the opposite corner Mr. A. J. Applegate conducted a general assortment store, where groceries, drugs, dry goods and liquors were sold. These gentlemen were the dealers in ardent spirits when the temperance wave struck the town. About this time the Perkinsville band, memorable in the annals of the village history, was at the zenith of its glory. A young man of the name of Frank Brewer, talented as a musician, a large, good-looking fellow, came to town and took charge of the band as its teacher. However, like a large portion of common humanity, he had a

weakness for liquor. He boarded with William H. Wise, who was a member of the band, and who lived south of the river and east of the cemetery. On Sunday night, the 24th of January, 1875, it was very cold and the river had been frozen for weeks. Mr. Brewer had been in town that night and had been drinking with some of the band boys, and left them apparently not worse for the liquor he had taken. He crossed on the ice in the river and started for his boarding house which, however, he did not reach, and in the morning was found dead in the grave yard. Above the river evidences of a desperate attempt to go across and up the hill in the cemetery were displayed by the footprints in the broken snow. It was a solemn and tragic scene on that quiet cold morning to behold the upturned face looking towards the sky, and his head resting beside a gravestone. Mr. Brewer was last seen alive by his friend, Mr. Elliott Lee, on the evening before his departure for his boarding house. Great excitement prevailed throughout the neighborhood over the finding of his remains. The band boys took possession of his body, buried it in the village cemetery, and afterward erected over his grave a handsome tombstone, the inscription thereon being as follows: "Frank Brewer, died January 25, 1875, aged 35 years. A member of the Perkinsville band."

No sooner was the news circulated in town that Brewer's body had been found in the cemetery than the church bells commenced to ring. It was whispered around that a man had died in the graveyard and that he had been drunk. The people became wild; they soon congregated at the churches and a *quasi* organization was effected by the appointment of a committee whose duty it should be to call upon the liquor dealers and notify them to cease their ungodly traffic. Fanaticism ran high and men who usually displayed ordinary common sense in business matters were entirely beside themselves. James Webb was appointed Marshal, and ordered the people to keep away from the saloons and off the streets. The committee first notified Sims, who was smart enough to see the drift of things, and without in any way crossing them in their desires proposed to sell his liquors to the committee and go out of the business.

Then the committee went to the store of A. J. Applegate, who did not readily consent to give up a profitable trade, but finally succumbed to the inevitable. After this the liquor trade was for a time centered in the hands of one J. M. Gar-

retson, a leading temperance worker who sold liquors only for medical purposes. During the excitement some one entered his cellar and bored holes in the barrels and let his liquors out during the night.

A great deal of bitter feeling prevailed about the village during these times. The matter was referred to the Anderson newspapers and many articles *pro* and *con* were written upon the subject. Enemies of Mr. A. J. Applegate charged that he had sold the liquor to Brewer. Mr. Applegate had some very warm friends, who wrote to the papers in his behalf, severely criticising the temperance people. It was even denied that Brewer came to his death from any cause connected with the purchase of drink or alcoholic stimulants. Medical authorities were cited on the manner of Brewer's death, and at the Coroner's inquest, held by David B. Simms, Coroner of Madison county, it was revealed that a powder had been found in the pocket of the deceased. One physician testified, on being questioned by Attorney Ryan, of Anderson, that the powder was morphine, and that he could tell it at sight. Another swore that he could not tell whether it was quinine or morphine, but there was no evidence at all adduced that Brewer had taken any of the powder. And thus the mystery surrounding his death failed to be unraveled by even expert medical witnesses.

The temperance meetings were continued for some time, and many hundreds signed the pledge. Inflammatory speeches were made, and the horrors of intemperance were depicted. The meetings to a great extent furnished a kind of recreation during the long winter evenings, and offered the people a place to go. As spring came on the people resumed their usual avocations, and the spasm was over, but as already stated the temperance agitation in Perkinsville had its political effect, as well as in the larger cities. In fact, it caused men who had never wavered in their political principles, not only to vote against the party with which they had always acted, but to fight it to the bitter end.

The Democrats in this section of the county were large gainers, because those who had been engaged in the liquor traffic were of the Republican persuasion.

This fight had the effect of making A. J. Applegate, who had been an unflinching Republican, a staunch Democrat. This gentleman has not only acted with that party ever since, but he has been one of the trusted men in the councils of that

organization. And thus ended one of the biggest sensations that ever occurred in the quiet little town of Perkinsville.

BURNING OF A BARN.

Mrs. Laura Moore, a widow living in Jackson township near Perkinsville, had her barn and all of its contents destroyed by fire on the night of April 29, 1876.

The building contained six hundred bushels of corn, three horses and a number of farming implements, all of which were destroyed. The fire was supposed to be of incendiary origin, but why anybody should apply the torch to the property of a helpless widow was more than anyone could imagine.

The guilty parties were never apprehended.

WILLIAM HOUGHAM KILLED BY JAMES DALLAS COOK.

On the 9th of July, 1881, an unprovoked murder was committed in Jackson township on the person of William Hougham, a respectable and well-to-do young man about twenty-five years of age. The perpetrator of the crime was James Dallas Cook, one of the leaders of the notorious gang of young desperadoes that had disgraced that township, known as the "Peanutters." The particulars of this revolting crime were about as follows: It seems that at a party given on the evening of the day mentioned at the residence of John Roller in Perkinsville, several of the "Peanutters" had put in their appearance, as was their custom on such occasions, without being invited. They were kindly treated by the host and all the guests present, who stood in fear of them. They were invited into the house and were treated to ice-cream. Not contented with what had been given them they repeatedly demanded more, but were told that there was none left, and that it was impossible to comply with their request. Young Hougham, who was present as a guest, being apprehensive of trouble went so far as to invite them out on the back porch to convince them that the refreshments had been consumed. Shortly after Hougham came back into the house a stone was thrown through the window, which struck him on the head near the temple, producing a fracture of the skull, from the effects of which he died the following Sunday morning.

On the death of Hougham a warrant was sworn out and placed in the hands of Constable Young, for the arrest of Cook. The Constable knowing his character and fearing to

make the arrest alone, summoned a posse of twelve to help him catch the offender. Cook resisted the officer and his men, who fired several shots, none of which took effect. He was finally arrested and taken to Anderson, and lodged in jail, and was held to await the action of the Coroner. On the Monday morning following, the Coroner proceeded to Perkinsville to hold an inquest on the body of young Hougham. He took with him Dr. Geo. F. Chittenden to make a post mortem examination. This was done and revealed the fact that Hougham's skull had been fractured in front and that a pus cavity had formed just under the fracture, from the effects of which he died. Witnesses who were examined by the Coroner substantiated the fact that Cook was the one who threw the stone and a verdict was rendered against him in accordance with these facts.

James Dallas Cook was a young man about nineteen years of age, rather slender in build and of sandy complexion. He stoutly denied the terrible charge laid at his door and protested with great vehemence his innocence. He was an orphan, alone in the world and had not even a sister, but had a half-sister, who resided with his step-father at Yorktown, in Delaware county. Public sentiment in Jackson township was strongly against Cook. He had been in other scrapes of a serious nature; among other things it was charged that he had struck John Albright, of that township, with a stone about a year previous to this occurrence, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Cook waived examination before Mayor Dunham, preferring not to go into an investigation of the affair, and was remanded to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Sheriff Randle Biddle guarded the jail very closely for some time during Cook's confinement, from the fact that rumors had reached his ears that the incensed citizens of Jackson township contemplated a hanging without judge or jury, but the sober judgment of the people prevailed and this was averted.

Cook was indicted and placed upon trial at the following October term, being defended by Hon. W. R. Myers and D. W. Wood. The prosecution was conducted by Thomas B. Orr, who was then Prosecuting Attorney for the counties of Hamilton and Madison, assisted by the late Colonel Milton S. Robinson. Both sides were ably represented, it being a battle of giants at the bar, which has seldom been repeated in

the courts of this county. Cook was convicted of murder and sentenced to the State prison for seven years.

KILLING OF LEWIS HAYES.

The village of Perkinsville was greatly excited on the 21st day of July, 1882, by a tragedy which occurred at that place, which resulted in the killing of Lewis Hayes by a man of the name of Clint Wilson. Hayes was a member of what was known in that neighborhood as the "Peanut Gang," a crowd of boys and young men in Jackson township who had organized themselves as a body of embryo desperadoes. While they were not so desperate in their character, or did very many bad deeds, they were, nevertheless, a menace to the locality. They were in the habit of visiting schoolhouses at singing and spelling bees and church meetings, and generally kicked up a row of some kind. The neighborhood was afraid of them.

On the day above spoken of these young men had been drinking in Perkinsville and Wilson, while in the act of passing Hayes, who was accompanied by a young lady, gave him a push, which exasperated Hayes, who immediately drew a weapon and was about to assail Wilson, when the latter drew his revolver and shot Hayes in the heart. He fell dead in his tracks, and never showed any signs of life after the ball entered his body. The alarm was at once given in the neighborhood and the Coroner of the county sent for. An inquest was held over the remains and Wilson was placed under arrest for murder. The occurrence took place in Hamilton county, just on the line of Madison county.

Wilson was indicted for manslaughter and was placed on trial and acquitted on the grounds of self-defence. The late Colonel M. S. Robinson defended him.

BURNING OF WILLIAM PERRY'S HOUSE.

William Perry, farmer, of Jackson township, met with a very serious loss on Monday night, the 28th of September, 1885, when his residence and household goods were destroyed by fire. There was no one at home at the time, except Mrs. Perry, who was quite aged and infirm. She was badly burned in attempting to save a portion of the household goods.

There was a granary in the adjoining building, which contained 500 bushels of wheat, and this was also destroyed. The loss to Mr. Perry was in the neighborhood of \$2,000, with

no insurance. It fell very heavily upon him, as all he had was but a small farm, upon which he lived, and some personal property. Besides, he was well advanced in years.

The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue.

FIRE AT PERKINSVILLE.

The residence of M. A. Willetts, at Perkinsville, was consumed by fire on Sunday night, the 16th day of May, 1886, together with all its contents, with the exception of a few minor articles which were taken out by the neighbors. Even the family wearing apparel was destroyed, with the exception of what the members had on their backs. The occupants of the home were all absent at church at the time the fire occurred. It was thought to have originated from a stove pipe that ran through a closet. The building was insured to the amount of \$400, which did not cover the loss. Mr. Willetts was also loser of forty or fifty dollars in money which he had in the house at the time.

SUICIDE OF MISS EDITH FOLAND.

Miss Edith Foland, a young lady living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foland, in Jackson township, committed suicide on the 15th of October, 1888. For some time she had been keeping company with the son of a neighboring farmer, a Mr. John Neese, to whom it is said she had been engaged to be married. Unfortunately the young man was attacked with sickness which undermined his health, and caused him to break off the engagement, which fell so heavily on the young lady that in a fit of despondency she sought relief in death. She took a powerful dose of poison and in a few moments thereafter she was a corpse. Her parents were very much distressed over the matter, and she was very much missed in the community in which she had lived. Her funeral occurred at Perkinsville on Tuesday following her death, a large concourse of people being in attendance. Young Neese was present on the occasion of her funeral and was very much affected by the sad scene.

KILLED BY A HORSE.

On the 29th of June, 1889, the family of Henry Kemp were horrified to find that he had been kicked to death in his barn, by one of his farm horses. No one was present to tell how it was done. His lifeless body was found by some of the family

and after the excitement of the moment was over the neighbors were called in, and the Coroner, Dr. C. L. Armington, was sent for, who held an inquest, returning a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Mr. Kemp was one of Madison county's oldest and most highly respected citizens. He was a large farmer, and had accumulated quite a large fortune. He was the father of Daniel W. Kemp, the farmer and stock raiser of Jackson township, who yet survives him. The death of Mr. Kemp was severely felt in the community, as he was a leader among the farmers in his neighborhood. He was a Christian gentleman, and a staunch member of the Republican party, and always took an active part in politics, especially in local affairs. He was respected by his political opponents for his open avowal of his principals, and his manly way of warfare. He was seventy-five years of age when the occurrence took place. Mrs. Kemp, his wife, died at the old homestead in December, 1896.

A TRIPLE DROWNING.

On the 19th day of July, 1889, while a number of young men and boys were in the river bathing near the village of Hamilton, about four miles west of Anderson, at a spot known as the McClintock ford, Philip Hosier, aged twelve years, and a boy named Todd, the son of Samuel Todd, about nine years of age, were drowned. As the river was somewhat swollen from recent rains, the older boys refused to let the small ones go in with them for fear of an accident. The lads, however, went farther down the river, and taking off their clothing waded in. They struck a swift current, which carried them beyond their depth, and before the larger boys could help them they were drowned. Everything that could be done to rescue the drowning lads was done, and one of the older boys came near losing his life in the effort to save them. The drowning boys were soon swept out of sight. The neighborhood was immediately aroused, and everybody turned out and patrolled the shores in the hope of finding the bodies, but without success. The search was continued the next day and night, and on Sunday morning hundreds of people flocked to the river to render what assistance they could. The bodies were finally recovered at a considerable distance below where they had entered the stream, on the opposite side, and taken to the respective homes of their sorrowing relatives.

Stephen Bilby, a farmer, who was one of the most tire-

less workers in the attempt to rescue the bodies of the boys, also lost his life. He had been in the water almost constantly from early in the morning, and about noon, when some twenty or thirty feet from the shore, lost his hold of a rope that had been stretched across the river and was swept away in the swift current. He made frantic efforts to regain his hold of the rope, but the persons holding it seemed to be paralyzed by the scene, and, instead of dropping the rope down to him, pulled it away. He was considered a good swimmer and struggled hard to reach the shore, but the current was too much for him and he was dragged under and drowned. His body was found two miles below, where it had lodged against the bank. He left a wife and four children. His funeral took place from the family residence on the Tuesday following his death, and was conducted by the Red Men, of which order he was an active member.

SWAP CANDIDATES.

The old adage that "politics makes strange bedfellows," was verified in the campaign of 1882 in Madison county. In Jackson township the Democracy placed on their ticket for the office of assessor, Frank Shively. The Republicans met in convention in a few days thereafter, and placed in nomination for the same office Andrew J. Foland, and so the political fight set in. It was but a short time until, from some cause, the Republicans became lukewarm toward their candidate and doubted his sincerity, and strange to say, the Democrats thought their man was not just the "clear grit," and things got into a bad muddle. Finally, the party managers of both sides got together and concluded to trade candidates. The terms were agreed on, and the candidates both assented, the names were changed on the tickets and the "band played on." The fight was a bitter one and never let up till the last vote was in, and the polls closed. At the counting of the ballots, it was discovered that the Democrats had won the victory. Mr. Foland, the successful candidate, took the office and made a good assessor, and has remained a Democrat good and true ever since. Mr. Shively has likewise been true to his Republican associates, and has been a good citizen of his township.

MRS. MARIA B. WOODWORTH.

— Mrs. Maria B. Woodworth, the great evangelist, who has visited nearly every city in the union and caused great ex-

citement in religious circles, made her advent in Madison county in the month of June, 1886, when she pitched her tents in the beautiful grove along the river banks, near the village of Perkinsville, where she carried on her camp meeting for several weeks with great success. At that time she and her husband were living together, he doing the business for the firm, and she did the preaching. He had nothing to do with her large tent in which she held these religious services. He took charge of the eating stands and establishments for the sale of merchandise and luxuries that was dispensed to the hungry multitude. The first Sunday of the meeting a "grand opening" took place, after which services were conducted in her unique and singular style. She seemed to have a wonderful influence over people who were not very strong mentally and who were naturally inclined to be very zealous in their religious beliefs. She did not preach but a short time until several of her congregation were laid out in trances, as stiff as boards. This kind of procedure was carried on to such an extent that the whole western part of Madison county was worked up into a state of religious excitement. Many converts were added to her already large congregation.

Mrs. Woodworth, in the following year, came to Anderson and established herself in Ruddles' grove, east of the city, on the banks of the old hydraulic canal, where she, for several weeks, held similar meetings. Here she made many converts, among whom may be named, Judge William R. West and Casper Hartman, an influential farmer of Lafayette township. In the following year an organization was effected, known as the Church of God, situated on South Brown street. Great excitement prevailed in Anderson during her stay, and for several years after her departure it was the subject of discussion in the beautiful temple situated at the place named. Mrs. Woodworth while here incurred the displeasure of some of the newspapers, which gave her a "sound roasting," and she figured quite extensively in a suit for libel, which resulted, as nearly all suits of that description do—to the disadvantage of the party bringing the action, and little gain for the fees paid to the attorneys and officers. Mrs. Woodworth is mentioned elsewhere.

JACOB ZELLER, AN OLD CITIZEN.

"All old-timers remember Jacob Zeller, who lived at Perkinsville for many years and died there a few years since.

He was owner and operator of the Perkinsville mills. His mill was the life of the town. Hundreds of teams came daily to his place to get their "grist" ground. Perkinsville was at that time one of the best trading points in Madison county. It had no other particular inducement to bring people than the fact that Jacob Zeller had his flouring mills there and that he was noted far and near as an honest, jolly old miller, who made the best of flour, gave good returns and took light tolls. But the old water mills, like all of the old inventions, gave way to the modernized idea of machinery. So Jacob's mill at last became a thing of the past, began to decay and was finally destroyed by fire. But its history and the history of its owner will long remain green in the memory of those who have been its patrons.

Uncle Jake, as he was familiarly called, besides being a good miller, was a great politician, strong in Democratic faith. He was the pillar of the Democratic temple in this locality. For years the party looked only to him to bring up the proper majority in his township, and he generally did it.

The campaign of 1868 was a lively one in Madison county. Mr. Zeller took more interest in the election of Hon. Horatio Seymour than he ever displayed in any previous election in his life. He seemed to think the entire "pressure" rested on him, and went to work with willing hands to do his duty.

About this time he purchased silver instruments and organized the first cornet band that Perkinsville ever had. It was fitted out with uniforms, a wagon and other necessary equipments. Uncle Jake went far and near to the big rallies with his band, always riding alongside of the band wagon, giving directions and orders.

During the campaign a county rally was held at Anderson. Thomas A. Hendricks addressed the multitude at Jackson's grove. The people were numbered by acres. It was the largest political meeting in the history of the county. Jacob Zeller attended the meeting with his band. Before leaving Perkinsville he had his men get into their wagon, which was drawn by four elegant iron-gray horses. Mounting his charger, he ordered them to give three cheers for Seymour. "Yes, sir." "Now, poys, I tell you vat you do. You goes to Anderson to-day to elect Seymour. Yes, sir. Yen you gets to Anderson, as you go up Ryan's hill, I vants you to play 'Killpatrick's Day in the Morning.' Dat elects

Seymour. Yes, sir; and if you don't play dat piece, I takes dem horns from you. Yes, sir; I py dem horns myself. Dem's my horns. Yes, sir."

The trip was successfully made. When the head of the procession reached Ryan's hill (the old post-office corner) the band played "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," after which they were halted and again ordered to give three cheers for Seymour. "Dat elects Seymour; yes, sir." Seymour was, however, badly defeated. His defeat could not possibly have hurt him worse than it did Jacob Zeller. He never got over it. He was so thoroughly wrought up to the belief that he would be elected that he could not see why he was not. This was his last active work in politics.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

This township is the only Congressional township in the county, being six miles square. It is bounded on the north by Pipe Creek and Monroe township; on the east by Richland township; on the south by Anderson township, and on the west by Jackson and Pipe Creek townships. The lands are high and level, and originally very wet, but through a system of drainage established in 1875, are now both dry and fertile, and as desirable for farming purposes, perhaps, as any in the county.

The township was organized by order of the Board of County Commissioners on the 9th of November, 1836, as appears from the following entry made on that day:

“Ordered by the Board that a new township be stricken off from the townships of Richland, Jackson and Pipe Creek, said new township shall include all of Congressional township twenty, north of range seven, east and no more, and that all elections in said township shall be held at the house of John Haggart therein, and the said new township shall be known and designated by the name and style of Lafayette Township.”

The first settler in the township was Henry Ry, who came with his family from North Carolina in 1831, and located in the extreme south-east corner of the township on a spot of ground now included in “North Anderson.” He was soon followed by Reuben Junk and James Baily, of Ross county, Ohio, who located near him. In the spring of 1832, John Croan moved his family from Anderson township, where they had previously settled, and located in Section 35. In the fall of the same year, George Murstard and J. B. Pennisten, of Ross county, Ohio, settled in the township, and in the spring of 1834, Reed Wilson, of Wayne county, Indiana, and Jordan Ooten, of Ohio, moved in and settled, the former on what is known as the “Pierce farm,” and the latter on the “Stanley farm.” These pioneers were followed, in 1835, by

William Lower, James Finney, John Maggart, Isaac Jones, Samuel Fetty and David Gooding. The last named was from Kentucky, and boasted that he had been one of Colonel Johnson's Aids-de-Camp at the battle of the Thames, where that gallant officer was wounded by the Shawnee chief, Tecumseh. In 1835, James Hollingsworth settled in the township, and between that date and 1840, was followed by the following pioneers: Matthew Taylor, James Weir, Samuel Moore, Daniel Sigler, Lewis and George Baily, Nathaniel G. Lewis, Henry Purgett, John Clock, Samuel Dehority, Zail and George Rains, Thomas G. Clark, Joseph Van Matre, Washington Trotter, Joseph Stover, John Burke, Robert and Samuel Gooding, John Ridgeway, George Hilligoss, Sr., Francis Colburn and James Closser. These and others who emigrated to the township before and shortly after its organization, with the exception of James Hollingsworth, have gone the way of the earth. Many of their de-cendants, however, are living in this and other townships in the county.

THE TOWNSHIP ORGANIZED.

The organization of this township occurred in the fall of 1836. James Hollingsworth, who is frequently mentioned in these pages, took an active interest in the preliminary work of organizing the township. He suggested its name and circulated a petition asking that the territory which it now comprises might be set apart from Richland township, to which it was then attached, as a Congressional township. The names signed to the petition were: James Hollingsworth, John B. Pennisten, John Croan, Isaac Jones, Reuben Junk, Henry Ry, George Moore, Jordan Ooten, George Mustard, William Lower, John Maggart, George Rains, Enos Mustard, Reed Wilson, James Finney, David Gooding and Samuel Fetty—constituting the entire voting population of the territory which it was proposed to organize as a new township. This petition was presented to the Board of Commissioners in December, 1836, and granted, and on the 17th of January following, an election was held for the purpose of selecting township officers. This election was held at the house of John Maggart, situated near the center of the township, and resulted in the selection of John Maggart as Justice of the Peace, and Enos Mustard as Clerk. James Hollingsworth was Inspector at the election and his hat was utilized as a ballot-box.

EARLY EVENTS.

The first white child born in the township was Annis, daughter of John and Sarah Croan. This event occurred in 1834.

The first death in the township was that of Reuben Junk, who died in 1835.

The first marriage solemnized was that of James Hollingsworth and Miss Elizabeth Shinkle. This event took place on the 19th of March, 1836. The second marriage was that of Mills Elliott and Miss Nancy Mustard during the summer of the same year. Miss Mustard was a sister of William Mustard, one of the oldest residents of Anderson.

The first orchard was planted by George Mustard, who purchased the trees of Dempsy Wilson, of Anderson township.

The first schoolhouse was built on what is now known as the Patrick Ryan farm and the first school teacher was John Pennisten. "Uncle" Joshua Shinkle, now living at Anderson at the advanced age of eighty-one years, is doubtless the only living person who attended this school.

The first road surveyed through the township was the Logansport and New Castle State road, which was subsequently donated by the State Legislature to the P. C. & St. L. Railroad as a right of way, with the stipulation that the company should construct a good wagon-road parallel with the State road and in proximity thereto, which stipulation was afterward ignored.

The first mill erected in the township was built by George Millspaugh and James Stevenson, on the Patrick Ryan farm in 1851. It was a steam saw-mill and after being operated a few years was moved to another locality.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

The first religious society organized in the township was composed of five members, as follows: James Hollingsworth and wife, William Lower and wife and Mrs. George Mustard. In the fall of 1836 these good people met at the house of William Lower and organized themselves into a class which grew in numbers until 1855, when the membership erected a church where Florida is now situated. This building still stands and is known as the Methodist Episcopal Church. The trustees have always permitted other religious denominations to hold religious services here whenever it is not occupied. Among

the ministers who have preached here may be mentioned D. F. Strite, John Leach, J. W. Bradshaw, Barton Bradbury and John R. Tansey — pioneers in the Methodist ministry in this county.

In 1869 a number of members of the Christian Church organized a society under the leadership of Elder Jonathan Dipboye. Meetings were held at various places in the township, but principally in Elm Grove schoolhouse, until 1872, when the society erected a place of worship on the farm of G. D. Thompson.

Besides these churches the Newlights have a place of worship north of Linwood, known as the "Olivet" church. On the west side of the township is located Beach Grove church. This church was built by the United Brethren.

SCHOOLS.

The schools of the township are fully up to the standard maintained in other townships. The school enumeration for the present year shows the number of children of legal school age to be 694, of which 373 are males and 321 females. There are twelve schoolhouses and twelve teachers.

STATISTICAL.

The population of the township in 1850 was 694; in 1860 it was 1,000; in 1870 it was 1,452; in 1880 it was 1,626, and in 1890 it was 1,614. Since the last census was taken, however, the population has increased to a considerable extent, owing to the location of a number of factories and other enterprises in the township.

The value of the lands of the township, as shown by the tax duplicate, is \$651,716; value of lands and improvements, \$734,380; total value of taxables, \$974,465.

TOWNS.

Soon after the completion of the P. C. & St. L. Railway through the township in 1856, a grain warehouse was built at a point one mile and a half northwest of the present site of Florida, that was known for many years as "Keller's Station," John Keller being the owner of all the land in that immediate vicinity. A general store was also established here but there was not sufficient trade to maintain it and the proprietor disposed of his stock of goods and quit the business. The warehouse was also a failure and trains in the course of time ceased

to stop there. Nothing at this time remains to indicate that there ever was a place called "Keller's Station."

FLORIDA.

This village is situated six miles north-west of Anderson on the P. C. C. & St. L. Railway and within a few rods of the center of the county. It was originally called "Clark's Station," in honor of Hon. Thomas G. Clark, on whose land it was located in 1856. The first merchant in the village was Henry Hendrick. He was succeeded by Enos Mustard who was also the second postmaster of the place, George Craighead being the first person to hold that office. The first physician was Thomas B. Forkner. Other physicians who have practiced here are Dr. J. S. Guisinger and Dr. I. N. Van-Matre, the latter being the only physician in that vicinity at the present time. Drs. John W. and William A. Hunt were residents of the township for many years and had an extensive practice, not only in Lafayette, but adjoining townships. The only Methodist church in the township is located here. A large amount of tiling was manufactured here during the '70s and '80s, by Rains & Guisinger, but the demand for the product of the factory declined with the thorough ditching and draining of the wet lands of the township during that period and the property was converted into a factory for the manufacture of brick. It is now owned by the Thomas brothers.

LINWOOD.

This village was originally known as "Funk's Station," but the name was subsequently changed to Linwood. In 1887 John C. May platted an addition to the village which was followed by others, but no regular plat of the place has ever been filed for record. Linwood is situated on the Michigan division of the C. C. C. & St. L. (Big Four) and is six miles north of Anderson. The business interests of the place at the present time are represented by Given & Bruce, general merchandise, and Charles Hartman, drugs.

The first postmaster of the place was Samuel A. Towell. The present incumbent of that office is E. M. Riggs, who also owns and operates a sawmill and lumber yard.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following are the names of those who have served the county in an official capacity from this township: John

Hunt, State Senator from Madison and Hancock counties from 1850 to 1853, also Treasurer of Madison county from 1860 to 1862; Thomas G. Clark, Representative from 1857 to 1858; William A. Thompson, Representative from 1858 to 1861; George W. Harris, Representative from 1875 to 1877; W. A. Thompson, Commissioner from 1863 to 1865; John L. Jones from 1884 to 1887; Wallace W. Vandyke, Sheriff from 1892 to 1894.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—A SUICIDE.

On the 17th of October, 1867, a young man of the name of Combs committed suicide in Lafayette township by blowing his brains out with a pistol. It seems that he had been mixed up in a love affair, and in a fit of despondency borrowed a pistol from a friend, and started to the village of Florida, and when near that place fired a ball into his head, killing himself almost instantly.

Combs was well known to many of the inhabitants of the community in which the occurrence took place who will recall to memory the sad event. After the holding of an inquest by the Coroner, the remains were interred in a neighboring cemetery.

KILLED BY A BUZZ SAW.

On the 26th of September, 1882, Henry Dangerfield, of Linwood, while running a buzz saw, was accidentally thrown upon one of the saws in the mill and literally cut to pieces. The saw cut into his right side, severing the body from shoulder to shoulder, leaving him hanging together, as it were, by only a small piece of flesh near the back bone.

He was in the act of handling a heavy slab of timber when the accident occurred. By some means he lost his balance and was thrown upon the saw. The poor man continued to live on in great agony until about 10 o'clock that night, when death came to his relief. He was a married man and left a wife and several children in very moderate circumstances. His funeral was largely attended by the people in the vicinity.

BURNING OF ISAAC OSBURN'S BARN.

Isaac Osburn was an old and highly-respected citizen of Lafayette township, who resided there for many years, and who died only a short time prior to this writing. He had on his place a large frame barn that was destroyed by fire on the 22nd of April, 1886, about 10 o'clock at night. It was filled

with grain, wheat, and farming implements, all of which were burned. It also contained a fine stallion, which was so badly burned that he fell dead while they were leading him from the stable. The loss of the barn and contents was estimated to have been about \$2,800, with an insurance of \$1,600. The fire was of incendiary origin and was supposed to have been the work of a lot of tramps who had been camping along the line of the Pan Handle Railway in the vicinity of the conflagration.

A NOTED CRIMINAL.

In the month of December, 1884, James F. Melson was arrested on the charge of counterfeiting and manufacturing bogus money. He was born and reared in Lafayette township, and from his boyhood was said to be bad. Prior to this time he had served five terms in the State prison, but for this offense he was promoted to a place in a United States prison. At one time he had been out of the penitentiary but thirty days, and during that period he succeeded in carrying off the entire contents of a dry-goods store in a country town. His fifth term of imprisonment was completed on the 16th of August, 1884, and his last sentence began on the 28th of November, having been out only three months. Mr. Melson was a notorious character and was known to be such. He had no blood-thirsty instincts. He was of a very kind disposition and while he was committing a theft he would not be guilty of injuring anyone in carrying out his designs. Melson is still living, and was in Anderson but a few days prior to this writing.

BURNING OF A BARN.

Mrs. Robert Cripe, a widow living a mile and a half north-west of Linwood, had her barn and its contents entirely destroyed by fire on the 14th of April, 1887. The barn contained 400 bushels of corn, a large quantity of hay, farming implements, two buggies, a spring wagon and other valuable property. After the fire was discovered the roof of the building had been burned away and was falling in, so that nothing could be done to arrest the progress of the flames. The loss of Mrs. Cripe was estimated to be \$2,000. There were four horses that were burned, one of which belonged to John Davis and the other three were the property of Mrs. Cripe. There was but little doubt that the building was set on fire by some unknown person. No clue was ever obtained as to the guilty party.

J. W. RILEY'S BARN BURNED.

On Monday, the 18th of July, 1887, the barn on the farm of J. W. Riley, of Lafayette township, was destroyed, together with its contents, consisting of a large quantity of hay, five hundred bushels of corn, a buggy, set of harness, and all his agricultural implements, consisting of plows, harrows, reapers, mowers and self-binders. The loss was estimated to be about \$2,000, with \$1,500 insurance.

The fire was supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion, produced by placing new mown hay in the mow which was already well filled with the previous year's crop.

CHILD SCALDED TO DEATH.

On the 22nd of March, 1879, a little child of John P. Davis, who then resided three and one-half miles north-east of Anderson, in Lafayette township, was scalded to death. The children were boiling eggs in a tea-kettle, and the mother, being feeble, was sitting near by watching them. In removing the kettle from the stove she upset it upon the youngest child with the horrible result of scalding it in such a manner that it died within a few hours.

Mr. Davis, the father of the unfortunate child, was for many years a prominent citizen and politician of Lafayette township, but for six years prior to this writing he has been a resident of Anderson, where he is engaged in the business of butchering and conducting a meat market.

KILLED BY A FIELD ROLLER.

A twelve-year-old son of Alonzo Thomas, living near Linwood, met with a sudden and violent death on the morning of September 18, 1886. He was rolling the ground with a heavy field roller and had two horses hitched to it, one of which was a colt, which had become entangled in the harness, and while he was trying to extricate it the animal became frightened and started to run, catching the boy and throwing him under the roller. The implement passed over his body, crushing it into the ground, and killed him almost instantly. His little brother was with him in the field at the time and ran for help, but before any assistance came to his aid he was dead.

A FRIGHTFUL RUNAWAY.

At the Madison County Fair, held upon the old grounds on West Eighth street, a terrible runaway occurred on the 7th

of September, 1887. Joseph Parker, of Linwood, entered in the races a three-year-old racing mare under the name of "Maud M," and in the contest for the prize during the first heat she was badly started, but in the second she was off like the wind, and after she had passed the grand stand it was observed that she was making for the gate where she was in the habit of leaving the track. Just east of the opening she made a fearful leap, clearing the fence at a terrific rate of speed, so that no human power could have turned her in her mad career; she had gone perfectly wild. Mr. Parker had mounted the fence with a whip in his hand to assist the rider in checking her, but his efforts were futile. As she jumped the fence the saddle-girth broke and her rider, Charlie Knoll, was thrown to the ground, bruising his head and severely injuring one of his knees. In turning, the mare struck Parker in the breast, knocking him insensible to the ground. A few feet further on she ran against a tree, crushing her skull and breaking her spine, from the effects of which she died almost instantly.

Mr. Parker and the rider were removed to a neighboring shed, where Drs. Horace E. Jones and B. F. Spann attended to their injuries. They both recovered. The mare was valued at \$500. It is a great marvel that many people were not killed, as the wildest excitement prevailed and thousands were upon the grounds enjoying the sports when the noise of the crashing fence was heard. The people became wild and scattered in every direction, but fortunately no one was injured in the general scramble.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

While plowing in a field near the village of Linwood, on the 20th of September, 1887, a young man of the name of Ollie Purcell was seized by some unknown parties, who came up behind him, throwing their hands over his eyes and mouth, then knocking him to the ground, they rifled his pockets of all the money he had on his person. They then made threats of killing him if he made any noise or resistance, and taking his clothes, left him alone in the field. Young Purcell was nearly frightened out of his mind and he wandered around in the field until night before he returned to his senses. He then returned to the house of Mr. J. C. May, for whom he was working, and related his experience. He could give no account of who the parties were, and no clue to them was ever

obtained. This very strange affair created a great deal of talk in that neighborhood.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Every citizen in Madison county who resided here from the year 1877 to 1884 will remember W. R. Brownlee, who during that period was editor and proprietor of the *Anderson Democrat*. In the fall of 1884 Mr. Brownlee disposed of his interests in the newspaper and also other property in which he was interested, and removed to Kingman, Kansas. After having his household goods, horses and buggy placed in a freight car, ready for shipment, he put them in charge of Henry Clock, a young man who had been for some time in his employ, and who had been a resident of Lafayette township. Clock had his apartments in the car with the goods, and intended to ride in it through to his destination in order that he might look after the property.

On Tuesday morning, the 2nd of September, an accident occurred to the freight train on which he had taken passage on the Indianapolis & St. Louis railroad, near the city of Greencastle, by which the train took fire, and young Clock, with the contents of the car, was burned. The fire was caused by the explosion of an oil tank which contained about one hundred barrels of kerosene. The burning oil was scattered over six adjacent cars, which were destroyed.

Mr. Brownlee's loss amounted to \$2,500, which he afterwards recovered from the railroad company by a compromise.

Young Clock is supposed to have been killed by the concussion caused by the explosion, as it seemed that he made no effort to extricate himself. His charred remains were recovered from the wreck and taken to Greencastle, then shipped to Anderson, where they were taken charge of by relatives, who took them to Independence, in Boone township, for burial, where some of his relatives were also buried. He was a young man who was well liked in the community, about twenty-one years of age, and unmarried.

WILLIAM SIGLER KILLED BY A PAN HANDLE TRAIN.

William Sigler was a man well known in Madison county for many years. His familiar face was seen upon the streets of Anderson on every Saturday for nearly the third of a century. He was a well-to-do farmer, resided in Lafayette township, and was well liked by his neighbors. He was a kind

friend and an indulgent father and husband. Like many other people, however, he had a besetting sin, and was very fond of intoxicating drink. He scarcely ever visited Anderson or any other place where liquors were sold that he did not imbibe to excess. He was never boisterous, nor did he do harm to anyone while in a drunken condition.

On Sunday morning, the 21st of July, 1889, about two o'clock, his body was found on the tracks of the Pan Handle railroad about a mile and a half north of Anderson. It was horribly mutilated. William Whistler, who lived in the vicinity of the railroad, in North Anderson, had been to the city and was returning home, when he was suddenly confronted by a ghastly sight. He called the neighbors and they gathered up the remains, portions of which had been dragged along the track for a distance of twenty-five yards. Both his legs were cut off, and the body was otherwise mangled. He was identified soon after as William Sigler, and his remains, after an inquest had been held by Coroner Dr. B. F. Spann, were forwarded to his friends and relatives in Lafayette township, and buried in that neighborhood. Mr. Sigler was a cousin of the late Joseph Sigler, ex-Auditor of Madison county. He left a family of five children, his wife having died several years prior to this occurrence. Mr. Sigler was an honest man and never owed a neighbor or a friend anything which he did not promptly pay when it became due. It is true that he had his faults, but there were many worse men living in the community than was William Sigler.

INCENDIARISM.

E. C. Hilligoss, of Lafayette township, seems to be fated, as he has had two valuable barns burned within three years past. On the night of March 3, 1895, his large and commodious barn was discovered to be on fire and before anything could be done to quench the flames it was totally destroyed. That the fire was the work of an incendiary there can be no doubt, as no one had been near the barn, or the straw stack where the fire originated, with a fire or light of any kind.

About dark Mr. and Mrs. Hilligoss and their son, James, did the milking and feeding and returned to the house. They saw no fire or smoke about the straw stack. The straw stack was probably thirty feet from the barn and when Mr. Redd, a neighbor, ran to their house and called to them that their

barn was in danger of being burned, the stack was entirely enveloped in flames.

The dinner bell, which stands in the yard, was rung and it was but a short time until forty or fifty of the neighbors had gathered at the scene of the fire. They could do nothing, however, as the flames had communicated with the barn, which was constructed of pine material, and was burning fiercely. There were several horses in the barn and attention was turned to getting them out and into a place of safety, which proved no easy task, as they did not want to leave the burning structure.

The barn contained between five and six hundred bushels of corn and some timothy hay, all of which was consumed.

WILLIAM A. VANMETRE TAKES HIS OWN LIFE.

William A. VanMetre was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, who, for many years, lived in Madison county; in fact, all his life, except five years, when he resided in Sullivan, Indiana. He was a carpenter by trade and a good, industrious, sober man. He married a very respectable lady, the daughter of the late Rev. William A. Thompson, a prominent Baptist minister of this county.

On the 6th of July, 1878, news came to Anderson that VanMetre had taken his life by an overdose of morphine. Friends of the family hastened to his residence, where they found the following to be the facts, stated by his wife: That on the day of the suicide he had finished his day's work and appeared to be very cheerful, apparently with nothing resting on his mind. He informed his wife that he had business in Anderson. He left home about 5 o'clock in the evening and walked to the city, a distance of five miles. He was seen on the streets and conversed with by several of his acquaintances, of whom he had many. Before returning home, he purchased five grains of morphine at a drug store, and when he reached his residence, about half-past 10 o'clock, in a jesting manner informed his wife that he had taken morphine, and showed her the empty bottle. She was somewhat alarmed and was in the act of informing others, when he assured her that he was only playing a joke on her. In about thirty minutes he became drowsy and a stupor supervened, which confirmed her worst fears. She immediately gave the alarm and the neighbors and friends gathered in, and, with some difficulty, he was aroused from the lethargy produced by the poison, but when, by

violent agitation, he was restored partly to consciousness, he still persisted in his request not to have any alarm given. A messenger was sent for Dr. I. N. VanMetre, a brother, at Florida. The Doctor soon arrived, but in the meantime, Mrs. VanMetre, who had some idea of antidotes for poison, had given her husband two cups of strong coffee, and he had been walked around the house and through the yard to keep up his circulation. For awhile, he seemed to rally, but at 5 o'clock heavy breathing set in and continued until the cord of life was broken, and William A. VanMetre was dead. Before his death, Dr. VanMetre asked his brother why he had taken the fatal drug, but he gave no reason for the act.

He was a man of about 50 years of age and left a devoted wife to mourn his loss, and a daughter of 15 years, in feeble health, for her to care for.

To every one Mr. VanMetre was genial and kind; as a husband and father he was indulgent. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, which took charge of his remains and buried them with the forms and ritual of that time-honored organization.

JOSEPH KINDLE KILLED BY A TRAIN.

Joseph Kindle, a young man about 24 years of age, while returning to his home from Anderson, on the night of July 2, 1894, was run over and killed by the north-bound passenger train on the Pan Handle railroad about midnight. The accident happened at the crossing of the railroad at what is known as the old fair ground road, running north from Anderson through Lafayette township. Kindle was in a buggy by himself and from all appearances had fallen asleep, and did not know of the coming of the train or of the awful fate that awaited him. The train was running at a high rate of speed and the horse and buggy were knocked to a great distance from the track, the horse killed, and the vehicle torn into atoms.

Young Kindle was instantly killed, not knowing what had happened him. The engineer testified that he did not see the horse and buggy until he was right upon them, too late to stop, or even make an effort to stop.

Kindle was a sober, genteel young man and was not known to drink or have any bad habits. This fatal ride was the result of going to sleep in his buggy and perhaps while dreaming of his sweetheart, whom it is said he had called

upon that evening, he was ushered into the presence of his Creator.

ROBBERY AT LINWOOD IN 1880. S. A. TOWELL, "THE MERCHANT PRINCE," HAS HIS STORE LOOTED.

When the C. W. & M. railroad was built to Anderson in 1876, many little villages sprang up along the line of the new thoroughfare, among which was Linwood, which was then called "Funk's Station," named in honor of Joseph Funk, a prominent farmer of that locality. Sannel A. Towell, fire chief of Anderson, was its first merchant.

A blacksmith shop and a saw-mill, together with Mr. Towell's store made up the business establishments of the town.

Mr. Towell was postmaster and Charles M. Harriman, now of the firm of May & Harriman, of Anderson, was deputy postmaster and general clerk in the store.

In the month of July, 1880, this quiet hamlet was visited by burglars and the store was robbed of considerable of its contents, the post-office looted and a general cleaning out of the place occurred. No clue was ever obtained of the miscreants, and who committed the first burglary in Linwood will in all probability always remain a mystery.

Mr. Towell, the first merchant, and Mr. Harriman, his clerk, have since both been prominent in the business affairs of Anderson and are yet living in the city.

THE KILLING OF WALTER STEVENS.

Walter Stevens, a son of Samuel Stevens, of Lafayette township, was killed at the Wright Shovel Works in North Anderson on the 24th of June, 1896, by the bursting of an emery wheel. The flying pieces struck him in the forehead, crushing the front part of the skull, and causing other injuries from which he died after being removed to St. Mary's hospital. Dr. S. Canby Willson and other medical attendants administered to the wounded man's needs, but in vain, as his injuries were of a fatal nature.

The young man was about twenty-one years of age and highly respected. He had been engaged in the factory but a short time when the awful accident took place. The father and mother of the victim were heartbroken, and, being well known, received the undivided sympathy of the community.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

In May of the year 1868, one of the most terrific explosions took place at Florida, five miles north of Anderson, that has been recorded in Madison county history. The boilers in the saw mill of Roadcap & Co. let go about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, causing death and destruction on every side. No one connected with the mill was killed, but two by-standers, customers of the mill, one by the name of Wolfe, the other Perry Moore, a nephew of Isaac Moore, of Anderson, were instantly killed. They were either in the mill or very close to it at the time it blew up. A man by the name of Hoover was also badly hurt. Solomon Muck, who is yet a prominent figure on the streets of Anderson, was one of the victims. He was thought to be fatally wounded, but pulled through and is yet alive. He will carry his scars to the grave, however. The owners of the mill are all yet alive. Henry Roadcap, the senior member of the firm, is living a retired life in North Anderson. Wallace Van Winkle is running a mill at Summitville, and John Quincy Van Winkle, the junior member, who was but a youth at that time, is now Superintendent of the Big Four railroad system and living at Indianapolis.

The explosion was heard and felt in Anderson very plainly. Many supposed that a powder keg in some of the stores had exploded. It was not long, however, until messengers arrived for medical assistance. When the facts were made known throughout the town, hundreds of persons hastened to the scene of the accident. All sorts of stories were circulated. Reports came that the entire village was destroyed; that Henry Roadcap and all his men were instantly killed, and great excitement prevailed. Mr. Roadcap was an old resident with a large acquaintance throughout the county. The mill was a complete wreck. Nothing was left to tell the tale. It was a wonder that any human being in reach of the flying missiles escaped being killed or badly injured. The old saw-dust pile where the mill once stood can be seen from the passing trains on the Pan Handle road, and is all that is left to tell of that horrible occurrence. It was the theme of theorists and wiseacres for years as to the cause of the explosion, but, like all other boiler explosions, the mystery is still unsolved.

DEATH OF CHARLES DAVIS.

Charles Davis, one of the oldest residents of Madison county, died in Anderson on the 29th of January, 1890. He

was an old soldier and was well respected in the community in which he lived. At the time of his death he was eighty-four years of age. He was the father of Firman Davis, of Lafayette township; John P. Davis, of Anderson, and Andrew Davis, of Elwood. Mr. Davis came to Madison county when it was but a wilderness. He came from North Carolina and was born in Pasquotank county, in that State. He settled among the Indians, bears and wolves of those days. He made a little home for himself in the woods and reared a large family, all of whom survive him. He was a member of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Regiment during the late war and was rewarded for his services by having a pension allowed him a few days prior to his death, but did not live long enough to enjoy it. The familiar face of "Uncle Charlie," as he was called by all who knew him, was often seen in Anderson, he having been prominent at one time as a local politician. He had always taken an active part in politics in Madison county for the nomination of candidates for different offices. He was a staunch Democrat.

LEVI BREWER, A VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

We present to our readers, in the person of Levi Brewer, a representative of the early-born residents of Madison county. There are but few now living in the community of his age who can boast of having been born in the wilderness of the frontier, among the wild animals and savages, which at an early day were plentiful in Madison county. He was born January 6th, 1825, two years after this was made a county, and has continually lived here ever since, except while in the ranks fighting for his country. He volunteered in the Mexican war in 1846, and was a member of the Ninety-ninth Indiana Regiment in the War of the Rebellion.

Mr. Brewer enjoys the proud distinction of being the only survivor of the Mexican war living in Madison county. He needs no introduction as an "old-timer." Levi has been here so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He is an old soldier, not with a wooden leg, however, as his pedal extremities are in a first-class condition. He can walk a distance of ten miles just as quickly as a Midland passenger train would make it. Levi helped to storm the ramparts of Chipultepec, batter down the walls of Montezuma, and take the City of Mexico as his crowning victory.

He went with Colonel N. Berry and many other brave

men, to a foreign land to make another country respect our laws and bow to the American flag. Levi has never cared to obtain riches, but rather to have a good time. He drowns all his sorrows, if he ever has any, in the flowing bowl. In all



LEVI BREWER.

this wide world, there is not a man who can stand up and say that Levi Brewer ever did him a wrong. If he has ever done any wrong, it is to himself and no one else. Not long ago,

the government of the United States became generous enough to acknowledge the services of the old veterans of the Mexican war, and granted the few survivors who yet remain, a pension of eight dollars a month each. This amount is payable quarterly in sums of \$24. At the end of every three months Levi gets his allowance and there is where the fun sets in. Hilarity doesn't spell it. He stays in Anderson from the time he gets his pension until it is well-nigh gone, telling Mexican war stories and seeing the sights with the boys. On one pension day Levi came to town; as usual he got jolly. There was a company at the Doxey Theatre playing "Uncle Hiram." "Uncle Hiram" was the personification of an old farmer just come to town. Levi came bustling into the theatre unannounced, walking down the aisle with his hat on, which was of an old, broad-brimmed fashion, crawled up into a box seat and squared himself for a good laugh.

Something on the stage took his fancy and he let go in one of his immense bass laughs. He brought down the house and nearly broke up the show. "Uncle Hiram" caught on to him from the stage and became so tickled at Levi's manners and make-up that he nearly forgot his lines. Levi had to be squelched before the show could proceed.

Several years ago, Levi attended a camp-meeting at the Holston camp-meeting grounds. Brother McKeg was there doing the preaching; he was getting in his best licks in one of his "powerful" sermons. He took his text in the way-back part of the Bible, where the hell part is the hottest, and sailed in. The Rev. McKeg is an orator of no mean ability, generally commanding attention; this time was no exception. He had pictured out before him an imaginary man, a sinner, proposing to convict him of the high crime of sin in all its phases and consign him to everlasting doom. He stood his man up in the midst of the vast crowd and poured hot shot into him with all his zeal and might; the perspiration poured off of him in great drops, his hearers were breathless and speechless—perfectly carried away. Levi Brewer was one of his audience; the seats were all taken. Levi was standing up in their midst over six feet tall. He had listened to every word with the closest attention from beginning to end. When the preacher sat down, wiping his face, Levi took a long breath and exclaimed:

"Well, I-God, I guess they'll hang him."

The old brethren around him, after their first recovery

from the shock, could not help laughing at Levi's expression. They all felt as Levi did—that the imaginary man had been convicted and that hanging and hell were none too good for him. With all of Levi's raking around and having a good time, never working hard or worrying his brain about how tomorrow will be provided for, he has always kept a roof over his head and a comfortable place to stay in. What else could he have if he were worth a million?

When Levi heard that President Johnson had appointed Tom Stilwell as United States minister to Venezuela, he remarked that "South America must be devilish hard up for preachin'."

THE HON. GEORGE W. HARRIS.

The Hon. George W. Harris was one of the men who settled in this county when the woods were unbroken and people who lived within two or three miles of each other were considered near neighbors.

He was a large, raw-boned man and "as stout as an ox." At a log-rolling or a barn-raising he was the center of attraction. His wonderful strength was the pride of his neighbors as well as himself. The man who could hold up the opposite end of a hand-spike when George had hold of it was a man in all the word implied. George lived in a day when fighting was more common among the people than now. To call a man a liar meant the first blow, and the man who gave the lie expected the next moment to be hit in the mouth. George was very peaceful, and never picked a quarrel with anyone, but to insult him meant war, and he was never whipped. His genial disposition and general store of good sense made him a leader among the men of his day.

Although with little or no education he had a wonderful flow of language, and was ready in debate. In the old-fashioned schoolhouse debating societies he was right at home; he could cope with the best of them and always came out on the winning side.

His prominence among the common people won for him many places of honor. When George started after an office he appealed to the farmer and mechanic, the brawn and muscle of the country, and his appeals were not in vain.

In 1873 the Granger excitement ran quite high in Madison county, as well as in other localities in Indiana, and cut quite a figure in politics. In the early part of that year it looked like the Grangers were going to sweep the land. No

one but a farmer was thought of by either party as a candidate, especially for a legislative office. In April of that year the Democrats held their county convention, and, casting about for a man to lead the party to victory, Mr. Harris was thought to be the man. He was accordingly nominated for Representative. Mr. Harris accepted, and promised the convention that no effort of his should be left undone to land the party in the majority.

His speech in accepting the honor will long be remembered by those who heard it. It was repeated by the opposition press nearly every week until the polls closed, but George got there just the same. It was during the time of the "Baxter Liquor Law," against which Mr. Harris took issue, and also a law that required the appraisement of real estate every two years, which entailed much expense on the people. Mr. Harris, in addressing the convention, pledged himself to wipe these laws from our code, and although his language was crude, it took with his constituency.

The people had confidence in Mr. Harris' simple honesty and he was elected by a handsome majority. It must be said to his credit, too, that he labored in the halls of the Legislature for the passage of every measure advocated by him on the "stump" and accomplished much in that direction. Through Mr. Harris' efforts a law was passed that is still in force, compelling attorneys to purchase their own stationery for use in the courts. Whether or not the lawyers pay any attention to this law the writer does not know, but nevertheless it is a law.

Mr. Harris was Deputy Marshal of Anderson in 1870, which position he filled in a satisfactory manner.

In making his canvass for the Legislature in 1871, he drove a large stallion hitched to an open buggy, a "black-snake" wagon whip thrown over his shoulder, presenting a very picturesque appearance as he traveled over the "corduroy" roads. He told his friends when he started out that he was "going north to set the woods a-fire," that he did not intend to sleep until victory was achieved, and he kept his word.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Harris was well respected. The Hon. David Turpie, now United States Senator from Indiana, formed a warm attachment for him and assisted him in many ways. Mr. Turpie was at that time Speaker of the House. He admired Mr. Harris for his simplicity and sterling honesty.

A truer man never lived than George Harris; he loved a friend and went to extremes to show his loyalty to those he liked. To an enemy he was charitable but always managed to get even some'place along the road.

The memory of Mr. Harris will linger in this community as long as the old-timer lives. The ranks of those who made up the citizenship of his day are fast fading away.

One of the great pleasures of this work is to speak of the old-time people and to perpetuate their memories. The men of the George Harris type are in the great minority now; there are a few here and there, but year by year they are giving away to new comers and new ideas of life.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

MONROE TOWNSHIP.

This township was named in honor of the fifth President of the United States, and is the largest in the county, its area being fifty-one square miles. It was organized January, 1836, by the following order of the Board of Commissioners :

“ On petition filed, it is ordered that the following described territory be stricken from Richland township, to-wit. : Commencing on the county line where the township line dividing township 20 and 21, north, crosses the same, running thence north with the county line to the north-east corner of Madison county, thence west with the north line of said county to the north-east corner of Pipe Creek township, thence south with the east line to the place of beginning, and that said territory so stricken off be organized into a separate township to be known and designated by the name of Monroe township. All elections are ordered to be held at the residence of Micajah Chamness until otherwise ordered.”

The land is gradually level except along Pipe Creek, where it is undulating. This is the largest stream in the township, and flows from the north-east to the south-west, having Mud and Lily creeks on the north, and Little Pipe creek on the south as tributaries.

Previous to the year 1831, there was not a white man within the territory which comprises the township. Some time during that year, however, Micajah Chamness and George Marsh, from North Carolina, settled near the present site of Alexandria, on Section 19, the west half of which, together with the east half of the north-east quarter of Section 24, the former entered for a home. This was the first entry of land in the township. A year later James M. Annon and Morgan James settled in the township, the first named on Section 23, near the mouth of Mud creek, and the latter on Little Pipe creek, south of where Alexandria is now situated. From 1833 to 1835, James Tomlinson, from Ohio; Stephen Norris, Thornberry Moffitt, Jesse Vermillion, from Lawrence county,

Ohio; David L. Pickard, from Maine; Stephen and John Marsh, Peter Edwards and Stephen Fenimore, settled in the township. Among others who settled in the township about this time, or soon after, were John Brunt, Peter Cassell, Evan Ellis, Lorenzo Carver, Baxter Davis, Elijah Williamson, John Cree, Joseph Hall, Jacob Price, John Chitwood and Hildria Lee. These hardy pioneers went to work with a will, clearing up farms for themselves and families, meeting with trials, surmounting difficulties and performing labors that their descendants, many of whom are honored citizens and men of affairs in the township, would, if similarly situated, regard as impossible of accomplishment.

The first saw-mill and "corn cracker" in the township was built by James M. James, in 1834, on Pipe creek, one mile south-west of the present site of Alexandria. The matter is somewhat obscure, but it is claimed that a "corn cracker" was built even earlier than this, about a mile north-east of Alexandria, on Pipe creek. This stream at that time abounded in fish, and the early pioneers often fished at this mill of nights, with the wolves howling around them.

The first roads laid out in the township were the Indianapolis & Fort Wayne and the Shelbyville & Fort Wayne, over which the mails were carried at an early day. They were cut out in 1830 and formed a junction near the north line of the township.

David L. Pickard was the first postmaster at Alexandria. He was succeeded by Nathan E. Tomlinson. Mr. Pickard was elected Justice of the Peace at the first election held in the township. The election was held at the house of Micajah Chamness in April, 1836. It was about this time that William Conner and John D. Stephenson, of Noblesville, having reason to believe that the Indiana Central Canal would be constructed through the township, purchased the land where the city of Alexandria is now situated of Micajah Chamness. The purchase was made by Colonel N. Berry, who surveyed the land for the purchasers and at once proceeded to erect a log house on what is now the south-east corner of Berry and Clinton streets. A stock of general merchandise was placed in this building by Colonel Berry as agent of Conner & Stephenson, and thus the first store in the township was established. Many of the Colonel's customers came a long distance to trade with him, and articles were sold mostly in exchange

for coon skins, tan bark and other commodities. A large business was done in this line.

The furs of wild animals were bought by the agents of American and European fur companies, and traders from every section of the country came to purchase them and ship them to New York. Coon skins brought from fifty to seventy-five cents each, and the choicest of them were occasionally sold for one dollar. Ginseng, in large quantities, was brought in and sold at from fifteen to twenty cents per pound. It was likewise shipped East and was largely used in compounding medicines. Colonel Berry, after remaining in Alexandria six months, turned his stock over to David Pickard, who carried on the business as his successor for several years. The next store-keeper to locate here was a man by the name of Burner, who arrived in 1839, and who carried on a large business. In the same year Nathan E. Tomlinson came to the village from Yorktown and took charge of a stock of goods. He afterwards became proprietor of the store and continuously did business until a very short time before his death a few years ago. Mr. Tomlinson was one of the best known merchants in Madison county and was a very prominent citizen, socially and politically. He was a staunch Republican and took an active part in that party's welfare. He was the father of Mrs. Jesse Forkner, of Anderson, and also of Mark Tomlinson, lately deceased.

The first tavern-keeper was David Pickard, who kept a house in a log building, weather-boarded on the outside. It was standing a few years ago, when it was torn down by the hand of progress to give way to a more stately edifice. The price for entertainment for man and beast was sixty cents per day in the currency of the realm, and the proprietor for a long time did a prosperous business.

The first school teacher was a man by the name of John Brunt, who opened a school in the year 1837, with twelve pupils. The studies pursued were the primary branches, such as reading, spelling, and exercises in penmanship with a goose-quill pen. On Friday, the last day of the school week, spelling matches were in vogue, and the pupils would choose sides for the contests in the afternoon. Mr. Brunt was a brother of Thomas Brunt and an uncle to A. J. Brunt, spoken of in another place in this volume. The next school teacher in the village was a Mr. Richard Edwards, who resided here and taught school for a term of one year.

The first physician to locate in the town was Dr. Spence, who arrived a year or two after the first settlement of the town. He built the first brick house in the village, which stood one square west of what is now Harrison street. He did quite a flourishing business in the few years he remained here and finally removed to Fairmount, where he died in 1845. His immediate successor was Dr. D. C. Westerfield, who subsequently moved to the State of Iowa. The number of ills which a country doctor, at that time, had to contend with were very great, but the principal ones were fever and ague. These have long since disappeared with the draining of the surface water by the many large ditches throughout the county.

A NOTABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Among the notable circumstances in the early history of Alexandria was the disappearance of a man by the name of Branch, and the general belief in the community for a long time was that he had been murdered by one of the prominent residents of the place. The occurrence took place at the time the "spirit rappings" were introduced into the county. Branch, after staying around Alexandria for some time, had started for Ft. Wayne with the intention of purchasing some land and was never seen alive again. No particulars could ever be ascertained in relation to him. Some one started the report that he had been murdered by a well-known citizen and that his body had been thrown into a small stream four miles east of the village. The gentleman asserted his innocence at all times but was regarded with suspicion. He offered sufficient proof from Ft. Wayne that Branch had taken sick and died there, and all suspicion was quieted for a time until these "spirit meetings" began to have some believers.

Among those who believed in this doctrine in the community was a young man by the name of Ward McNeer, who was a person of rather unsavory reputation. He gave himself out as a spiritual medium and through him, it is said, the spirit of Branch appeared and stated that he had been murdered and that his remains were thrown into the stream aforesaid. The excitement was now again at fever heat and the people flocked to the stream with shovels and spades to dig up the remains. The crowd was headed by McNeer. They found a fur cap with a hole in it and after prolonged search some bones were taken out from beneath a small tree near by. The chances of the suspected man now grew very

slim and talk of lynching him was indulged in. At last, however, the cooler heads in the crowd began to investigate and the bones were found to be those of an animal while the cap perhaps had been placed there by design. Soon the people suspected that the whole thing was a "set up job" and McNeer and his followers fell into very bad odor.

The first lawyer who established himself in Alexandria was Peter H. Lemon. This was in 1842, and he remained there for about one year. Mr. Lemon was subsequently elected Clerk of the Madison County Courts, and served a term of four years, after which he removed to Indianapolis, where he died a few years ago.

The first blacksmith shop in the township was started by Joseph Fenimore at Alexandria in 1839. Mr. Fenimore was a clever workman and continued at his vocation for many years.

The first flouring and saw-mill was built in 1850 by J. E. Smith. The ground upon which this mill stood is now occupied by the immense flouring mills owned and operated by S. E. Young. This property was owned and operated as a distillery in 1868 by W. H. Daniels. At a point on the creek, just below the mill, was a small distillery at an early day that was operated by Yarkin Williams, and it is still remembered by the old-timers of the locality, one of whom is Mr. Nathan O'Bryant, that the "plant" was run at its full capacity day and night at times in order to supply customers with whisky. It is said that on one occasion Elijah Deadman went to the distillery with his jug to get it filled with liquor, and that the distiller took the receptacle and marked the number "37" on the bottom of it with a piece of chalk, indicating that there were thirty-six other jugs to be filled before Mr. Deadman could be supplied. It is hardly necessary to observe that the whisky manufactured at this little still was not of the "sure-shot" kind, except in cases of ague.

OTHER ENTERPRISES AND INDUSTRIES.

The first person to open a saloon was Ryburn Haskett, situated on the lot now occupied by Charles Gipe's residence, on Harrison street.

In 1845 William Calloway established a large dry goods store on the lot now occupied by the Johnson & McMahan block, situated on the corner of Washington and Harrison streets.

In 1847 William T. Scott located here with a general store. Mr. Scott's store was situated on the corner of Harrison and Berry streets, on the lot now occupied by R. H. Hannah's residence.

In 1850 Wolfe & Sherman located here a fanning mill factory (entirely without subsidy) on the lot now occupied by Dr. Runyan's residence. In 1856 they erected a frame business room on the lot now occupied by the Alexandria National Bank.

The old landmarks are almost obliterated, except a part of the building now occupied by the *Gas Bell News*, built by J. P. Scott, in 1859, on the lot now occupied by Allison's shoe store, and the old frame building on Washington street, east of the Johnson & McMahan block.

Alexandria made very slow progress from 1850 to 1857, having about 300 inhabitants. In 1875 the two railroads were put through here, giving the town quite a boom. The population increased wonderfully within the next few years.

ALEXANDRIA INCORPORATED AS A TOWN.

In the summer of 1876, Alexandria was incorporated and the following officers elected: E. B. Chamness, N. E. Tomlinson and Gideon Keifer, Trustees; Seth B. Henshaw, Treasurer; J. M. Tomlinson, Clerk; Marion Tuttle, Marshal. Mr. Chamness had the honor of writing the first ordinance for the young corporation.

NIAGARA LIME STONE DISCOVERED.

In 1885, Simon Richardson discovered the Niagara lime stone quarry, one and one-half miles west of town in the bed of Pipe creek, on the land owned by William Carver. Then there was no doubt that Alexandria possessed greater natural advantages than any town in the State. Mr. Richardson being a poor man had not the means with which to develop the quarry and Mr. Carver seemingly having no faith in the productiveness of his land, let the quarry lay idle for some time.

L. C. Nicoson, an experienced quarryman, of Anderson, appreciating the fine quality of the stone, leased the land from Mr. Carver and bought the land adjoining it. He immediately put in all the machinery necessary for quarrying stone, developing the quarry and manifesting one of Alexandria's natural advantages. Mr. Nicoson still owns and operates the quarry with a force of fifty men.

Later, R. Free & Son opened a quarry on their land farther up the creek, near the Big Four Railroad bridge, now inside the city limits. In 1889 N. Booth bought R. Free's interest in the quarry, he and S. Free running the business under the firm name of Free & Booth. Four years later Mr. Booth bought S. Free's interest and now owns and operates the quarry. This quarry is equally as productive as Mr. Nicolson's, and now employs about the same number of men. This made brick and boulder foundations and corner "chunks" a thing of the past. The Niagara lime stone far surpasses, for building purposes, any stone in the State. This was an enterprise, as well as a natural advantage, that the citizens of Alexandria could well feel proud of.

The first newspaper in Alexandria was published in 1877, called the *Alexandria Bee*, edited by Joseph Fenimore.

In 1885 T. A. French came to Alexandria with the determination of running a successful newspaper. The first issue of Judge French's paper came out with the *Alexandria Times* at the top of the first page, in large black letters. The citizens hailed this paper with delight, and whispered, "Alexandria will boom now, sure."

The next and greatest natural advantage was natural gas. This great discovery was made on March 27, 1887, in well No. 1, of the Alexandria Mining and Exploring Company, located near the terminus of East Washington street. The discovery of this wonderful fuel created greater excitement among the villagers than the discovery of gold created among the people of the West. Not only were the people of Alexandria excited, but the people of the adjoining counties also. They came by thousands to see "the wonder of the nineteenth century." Not knowing the depth of the Trenton rock, they were afraid to go very deep for fear of reaching salt water, consequently this well was small, flowing about two million cubic feet per day. Later, the same company drilled well No. 2, on West Washington street, which was thought at that time to be a very strong well, flowing 6,000,000 cubic feet per day.

At the time gas was discovered Alexandria was a village of 800 inhabitants. It was a very beautiful little place, having the best streets of any town in the county. Being well located, it attracted a great many prospectors.

Among the first to locate here was a brick manufacturer, a Mr. Davis, of Indianapolis, who located north of the city.

Mr. E. C. Ward now owns and operates the factory built by Mr. Davis, employing about fifteen men. The second industry was a window glass factory, located by Harper & Cruzen, now owned and operated by Herr, Free & Miller, under the firm name of the Alexandria Window Glass Company, employing seventy-two men.

The third industry was the Lippincott Chimney Works, located on West Washington street. This factory is one of the largest in the Gas Belt, employing about 650 men.

The fourth industry was the Indiana Brick Works, located south of the city, employing fifty men.

The fifth industry was the DePauw Plate Glass Works, one of the largest in America, now known as the American Plate Glass, employing about 300 men, situated west of the Lippincott works.

The sixth industry was the DePauw Window Glass Works, situated east of the city. This factory was the first tank factory built in the Gas Belt and employs about 300 men.

The seventh industry was the Kelly Axe Manufacturing Company, located north of the city, manufacturing the Perfect axe, of which W. C. Kelly, President of the company, is the patentee. This axe is conceded by all to be the best made in the world. The factory employs 400 men and is kept constantly in operation filling the orders received from all parts of the globe.

The last, but by no means the least, is the Union Steel Co.'s plant, located south of the city. It is one of the largest and finest in the world, employing 1,600 to 2,000 men.

Besides these industries there are a number of smaller factories among which are the Artificial Ice Plant and the Novelty Works.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

During the year 1890, C. F. Heritage, Albert Gordon, R. H. Hannah and S. E. Young erected the handsome and commodious Opera House on the south-east corner of Harrison and Church streets at a cost of \$25,000. This building is an ornament to the city and will stand as a monument to the enterprise and public spirit of its owners and builders.

ALEXANDRIA BANKS — NATIONAL BANK.

Of the many financial institutions in the county—and it is a matter worthy of note that Madison county has more of them than any other county in the State—the banks of Alex-

andria stand second to none in the confidence of the business world. The first bank established at Alexandria was organized by Dr. Braxton Baker, years before it was ever thought that the village would become one of the busiest little cities in the country. It was a private institution and was known as the Alexandria Bank. In 1892 this bank was reorganized under the National banking laws, and has since been doing business under the name of the Alexandria National Bank. The capital stock of the bank is \$50,000. It is safe and reliable, and its career has been eminently successful. The officers of the bank are, S. E. Young, President; R. H. Hannah, vice-President; S. G. Phillips, Cashier, and John H. Heritage Assistant Cashier.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

This institution was organized March 1, 1890, and by prudent management, practical methods and strict attention to legitimate banking business, is now held in high favor by the business public. It has ample capital with which to meet all demands that are made upon it, and enjoys the reputation of being financially solid. It is a co-partnership bank and its stockholders have large holdings in lands and other valuable property. The officers of the institution are, B. T. Calloway, President; H. C. Calloway, Vice-President; S. Free, Cashier, and Miss A. E. Condo, Assistant Cashier.

ALEXANDRIA INCORPORATED AS A CITY.

In 1893 the town of Alexandria was incorporated as a city. The following is a list of the first and subsequent officers: John E. Sherman, Mayor; L. J. Hernly, Clerk; E. C. Robinson, Treasurer; W. W. Fenimore, Marshal; Councilmen, First Ward, C. F. Heritage and John Reese; Second Ward, Joseph Brannum and Henry Herr; Third Ward, T. W. Mullen and Peter Hartman. The following officers were elected in 1894: John Shannon, Mayor; C. C. Robinson, Treasurer; J. F. Brenaman, vice Robinson, resigned; John W. Wallingford, Clerk; (J. M. Tomlinson, vice Wallingford, resigned;) T. M. Houston, Marshal; Councilmen, First Ward, C. F. Heritage and L. F. Pierce; Second Ward, Joseph Brannum and Henry Herr; Third Ward, T. W. Mullen and S. E. Rhinehart. The present city officials are John Shannon, Mayor; Jesse E. Beeson, City Judge; Joseph M. Tomlinson, Clerk; James F. Brenaman, Treasurer; T. M. Houston, Mar-

shal; Councilmen, First Ward, L. F. Pierce and S. Michaels; Second Ward, Joseph Brannum and John Marrs; Third Ward, T. W. Mullen and W. F. Edwards.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER WORKS.

The city is lighted by electricity, has an excellent water works system, and a well-organized fire department, mention of which will be found elsewhere in this work. The Electric Light Company was organized in 1893.

CHURCHES, SCHOOLS AND BENEVOLENT ORDERS.

Alexandria has seven Christian churches, or societies: The Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, United Presbyterian and Catholic. The Methodist society is the oldest in the city and township, having been organized at an early day. The society originally belonged to the Pendleton circuit and built the first church in Alexandria in 1845. The church is in a prosperous condition, having a large membership and practically out of debt.

The Christian church was organized in 1852, although evangelical work had been done in the township as far back as 1839 and 1840 by Elders Daniel Franklin, Drury Holt, William Trowbridge, B. Blount and others. Prominent among the membership of this church at the time of its organization were Jacob Cassell, John McMahan, James Ellis, Joseph Fenimore, Elizabeth Fitch and Martha Cassell. The society erected a meeting-house at Alexandria in 1853, in which services were held until 1863, when it was abandoned, being considered insecure. The membership divided at this time, a part going to what is known as the Lilly Creek church and a part to the Vinson church. The church was organized at Alexandria, however, in November, 1875, by Elder William McKensey, since which time it has steadily increased its membership.

The Presbyterian society was organized at a comparatively recent date. The membership is small but zealous and the result is that the society has one of the cosiest little churches in the county.

The Baptist church was organized at Alexandria December 23, 1895, and at present has no permanent home, the meetings being held in the Red Men's hall on Harrison street. The members are active and arrangements have been perfected that will insure them a place of worship.

There has been an organized Baptist society in Monroe township since June, 1842, when a small number of that faith assembled at the house of Moses Maynard for the purpose of organizing a church. In 1844 the society built a log meeting-house on Section 32, in the south-east part of the township. This house was removed in 1872, and on its site was erected a neat little frame building. This society is known as the Little Killbuck Old School Baptist Church. The first pastor was the Rev. William A. Thompson, one of the pioneer Baptist ministers of the State.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church was organized December, 1895, by Rev. Francis C. Woodard. The membership is few in numbers, but active, and the society is growing.

The United Presbyterians organized their church at Alexandria on May 4, 1893, and on the 1st of July, 1893, Rev. A. K. Straw took pastoral charge of the congregation. The work of the society is well organized and the outlook hopeful.

The Catholics have a growing congregation, but as yet have no permanent place of worship. Services are held by Father Beagle, of Elwood, twice a month.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The city of Alexandria has four public school buildings for the accomodation of the 670 children of legal school age within its limits, that number being the enumeration for the present year. Of that number sixteen are colored, eleven males and five females. This year a corps of twenty-one teachers was employed, at the head of whom, as superintendent, is Vinton R. Busby, one of the most efficient educators in the State. The present school trustees are Thomas H. Jones, S. Free and H. C. Binkly.

Two of the four school buildings, the "Tomlinson" and "Clark," are deserving of special mention. These two structures when completed and furnished cost the citizens of Alexandria \$40,000. They are of handsome design, very attractive and a credit to the city.

There are thirteen school buildings in the township exclusive of the towns, and a like number of teachers. The school enumeration this year for the township alone shows that there are 352 males and 307 females, making a total of 659 persons entitled to school privileges.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

There are five secret benevolent orders at Alexandria, viz: The F. and A. M.; I. O. O. F.; K. of P.; I. O. R. M. and K. O. T. M. These societies were instituted in the above order, the Masons being the first to organize a lodge. Alexandria Lodge No. 225, F. and A. M., was organized May 25, 1858, and the following officers installed: R. H. Hannah, W. M.; John Coburn, S. W.; T. J. Pickard, J. W.; D. M. Scott, Treas.; A. G. Tomlinson, Sec.; G. Bohrer, S. D.; Joseph Pugh, J. D.; J. M. Zedeker, Tyler.

Necessity Lodge No. 222, I. O. O. F., was instituted Nov. 21, 1860, with ten charter members. The first officers of the lodge were: C. Free, N. G.; John Heagy, V. G.; R. H. Cree, Sec.; S. B. Harriman, Treas. This is the only lodge of any order in the county that owns a cemetery. The beautiful burial ground in the south-east part of the city was purchased and laid out as a place of sepulture by Necessity Lodge.

The I. O. R. M., K. of P. and Knights of the Maccabees are all in a flourishing condition and constantly increasing their membership.

THE PRESS.

The city has four newspapers proper mention of which is made elsewhere in these pages.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following are the names of those who have served the county in an official capacity from this township:

William Wilson, Commissioner, from 1844 to 1885; Frederick Black, Representative, from 1867 to 1869; Dr. Joseph Pugh, Treasurer, from 1867 to 1871; J. F. Mock, Representative, from 1869 to 1870; D. K. Carver, Sheriff, from 1870 to 1872; Robert H. Hannah, Clerk, from 1874 to 1878; T. J. McMahan, Sheriff, from 1876 to 1880; R. H. Cree, State Senator, from Madison and Delaware counties, from 1875 to 1877; Morton H. Downey, Surveyor, from 1894 to 1896 and re-elected and is the present incumbent of that office.

ORESTES.

A few years ago Orestes was a mere hamlet; now, owing to the discovery of natural gas, it is an incorporated town with an estimated population of 450. The town is situated on the L. E. & W. railroad, two miles west of Alexandria, and possesses certain advantages which give it a degree of

prominence as a business point. It has two large factories, the Powell Tile works and the United Window Glass factory, the latter being one of the largest establishments of its kind in the country.

The school enumeration for the present year shows that there are 211 persons of legal school age within the corporate limits. Two school buildings are required for the accommodation of pupils and three teachers are employed.

Orestes is surrounded by a fertile farming country; its people are enterprising and thrifty, and taken altogether the town is fairly prosperous. It was incorporated in 1894.

OSCEOLA.

This village is situated in the north-west corner of the township and was laid out in 1855. It derives its name from the celebrated Seminole chief and at one time promised to become a place of considerable importance. A post-office was established here and E. M. Trowbridge, the first merchant in the place, was appointed postmaster. The office has long since been abolished. A large steam saw-mill was once operated here and a great deal of lumber was manufactured, but with the disappearance of the more valuable timber the industry ceased to be profitable and the mill was removed. The first physician here was Dr. Eppard, who was succeeded by Dr. Cyrenus Free. The first blacksmith was David Perry, and the first shoemaker Absalom Webb. A school-house ample for the needs of the community is located here.

ACCIDENTS, INCIDENTS, REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES— THROWN FROM A BUGGY AND KILLED.

Jacob Schwinn was, in his lifetime, one of the most influential farmers of Monroe township, in which he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was well known throughout the county, being prominent, not only as a business man, but also as a politician. He took an active part in the political campaigns of his party, being a stanch Republican.

On the 21st day of November, 1874, Mr. Schwinn, at an early hour in the morning, arose and started for Anderson, in a buggy, to which he had one horse hitched, and was leading another behind. His son, Evan, rode with him for nearly a mile, until he came to the cross-road leading to Osceola, where he was engaged in teaching school. After parting with his

son, Mr. Schwinn drove south about eighty rods to a small bridge, which he passed over safely, but just after crossing, his horses became frightened at some obstacle on the road side and began to run. They had gone about thirty rods when the buggy was upset and the occupant thrown out, striking his head against the fence with such force as to cause his immediate death. Mr. Thomas Bell was within 100 yards of the accident, and Mr. Hankins but a short distance away. They both hurried to the place, but before reaching Mr. Schwinn, he had breathed his last.

A few minutes after leaving the buggy, Evan Schwinn, the son, heard a noise in the direction of the bridge, and fearing there was something wrong, hurried back, finding his father in the embrace of death. The body was examined by Drs. J. W. Perry and Cyrenus Free, who found that his injuries were caused by a shock to the spinal column and the breaking of internal blood vessels.

Mr. Schwinn was born in Bendenkirschen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, September 21, 1816, and immigrated to this country when twenty-one years of age. He landed in Baltimore, where he remained a short time working at the tailor's trade. From here he went to Pittsburg, Penn., and remained a short period and thence to Indianapolis. He finally settled in Yorktown, Delaware county, where he formed the acquaintance of N. E. Tomlinson and became very warmly attached to him. In the year 1842 Mr. Tomlinson moved to Alexandria and engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. Schwinn soon followed him and worked at his trade, when he gave it up for the more congenial occupation of farming. In the same year Mr. Schwinn, being prominent in the counsels of the Whig party, was placed in nomination for the office of Representative for Madison county. He made a bold and creditable fight in his canvass, but owing to the overwhelming Democratic majority was defeated at the polls. In 1866 he took a leading and active part in organizing the first Masonic lodge at Alexandria, of which he continued to be a leading member until the time of his death. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and took a prominent part in the affairs of that organization. Being industrious and economical he had amassed quite a little fortune and left his family in easy circumstances. His remains were interred at the Deadman cemetery, two miles north of Alexandria, the ceremony being conducted by the Masonic order.

The funeral was one of the largest that ever occurred in Madison county. The older citizens of this county will pleasantly remember the subject of this sketch, and will long mourn his death.

SUICIDE OF JOSEPH CROSS.

Joseph Cross was a bachelor, who for many years lived alone about two and a half miles southeast of Alexandria. He was found dead in his bed on Sunday, the 17th of August, 1884. He had been missing since the previous Thursday evening, and the evidence adduced at the Coroner's inquest tended to show that about that time he took arsenic with suicidal intent. A quantity of the drug on a teaspoon was found on the table near the bed on which he was lying. When the body was discovered it was in an advanced state of decomposition, so much so that it was almost impossible to make a post mortem examination. He was an inoffensive citizen, though somewhat dissipated. Despondency was the cause of the act. He was possessed of considerable property, being the owner of the farm upon which he resided. His remains were taken in charge by a brother and other relatives and interred in the Alexandria cemetery.

He was a brother of Lafe Cross, a once prominent Anderson druggist, and also of Worth Cross, a painter, who still resides in or near Alexandria, and Absalom Cross, a prominent farmer of Monroe township.

SAD DEATH OF WINFRED WALKER.

On the 15th of July, 1879, Winfred Walker, one of the most influential farmers of Monroe township, left his home to go to Alexandria, four miles distant, for the purpose of getting a hay rake which he had purchased. He hitched his horse to the rake without "hold-back straps" and started for home. On the road the horse became frightened at some object and started to run, and Mr. Walker was killed. No one was present to witness the occurrence, and how he came to his death is simply a matter of conjecture. It is supposed the rake ran upon the horse's heels and scared him, which started him to run. He was found in a dying condition near the farm of James Wilson, about two and a half miles east of Alexandria. He was unable to speak and unconscious, and lived but a few minutes after he was found. His body was mangled in a frightful manner and had every appearance of a great struggle in his vain attempt to extricate himself from the "tines" of

the rake while the horse was wild with fright and running at the top of his speed.

The scene at Mr. Walker's residence as his lifeless body was carried home is easier to imagine than describe. The Walker family had been peculiarly unfortunate. One of the daughters, before this accident, had lost her arm in a cane mill.

Mr. Walker enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived and was a practical agriculturist. He was a man of about fifty-three years of age, of very strict integrity, and one who prided himself always upon making his word good, and for his promptness in discharging any financial obligation.

Marshal Walker, son of Winfred Walker, is still living in Monroe township. One of his daughters married a son of the Hon. Robert H. Cree, ex-Senator from the counties of Madison and Delaware.

LOST HIS FOOT.

Albert Chaplain, residing a short distance north of Alexandria, on the farm of his father, John Chaplain, met with a serious accident on the 25th of July, 1879, by which he had his left foot taken off. He, with his father and brother were mowing grass in the meadow near the family residence. The machine was stopped and Albert was engaged in removing a piece of stump that was in the way. He came behind the mower and put his left foot over the sickle bar when some bumble-bees in the grass frightened the team. His foot was caught in the sickle and he was dragged fifteen or twenty feet. His foot was found to be cut almost off. Dr. J. W. Hunt, who was then a resident of Alexandria was summoned and in company with Drs. Sullivan, Runyan and Sharp the foot was amputated. He also suffered other injuries, having one of his fingers badly cut. He was only about fourteen years of age when this accident took place.

FATAL ENDING OF AN OLD FEUD.

Gilman is a small station on the L. E. & W. R. R., eight miles east of Alexandria. On Monday evening, the 28th of March, 1881, Coroner Michael Ryan, of Anderson, received the following dispatch:

"A man shot and killed at Gilman this evening.

JOHN W. HUNT."

The John W. Hunt who signed the dispatch was Dr. J. W. Hunt, now of Anderson, who at that time resided at Alexandria. Coroner Ryan took the 9:12 train north on the C. W. & M. R. R. to investigate the matter and to hold an inquest over the body of the deceased. The news began to spread, and it was evident that a terrible tragedy had occurred. Rumors of all kinds were afloat, but as to the real facts, they were greatly exaggerated. Among the residents of the village was one Ira Miller; a single man of twenty-three years of age, who kept a small store in the place. Seth McKinney also lived there and was a cousin of Miller. McKinney had no particular occupation, but worked in the saw-mill in the village for a while, and was then engaged in the patent right and lightning rod business. A misunderstanding arose between McKinney and Miller, the direct cause of which seems to have been uncertain, as several accounts of the same were given, none of which seemed to agree. It is said, however, that at one time during the summer previous to the shooting, McKinney made a drawing for a gate which he intended to have patented. A portion of his territory was traded to a gentleman near Muncie by some one representing himself as a partner of McKinney. The man who traded for the territory was looking about with a view to manufacturing the gate. When McKinney learned of this transaction he went to him, showed him his plates and drawings, explained that the person who had traded off the gate did so without authority. The outcome of the affair was that McKinney received a fine young horse in compromise of the unauthorized purchase of the territory, to quiet the matter.

Ira Miller learned of this transaction, and believing the gentleman who had purchased the right of the gate had been swindled, so stated to parties in Muncie. This reached the ears of the purchaser, who went to see Miller and McKinney at Gilman. Some trouble arose between McKinney and the purchaser, Miller being the instigator, by the statements he had made to the parties in Muncie. Thus these two men were dragged into a trouble which resulted in making them deadly enemies.

Another theory was that the difficulty really arose over a woman McKinney had been living with by the name of Reeder, who came from Tipton county. Her character, it is said, was not of the best. It is said that McKinney lived with this woman as his wife. When Coroner Ryan arrived at the

scene of the tragedy he found the body of McKinney in the house where he lived with this woman. McKinney and Miller had quarreled several times and mutual threats had been made. On the evening of the shooting the quarrel had been renewed and Miller charged McKinney with stealing \$700 where he had hid it at one time when they were on a spree together. On the evening of the shooting they were in front of Miller's store, as the 5 o'clock train on the L. E. & W. railroad was coming in. McKinney told Miller that he had a notion to take a pitch-fork handle, standing by, and mash his mouth for the way in which he had abused him. Miller answered, "Damn you, I told you if you ever crossed my path I would kill you!" He raised his revolver and shook it at him several times. A farmer standing by took hold of Miller's arm and requested him not to shoot. When the farmer had released his hold and was on the way to the train Miller shot McKinney, who walked about thirty feet, when he fell over dead.

According to the testimony of witnesses, no revolver was found on McKinney's person. Miller went to his stable, saddled a horse and went north at full gallop. The horse returned to Gilman the next morning.

McKinney had relatives in Tipton: at one time he had also lived in Michigan. Sheriff Randall Biddle, of Madison county, had received a letter from the Sheriff of Clinton county, Michigan, where he was wanted for grand larceny. He came from Ohio to Muncie and from there to Gilman. It is claimed that he had a wife and children living in Ohio. He did not enjoy a good reputation and the fact that he was living with a woman to whom he was never married, would seem to confirm the belief that he was not of good character.

Ira Miller, who did the killing, was about twenty years of age, a son of Jacob Miller, an old and highly respected farmer of Harrison township, in Delaware county, who lives just across the line from Madison county. He had a great many friends that came to his and his son's relief in the investigation of this unfortunate affair and it is said that it was due to his father's influence that Ira escaped the consequences of the law. Parties who were well acquainted with both men in the case and the trouble which existed between them, testified that Miller was justified in his actions from the fact that McKinney had on several occasions threatened to take the life of Miller.

Miller was placed under arrest and a preliminary hearing had before a Justice of the Peace of Monroe township. After a full hearing he was acquitted upon the ground of justifiable homicide, it being proven that when McKinney approached Miller, on the platform at the station, that it was in a threatening manner. Miller knew that McKinney was a desperate man, and felt that he was justified in shooting him in order to save his own life, or himself, from personal injury.

A TRAVELING MAN ASSAULTED.

At the station of the Lake Erie & Western Railroad at Alexandria a most brutal and unwarranted attack was made on Frank M. Richardson, a drummer for a wholesale boot and shoe house of Cleveland, on the 8th of December, 1882, by Frank Cleary, of that place, in which Richardson was terribly cut in several places on his body, one gash over his eye and one clear across his face, cutting nearly through his cheek and leaving a horrible scar which Mr. Richardson will carry with him to the grave.

There seems to have been but little provocation for the attack, for the reason that Mr. Richardson was an unobtrusive and quiet man who had gone to the station to await the arrival of the out-going train upon which he was about to take passage. Cleary was in an intoxicated condition, and for some cause commenced taunting Mr. Richardson, calling him names and inviting him out of doors to fight. Richardson endured this until his patience was worn out, and told Cleary and some companions who were with him that if they did not desist some of them would get hurt, and then started out of the doorway. However, before reaching the door, Cleary drew a knife and made an assault upon Richardson, with the above result. Besides cutting him in the cheek he was severely wounded in other portions of his anatomy.

It was thought for awhile that Richardson would die from the loss of blood, but, after being taken care of by physicians, he was able in a few days to go on his way.

Cleary was placed under arrest and gave bond in the sum of \$1,000, with Robert Hannah as security, for his appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court. Cleary justified himself by stating that Richardson had commenced the disturbance himself, but it was not generally believed that this was the fact.

Richardson was a tall, handsome man, and prided him-

self greatly upon his personal appearance, and the mortification which he experienced from the wound in his cheek sank deep into his heart. He grieved over it very much. Some time after this assault he was in Anderson consulting Mr. Kittinger, who was then Prosecuting Attorney, in relation to the case against Clearey. Upon coming down on the street in front of the lawyer's office he unexpectedly found himself face to face with his late assailant, and, without a moment's warning, drew his pistol and fired. The ball took effect in Clearey's person, and felled him to the ground, but did not prove fatal. A crowd soon gathered, Clearey was taken off the street, and friends surrounded Richardson who persuaded him to return to Mr. Kittinger's office.

Richardson was placed under arrest for assault and battery with intent to kill. Thomas J. McMahan became security for his appearance to answer to the charge. The case against Richardson hung in court for a long time, without being brought to trial, but finally through public sentiment, which was largely in his favor, or for other reasons unknown to the writer, Mr. Richardson was never tried for his assault upon Clearey. In the meantime Clearey was tried in the Madison County Circuit Court, was convicted of the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill, and sentenced to the State's prison for a short term. Mr. Clearey served his time in prison and returned to Alexandria, where he yet resides.

KILLED IN A SAW-MILL.

On the 15th of August, 1884, Henry Pritchett, an off-bearer in Enos Rutledges' saw-mill at Gilman, was caught by a log on the carriage as it was being taken back from the mill and dragged onto the saw; he was instantly killed. His right leg was cut off at the knee joint and he received a gash across the breast puncturing his vitals and almost cutting his body in twain; he never spoke after the accident. He was about twenty-four years of age, married, and left a wife to survive him. Dr. B. F. Spann, Coroner of Madison county, was called and an inquest was held and a verdict of accidental killing was rendered, exonerating the owner of the mill from any blame whatever. The body was conveyed by friends to the Whetstone cemetery, south of Anderson, for interment.

A TRAGEDY.

Albert C. Carver, a Madison county boy, ex-Prosecutor of the Pleas of the State of Indiana, was born and reared in

the vicinity of Alexandria, where he is at the present time enjoying the highest esteem of his neighbors and fellow citizens. Mr. Carver is a very quiet man, has never dealt in epithets or offered insult to his fellow men, but he is made of such material that when approached in a menacing way, he will defend himself to the bitter end.

On the 9th of August, 1879, Mr. Carver became engaged in an affray at Alexandria, his native village, in which he was assaulted by a mob, prominent among whom was William Cox, during the course of which it became necessary for Mr. Carver, in defense of his person, to use such force as to cause the death of his assailant.

Mr. Carver was in the act of boarding a C. W. & M. train for Anderson, when he was attacked by three men who commenced beating him in a merciless manner. William Cox and Carver clinched, when some one, believed to be Cox, cried out for help from the others, saying that they should kill Carver and at the same time calling him vile names. At this juncture, Carver seeing there was no possible escape, either from being killed or badly hurt, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot twice in rapid succession; both shots taking effect in the body of William Cox, killing him almost instantly.

When it was known that Cox had been shot his accomplices immediately retreated; Carver boarded the train and asked protection from several traveling men on the train, who responded. Conductor Albert Johnson took in the situation at once and pulled out with his train, and thereby avoided further bloodshed as Carver's assailants were in an ugly mood and prepared to do further deeds of violence.

Carver was placed under arrest and in the custody of the Sheriff of Madison county, but several persons from Alexandria went upon his bond for his appearance at court. Michael Ryan, the Coroner, was summoned, and held an inquest the day after the shooting. The verdict was, that William Cox came to his death from a pistol shot fired by Alfred C. Carver, in defense of his own life. Mr. Carver had a preliminary examination before Lewis C. Burke, Justice of the Peace, at the Mayor's office, in Anderson, on the following Monday, and after a full and impartial hearing, he was acquitted of any criminal action.

The direct cause of the unhappy event was attributed to a feud that had existed between the parties for some time, growing out of some trivial matter, which kept on growing

until it had culminated as before stated. It was contended by some that the fact that Carver had been pushing suits in the Circuit Court, involving the title to a large amount of real estate on which the town of Alexandria is situated, he had incurred the displeasure of a portion of the citizens of that place.

No one knowing the circumstances of the case ever held Mr. Carver responsible for any thing criminal in this transaction, as he simply did what every other citizen has a right to do—defend his person against bodily harm.

Mr. Cox was a young man of about 26 years of age. His father, it is said, was killed several years before this affair, in Texas, by also being shot in a row. Since this unfortunate affair, Mr. Carver has lived in Madison county and has been a just and upright citizen, having been elected by his constituency to the high and honorable position of Prosecuting Attorney for this District, which office he filled with credit. He now resides in Alexandria, is engaged in the practice of his profession and is one of the leaders at the Madison county bar.

POST OFFICE ROBBED.

On the 29th of August, 1891, the post office at Alexandria was robbed in a most thorough and complete manner. The robbers entered the building by the rear window and opened the money drawer in Postmaster Tomlinson's desk, he having no safe in the building. About forty dollars in money, some small change and a considerable number of stamps were taken. The burglars then proceeded to a butcher shop close by and plundered that place, receiving but little for their trouble. There was no clue to the robbery. The authorities at Washington were notified and detectives were put to work, but no discovery was made as to who the guilty parties were.

A STRANGE HOMICIDE.

Joseph Frazier and Sylvester Hupp were neighbors living near Alexandria, and no enmity or bad feeling had ever been known to exist between them. On the 11th of May, 1884, the community was startled by a report that Frazier had in cold blood murdered Hupp.

On Saturday prior to the murder they were in Anderson together and had been drinking considerably. Frazier became sick from the effects of drink and was confined to his bed as a result. On the evening of the day that he was taken sick he

sent for Mr. Hupp, whose residence was but a short distance from his own. Hupp immediately complied with the request, and as he entered the room he passed by the bed upon which Frazier was lying and spoke to him in a friendly manner. Frazier's only reply was, "What do you want?" and reaching under the pillow, drew a revolver and fired, the ball entering Hupp's heart, killing him instantly. There was no reason that could be assigned by any one for this horrible act. Frazier was at once arrested by Constable George W. Cummins, of Monroe township, and on the morning following waived an examination in Squire Finch's Court in Alexandria, and was committed to the county jail. During his incarceration he steadily refused to talk to any one in an intelligent manner, trying to leave on every one the impression that he was insane.

Many of the neighbors and people who were acquainted with Frazier gave credence to the story that he was deranged, from the fact that he had lost his daughter a short time previously which it was said bore heavily upon him, causing him to give away to drink. He was a hard working man and had accumulated considerable wealth. He owned a farm of 160 acres well stocked, and in addition had quite a large sum of money. He was about forty-eight years of age and had a wife and eight children.

Sylvester Hupp, the victim, was a carpenter by trade and being of a quiet and jovial disposition, was not known to have an enemy in the world. He left a wife and four children in moderate circumstances. He was about fifty years of age, and a brother of Dewitt C. Hupp, a prominent school teacher and politician of Madison county, who yet resides at Alexandria. Coroner William A. Hunt held an inquest over the remains, returning a verdict of murder. However, before the Grand Jury could convene to make an investigation of the affair, Frazier put an end to the whole matter by taking his own life in the county jail on the 18th of May, 1884, by hanging himself to the bars of his cell. It is said that Frazier recognized the enormity of his crime and had asserted on several occasions that he had been guilty of a grievous offense. On being placed in jail he inquired of Deputy Sheriff Moore how long it would be before the court convened and on being informed that it would be four weeks, he replied that he would never have a trial. This was sufficient evidence that he had premeditated suicide. Before committing the act he addressed a letter to his mother and also one to his wife and family, on the 31st of

May, in which he urged them both to be good to the children, and to prepare to meet him in a better world. After the inquest held by the Coroner of the county, his remains were delivered to his grief stricken family, and they were then conveyed to Wesley Chapel cemetery, in Richland township, where the remains of his victim had been interred but a few days before. The estate that he left to his family was estimated to be worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars. It is charitable at least to believe that Frazier at the time he committed the deed, was not in his right mind, as no reason could be offered why he should deliberately take the life of one who had always been a neighbor and a close friend.

KILLED WHILE COUPLING CARS.

On the 28th of June, 1890, Henry Sholts, a brakeman on the C., W. & M. Railroad, was killed while making a coupling at Alexandria. He fell between the cars and was instantly killed. No one seems to know much about the particulars of his death, and but little can be said about it. The records of Dr. C. L. Armington show that he was called there in the capacity of Coroner, and held an inquest over the dead body of Sholts, that he was a man of about twenty-five years of age. His remains were taken by friends after the inquest.

AN ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

One of the most distressing accidents that ever occurred in Madison county, took place on the 17th of October, 1891, near Alexandria, whereby Arlantas Runyon was accidentally shot by Willis S. Ellis, who is at this writing a practicing attorney-at-law in Anderson, and who was once Superintendent of Schools in Madison county. On the day above mentioned, Runyon and Ellis had been out hunting, and were in a field about three miles from Alexandria walking very closely together, Ellis having his gun pointing downward. In some manner, he slipped and fell, and in his fall the gun was discharged, and the entire contents were landed in Runyon's right foot, terribly lacerating it, and disabling Mr. Runyon so that he could not walk.

Mr. Ellis hastened to a neighboring house, secured a buggy and hauled his companion to Alexandria where his wounds were dressed. After an examination it was determined that amputation was necessary, and Mr. Runyon un-

derwent the ordeal of having his leg taken off between his knee and the ankle, thus rendering him a cripple for life. When he became convalescent, he had an artificial member placed on his limb, and one, to see him walk along the street, would never suspect that he had lost so important a member of his body.

Mr. Runyon is a prominent citizen of Madison county, having been twice elected to the position of Trustee of Monroe township, and was at one time a prominent candidate for Treasurer of Madison county. This accident distressed Mr. Ellis nearly as much as it did Mr. Runyon, from the fact that they were close friends and companions from boyhood. Mr. Ellis rendered every assistance in his power to alleviate the sufferings of his wounded friend, and they are still close friends.

FATAL SHOOTING AT ORESTES.

On the 8th of September, 1894, in a saloon at the town of Orestes, in Monroe township, a fatal shooting affair took place in which James McDermitt shot and killed Isaac Martin, a young man about twenty-five years of age. It happened in a bar-room fight, and it seems that Martin was the aggressor, and that McDermitt acted in self-defense.

C. L. Armington, the Coroner, was called and investigated the case, and returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, which was afterwards confirmed in the courts of justice of Madison county.

A FATAL FALL.

On the 22nd of October, 1894, Lewis Hatchet, of Orestes, while in an intoxicated condition coming down a stairway, fell and broke his neck, from the effects of which he died almost instantly. He was a man about forty years of age, being almost a stranger in the locality. But little is known of him. He was employed in a glass factory in the capacity of a laborer.

JEREMIAH SMITH MEETS DEATH BENEATH THE WHEELS OF A BIG FOUR PASSENGER TRAIN.

Jeremiah Smith, a Madison county pioneer, residing near Rigdon, was killed at Alexandria by the morning passenger train over the Big Four, April 15, 1896.

Mr. Smith, although seventy-three years of age, was even more energetic than hundreds of men forty years his junior. He was a dealer in produce and drove to Alexandria from his

home at Rigdon every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With a new buggy filled with eggs, butter, etc., he left his home as usual, not anticipating the horrible fate he afterwards met.

Attorney Arthur H. Jones, of Summitville, was an eye witness to the accident. He was coming to Anderson on the train. Mr. Smith had succeeded in crossing the track in front of the engine at the crossing just north of the Big Four depot. After crossing the track the horse became frightened and commenced backing. The buggy was backed against the baggage car of the train, and immediately torn loose from the horse and broken into pieces. Mr. Smith was thrown forcibly to the ground, his head striking the rail. The top of his head was completely cut off and death resulted instantaneously.

The unfortunate man was well known throughout the county.

After the accident the ambulance was called and the remains of Mr. Smith were immediately conveyed to the Davis undertaking establishment and cared for.

Coroner S. C. Selis held an inquest, after which the remains were removed to his home.

KILLED BY AN OFFICER.

On Saturday night, April 20th, 1895, special officer Harry Painter, of Alexandria, while doing his duty as prescribed by law came in contact with two men, one of whom was named Schneider and the other Cherott. It became his duty to place them under arrest for transgression of the ordinances of the city, and in so doing was compelled to use his pistol by which means he mortally wounded Schneider and severely crippled Cherott. The facts of the affair are as follows: A party of glass workers were drinking at a saloon on Washington street in West Alexandria and became so boisterous that the proprietor ordered them from the place. The party left the saloon and got out on the sidewalk where the men who composed it commenced fighting.

Officer Painter, who was doing duty for another officer in that part of town, was in a barber shop near by getting shaved, but immediately got up as soon as the disturbance commenced and rushed out to arrest the men. He was soon surrounded by the men and in struggling with Cherott was borne to the ground. While he was down Schneider jerked his mace out of his hand and commenced beating him over the head with it. Painter

finding that he was beset by men who appeared to be wanting to kill him, pulled his revolver and fired twice at Schneider and once at Cherott. Schneider ran and Painter succeeded in arresting Cherott and placing him in the calaboose. The shot aimed at Cherott took effect on the top of his head, making a painful but not serious wound.

Soon after Cherott had been placed in the calaboose, Marshal T. M. Houston was informed that there was a man lying under a tree not far from the scene of the fight who was either drunk or sick, and the officer proceeded to the place indicated to investigate. He found Schneider lying on the ground under the tree dead, and sent for an ambulance and had the body conveyed to an undertaking establishment. Painter gave himself up to the Marshal saying that he supposed he had killed the man, but was not aware of it until his remains had been found.

Upon examination of Schneider it was found that he had been shot twice, one of the wounds being in his left arm and the other in his left side.

Painter was placed under arrest, but was bailed by R. H. Hannah and other leading citizens of Alexandria, and finally, on a hearing in court, was acquitted of any criminal act, being entirely exonerated, as doing his duty as an officer of the law.

A DISASTROUS STORM.

One of the most disastrous storms that has visited this county occurred on the 17th of August, 1888, in a small strip of country, lying north of Anderson, between Killbuck and Alexandria, and was the scene of much destruction. On the Alexandria pike, north of the old John Nelson farm, and for two or three miles on either side, a strip as far as the Delaware county line, was severely shaken up by the wind and rainfall. Hail fell in immense quantities and the wind uprooted trees, blew down fences, barns and out-buildings. The hail was of unusual size, cutting the corn to ribbons and breaking the glass in the windows of the houses. The growing crops over the country were almost entirely obliterated and the corn was beaten down into the ground. The home of Mrs. Hupp, a small log house, was blown out of existence. The logs were caught by the wind and blown in every direction. At the time it struck the building, Mrs. Hupp and her family were in the house, but strange to relate, none were seriously hurt. One of the boys, however, sustained a wound

about the head, from the falling timbers. Mrs. Hupp was the widow of Wesley Hupp, who was killed by Joseph Frazier prior to this event, of which killing an account has been given in these pages. The farms of Washington Black, Weems Heagy, Mrs. Anthony Mabbitt, William Thornburg and Noah Eppard were in the direct track of the storm and their growing crops, fences, timber and out-buildings were more or less damaged. It was, by far, the most severe storm that ever swept through this part of the country, and will be long remembered by all those who witnessed it.

SAVED HIS BRIDE FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

On the 18th of February, 1895, Hon. John Shannon, Mayor of Alexandria, was joined in wedlock with Miss Margaret Lathrop, of Greensburg, Indiana. After the wedding ceremony was over and they had received the congratulations of their friends, they started on their wedding tour by the way of Louisville, Kentucky, at which place they boarded a steamer on the Ohio river for Cincinnati. They took passage on the "State of Missouri," one of the finest boats plying between New Orleans and Cincinnati, owned by the Cincinnati and Memphis Packet Company. While they were enjoying their honeymoon on the placid waters of the Ohio, near Alton, Indiana, the steamer struck a rock on the Indiana side, and in less than ten minutes went down in forty feet of water. C. C. Whitehead, an old pilot, was on board and gave the following account of the disaster. He said: "As the vessel was coming down the river I was in the pilot house and started down to supper. When I reached the cabin deck I noticed the vessel was headed too much towards the shore, and started to see what the matter was. At that moment the pilot in charge of the boat seemed to realize that the steamer was going in the wrong direction, and he began to turn, but he was too late in making the effort to change the course of the vessel. The bow missed the rock but the stern was struck and was completely cut off from the other part. When the shock came, a brave negro jumped ashore with a line and attached it to the boat, but the headway of the vessel parted the line and the boat swung into the river. All were excited and there was no time to study what was best to do. Life boats were lowered, but before the passengers had time to take advantage of them, a general scramble was made without any system on the part of the officers and passengers. It seems that every one fought

his own battle. At this juncture Mr. Shannon seeing the danger, and that there was but one way to escape, asked his wife to jump into the river, assuring her that he would follow and take her safe to the shore, which she did; he immediately sprang after her and swam with her to the Indiana side, thereby saving himself and his wife from a watery grave.

It was a brave deed and very few men would have had the courage to undertake such a task. The clothing of Mr. Shannon and wife were badly soiled, and they lost their baggage which was in the wreck. They telegraphed their friends and relatives at Greensburg that they were all right. They continued on their trip, however, and returned to Alexandria, which place they have since made their home. No fatalities occurred on the vessel as the crew and passengers were all saved.

KILLED WHILE RESISTING ARREST.

Scarcely had the Schneider killing passed out of the public mind (an account of which appears in this volume) when the news was flashed over the wire that John Graham, a Policeman of Alexandria, had on Saturday the 29th of February, 1896, shot and killed John Worthington, a workman in the steel mill, while arresting him for the violation of the law.

Many stories were set in circulation and no two agreed as to the particulars. The public press at the time gave about the following account of the affair:

“The first reports of the tragedy received indicate that the shooting was the result of an attempt to place Worthington under arrest, upon a warrant issued on the complaint of his room-mate, one Thomas Kneading, who reported to the police that Worthington had fired three shots at him. It seems that there was a woman in the case, a widow, at whose house the two men boarded; that Worthington was in love with the widow and suspected Kneading of being a little too persistent in his attentions.

“When Policeman Graham went to arrest Worthington he was accompanied by Kneading, who, however, kept well to the rear as they approached the house. Graham found Worthington in his room, and four of his fellow-workmen were with him. It is said that Worthington had his revolver in hand ready for action, but it does not appear that he made any demonstration toward using it against the officer. On the contrary, when he found the officer had a warrant for his

arrest, he suffered him to take the revolver from him. After securing the revolver and placing it in his own pocket, the officer seized the prisoner, who, for some reason which at the present time is unexplained, made a stubborn resistance, striking and kicking the officer, it is alleged, whereupon the latter pulled his gun and fired the fatal shot. It does not appear that the four companions of Worthington took any part in the proceedings beyond attempting to cool the parties down and avoid trouble, though it is stated that Graham had his prisoner floored at one time, and let him up at the request of these men, who guaranteed that he would go along peaceably with the officer.

“Graham immediately reported the occurrence to his superior officer, who sent him to the Mayor’s office where he was formally placed under arrest.

“Worthington came to Alexandria from Birmingham, Ala., but has a sister residing at Ashville, Ky., also one at Columbus, Ohio. He was a large and powerful man physically.”

Mr. Graham was taken to Anderson for safe keeping on account of the angry spirit manifested by the companions of Worthington, although no violence was offered.

Graham was acquitted in January, 1897.

BURNING OF THE PLATE GLASS WORKS.

On the 17th of September, 1895, a disastrous fire took place at the Alexandria Plate Glass Works, in which a portion of that institution was destroyed, entailing a large loss of property to the owners of the plant. Major C. T. Doxey was the president of the company, and immediately after the fire set about rebuilding the parts destroyed in a substantial and extensive manner, and it is at this writing one of the largest of its kind in the State.

AN OLD SOLDIER KILLED.

On the 6th of August, 1896, Leonard Birch, a veteran of the late war, a member of Company K, 100th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, and an inmate of the Soldiers’ Home at Leavenworth, Kansas, was killed at Alexandria by being run over by the cars on the “Big Four” railroad.

He was on the track and stepped aside to avoid a coming train and stepped in front of another, unnoticed by him, going

in an opposite direction, thus meeting his death. He was a man about fifty-two years old.

DR. SCOTT COMMITS SUICIDE.

On Saturday, August 8, 1896, Dr. Scott killed himself at Alexandria by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been in bad health for some time, and was visiting the family of his sister, Mrs. Davis, the wife of the minister in charge of the M. E. church, when the rash act was committed. His sickness had caused a temporary aberration of mind and he was not responsible at the time.

The weapon used was a razor that Mrs. Davis had been preparing to pack with some articles that she was taking to the lakes where she intended to go in search of rest and recreation, and during her temporary absence Scott got hold of it and took his life. The act was done in the presence of Mrs. Scott, just as she was returning to the room in which she had left the unfortunate brother a few minutes before.

Drs. Hugh and Coffin were called, but no relief could be rendered the victim, and he died in a few minutes after the fatal stroke. The remains were removed to Greentown, his home, for burial.

ALEXANDRIA HAPPENINGS—GAS EXPLOSIONS AND A BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The facilities of Alexandria for fighting fire, prior to its wonderful boom, were considered adequate for a small village, and for many years consisted only of an unorganized bucket brigade under the management of a volunteer chief. When a fire occurred, the usual alarm was a loud cry of fire, started by some one and taken up by the denizens of the town. Merchants, mechanics, laborers and numerous small boys with wooden buckets, tubs and vessels of every description would form a line from the neighboring wells to the burning buildings. The noble work and deeds of daring of this unorganized brigade has saved the homes and household effects of many families, and the success or failure, and the special deeds of bravery of individuals were liberally discussed at the homes and firesides of Alexandria people for many days after the occurrence.

Among those who have been prominent in fighting fire and who have distinguished themselves as volunteer chiefs of the fire fighters, we mention James B. Black, Mort. Canfield

and George Grant, they having been in command in more than one conflagration.

The rapid increase in population causing Alexandria to spring from a mere village in 1891 to a city of six thousand souls, gave an impetus to all branches of business and to all trades, but the means of protecting property from the fiery elements were entirely ignored until the citizens were confronted with the fact that the town was being rapidly burned down without the resources at hand to prevent its entire destruction.

On the 6th of December, 1891, near the hour of midnight, an alarm of fire given by a citizen promptly brought out the populace with their buckets. It was soon discovered that the business room occupied by Scott Pauly, as a jewelry store, was on fire, and before water could be procured the flames had communicated to the adjoining buildings. It was soon apparent that the whole square would be consumed. The severe cold weather and scarcity of water rendered the citizens powerless. Many stocks of merchandise were carried from the adjoining buildings to the streets and the flames had their own way. They were finally checked at either end of the square, by Washington street on the south and Church street on the north. Three saloons were among the many business places destroyed. Their contents were carried into the street and freely made use of by all those who wished to help themselves. The only brick building in the block was that occupied by H. P. Williams as a saloon. The side walls were all that remained of this structure, and they were left in such condition that in a few days they fell down, and buried in the ruins John Fink, a well-known citizen, and Willie Morley, a boy about fifteen years of age. When rescued they were both unconscious and died in a short time afterward.

The following is a list of the business houses that were destroyed by the fire: John Wiggins, restaurant; Ves Layne, boots and shoes; Alexandria Fruit Company; John A. Graham, saloon; Fred Cartwright, grocery; John Dwyer, saloon; George Kelley, saloon; Manlove & Buckley, hardware; H. P. Williams, saloon; A. Bertsche, harness; Ben Patterson, restaurant; Edward Eccles, saloon.

On the night of January 21, 1893, a frame building on the west side of Harrison street, occupied by J. C. Clayton as a grocery store, and also by the post-office, was discovered to be on fire, and it looked for a time as if the conflagration would destroy the entire west side. The building was soon

enveloped in flames, and the adjoining property was doomed. The contents of the stores were hastily removed to the street, as there were no buildings empty in which to place them. The fire was checked at the corner of an alley between Church and Wood streets by tearing out a frame building occupied by Rupert & Stockton as a restaurant. John Black, John E. Sherman and others rendered valuable aid in tearing out the building, damming up the gutter and saving the water made by the intense heat melting the deep snow. After these conflagrations the property owners began to realize the necessity for protection, and therefore applied to the City Council to provide apparatus for that purpose. The finances of the city were, however, such that it was soon apparent that nothing could be done by the city fathers.

Five citizens, R. H. Hannah, Anthony Bertsche, A. E. Harlan, S. E. Young and J. P. Condo, volunteered to supply the necessary money with which to purchase a large, two-horse chemical engine, hook and ladder wagon, a small five-gallon chemical engine, which was accordingly purchased in Chicago.

When the apparatus arrived a meeting was held in the office of Mayor John E. Sherman, when forty men signed for service and organized a board of directors consisting of Pink Varble, Joseph Fulton, Joseph Brannum and T. W. Mullen. They effected an organization by electing John H. Frank chief of the department. The company not having any headquarters, the fire apparatus was placed in a livery stable.

Many persons were anxious to see the new fire machine at work, and several ventured the opinion that they would prove no protection. Dr. Budd Reid, being more anxious than others, started a cry of fire on October 21, and called out all the members of the company. He was not in sight when they arrived, and was anxious to have them believe that some one else had called them out by this false alarm.

The department had thirty-two runs during the first year of its existence, and some of their achievements during that time are worthy of note. James Kingsberry was the first paid man, and commenced duty as driver of the chemical engine.

On the night of March 31, 1894, a terrible gas explosion took place which will ever remain in the minds of the residents of Alexandria as one of the most appalling accidents in the history of the city. About 11 o'clock P. M. the barber shop of Harrell & Pyle, and the express office on the corner of

Canal street, in the rear of Whiteside's clothing store, was blown to atoms by a terrible explosion of natural gas, the debris from which immediately caught fire.

Seven men were in the shop at the time and four human beings were burned to death, Oren Ball, Jesse D. Harrell, Charles Hoover and Harry Boyer. They were all young men of good standing, and were excellent citizens. William Pyle was rescued from the ruins, but sustained severe injuries. Hiram Hurd was pinioned in the building by heavy timbers and the flames were rapidly burning around him. Several attempts were made to rescue him but were unsuccessful. Finally Fred Miller, John A. Graham and Arthur Noble, braving death, rushed into the flames and by superhuman efforts rescued him from his fiery prison. His shoes were burned from his feet, his clothing was on fire and some of the flesh on his lower limbs was burned. All of his rescuers were more or less burned. James C. Graham was rescued without any serious injury.

The fire department responded promptly and did noble work. The chemical engines were put into action and the efforts of the men were directed to saving the stock of merchandise. The flames were confined to the building and to the upper part of the Whiteside's block adjoining.

Several other fires of minor importance also occurred at different times.

On April 6, 1894, the Fred Miller Co.'s cold storage house and barns were destroyed, including three valuable horses. On May 28, the Indianapolis Brewing Company's cold storage house became fuel for the fiery element. On June 4, the Terre Haute Brewing Co.'s office and cold storage building was totally consumed. All three of the last named fires occurred in rapid succession and confirmed the belief in the minds of the people that they were of incendiary origin.

At this writing the fire department of Alexandria consists of two hose wagons, one hook and ladder wagon, one two-horse chemical engine and twelve enrolled firemen, consisting of a chief, three paid men, and eight volunteers paid for each run made, as follows: John E. Sherman, chief; William Wooten, driver; Frank Morgan, hydrant coupler; and the following minute men: John H. Frank, John Staggs, James Kingsberry, Charles Wertz, George Atchison Booth and William Maynard.

It was supposed that the gas explosion referred to above

was caused by the sudden rise in the pressure in the gas mains and that some burning jets were blown out in the building, and that others were left lighted, and when the room became thoroughly filled with gas it came in contact with the lighted jets and thus caused the disaster. Parties in the barber shop first felt a tremor in the building which was instantly followed by the disastrous effects of the explosion.

The remains of the dead, after being taken from the wreck, were removed to the undertaking establishment of J. P. Condo & Son, where they were cared for and placed in proper burial caskets.

Mayor John E. Sherman issued a proclamation convening the citizens of Alexandria in the Opera House, where memorial services were held. The Opera House and stage were profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. After the services were over, the body of Oren E. Ball was taken to Lewisville, Indiana, for interment. The remains of Jesse Harrell were taken to North Manchester, Indiana. The other bodies were laid to rest in the cemetery at Alexandria.

The outcome of this disaster was much litigation, suits having been filed against the gas company in the Circuit Court of Madison county for damages. The company, however, took a change of venue and the cases were taken to Tipton county, where they were tried, resulting in a judgment for damages, which was appealed to the Supreme Court, where they are still pending.

Many people from Anderson and other places in proximity thereto visited the scene of the disaster, and viewed the ruins and the bodies of those who perished from the explosion.

A CHURCH DEDICATION.

In the year 1873 the Methodist Episcopal Church Society at Alexandria commenced to erect a very commodious and handsome building, in which that congregation worships. On the 6th of June, 1875, the edifice was formally dedicated. In the erection of the building the Trustees had incurred considerable indebtedness, which it was necessary to discharge before the dedicatory services could be carried out, as it is one of the rules of the church organization that no services of this kind can take place in any church building that is not free from debt. But raising a large sum of money by voluntary subscription did not seem practicable. The services of the Rev. T. M. Campbell, of Greencastle, Indiana, were procured

for the occasion. At the appointed hour the church bell rang and the house slowly filled up. At 11 o'clock, when the preacher arose to begin his sermon, the seats were not all full. It looked very discouraging to the congregation, but Mr. Campbell was a veteran in the work, and he gave the congregation to understand that he had come to Alexandria to dedicate the church, and, like a man of religion and business, he proposed to do it. After making a splendid appeal to the members present and to the outsiders who had come to witness the ceremonies, he began the fight for money. Names came in very slowly at first, but a glance over the congregation revealed the fact that more than one hundred and fifty men were present. When the small sums were reached, the subscriptions poured in quite freely, while those who gave large amounts were slow and deliberate in reaching into their pockets for the cash. However, before the exercises closed, the debt had been subscribed and the money, either in good notes or in cash, placed in the hands of the Trustees for the purpose of wiping it out.

Among those who gave large amounts were: N. E. Tomlinson, Anthony Bersche and Dr. E. H. Menefee, who each gave \$200. Those who contributed \$100 were: D. M. Scott, James Hughes, Mrs. James Hughes, G. W. Painter, Elias Fink, Uriah Bell, William Carver, Dr. J. W. Perry, S. B. Henshaw, Nathan O'Bryant, Paschal Johnson, Margaret Wilson, R. A. Menefee, A. J. Lee, Mark Tomlinson, Peter Schwinn and John J. Johnson. The following contributors each gave \$50: Joel McMahan, W. E. Heritage, T. J. McMahan, F. S. Ellison, John J. Pickard, A. M. Painter, W. K. Bailey, J. C. Daniels, John Bell, Tom Shepard, P. Painter, Evan Schwinn, E. H. Perry, D. K. Carver and Mrs. Mary Schwinn. Many others gave smaller sums, but the list is too long and would weary the patience of the reader to give them in detail. The building was erected under the supervision of Samuel D. Van Pelt, of Anderson, who prepared the plans and put in execution its construction. It is a plain gothic structure of brick, cornice of galvanized iron, the entrance being a brown glass front of fine finish. Its seating capacity is 500. The Sunday upon which this church was dedicated will always be remembered in Alexandria as a most eventful day. While this church is no doubt too small for the present congregation, it admirably served the purpose at the time for which it was erected, and is a monument to the good people

of that city and to the liberality of the men and women who made up the community.

DEATH OF MARK TOMLINSON.

Mark Tomlinson, son of N. E. Tomlinson, of Alexandria, was one of the shrewdest and best equipped young business men of the county, and had a large circle of friends who were very much distressed at his early taking off. In addition to being an energetic business man, he was quite a politician and was extremely popular with the young element in politics. At one time he filled the honorable position of Trustee of Monroe township, being elected over his Democratic opponent when the township was two hundred Democratic.

In the succeeding political campaign in 1878, Mr. Tomlinson was placed in nomination for the office of County Treasurer on the Republican ticket, having for his opponent Daniel F. Mustard, who was a candidate for a second term in that office. Mr. Tomlinson made a very creditable race, reducing the majority of his popular competitor to a considerable extent.

In 1881 Mr. Tomlinson for a short time resided in Anderson and was the partner of Thomas J. McMahan and Rufus H. Williams in the boot and shoe business, in which he continued for a time, but on account of failing health retired from the firm and returned to Alexandria, where he lived until death came to his relief on the 18th of November, 1881.

No young man ever died in Madison county whose death was more universally regretted. He was a brother of Mrs. Jesse Forkner, of Anderson, and of Mrs. L. J. Hernly, of Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA'S FIRST FIRE FROM NATURAL GAS.

In the spring of 1887, Alexandria, in keeping with other towns in Madison county that have been fortunate enough to strike natural gas, piped her streets with mains so as to permit the fluid to be turned into the homes of the consumers. Everything went on swimmingly and without accident until the 19th of November, 1887, when the residence of A. M. Painter, which had been finished but a short time, was burned to the ground at about 9 o'clock at night. The fire was discovered in a closet on the second floor, having been ignited from a flue running in proximity thereto.

Mr. Painter early in the evening had lighted the gas in

a stove in the bedroom on the first floor. A little later he went to the room and found the stove red hot. He then turned the gas down, but at 6 o'clock returned and the stove was again at a red heat, and the building was soon on fire.

It was claimed by Mr. Painter that the gas company was in fault from the fact that they were carrying an immense pressure on their mains, the pipes being too small, and inadequate to carry the proper volume for domestic use without excessive pressure.

A brisk wind was prevailing on the night of the fire, and no efforts at all could save the building, which was destroyed with its contents, entailing a loss to Mr. Painter of \$1,200 with no insurance.

Mr. Painter made a demand upon the Alexandria Gas Company to be reimbursed for his loss, with which request the gas company refused to comply. Mr. Painter thereupon brought suit in the Madison Circuit Court, which entailed much expense and litigation upon both parties, but finally resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff.

This was the first suit brought in Madison county to test the question of the liability of gas companies for fires, and was hotly contested on both sides, the best of legal talent being employed in the case.

Robert H. Hannah, S. E. Young and other leading business men of Alexandria were members of the gas company and spared no pains or expense to defeat the plaintiff, and have the company saved from having a judgment rendered against it, but all to no purpose as the court finally held that they were liable for damages under the circumstances, and in conformity with the evidence given.

ALEXANDRIA LAND AND GAS COMPANY.

Although Alexandria was the first town in Madison county to discover natural gas, it for several years thereafter was at a standstill, with but little done toward inviting industries to settle within her borders, the people being seemingly satisfied to sit around their gas fires and crack jokes with each other, oblivious to what might happen by the introduction of business enterprises and factories. It was twelve miles away from the county seat, and being but a small village, it labored under disadvantages.

On the 21st of January, 1891, Alexandria forged to the front by a master stroke in organizing the Alexandria Land

and Gas Company with a capital stock of \$250,000, and at once the battle for a great future began.

The organization of this company was heralded throughout the United States in all the leading dailies of the large cities with the inducements offered to capitalists and manufacturers to locate in the place. A hearty welcome was extended to all such as might come, and a large bonus was offered to those who could be induced to bring their plants thither.

The directors and incorporators of the company were Hon. Charles T. Doxey, Hon. J. W. Lovett, James L. Kilgore, Freeman E. Lyon, Wesley C. House, George Nichol, Frank Pierce, DeFrees Critten and J. N. Huston, the latter being ex-Treasurer of the United States. The object of the company, as stated in their articles of incorporation, was as follows: The object of this company shall be to buy, hold and sell real estate in and about the town of Alexandria with the view of developing the territory, building and locating factories, and also to acquire gas and oil territory in said locality, and also to dispose of the products of natural gas arising from the operation of said company.

Under this organization Alexandria almost instantly leaped to the front as one of the great gas towns of Indiana. Many large industries were located, prominent among which were the DePauw Glass Works, the Kelly Axe Works, the Alexandria Brick Works, and several others of a similar nature. The town at once shook off its village appearance and assumed the proportions of a hustling, busy city. Old shacks of wooden buildings were torn down and moved away from the principal streets, and in their stead were erected large and substantial business blocks. The Alexandria National Bank was incorporated, and capital began to pour into the new city like water into the ocean, and in less than two years from the time of the organization of this company, Alexandria grew from a hamlet of 500 to a city containing a population of 5,000 souls, and at this writing it enjoys the distinction of being the third largest city in Madison county.

The Commercial Bank, of Alexandria, was in existence before this time, and is one of Madison county's solid financial institutions.

DISCOVERY OF OIL.

On Tuesday, April 20, 1897, the first oil well in Madison county was developed on the farm of Nimrod Carver, situated

one and a half miles northeast of the city of Alexandria. The development of this well caused great excitement among oil men and capitalists, who flocked to Alexandria for the purpose of leasing lands and investing in real estate. The well was drilled by the Northern Ohio Oil Company, who held a lease on Mr. Carver's land. This well has a capacity of 800 barrels per day.

It has been known for some time by gas well drillers, prominent among whom may be mentioned W. E. Decker & Sons, that oil exists beneath Madison county soil, and that it will succeed natural gas. The Deckers have had much experience as gas and oil well drillers, and predict that it is only a question of time when oil will be found in most, if not all, of the territory known as the Indiana gas field.

JAMES CALLOWAY.

Old Uncle Jimmy Calloway, who used to live in Alexandria, was quite a character in his time. He was one of the old-timers, built on the old-time scale. He was an early settler in Madison county, knew all of the people within a day's ride of where he lived, and also knew all of their good and bad qualities. If he sized a man up, he was very certain not to be far out of the way when his verdict was rendered. The man who picked Uncle Jimmy up for a fool, or invited a quarrel with him, was just as sure to get left as the sun sets in the west. He was always loaded, and went off easily on the "trigger." He was not profane, but had a genteel way of swearing when he wished to emphasize his meaning. One time, during the agitation of the slavery question, when it was considered a disgrace to be called an "Abolitionist," a man of the name of Runnells tackled him and accused him of slandering him. Runnells said: "Mr. Calloway, I understand that you said a nigger is as good as I am."

"No, no. I—I—never said no such thing. I—I—said a nigger is as good as I am, and I am a lam dam sight better ner you are," replied Calloway. He at one time got into a quarrel with William Carver. They had it hot and heavy, up one side and down the other. At last, Uncle Jimmy got very mad. He said: "Why, William, the Carvers are the worst people I ever seen. They are worser than my Bill, and he is worser than the devil himself." His argument was of such a character that it was of no use to reply to it.

CHAPTER LXXV.

PIPE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

Pipe Creek township derives its name from a small but pretty stream that enters the township on the east and leaves it about midway on the south. The name "Pipe" was given to the stream in honor of the noted Indian chief, Captain Pipe, or Hopocan (which signifies in the Delaware tongue, "tobacco-pipe"). The township is peculiar in shape, having ten inside and outside corners, with an area of forty-three square miles. It is well watered by Big and Little Duck creek, Big Branch, Pipe creek and their tributaries, and when Joseph Schell, the first settler in the township, located in 1830 on what is now section 11, was densely timbered. In 1832 a number of settlers, among whom were Walter and William Etchison, from North Carolina, Reuben Kelly, from Virginia, Peter Job and John Chamness located in the vicinity of the present site of Frankton, and in 1833 Jacob Sigler, from Virginia, and John Beeson, from Wayne county, Ind., located on the ground where Frankton stands. Others followed and the township was organized on the 13th of May, 1833.

By the following order of the Board of Commissioners it will be noticed that Pipe Creek was originally a part of Jackson township :

"Ordered that there be a new township organized and stricken off from Jackson township as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the county line at the south-west corner of Section 9, in Township No. 20, in Range No. 6 east, running thence east on the section line to the south-east corner of Section No. 8, Township 20, Range 7 east, thence north to the county line, thence west to the north-west corner of the county, thence south to the county line to the place of beginning. To be known and designated by the name and style of Pipe Creek township. It is also ordered that the Sheriff notify citizens of said township, that they on the last Saturday in June next proceed to elect one Justice of the Peace in said township, and that all elections in said township be holden at the house of Walter Etchison until otherwise ordered by the Board."

CHANGING OF THE BOUNDARY OF PIPE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

The boundary of Pipe Creek township as originally made and established by the County Board was changed at the May session, 1835, as follows :

“On petition filed it is ordered by the Board that the boundary lines of Pipe Creek township be altered so as to include the following territory, viz: Commencing at the south-east corner of Section 10, Town 20, north of Range 7 east, running thence north to the county line, thence west with the county line to the north-west corner of Madison county, thence south on the said county line to the south-west corner of Section 8, Town 20 north, Range 6 east, thence east to the place of beginning; and that the said acquired territory and the same is stricken from the township of Richland. It is ordered that Jesse Harris be appointed Constable; James French and Jesse Etchison, Supervisors; Jacob Sigler and William Flint, Overseers of the Poor; Robin Erwin and Jeremiah Derry, Fence Viewers of the township of Pipe Creek, and it is also further ordered that an election be held in said township on the first Monday in June next for the purpose of electing an additional Justice of the Peace, and that the Sheriff give notice accordingly.”

It will also be seen by this that Richland, though now one of the smallest townships in the county, was at one time one of the largest, containing all the territory of Pipe Creek, Monroe and Lafayette.

An election was held the following June at the house of Walter Etchison, and James Beeson was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace. Shortly after this Elijah Dwiggin settled in the township and was soon followed by John and Daniel Dwiggin. In April, 1836, Noah Waymire settled on Section 24 and in June of the same year Henry Plummer located on Section 30.

The names of others who settled in the township prior to 1840 are: James and William Montgomery, Jonathan Reeder, James M. Dehority, Caleb Canaday, James Barrow, Benjamin and Hezekiah Denny, John Hardy, Jacob French, Jacob Sigler, James Tharp, Edmund Johnson, Starling and Hezekiah Kidwell, John Benifiel, Arthur Legg, Joseph and Jonathan Miller, Frank Dennis and Lindsey Blue. A majority of these early settlers located along the creek from which the township gets its name. These pioneers have long since gone to their reward, but they have numerous descendents living in the

township and in other portions of the county who take pride in recounting their virtues. The first public highway in the township was the old Indianapolis and Fort Wayne State road, which was cut out but never improved.

The first mill erected in the township was a "corn-cracker." It was built in 1839 or 1840, and was located on the Big Branch on the old J. C. Montgomery farm, north-west of Frankton. It was a rude affair, but ground out a very good quality of corn meal. Previous to this the pioneers were compelled to take their corn to Perkinsville or Anderson to have it ground. About this time a saw-mill was built on Pipe creek, three miles north-east of Frankton, by Joseph and Daniel Franklin. This mill is still standing and is owned by David Fesler.

The first schoolhouse in the township was built in 1836 on Jacob Sigler's land, and the first school was taught by Dr. Perry. Joseph Sigler, who was afterwards elected Auditor of the county, was one of the first teachers in the township and taught school for many years. Hezekiah Denny, Tighlman Armfield and John Ring also taught in an early day.

In 1837 the first store in the township was opened by Elijah Dwiggins, about a half mile north-west of where Frankton now stands.

The first village in the township was a place called "New Madison." It was situated about a mile and a half north-east of the present site of Frankton, on the south side of Pipe creek, and was laid out by John Chamness, December 3, 1849. Two years later another town called "Monticello" was laid out by James Hilldrup and a Mr. Sanders, about two miles north-west of where Frankton is situated. The town at one time consisted of a store, blacksmith shop, schoolhouse and six or seven houses. James Hilldrup owned the store, and Hezekiah Denny taught the school. Considerable business, considering the sparse population of the vicinity, was done here in the early '50s, but immigrants to the township preferred a different location, and the village declined. This was likewise the case with New Madison, or "Chamnesstown," as it was sometimes called by the old settlers, and that such places ever existed is now but an old-time memory.

DUNDEE.

This village was originally known as "Mudsock," the name being conferred on account of the marshy condition of the land where it is situated. Back in the early '50s Riley

Etchison erected a log cabin near the present site of Dundee, where he traded in peltries, giving in exchange, when desired, dry goods and groceries. There were no roads at that time leading to his place of business, only forest paths or traces, as they were called by the backwoodsmen. Mr. Etchison's nearest neighbors were Anderson Brannock and Edmund Johnson, the latter the father of the present Clerk of the county. Ex-Sheriff Albert Ross, who is at present a resident of Anderson, traded coon-skins and other peltries for goods at this place in 1856, and has a vivid recollection of many interesting and amusing incidents that occurred here about that time and later. In the course of time quite a settlement sprang up and a post-office was established here, the place being given the name of Dundee. On the 6th of December, 1883, Mr. Etchison platted the land upon which the village is situated and placed it on file in the Recorder's office. Dundee is four and a half miles east of Elwood, on the L. E. & M. R. R. The population at this time is estimated at 150 people.

TOWN OF FRANKTON.

This interesting town is situated on the P., C., & St. L. Railroad, in the southeast part of the township, and was laid out March 3, 1853, by Alfred Makepeace and Francis Sigler. The first house erected in the place was built in 1848 by John Hardy, and a stock of general merchandise was placed in it by Alfred Makepeace. This store at one time was in charge of the Hon. Eli B. Goodykoontz, of Anderson. The building is still standing. Mr. Makepeace purchased his goods in Cincinnati and hauled them to Frankton in wagons.

The growth of the town was slow until 1887, when the discovery of natural gas caused it to assume an air of thrift and importance, such as are seldom witnessed outside of the Indiana gas field or rich western mining districts. It now has an estimated population of 2000 people. The town was incorporated in 1871, and the first Board of Trustees were: Dr. S. W. Edwins, William Cochran and Dr. R. Harvey. The present Trustees are: Solomon Smelser, Richard Lewellyn and William Johns.

The first postmaster in the township was probably William Taylor, who lived about one mile east of Frankton and kept the office at his house. The office was established in 1837 or 1838 and the mail was conveyed on horseback from Indianapolis via Strawtown, Perkinsville and on to Alexan-

dria. The present postmaster is William T. Wright. The first church organized in the township was in the summer of 1836 at the house of Reuben Kelly about one mile east of Frankton. A number of devoted Methodists, among whom were William Taylor, Joseph Miller, John Chamness, Jacob Speck, Amos Goff and their wives, gathered at the house of Mr. Kelly and the society was organized. This society for many years belonged to the Anderson circuit and its meetings were held during that time at the houses of the membership. Among the early ministers who preached to the congregation were Revs. Hezekiah Smith, J. F. Stiles, I. N. Ellsberry and J. C. Bradshaw.

The next religious society organized in the township was the Frankton Christian church. This church was organized in 1839 by Daniel Franklin at the house of Elijah Ring. The first membership included among others, Daniel Franklin, Joseph Franklin, Henry Plummer, Elisha Lawson, Edmund Johnson and their wives. Services were held at the homes of the members. In 1854 a majority of the congregation united with the Elwood church and assisted in building a house of worship at that place, but in 1859 they returned and the Frankton church was reorganized. In 1867 a place of worship was erected by the congregation, since which time the membership has had a permanent home. Among those who have ministered to the spiritual wants of the church at times are Elders Daniel Franklin, Benjamin Franklin, his son, Joseph Franklin, Henry Blount, Cornelius Quick, and Grafton Nailor, the latter being the present pastor.

Besides the Methodist and Christian Churches, the United Brethren and Adventists each have an organized society at Frankton and a permanent place of worship. The new church edifice erected this year by the United Brethren is one of the handsomest places of worship in the county.

FRANKTON SCHOOLS.

Much pride is taken in the public schools of Frankton by the citizens of the place, and the result is that a liberal policy is pursued by the School Board in providing educational accommodations and facilities for pupils. The enrollment this year was 432 pupils, for whose benefit a corps of teachers is employed. H. H. Belden is Principal of the schools. The present School Trustees are W. H. H. Quick, J. H. Daugherty and Joseph Quinn.

FRANKTON INDUSTRIES.

The following are the factories thus far located in this thriving little city: Clyde Window Glass Co., two factories; Frankton Window Glass Factory, Wetherald Rolling-Mill, Hoosier Fence Co., Frankton Brick-Works, Dwiggins Fence Co., Quick City Novelty Works, Bradrick & Lineburg Fence Factory, Frankton Lumber Manufacturing Co., Frankton Flouring Mills, Orr & Campbell Saw-mill. These factories employ a large number of hands, and are in active operation.

The Clyde Window Glass Factory was the first located at Frankton after the discovery of natural gas. It was located through the instrumentality of Joseph M. Watkins, October 22, 1889. He owned certain lands at Frankton, which he platted as Watkins' 1st, 2d, 3d and Fairview additions. He was one of the leading promoters of the "boom" that subsequently transformed Frankton from a village to a thriving, bustling town. Mr. Watkins is now Deputy County Treasurer. He is the son of Francis Watkins, one of the early pioneers of Richland Township, but for many years past a resident of the city of Anderson.

C. QUICK & CO.'S BANK.

This institution was established in the year 1876 by Cornelius Quick, a leading citizen of Frankton and gentleman of wealth. His son, George Quick, now interested in the Anderson Banking Company, was a partner in the bank and took an active interest in its affairs until he retired to accept his present position. The business of the bank is conducted upon conservative principles, and is one of the safest and soundest financial repositories in the county.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

Frankton has three fraternal and benevolent orders, the Masonic, Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. Frankton Lodge, I. O. O. F., was instituted January 31, 1872. The first officers were W. L. Philpott, N. G.; J. H. Wagoner, V. G.; R. R. Cramner, Secretary; C. C. Mays, Treasurer.

CITY OF ELWOOD.

Elwood is the second city in size and importance in the county. It is situated in the north-west part of the township on the P., C., C. & St. L. Railway, and near the Tipton county line. It was originally called Quincy, but on account of

another village, or postoffice, of that name in Owen county which caused no little confusion in delivering mail, the name was changed through the efforts of Captain F. M. Hunter and others, to that of Elwood on the 21st of July, 1869, Captain Hunter being at that time, and for fifteen years thereafter, postmaster.

The town was laid out March 1, 1853, by James Anderson, Mark Simmons and J. B. Frazer, and soon after a post-office was established. The office was called Duck Creek, and William Barton was appointed postmaster. Mr. Barton opened the first store (in 1852), also the first bank (in 1870), and built the first grain elevator. The office of postmaster has been held by the following gentlemen in the order named: William Barton, J. M. Dehority, W. F. Morris, P. B. Smith, F. M. Hunter, James M. Parsons, James M. Overshiner and Franz Harbit, the latter being the present incumbent.

The Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad was completed to Elwood in 1857, and Andrew J. Griffith was appointed depot agent. It is related that Mr. Griffith was compelled very often to walk out from the "station" to the train on a log for the mail, the land in that immediate vicinity being covered with water at that day nearly the whole year round. No man at that time could have predicted the future possibilities of the place; no man dreamed that it had beneath it that which, in a day, would cause it to mount to prominence later on as a busy mart, a proud manufacturing city. The growth of the town was like that of other Indiana towns until the discovery of natural gas—"nothing to boast of," although it was always a good business point. In 1872 it was incorporated, and the following officers were elected: Huston Clendenen, G. W. Hupp and John Ross, Trustees; George Ross, Treasurer; J. H. Hunter, Clerk; and J. M. Parsons, Marshal.

The following concerning Elwood is taken from a brief sketch in Harden's history of Madison county, published in 1874:

"A large amount of lumber and heading and stave material is shipped from this place. It contains a Methodist Episcopal and Christian church, a brick schoolhouse, a railroad depot, a good hotel, a livery stable, a tanyard, a flouring mill and several neat and tasteful private residences. The business firms are Burriss & Quick, J. M. DeHority & Son, H. C. Calloway, R. Free and A. Chamness & Dwiggin. The

druggists are F. M. Hunter, J. F. Mock & Hunter and Waymire. The harnessmakers, T. Samuels & Bro. Shoemakers, James Parsons, William Hopenrath and John Buchanan. Wagonmakers, J. M. Overshiner & Co. Blacksmiths, George Barns & Son and James Hannah. Lumber dealer, Augustus Kramer. Sawyers, Cochran & Sons. Miller, J. T. Adair. Postmaster, F. M. Hunter. Railroad agent, Perry A. Taylor. Elwood contains a population of four hundred."

This picture presents Elwood as it was twenty-two years ago. It would require a volume now to give the details of its progress and history since that time. It is the marvel of the Indiana gas belt, and the pride not only of its citizens, but of the people of the entire county. It arose "as if from the stroke of the enchanter's wand," and yet there is not, perhaps, in the country a city of equal size whose improvements are more substantial, or whose various enterprises are operated upon a sounder basis. Immediately following the drilling of the first gas well the town began improving; manufactory after manufactory was located by its enterprising citizens; capital was invited to safe and profitable investment; the old landmarks disappeared and its busy population prospered.

INCORPORATED AS A CITY.

On the 27th of April, 1891, an election was held for the purpose of determining the sentiment of the people with reference to incorporating the town as a city. The result of this election was 377 for and 146 against the proposition. Soon after the city was divided into four wards, and the following officers were elected: W. A. DeHority, Mayor; O. A. Armfield, Clerk; T. L. DeHority, Treasurer; F. M. Hunter, Jr., Marshal; Councilmen, First Ward, G. W. Bryer and Jacob Kraus; Second Ward, Martin E. Goode and Hugh Lyst; Third Ward, Daniel Heck and S. H. Cochran; Fourth Ward, John Frith and W. B. Willets. Since the first city election the following gentlemen have been elected members of the Common Council: Francis Harbit, W. L. Austil, Joseph Boyer, Theo. Harwick, C. C. Kestner, T. O. Armfield, M. L. Shores, James Howard, A. L. Starkey, F. M. Headley, R. H. Mount, A. B. Williams.

The present city officers are: W. A. Finch, Mayor; W. A. Hupp, clerk; T. L. DeHority, Treasurer; James Parsons, Marshal; Geo. W. Alford, City Judge.

The police department of the city is in charge of a chief

and five patrolmen appointed by a Board of Police Commissioners. The city also has a fire department and system of water-works, which afford ample protection against fire.

WILLIAM A. DEHORITY.

The subject of this sketch was born October 24, 1868, in the town of Elwood. His parents were John W. and Jane DeHority, both of whom were born in Madison county. The father died August 28, 1891; the mother is still living at the old homestead at Elwood.

Mr. DeHority's boyhood was passed in the usual occupations which engaged the attention of the young in country villages. In 1885 he entered Earlham College at Richmond, Indiana, where he remained until 1887. In 1887-8 he took a



WILLIAM A. DEHORITY.

commercial course at Louisville, Kentucky, where he acquired a knowledge of practical business methods, which, together with unlimited energy and good sound judgment, have contributed very largely to his success in the various enterprises to which he has given his attention. Owing to many advantageous circumstances he was chosen as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Elwood after its incorporation as a city in 1891, and on the 9th of June of that year was triumphantly

elected, being the first Mayor of that city and the youngest at the time in the State. During his administration the Elwood electric light plant was put in operation, his little son, John W. DeHority, having the honor of pulling the throttle that set the machinery in motion for the first time. This interesting event took place at 2 o'clock p. m., August 1, 1891. The electric street railway and water works system were also begun and completed during his term of office—improvements which it now affords him great pleasure as a citizen to know that he assisted in promoting. At the time of his election Elwood had a population of 2,500; it is now a city of 11,000 population.

Mr. DeHority was married June 27, 1888, to Miss Frances C. Metts, daughter of Rev. M. S. Metts, who was at the time pastor of the M. E. church at Elwood. The fruits of this union have been four children, three boys and one girl—John W., Ruth M., J. Loomis and Walter C. F., all of whom are living.

Mr. DeHority is actively engaged in various business enterprises and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him. He is nothing if not practical and comes as nearly observing the Golden Rule as any man in Madison county.

THE SCHOOLS.

The school facilities and accommodations of Elwood compare favorably with those of any city in the State of equal population. The progress made in this respect is commensurate with the advancement made by the city in its material interests. In 1876 the city had but one school building, which was known as the "Elwood Graded School," the faculty being J. T. Jennings, Principal; John Gronendyke, C. M. Greenlee and Joseph Howard, teachers in the grammar, intermediate and primary departments, respectively. The city to-day has four large school buildings of modern design and a corps of thirty-three teachers. The number of children of school age this year was 2,764. Every facility for acquiring a common school education is afforded pupils by an active and liberal Board of Trustees. Thomas F. Fitzgibbon, a gentleman well qualified for the position, is school Superintendent.

MANUFACTORIES AND BANKING INTERESTS.

The principal cause of Elwood's remarkable growth and prosperity in the past ten years will be found in the following

list of her manufacturing industries, all of which have been located since the discovery of natural gas: Pittsburg Plate Glass Works, George A. Macbeth Glass Factory, W. R. McCloy Glass Factory, Elwood Furniture Company, Elwood Furniture and Planing Mill Company, Elwood Boiler and Engine Works, Elwood Crystal Ice Manufacturing Company, Superior Radiator Company, Elwood Window Glass Company, Nivisen & Weiskolp Bottle Works, Phil Hamm Boiler Works, Akron Steam Forge Works, Elwood Brick Company, Starkey Brick Company, George Heffner Planing Mill Company, American Tin Plate Works, Elwood Box Factory, Elwood Iron Works, Excelsior Works.

In addition to these industries the city has an electric street railway system that is operated in connection with the Elwood electric light plant; also a telephone system, at the head of which is James M. Overshiner.

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

The city has two banks, the Citizens' Exchange Bank and the First National Bank, the former having been organized in 1881 by B. T. and H. C. Calloway, and the latter in January, 1892. The National had been doing business, however, as a private institution, known as the Farmers' Bank, until it was reorganized. The officers of this bank are J. H. DeHority, President; Nathan J. Leisure, Vice-President; J. A. DeHority, Cashier. The building in which this bank conducted its business was burned in 1892, and another was built on the north-west corner of Anderson and Main streets, where it is now located. Both banks have ample capital and enjoy the fullest confidence, not only of the business men of Elwood, but of the public generally.

AN IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT.

It would require much more space than is permissible in this work to give the names of the merchants and citizens doing business here at the present time, even if it were proper to do so. A history of this character, however, would be subject to just criticism if it failed to give some mention of the mammoth retail establishment of J. L. Leeson & Sons. This store occupies a three-story block, situated at the south-east corner of Anderson and South A streets, and is the largest establishment of its kind in the county. It is a department store and employs at certain times and during certain seasons

as many as eighty clerks, to wait upon the customers who throng the different departments. An immense business is done annually, greater, perhaps, than in any store of its kind in Central or Eastern Indiana, excepting the State capital. It is a credit to the city of Elwood and the county, and stands as a monument to the excellent business methods and management of its founder, Mr. J. L. Leeson.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The first fraternal order organized at Elwood was Quincy Lodge, No. 230, F. and A. M. The lodge was instituted May 25, 1858, the following officers being elected: A. J. Griffith, W. M.; J. M. DeHority, S. W.; D. Barton, J. W. The lodge has a large membership and is in a prosperous condition.

I. O. O. F.

Quincy Lodge, No. 200, I. O. O. F., was instituted on the 30th of July, 1858, with twelve charter members. The first officers of the lodge were: Culpepper Lee, N. G.; John B. Frazier, V. G.; B. T. Calloway, R. S.; Mark Simmons, Treasurer; L. J. Kidwell, Permanent Secretary.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT ELWOOD.

On the morning of September 18, 1872, a destructive fire occurred at Elwood, whereby the large flouring and saw-mills owned and operated by John T. Adair took fire between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning and were entirely consumed. The proprietor had run the mill until about 2 o'clock A. M. and, after shutting down, had gone to his home. He had scarcely reached his house and become comfortably seated before a cry of fire was heard, and looking out, saw that his mill was enveloped in flames. The alarm was given to the people of the neighborhood, and soon they ran from all directions with buckets and such other appliances as were then at hand to enable them to subdue the fire, but in less than an hour the whole structure was destroyed, together with the contents, consisting of a large amount of wheat, valued at from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars, and a large quantity of lumber, the value of which was estimated at \$8,000, making a total loss of very nearly \$20,000, none of which was insured.

The loss fell very heavily on Mr. Adair, who had his entire fortune wrapped up in these enterprises. He was an energetic, thorough-going business man, and possessed the

confidence and esteem of the community, who deeply sympathized with him. Efforts were at once made by the people of Elwood and the surrounding country to render him assistance to rebuild his mill, which he subsequently did, although on not so large a scale as the first one.

Mr. Adair was at this time a popular Democratic politician in Madison county, and one time made a contest for the nomination for County Treasurer, and came within one vote of reaching the goal of his ambition.

The losses sustained by Mr. Adair had the effect to a certain extent of destroying his usefulness as a business man, as he never fully recovered from it, and he died about the year 1885 near the scene of the conflagration.

THE KILLING OF MILTON HALFIN.

On New Year's eve of the year 1875, the town of Elwood was thrown into great excitement over the report that a young man had been killed on the railroad near that village. Many of the citizens ran to the place of the disaster, where they found the lifeless form of a young man of the name of Milton Halfin lying on the railroad track, who had accidentally met his death by a pistol shot in the hands of Philip Hosier, a comrade.

The facts of the unfortunate shooting were about as follows: Arrangements had been made for an oyster supper at the house of Isaac Etchison, who resided about a mile and a half from Elwood. In the evening young Halfin and Philip Hosier went to town to purchase the oysters and other delicacies for the evening's entertainment. After providing themselves with such articles as they required, they started back to the Etchison home, accompanied by Ira Kidwell, James Bird, William Kidwell, and John Kidwell. It being quite dark, they walked down the railroad track in single file, Halfin being in the lead, Bird second, Hosier third, and Ira Kidwell fourth.

They moved along quite rapidly, jesting and talking with each other, when about half a mile from the town, Hosier quietly took a revolver from his pocket and, without warning, fired into the air to scare his companions, as he afterwards said.

In doing so he cocked the pistol to fire the second time, and James Bird, who was frightened by the first report of the pistol, partly turned around to see what was the cause of the shooting, and in doing this threw up his hands and caught Hosier's arm which held the pistol, and jerked it downward.

In the meantime Halfin, who had partially turned around, at this moment received the contents of the pistol in his left temple. The wounded man fell forward upon his face, and when they attempted to raise him he was found to be dead. Some of the young men of the party hastened back to town for medical aid, and Drs. Armfield and Sigler hastened to the fatal spot, but the unfortunate man had died before they reached his side.

An inquest was held the next day by George M. Ballard, Justice of the Peace at Elwood, and a verdict of accidental shooting was rendered by the jury. Hosier was present at the inquest and gave full details as to the shooting and his connection with the affair; he did not try in any way to conceal the facts of the case. Halfin and Hosier were about the same age, and greatly attached to each other. Both were young men of steady habits and much respected.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

In the month of August, 1878, on Sunday morning about 10 o'clock, during a shower at Elwood, a bolt of lightning struck a two-story tenement house located in the center of the town. The house was occupied at the time by a widow and another family—ten persons in all. The house was literally demolished. The shingles were torn from the roof and parts of the building were stripped off and carried to quite a distance from the scene of the disaster. In one corner of the house, under the sheathing, a hole about a foot in diameter was left where the lightning had entered, and then, striking the wall, twisted the main posts into splinters. Strange as it may seem, the inmates, who at the time were scattered about in different parts of the house, escaped without injury. Ira Kidwell, Jr., and Isaac Boyden, who were walking along the street about a hundred yards from the place, were knocked senseless by the force of the lightning, but soon recovered. The town was terribly shaken up over the matter, but fortunately no fatal injury was done to any one.

KILLED ON A RAILWAY.

On Saturday, the 30th of August, 1878, John Sloan, William Cox, Edward Spencer, Aaron Spencer and John W. Spencer hired a team and spring wagon at the livery stable of Cox & Swindell, at Alexandria, and went to Dundee to a dance that was to be held on that evening. When they arrived at

that place they found that the dance had been postponed. The party then proceeded to a saloon and drank quite freely. William Cox and John W. Spencer had gone to look about the team and had driven it partly across the railway and halted on the crossing. They had been gone but a little while when a train came down the track at a rapid rate. The engineer, seeing the men, gave a shrill signal. The party in the saloon rushed out just in time to see the train run over the wagon and kill one of its occupants.

It is supposed that Cox and Spencer had been overcome by liquor and did not hear the whistle until it was too late to make their escape. Spencer was killed instantly, and Cox suffered severely, but afterwards recovered. The front wheel of the wagon was carried a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. One of the horses was killed and the other terribly mangled. An inquest was held by Coroner Rockenfield and a verdict of accidental death in accordance with the facts was rendered. The railroad company was excused from all blame in the matter.

KILLED BY A SWITCH ENGINE.

Charles J. Jeffries, of Elwood, was run over by a switch engine on the tracks at Indianapolis and killed, August 17, 1884. Both his limbs were cut off, and he lived but a short time. His remains were forwarded to Elwood, where his widowed mother resided. He was a young man, 22 years of age, and unmarried. He had been employed by the Pan Handle Railroad Company some time prior to the accident, and had been out of work but a short time, having gone to Indianapolis with a companion to look for a situation. He was standing on the track unconscious of the approaching locomotive, when he was run over, with the above result.

KILLED BY A HORSE.

James Bright, a young man about twenty-four years of age, residing at Elwood, was, on Monday, the 12th of October, 1884, killed at a point a few miles west of that place on the Lake Erie & Western Railroad. He was approaching the crossing, when a train came along, and he got out of his buggy to hold the horse, when it took fright and reared, striking him on the head with its hoof, and then in some manner losing control of his feet, the animal fell upon him. His skull was crushed, and the injuries he received caused instant death.

Mr. Bright was an exemplary young man, and the tragical occurrence was very much lamented. The remains were buried on the following Wednesday.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

On Wednesday, the 28th of February, 1885, John Eastborn, a young man residing two miles north of Elwood, was the victim of a fatal accident. He was engaged in chopping down a tree, which fell upon him. One of the limbs struck him on the right side of the head, producing a fracture of the skull, from which he died. No one was with him at the time and little was known of the occurrence. Coroner Wm. A. Hunt was notified, and he held an inquest, being assisted by Dr. Daniel Sigler, who made a post-mortem examination, which resulted in a verdict of accidental death in accordance with the above facts. Mr. Eastborn was an industrious, hard-working boy, and the main support of a widowed mother, whom he left in needy circumstances.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY.

In the month of March, 1887, a very sad suicide took place at the residence of John Griffee, a farmer living five miles west of Elwood, whereby his sixteen-year-old daughter took her own life by swallowing a dose of "Rough on Rats." She had gone to Rigdon to purchase a box of this compound, and on returning home ate a part of it, and then told her mother what she had done. A physician was summoned, but not until the poison had taken such effect that she was beyond the reach of medical aid. She was a handsome and intelligent girl. Her parents and friends were very much grieved over the sad occurrence.

AN OLD CITIZEN KILLS HIMSELF ACCIDENTALLY.

Anderson Brannock was an old and highly-respected citizen who lived in Pipe Creek township for many years. On the 4th of April, 1882, while carelessly handling a pistol, it was discharged, killing him instantly. He was in his house hunting for a button to sew on his pants and while examining a box in which there were several articles he espied an old revolver that had been lying there for some time. He made a light remark that it had been there long enough and ought to be disposed of in some way, as it was considered worthless. While handling the weapon it was discharged,

the bullet taking effect in his abdomen. His wife and a servant girl were in the house at the time. They heard the discharge of the pistol and ran to his relief. The alarm was given to the neighbors and physicians were sent for, but the wound was of such a nature that no relief could be of any service to him, and he died the same evening.

Michael Ryan, Coroner of Madison county, was summoned, and on the 15th of April held an inquest and returned a verdict of accidental death in accordance with the above facts.

SUICIDE OF WILLIAM SILVY.

William Silvy, a farmer residing near Dundee in Pipe Creek township, committed suicide by hanging himself on the 22nd of September, 1885. He tied a rope around the rafters in an outhouse near his residence and without ceremony swung himself into eternity. He had been troubled with rheumatism for many years and the disease had crippled him to such an extent that he had to require the constant use of crutches. It was through despondency on account of his bad health that caused him to take his life. He was a prosperous farmer in that part of the county before the disease fastened itself upon him and had accumulated considerable wealth, much of which he spent in the way of doctor bills and medicine. Dr. William A. Hunt, Coroner of the county, was called and investigated the case and rendered a verdict of death by suicide.

KILLED BY A L. E. & W. RAILWAY TRAIN.

On Wednesday, the 25th of December, 1889, John Kemp, residing one-half mile west of Elwood, was run over by a Lake Erie and Western Railroad train and instantly killed. He had been to Elwood and had started home down the track; he was in an inebriated condition, and it seems that he did not notice the approaching train, and when near a crossing he was struck by the locomotive, and his body, just above the hips, was cut almost in twain. He was an unmarried man, about 30 years old, and resided with a brother, who took charge of his remains, after the inquest by the Coroner. They were interred in the neighborhood.

RUN OVER BY A PAN HANDLE TRAIN.

Robert Montgomery, of Pipe Creek township, was run over by a train on the Pan Handle Railroad, near Elwood, on

the 19th of June, 1876, and had one arm cut off and was otherwise badly bruised and mangled.

He was in an intoxicated condition and had sat down upon the track. Dr. Stanley W. Edwins, of Frankton, was summoned and attended his wounds, amputating the wounded member. He recovered from the effects of his injuries.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Newton House has for many years run a flouring mill at Elwood. On the morning of January 4, 1887, about 7 o'clock, the boilers under this mill exploded with terrific force, killing Joseph Redd and Dell Lyst, and severely injuring other persons in the neighborhood whose escape was miraculous. On the Monday evening before the explosion Dell Lyst, the engineer, when shutting down, drew part of the water from the boiler, intending the next morning to clean it out. On the following morning, however, he came late to his work. Joseph Redd, the miller, having got there before he did put a fire in the furnace which had been burning quite a while under the boiler, he not knowing the state of the water. When the engineer reached the place and the pumps were tested they were found frozen. The two men set to work to thaw out the valves, and the moment they were placed in running order and the cold stream of water was turned in, a terrible explosion occurred. Both men were killed instantly. Joseph Redd received a dozen or more internal injuries, any one of which would have proven fatal. The entire skin of his face was burned off, and he could only be recognized by the clothing he wore. His right arm was crushed to the shoulder and both his legs were broken. He was a man of 39 years of age, and left a widow and two children. The remains of Dell Lyst, the engineer, were mutilated almost beyond recognition, and were found in the boiler room a few feet distant from the pump, where he and Redd stood at the time the explosion occurred. The back part of his head was crushed, and there were scarcely two bones left in his body that were not broken. He was about twenty-six years of age and left a widow and one child.

George Redd, another person who worked in the mill, was discovered a few moments after the explosion under a pile of brick and mortar and was rescued, being terribly hurt and frightened almost out of his senses. He finally recovered from the effects of the shock.

The victims of the explosion were buried at Elwood, and their funerals were attended by nearly all the population of the city. Services were held in the "rink," as the church was not large enough to hold the throng.

The mill was a complete wreck. The boiler house was entirely blown away and some of the foundation stones were removed from their position. One section of the boiler weighing nearly 200 pounds was thrown a distance of about two squares through the town and came down through the roof of a blacksmith shop. Another piece quite as large was thrown in an opposite direction for a considerable distance and was found near the church. Another portion of the boiler was carried to a great distance and found near the residence of Mr. William Clymer, at the Pan Handle depot. Fragments of the building were found upon stores and houses in the locality. A section of pipe that was in a wall some twenty feet from the surface of the ground was blown out, and was found some distance away from the building. A piece of the boiler-head struck the brick residence of Dr. Daniel Sigler, north of the mill, and cut a hole in the wall; another piece passed through a window of the same residence striking a stove and breaking it. The concussion produced by the explosion broke nearly all the glass in Sigler's residence and badly cracked the north wall of his building.

The mill was built in first-class style and cost about \$17,000. Its destruction was a severe blow to Mr. House financially, from the effects of which he has not recovered to this day, although he rebuilt the mill upon a more economic basis. This was one of the most disastrous occurrences that ever transpired in Madison county.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Among the many sad affairs that have occurred in Madison county none caused more excitement or general regret than the shooting of Dayton Warfield by Ella Overshiner at Elwood on the 29th of July, 1887.

Young Overshiner is the son of highly respected parents, and this happening was a very severe blow to them, although upon a trial in the Circuit Court the defendant was acquitted on the ground of self defense.

Dayton Warfield, the victim, was a resident of Tipton county and made his home with his brother there, he being a single man, and about thirty years of age. On the afternoon

of the day of the tragedy, he had hauled a load of wheat to Elwood, and was detained until a late hour at the railway unloading the grain. His brother, Edward, had also come to town on business, and the two met about 10 o'clock. It was proposed by one of them and assented to by the other that they should go to a restaurant to take a meal before starting upon their journey home. They entered a place kept by Walter Beach on South Anderson street, and ordered a lunch. This was served to them and placed upon the counter. The elder of the brothers then took a pitcher and started in quest of some water. When he returned to the eating saloon he missed a piece of sausage from the table and asked his brother what had become of it. The latter replied by directing attention to three young men who were in the room, and remarked that they had taken it. The matter was reported to the proprietor who advanced towards them, and found the missing sausage on the counter near where they stood. He then ordered them from the room, a request which they immediately complied with, and went out upon the street. The three young men referred to were Ella Overshiner, Ernest Brenner and Charles DeHorrity, being chums and close friends, about the same age, and full of mischief, and from all accounts ready to engage in any sort of amusement. When the Warfields had eaten their lunch, they also went out upon the street when they noticed Ella Overshiner sitting or standing by a box, and asked him whether he wanted to have any more difficulty about the matter, Overshiner replied that he was not seeking trouble. From words they passed to blows, Warfield struck Overshiner a powerful blow, so hard as to turn Overshiner partly around. Overshiner, however, recovered himself, and running backwards a few steps, warned his assailants to stand back. Overshiner then drew a revolver and fired at him, but the ball did not take effect, and Warfield ran back into the restaurant. At this juncture Dayton Warfield bore down upon young Overshiner striking him in the forehead with a piece of board or barrel stave, severely wounding him. Overshiner recovered himself and as he did so he fired his revolver again, but not hitting his antagonist he fired another shot the ball from which took effect in the body of Dayton Warfield. The young man staggered into the restaurant, and walked into the dining room, where he fell upon the floor declaring that he was killed. Dr. Daniel Sigler was summoned, but before he could reach

the side of the wounded man he was beyond medical aid. He breathed his last at 11 o'clock that night.

As soon as young Overshiner had fired the fatal shot he went down the street in a frenzied condition. He was at once overtaken by friends who took him to his father's home where he was taken in charge until the Coroner held an inquest over the remains of the deceased. In the meantime Overshiner had secured the services of the law firm of Ballard & Goodykoontz to defend him. When the Coroner's inquest was concluded Marshal Wagner, of Elwood, brought Overshiner to Anderson, where he was placed in custody of the Sheriff. He was greatly excited, and suffered much mental agony and severe nervous strain. Overshiner was admitted to bail, which was readily furnished, and he was held to await the action of the Grand Jury. An indictment was returned against him, and at the following term of the Madison Circuit Court he was placed on trial. He was defended by Ballard & Goodykoontz and also by the Hon. James W. Sansberry, Sr.

Mr. Sansberry was an intimate friend of the father of the defendant and believing conscientiously that the boy was not guilty of the crime of murder with which he was charged, volunteered his services in his defense. In his argument before the jury he made the ablest address of his life. This was his last speech before the Anderson bar. He crowned the evening of his life with the glory of having made one of the most eloquent appeals that was ever listened to in an Anderson court. He spoke for three hours without cessation, and held the court, jury and spectators spellbound by the eloquent words that fell from his lips. He displayed much feeling, and it was evident that his whole heart and soul were wrapped up in the cause. Many tears were shed by the lady spectators and others who listened to this address, and after the jury took the case they were out but a short time, when a verdict of acquittal was rendered.

The Prosecuting Attorney was J. F. Neal, assisted by Colonel Milton S. Robinson and other able counsel. Colonel Robinson made a vigorous effort in this case, but could not bring about a conviction. Messrs. Goodykoontz and Ballard also acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Ballard, who had but recently removed from Elwood to Anderson, and was, therefore, but little known to the people of the city, made a very able address which pushed him forward in the estimation of the people, and was the means of securing for

him a large and lucrative law practice, which he retains to this day.

A BOILER EXPLOSION.

A very disastrous and fatal boiler explosion occurred at Elwood on the 16th of November, 1894, by which the power house of the electric light and street railway plant was blown to atoms, caused by the bursting of one of the large boilers in the engine house. Thomas Clark, the night engineer, was in the building at the time and was so seriously injured that he died two hours after the occurrence. Frank McDaniel, the only other person in the building at the time, escaped with slight injuries. Part of the boiler was blown a distance of two squares away. The building was entirely demolished, being blown down to the foundation walls. A number of street cars that were in the building were badly broken and damaged in such a manner as to be almost a total loss. The damage to the property amounted to nearly \$20,000. Nearly the entire population of Elwood was soon gathered at the scene of the disaster, and all that men could do to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded was done. James M. Overshiner, Ollie Frazier, J. H. DeHority, Henry C. Calloway and many others of the leading business men and financiers of Elwood were stockholders in the enterprise and immediately set about to secure temporary quarters for the operation of the plant, and in a very short time the street railway and the electric plant were in full operation. The building was immediately rebuilt, and, phoenix-like, this enterprise grew from its ashes and is now one of the best of its kind in Madison county, and is a monument to the financial nerve and energy of the founders.

This plant was again destroyed by a natural gas explosion and again rebuilt.

GAS EXPLOSION.

On the morning of February 12th, 1895, the smoke and debris of Calvin Hendrick's house in Anderson, wrecked by a natural gas explosion, had hardly been cleared away when the news of another terrible catastrophe of the same nature, at Elwood, was received. The handsome new building known as the Heck block was wrecked and destroyed by a gas explosion on that day and other property in the same neighborhood badly shaken up, windows knocked out and doors blown off their hinges, making altogether a sorry picture. This block

was used as a city building. The explosion took place at 8 o'clock. There were three men injured and several thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed. It was a two-story building with business rooms on the first floor, the second being occupied by the city offices. The gas had accumulated under the floor of the room occupied by the Elwood Trust Company.

A Mr. Telbs and Mr. Graham and an employee of the name of Miller were in the room at the time of the accident. Miller's right leg was broken in three places and he was otherwise seriously injured. The other two men were only slightly bruised.

The explosion wrecked the adjoining room occupied as a grocery, the glass plate was knocked out and other serious damage sustained. Fire broke out immediately but was quickly extinguished by the fire department, which was soon upon the scene of the disaster.

The loss upon the building at the time was estimated to be \$2,000 and the damage to the stock of goods amounted to much more, but was covered by insurance.

The cause of the explosion was supposed to have been a leak in the street main, running in front of the building, the gas having followed the service pipe into the cellar of the house and was ignited from a light in the room, or from the stove.

Mr. Heck immediately rebuilt the structure, which is much more handsome and commodious than the former one.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

On the night of July 21, 1881, Joseph Halpin, of Pipe Creek township, was run over and instantly killed by the north-bound passenger train that passes Anderson at midnight for Chicago. He had been away that day and late at night started home, which was near the place where he met his death. He had sat down on the railroad to rest and had fallen asleep, from the effects of too much alcohol, in which he had been freely indulging, when the train came thundering along at a high rate of speed and knocked him into eternity. The engineer said he saw some black object on the rail, but not in time to stop. The night was very dark and it was hard to distinguish an object on the track at any distance. The accident occurred about two miles south of Elwood. Halpin was mangled past all recognition. The Coroner held an inquest

as a matter of form and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts. Joseph Halpin was a man well liked by his fellow-men, and had but one fault, that was his love for ardent spirits. At the time of his sudden taking off he was well advanced in years, and had for a long while lived in the neighborhood where it happened.

SHOOTING OF CARROL PARSONS.

On Sunday, May 16, 1886, an old feud which existed between Carrol Parsons and William Wright, of Elwood, culminated in a "shooting match," in which Parsons was shot by Mr. Wright. Young Parsons was apparently the aggressor. On the evening above named Parsons met Wright on the street, but Mr. Wright was not inclined to enter into a fight or quarrel. However, he was followed and threatened, and he was then compelled to shoot in self-defense. The affair took place in front of Jenner's restaurant. The ball entered Parsons' head under the right eye and came out immediately in front of the left ear. He was carried home, and Dr. Sigler was summoned and dressed the wound.

Wright surrendered himself to Marshal Bucy, who immediately took him in custody to await the result of Parsons' injury. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000 and released from custody. The young man finally recovered.

W. A. Sprong, the attorney, was an eye-witness to the shooting and did much to quiet the parties and to prevent further bloodshed. Wright appeared for trial, and on a hearing was acquitted.

FIRE AT THE PLATE GLASS WORKS.

On the night of June 25, 1891, the large Plate Glass Works at Elwood caught fire and came near being destroyed. At one time the flames looked very threatening to the people of Elwood, and the means of combatting them being very limited, the city authorities telegraphed to Logansport, Kokomo and Anderson for help. The Anderson department responded promptly. The switch engine was placed at their disposal, and two flat cars and two box cars were secured. The hose-wagon, horses, ladders and truck were soon loaded. About five hundred people collected at the depot to see them off, and one hundred and fifty, including the police, newspaper reporters and others, boarded the train. The trip to Elwood was accomplished in a very short time. The fire was still burning

when the Anderson department arrived, but it was practically under control. Logansport had sent her fire engine, and Kokomo two hose carts, but none of the apparatus was needed. The damage to the plant was estimated to be about \$60,000. The portions of the building destroyed were the casting hall and the furnace room, the former building being probably three hundred feet long. The plant was only partially insured. After the Anderson department had gallantly assisted in subduing the flames they were invited to a restaurant, where at midnight a banquet was served. Mr. George Hogle, formerly of Anderson, acted as host. Mr. George Tate, one of the principal owners of the glass factory, became paymaster for the bill. The Elwood people were very grateful to their sister cities, who had nobly responded to their call for aid, and treated them in royal style. The destroyed portions of the glass factory were immediately rebuilt upon a larger and more substantial scale. The plant is now one of the largest in the United States, being one of Elwood's principal industries.

BURNING OF A STORE.

On the 1st of February, 1890, the town of Elwood was thrown into a state of excitement by a destructive fire, that culminated in the arrest of Abraham and Simon Sklute, two Hungarian Jews, in whose store the fire originated. A short time after the fire had been subdued, a mob gathered around the boarding house occupied by Miss Piper, where the Jews were stopping, and threatened to lynch them. The excitement was finally subdued by the counsel and advice of cooler heads. It was openly alleged by some in the crowd that the Sklutes had played the part of incendiaries for the purpose of burning their stock of goods and thereby reaping the benefit to be derived from collecting the insurance. The feeling became so strong against them that they were taken before Squire Ward L. Roach, and charged with arson. They stood a preliminary trial, the result of which was that their case was sent to the Circuit Court and their bond was fixed at \$800 each. This they failed to give and were taken to Anderson by Deputy Sheriff Moore and lodged in jail. The Jews claimed that they knew nothing of the fire until they were awakened by some one about 4 o'clock; that they had left the store about half-past 9 o'clock the evening before and had not been there afterwards. The only evidence given against them was by an old man, who testified that he saw two men who

resembled the suspected parties go to the store about 1 o'clock in the morning, which allegation they declared to be false in every part, so far as they were concerned. Simon Sklute was the owner of the stock, and the other was in his employ. George M. Ballard was employed by the defendants to take charge of their case in the Circuit Court, and on the 28th of February, before an impartial jury, they were acquitted of the accusation. This fire caused considerable excitement at Elwood at the time and, even although the defendants were acquitted, many citizens could not be led to believe that they were not guilty.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

One of the most foul and dastardly murders ever committed in Madison county was done at Elwood on the 8th of July, 1894, in which William Foust was killed. The murder was, for some time afterwards, a complete mystery, baffling the skill of officers and detectives, who immediately set to work to ferret out the crime. Sheriff John Starr, of Madison county, and his deputy, Zachariah Dean, of Elwood, put in much of their time on the case, but a considerable period elapsed before any light was thrown on the subject that would tend toward the capture and conviction of the guilty party. Sheriff Starr took into his confidence Amos Coburn, the Chief of Police of Anderson, and Madison Moore, ex-Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, now a detective for the Pan Handle Railway system. On the 6th of February, 1895, Captain Coburn, Sheriff Starr, his son, James Starr, and Detective Moore went to Elwood and were successful to a certain extent in ferreting out the guilty ones and obtained evidence that pointed to the perpetrators of the deed.

On the morning of July 8th, 1894, some children discovered the body of a man lying near the Pan Handle railway tracks, a short distance from the Diamond Plate Glass Works in the northern part of the city of Elwood. The fact that the body had been found was immediately reported and a messenger sent to Coroner Armington, who repaired to Elwood to hold an inquest and investigate the matter. The remains were seen and identified as those of William Foust, a farmer living north of Elwood, who, at the time of the investigation held by the Coroner, was supposed to have been run over by a train and killed. During the examination of the body Dr. Armington discovered a small wound just below the left collar bone, and he at once decided that the man had been murdered

and placed where the body was found, as it was cold and stiff when taken in charge. After an examination into all the facts that he could obtain, Dr. Armington returned a verdict setting forth that the deceased had come to his death from a pistol shot wound made by some person unknown to him.

The fact that the Coroner had placed the responsibility of Foust's death upon some unknown person caused no end of speculation concerning the tragic affair, and for weeks the murder was the principal topic of conversation in Elwood and vicinity. The mystery surrounding it had a fascination that could not be dispelled, especially in the mind of Mr. Dean, the Deputy Sheriff of the county, who resided in Elwood. He was impressed with the idea that the murder was committed near the place where the body was found, and he began a process of reasoning which finally brought about the apprehension of the criminals.

Living near the place where the body was found was a Mrs. Margaret Bolton, a widow, and her two sons, Clifford and Ephraim, aged nine and twelve years. Mrs. Bolton did not bear the best reputation and Dean was aware that she had sometimes persons of shady character about her premises, and also the fact that George Hires, William Cox and others had been seen in the vicinity of her home at different times under circumstances that left no doubt as to the knowledge on their part of her character. He put this fact along with that indescribable feeling that comes over a man when following a purpose, and he felt confident that Foust had been murdered in Mrs. Bolton's house. How to ascertain the actual facts now became the burden of his mind. Some time after the murder Mrs. Bolton and her two sons were admitted to the county infirmary, where she remained but a short time, and subsequently left that institution and went to Kokomo, leaving her two sons at the poor farm.

Dean was aware of this fact and on a visit to the city of Anderson on business connected with his duties as Deputy Sheriff, requested James Starr, the son of the Sheriff, to drive him to the poor farm, stating that he wanted to procure if possible, by an interview with the Bolton boys, any evidence that they might possess in relation to the murder. Sheriff Starr willingly consented.

Dean and James Starr accordingly visited the infirmary and the boys revealed the story of the crime. Ephraim, the older of the boys, did the talking. He said that on the night

of July 7, George Hires and William Cox came to their house and that later on Ephraim and George Crull came in. The men were drunk and indulged in loud talking. He said that he and his brother were not alarmed for the reason that men often came to the house at night. A little before dawn of the next morning he got up and went to the pump in the back yard to get a drink of water. As he passed the kitchen door he saw several men seated at the table playing cards and William Cox in another room with his mother. As he came back to the house he met his brother Clifford at the door, who also saw the men and became very angry and threw a stool at them. A little later William Foust came in the room, where the men were seated, and upset some whisky that was on the table, and Hires and Foust got into a quarrel. Hires jumped up and pointed a revolver at Foust, calling him foul names, and informed him that he was not wanted there, at the same time firing his pistol. Foust sank into his chair and almost immediately died; their mother came in at this time and she and her two boys ran into another room, locking the door. After everything had become quiet they came out, but the men were gone, as well as the body of Foust.

This story of the boy was afterwards reiterated in substance before the Grand Jury in an investigation of the case, and an indictment found and warrants were issued for the arrest of George Hires, William Cox, Ephraim Crull and George Crull, for murder.

The men all resided in Tipton county, and just how to successfully carry out the intention of the officers was a matter of no little concern to the Sheriff. As before stated in this article, he called to his assistance Detective Mit Moore and Captain Coburn. They planned that Coburn should go to Kokomo, where Mrs. Bolton was then living, and place her under arrest, and as soon as she was placed in custody to proceed to the homes of the other parties in the case and place them under arrest also.

Captain Coburn performed his part of the plan without delay, and in a very satisfactory manner. Immediately after Coburn's return with the Bolton woman in charge, it was suggested that the Sheriff, with a number of deputies and a detail of police, should go to Elwood on an engine used in the Pan Handle yards. Detective Moore made satisfactory arrangements with the Pan Handle Railroad Company, and at 6 o'clock a. m. the engine pulled out of the yards at Anderson

for Elwood. On board were the Sheriff, John Starr, his deputies, James Starr and Warren Copper, Captain Amos Coburn, Detective Mat Moore and Patrolmen Mark Robbins and Alonzo Pence, of the Anderson police force. The trip to Elwood was made in a few minutes. After arriving there the officers got off the engine, went to the home of ex-Sheriff Thomas Moore, and secured his services in the case. The posse then divided into three squads, each one of which went in search of its particular man. Hires was arrested at his home in Tipton county, about four miles northwest of Elwood. Ephraim Crull was arrested at a country literary entertainment, three miles west of Elwood. Cox, who worked at the chimney flue glass factory, was arrested just as he was returning from his daily work. George Crull beheld the officers coming and succeeded in getting away, but not before he had been stopped by Captain Coburn and questioned as to his name and where he was going. He gave satisfactory answers and was permitted to go on. He had been gone but a short time when it was discovered that he was the party named in the warrant. But it was useless for the officers to try to overtake him, and they were therefore compelled to return to Anderson without him.

None of the men made any resistance; but each one declared not only his innocence of the crime, but his ability to establish that fact before a jury.

In a conversation with Mrs. Bolton by the officers she made statements that established, beyond a doubt, the guilt of the arrested parties.

Great credit was due to Deputy Sheriff Dean for his skill in unraveling the mystery and bringing about the arrest of the criminals.

At the March term of the Madison Circuit Court, 1895, George Hires, the central figure in the case, was placed upon trial before the Hon. Alfred Ellison, Judge. The Judge, realizing the enormity of the crime, spared no pains in every way consistent with his position to bring the guilty party to justice. He therefore appointed W. H. Kittinger and Edward Reardon to assist Prosecutor D. W. Scanlan on behalf of the State. The defense was represented by Greenlee & Call, of Elwood, and George M. Ballard, of Anderson. The trial lasted for many days, and large crowds of witnesses from Elwood and the surrounding country were in attendance.

The prosecution was handled in an able manner by Pros-

ecutor Scanlan and his associates, and nothing was left undone by the defense to prevent a conviction of their client. On the 6th of April the jury returned a verdict convicting Hires, and placed upon him a punishment of thirteen years in the penitentiary at hard labor.

On the 17th of April following the trial the community and the court officials were startled by the report that Mrs. Bolton had made a confession to Sheriff Starr in the Madison county jail that she was the guilty party, and that Hires was innocent of the crime, and that it was she who fired the fatal shot which caused the death of Foust. The news spread at once throughout the city and county and caused great excitement and endless comment. But little credence was given the story, as it was thought that Mrs. Bolton, realizing the enfeebled condition of her health, she being then a great sufferer, had concluded that she had but a short time to live, and that no conviction could be obtained against her before her death; that she desired to obtain the release of Hires from prison, and of his ultimate acquittal, and therefore made this confession. The news was at once conveyed by Sheriff Starr to Judge Ellison, who immediately went to the jail, where he had an interview with Mrs. Bolton, in which she reiterated her confession to Sheriff Starr. The Judge, however, gave but little credit to her words, and afterwards visited Mrs. Bolton at St. John's Hospital, where she had been taken for treatment, and in company with Dr. Callens, a professional hypnotist, held an interview with her. The hypnotist immediately placed her under mesmeric influence, and she again reiterated her story as told to the Judge and the Sheriff on the previous occasions. The Judge did not attach much importance to her story, and no effort was made on the part of the prosecution to obtain a release from imprisonment of Hires.

When the time arrived for the trial of Ephraim and George Crull, a change of venue was taken from Madison county, and their cases were sent to Kokomo. When the trial began the same witnesses appeared on either side as in the Hires case at Anderson. Young Bolton told the same story that he had testified to on the former trial. After all the evidence had been heard and the arguments were made a verdict of not guilty was rendered as to the defendants. Thus ended, so far as the courts were concerned, this celebrated case. The real facts surrounding this mystery will perhaps never be known to the community at large. As a general thing, well-

informed people believe that George Hires was the guilty party who fired the fatal shot which ended Foust's life.

At one stage of the proceedings in ferreting out this case some suspicion was directed toward Chief Toler, of the Elwood police force, and strong efforts were made to bring him in as one of the suspected parties, but sufficient evidence was never obtained to connect him directly with this affair.

William Cox, one of the defendants, was tried by a jury at the June term of the Howard County Court and received a sentence of two years in the State's prison at Michigan City.

It is to be hoped that the future of Madison county may never again be clouded by the occurrence of such a tragedy.

In writing this article, we have endeavored to be impartial to all parties connected with it, and have simply recorded the facts as they are, without a comment from our pen. The above account as stated by us is almost wholly taken from the *Anderson Democrat* of February 6, 1895, which gave a very concise statement of the facts developed in this case.

No case in the annals of crime has so puzzled officers of the law, except it be the celebrated Clem murder case, at Indianapolis, in 1868. There seems to have existed in the minds of the jury some doubt as to Hires' guilt, from the fact that they gave him so light a sentence.

The final scene in this mysterious tragedy occurred in Elwood, on the 13th of May, 1896, when Mrs. B. F. McFarland, a daughter of William Foust, the murdered man, committed suicide, after brooding over her father's death until she lost her reason.

ACCIDENT TO DR. S. W. EDWINS.

On the 13th of September, 1895, Doctor S. W. Edwins, of Elwood, while attempting to cross the tracks of the L. E. & W. Railroad, was run over by a train of cars and was very seriously injured, and up to this writing has not fully recovered. He was in a buggy in company with a lady friend, who was also seriously injured. The horse which he drove was killed and the buggy torn into fragments. Doctor Edwins, having recovered sufficiently to be about, brought suit against the railroad company for damage to his person and property, which suit is yet pending in the courts. The many friends of the Doctor were pained to learn of his being maimed in such a manner as to practically unfit him to attend to his large and lucrative practice which he enjoyed prior to this accident.

CUT HIS THROAT.

On the 9th of May, 1896, Charles Vanness attempted to take his life at Elwood by cutting his throat. He made a horrible wound, almost severing the jugular vein. It was thought that his recovery was beyond a possibility, but Dr. S. W. Edwins performed the difficult operation of sewing up the wound, being one of the first cases on record in the State where the jugular vein was sewed successfully and the victim survived.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

On Monday, January 27, 1896, a shocking casualty occurred at Elwood. James Gelispe, a young glass worker, met a sudden and horrible death.

Gelispe was at the Pan Handle depot as local freight No. 77 pulled out, and at the crossing of South B street fell between two cars in such a manner that the wheels passed over his neck and both wrists, completely severing his head and his hands from the body. A large crowd of people was soon attracted to the spot and Coroner Sells was at once telegraphed.

It is generally supposed that Gelispe attempted to board the moving train to ride from the depot to the post-office, which is a few squares north. Owing to the slow speed at which trains must travel this practice had become quite common, especially on freight trains. He was a single man, well known and liked among glass workers.

No one saw the affair, and he was not discovered until the train had passed over him.

Coroner Sells at once visited the scene of the accident and held an inquest, returning a verdict of accidental killing, holding the railroad company blameless.

FOURTH OF JULY ACCIDENT.

During the celebration of the Fourth of July at Elwood in the year 1896, Charles Adair, a workman employed by the American Tin Plate Company, had his right arm blown off near the elbow by the explosion of a "cannon" fire-cracker.

He was enjoying the sports of the day with friends and was shooting one of those large toy crackers which are discharged with a fuse. It had been fired and set down in the street and Adair was awaiting the result when it appeared to him that the fuse had gone out, when he picked it up to exam-

ine it, and it immediately exploded with the result as above stated.

Dr. Newcomer, the physician at the tin plate works, was summoned and amputated the wounded member.

Adair was a young man about twenty-five years of age and was well respected by the people of Elwood, and much sympathy was expressed in his behalf, and quite a gloom was cast over the festivities of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS—ELWOOD LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

The striking of natural gas at Elwood brought to its borders, like all other towns in the gas belt, a large influx of population from all quarters of the country. Money began to be made and house building progressed to such an extent that it astonished the old timers who looked upon what was being done with amazement and Elwood grew at once to be quite a city.

Such a thing as electricity for the lighting of the streets of that hamlet was a thing that had never been dreamed of until in the summer of 1891 when a movement was put on foot to have the streets illuminated. There was much contention as to the best means of doing so. Some contended for lighting with natural gas, while others advocated the establishing of iron posts similar to the ones used in the old system of artificial gas lighting, but the ideas of the progressive element prevailed and the use of electricity was agreed upon and on the 1st of August, 1891, the elegant electric light power house was completed and at 3 o'clock in the morning the button was pushed by the electrician and Elwood sprang forth in all her magnificence and beauty, being one of the best lighted cities in the state. The Elwood band was brought out and discoursed stirring music up and down the principal thoroughfares and a general good time was had celebrating this event. The plant is a splendid one and the city can well feel proud of it, although it has been twice wrecked, once by a gas explosion and once by that of a steam boiler explosion. It has been rebuilt and is still one of the features of the city. From time to time the plant has been increased to meet the requirements and demands of the growing population until it is at this writing second to none in the county.

ELWOOD'S PRIZE DRILL COMPANY.

For several years Elwood held the proud distinction of having the best drilled "Canton of Odd Fellows" in the

United States. Captain Nett Nuzum was their drill master and had them disciplined in the highest style. They won many prizes in local contests in the county during the period of their organization, but the crowning event of their existence occurred at St. Louis on the 22nd of September, 1891, when they entered at a meeting of all Cantons and competed for a prize of \$1,000, which they captured. A dispatch from St. Louis appeared in the *Democrat* of September 23rd, giving the following confirmed notice: "The weather was very hot and oppressive, especially for the uniformed Cantons. The maneuvers were carried out splendidly. The draw of lots for position in the Canton drill resulted as follows: First Canton, number 3, of St. Joseph, Missouri, Captain, P. M. Abercrombie; second Canton, Elwood, number 33, department of Indiana, Captain, Nett Nuzum; third Canton, of Indianapolis, Ind., Captain, J. M. Bodien." The contest was one of the hottest fought battles in this line that ever occurred in the United States. Captain Nuzum, after a severe contest, came out the winner.

Upon receiving the news of the Canton's success, the people of Elwood were wild with joy, and upon their arrival home a grand reception was given in their honor. Captain Nuzum is one of the finest looking officers in full uniform that one can see in many a day's travel. He is still a resident of Elwood and highly respected by the community.

THE ELWOOD CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.

Elwood has one of the handsomest cemeteries in Madison county. It is situated on a beautiful knoll just west of the main part of the city, and is easy of access by brick-paved streets, of which Elwood has many. This association was incorporated in April, 1895, by Daniel King, Dr. Daniel Sigler, Thomas DeHority, L. M. Good and Lewis Hefner, who are the present officers of the association.

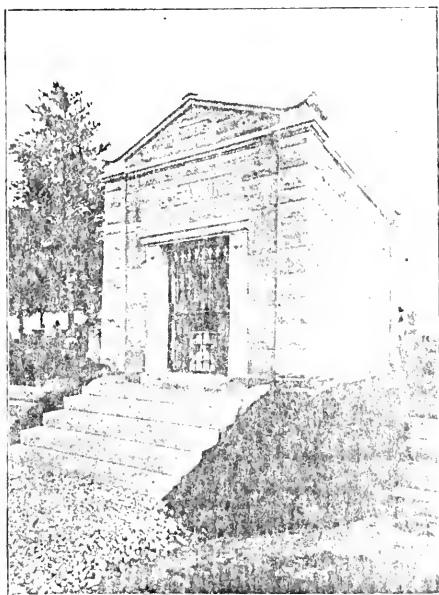
The place was long a burying ground before its incorporation, perhaps as far back as 1854, but was simply a village burying ground, with no one responsible for its care, and was kept up by those who had friends buried there. The rapid building up of the city made it necessary to have an incorporated cemetery, with a system of management, and the enterprising gentlemen whose names appear above came to the front and filled the want of the community in this regard.

Among the prominent people lying at rest in this beauti-

ful cemetery is the late Dr. James M. DeHority, who is placed in a family vault, erected in 1882. Mrs. Flora May Howe, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Edwins, whose sad death is yet fresh in the minds of her many friends, is also sleeping in the handsome vault erected by Dr. Edwins, an illustration of which is given on this page.

This is the finest receptacle for the dead in Madison county, and is a credit not only to its builder but to the city in which it is located. It cost the goodly sum of \$4,000, and is built of finely dressed Bedford stone, presenting a beautiful exterior, and is handsomely arranged inside the walls with marble cases, urns, and stone vases for flowers.

Dr. Edwins has spared neither pains nor money to make this not only a credit to himself and a monument to the mem-



THE EDWINS VAULT.

ory of his beloved daughter, but to make it one of the substantial evidences of the taste and refinement of the community in which he lives; one that the people of Elwood can well feel proud of and point to as a remembrance of the Doctor long after he has passed beyond, and has been placed beside his loving daughter, who has gone before him to that land from whence no traveler returns.

BURNING OF THE EXCELSIOR FACTORY AT ELWOOD.

Leeson & March, during the year 1888, owned and operated an excelsior factory at Elwood. It caught fire on the 20th of December of that year and was utterly destroyed. The fire had been put out under the boiler in order to enable some men to do work there. The machinery was running, although the gas was turned off from the boilers where they were making some changes. It was thought that the changes could be made in a very few minutes, and instead of cutting off the gas at the street, the pipe leading into the engine-room was simply closed. A section of the pipe was taken off, and the gas rushed into the engine-room in a great volume, and as the brick and iron were still redhot, the gas ignited, and, as a result, the building was soon a mass of flames. In the building there was an unusual quantity of shavings and sawdust, and in a very short period the whole structure was in a blaze. Adam Miller and Michael Glaspy were at work in the engine-room, and were very severely burned. Miller was so severely injured that it was thought for a while that he would lose his life, as he inhaled the flames while endeavoring to effect an escape. He lay for several days in a critical condition. The factory had just been rebuilt and enlarged, and was doing a splendid business. The loss was \$4,000, without any insurance.

FRANKTON AND VICINITY — ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS —
BOILER EXPLOSION.

On or about the 9th day of August, 1877, the people of Frankton and vicinity were startled about 9 o'clock in the morning by a terrific sound and by the shaking of the window panes in the houses and the trembling of the earth as if an earthquake had taken place. The people ran from their places of business and from their houses to ascertain the cause of this commotion but were unable from any indications in the village to account for it. A messenger soon made his appearance and brought news that an engine connected with the threshing machine owned by James Ruth, which was threshing wheat on the farm of Samuel Beck, a few miles distant, had exploded its boiler. The engine was torn to atoms and was sent in all directions through the air like bullets shot from a gun. One of the men named Frank Melson, the engineer, was terribly lacerated and wounded in several places, having the

left thumb torn off and receiving several wounds about the head.

The news spread throughout the country in a short while and people from all directions were at the scene of the disaster. It was a wonder to all who witnessed the wreck how it was possible that such a mishap could take place in the presence of so many people who were connected with the machine, and who had assisted in the threshing, without some one being killed. No cause could be assigned for the explosion other than that the engineer neglected to keep a sufficient amount of water in the boiler. One of the pieces of the boiler was thrown a quarter of a mile, and a wagon standing near by was literally blown to pieces. The threshing machine was standing still at the time of the explosion and was not materially injured. Dr. S. W. Edwins, of Frankton, and Dr. John E. Canaday, now a resident of Anderson, and ex-Auditor of Madison county, were called to dress the wounds of the unfortunate man. Later in the afternoon Dr. G. F. Chittenden and Horace E. Jones were called in consultation with the above physicians, when it was decided that with proper care Melson would recover from his injuries, which proved to be the case. He is now living somewhere in this county. This was one of the most serious accidents that ever occurred in the vicinity of Frankton and was the talk of the neighborhood for months and years afterwards.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

On the 5th of January, 1884, Miss Mary Ring was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Kidwell. The unfortunate lady was there on a visit at the time. In one of the rooms of the house an old army musket was standing in a corner, and at the solicitation of his wife Mr. Kidwell had lifted it out of its place to put it in a more secure position. In doing this the hammer of the gun was struck by some obstacle and the weapon was discharged. The load took effect in the face of Miss Ring. Her face was horribly mutilated, her lower jaw was nearly blown off and her tongue torn out. Although suffering intensely she remained rational for some time and lived until Sunday night, the following day, when she died. At the time of the accident she was engaged to be married to a young and prosperous farmer, and had it not been for this, the wedding ceremony would have been performed in a few days.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT FRANKTON.

On the 3d of October, 1877, a disastrous fire took place at the village of Frankton, in which nearly the entire business part of the town was destroyed. A correspondent from that place to the *Anderson Democrat* of October 5 gives the following account: "About half past five o'clock in the morning an alarm of fire was given which aroused the slumbering citizens of the quiet village to a full sense of the fact that the long-expected conflagration had come. In a short time most of the citizens of the town and many people from the country were at the scene of the disaster. It was very fortunate for the place that the morning was calm and that scarcely a breeze was stirring to fan the raging flames. But for this reason nearly the whole town would have been laid in ashes. The fire originated in the stable owned by William Waples. Next to this on the south side was the stable of J. W. Phillips. From this building it went to the drug store of John A. Howard, then to the Dwiggins building, in which was the post-office and a grocery owned by James McLean. On the north of this was the Suman building, occupied by the Kimmerling Bros., druggists, and J. & W. Townsend, dry goods merchants. Still farther north of this was a hardware store owned by Hurst & Brother. All these buildings were swept away by the raging flames in a moment's time. Quick, Sharp & Co. was the only firm in town that did not move its stock. H. C. Brown moved out of his building, but it did not burn. The cool and deliberate action of the people managed to save all the merchandise owned by the different firms. The most interesting incident of the fire was that of Isaac Wood, who tried to save two horses, but in spite of his efforts to rescue them from the burning building one of them perished. William Wood himself, while trying to save his horses, was severely burned about the neck and face. A fine stallion owned by Waples & Phillips was also burned. The Masonic fraternity lost everything pertaining to their lodge. The Odd Fellows saved their furniture and fixtures. The books owned by 'Squire A. H. Muholland were lost, together with some valuable notes and papers. The severest losers were parties living out of town who were the owners of buildings, none of which were insured, among whom were J. M. Cockran and Bernard Dwiggins. As usual on such occasions thieves were busily engaged and a large amount of property was stolen and carried off. Parties were seen going in every direction with bundles in their arms, but

during the excitement no one attempted to halt them or recover the plunder they were carrying away."

It was generally thought that the fire originated in the headquarters of a lot of gamblers who were playing cards in the hay mow in a stable in which the fire was first discovered. This was a very severe blow to the enterprising village of Frankton, and it was some time before it recovered from the effects of the disaster.

THE KILLING OF JOHN LITTLE.

John Little, who lived near Frankton, in Pipe Creek township, was at one time one of the central figures of that community, in politics and business. He was a prosperous farmer, made money fast, lived well and enjoyed the respect of the people among whom he lived. In the year 1870 he concluded to contest for the nomination, on the Democratic ticket, for the office of Sheriff of Madison county. He had always been a hard worker for the cause of his political friends and had numerous advocates of his elevation when he launched his boat upon the sea of politics. In that memorable year it seemed that nearly every prominent Democrat in the county aspired to some office. It was one of the most hotly contested and thrilling canvasses that was ever made for nominations since the formation of the county. The candidates went in droves from one township to another, making personal appeals to the voters, generally winding up each evening at some school-house in the neighborhood, where all the candidates would be corralled and speeches would be made in advocacy of their claims for office.

It was in this year that the late Neal C. McCullough made his famous fight for the office of County Auditor, receiving the nomination and then being defeated at the polls in the subsequent election. John Little was successful in securing the nomination for Sheriff: James F. Mock for County Treasurer; Neal C. McCullough for County Auditor; Jacob Hubbard for County Recorder, and James W. Sansberry for Representative. During the scramble a great deal of bitter warfare was indulged in, causing a feeling among the candidates, which was impossible to allay or pacify after the primaries had closed. This warfare was kept up to the bitter end, thereby insuring the defeat of every candidate on the Democratic county ticket, except Hon. James W. Sansberry for Representative, Jacob Hubbard for Recorder, and Thomas

J. Fleming for Clerk of the Court, who had no opposition for the nomination or final election.

The canvass, made in the spring and before the fall election, cost Mr. Little nearly his entire fortune, and made a financial wreck of him for the balance of his life, and he never thereafter was able, although frugal in his habits, to overcome the indebtedness that he had made in this political fight, and when he died he left his family in poor circumstances.

The sad end of his life was caused by an altercation with Henry Burk in the city of Anderson, in the month of March, 1876. Mr. Little had been to Indianapolis on business, and, on returning, stopped at Anderson to await the train to go north at midnight on the Pan Handle road. In order to while away the time he stepped into a saloon on South Main street, kept by Hezekiah Trueblood. When he left the saloon he carried away an overcoat belonging to Henry Burk, the bartender. After leaving Mr. Trueblood's place he entered the saloon owned by William Ryan, where it is said he put Burk's coat into the stove and then left for the north depot to take the midnight train for home. Mr. Little had evidently been drinking, or he would never have indulged in this kind of conduct, from the fact that, although at times he was rough in his manners, no one ever accused him of being dishonest, or would have for a moment suspected him of taking the coat with any intention of converting it to his own use, as he was entirely above reproach in that respect. Mr. Burk followed Little to the depot, and when he came upon him demanded Little's coat in place of the one he had destroyed, which Little readily assented to, and gave Burk his coat, who returned to town. Mr. Little, instead of going on with the train, followed Burk back to town and overtook him in the office of the United States hotel, a large three-story building that the older citizens of the city of Anderson will remember as having stood on the corner of Ninth and Main streets. It was occupied at that time by Frederick Cartwright. Little carried two large bowlders in his hands, and upon entering the room he dropped one of them on the floor and caught Burk by the collar with his left hand, and was in the act of striking him with the other stone when Louis Tetherington, a 'bus driver, grasped Little's uplifted arm and took away the stone. Little at this juncture let go of Burk and struck Tetherington a terrible blow on his face, which sent him reeling to the other side of the room. Burk, realizing the great strength of Little, and know-

ing his disposition to be ugly in a fight, took advantage of the occasion and determined to protect himself. He armed himself with a billet of wood, and when Little returned to attack him Burk struck him on the head and face, knocking him down. Little's face was beaten and cut into a perfect jelly, and he also received a fracture of the skull, from which he was found to be unconscious. Medical aid was summoned, and such relief as was necessary at the time was rendered him, and on the Saturday following the patient was removed to his home at Frankton, and after lingering for several days he finally died from the wounds, Dr. S. W. Edwins attending him in his last hours. Burk was placed under arrest for the crime of manslaughter, but upon a trial was acquitted and exonerated from any criminal act on the ground of his having acted in self-defense, Little being the aggressor.

For many years after this a bitter feeling prevailed between the friends of Little and Burk, and it was feared for a time that the blood of other parties might be shed over this lamentable occurrence, but time has effaced all the memories clinging around it and it is now only alluded to as a matter of history.

John Little when sober was a noble hearted man and would sacrifice anything almost to do a friendly favor; was hospitable at his home and was surrounded by a large circle of friends.

In the election above referred to Mr. Little was the central figure in the fight and it was made principally against him, but had a most wholesome effect upon the politics of the county as it caused the Democratic party, which was then in the ascendancy, to be cautious as to the men who received the nominations and it was also a means of stopping the nefarious business of buying votes in the nominating conventions and at the polls in the following elections. At the following elections in 1872 the Democrats redeemed themselves and elected their entire ticket.

John Little in this election was defeated by David K. Carver, Esq., who was the first Republican sheriff that ever held the office in this county, and it is a real pleasure for the authors of this book to state that Mr. Carver was a conscientious official and filled his place to the satisfaction of the public, and had it not been for the overwhelming majority of the county he would have been re-elected.

A SAD SUICIDE.

William Townsend was a young business man of Frankton, who was engaged in merchandizing with his father, under the firm name of J. & W. Townsend. They carried on an extensive business and enjoyed the respect of the community and had a large circle of friends in the county.

On the 5th of October, 1881, the citizens of Frankton were shocked at receiving the news by telegraph that William Townsend had shot himself at the Crawford House, in Cincinnati. No seeming cause could be assigned for the rash act, as he was pleasantly situated in business, belonged to a very good family, and was highly esteemed. He was happily married, and was the father of a three-year-old daughter whom he dearly loved. He was at times, it is said, given to fits of melancholy, but no stress was laid on that fact, as he had made no demonstration of doing injury to himself or to others. On the day prior to his death he went to Cincinnati on the evening train and registered at the Crawford House, paying his bill in advance for the time he expected to remain. He was apparently in the very best of spirits, and after supper left the hotel to spend the evening with a friend by the name of James Duncan, who represented one of the wholesale houses of which he purchased goods. During the evening he was more than usually cheerful, and never once raised a suspicion of the terrible deed he was about to commit. On leaving his friend he charged him particularly to call for him at seven o'clock the next morning. He entered the hotel where he had an order placed upon the register to call him at half-past six o'clock the next morning, and after a brief conversation with the clerk, he retired for the night. The next morning the clerk, at the designated hour, went to his room, but getting no response, he forced the door open and was horrified to find young Townsend dead. He was lying with his pants and shirt on, with a bullet hole in his head, and a 32-calibre Colt's revolver clinched in his hands.

The alarm was at once given and the Coroner notified. He empaneled a jury, held an inquest, and after investigation a verdict returned that the deceased had come to his death from a pistol shot by his own hand.

He had on his person \$800 in money, and a handsome pair of bracelets which he had purchased for his daughter. His father went to Cincinnati and took the remains home on the following Friday night, and on Saturday he was buried

in the village cemetery. His funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in that section of the county.

It was a sad blow not only to his father, mother and other near relations, but also to his young wife, who yet survives him, and who is at this time a resident of Anderson.

KILLED BY DAMPS IN A WELL.

On the 24th of July, 1890, Louis Peppin and David Welker, his son-in-law, both of Frankton, were digging a well near that place, when they were overcome by gas, or "damps," and were suffocated. They had dug the well to a depth of twenty feet, when Peppin, who was in the bottom, struck a vein of gas, and coming up, sat down, remarking that he believed he had struck a gas-well. After resting a few moments he again descended. He had nearly reached the bottom when his farther progress was arrested by the gas, which was pouring out to such an extent as to prevent him from going down farther, and was overcome. David Welker looked down and saw his father-in-law lying limp and helpless. It dawned upon him that there were "damps" in the well, and he started down to rescue Peppin from his perilous position. When he reached the bottom he attempted to lift the body into the bucket, and in doing so, he himself was also overcome, and both bodies lay at the bottom of the well in a lifeless condition. The accident produced a momentary panic among the men who had assembled on the brink of the well, and it was fully twenty minutes before the bodies were recovered. No one dared to enter the deadly well, and therefore a rope was let down and looped around the legs of the unfortunate men, and thus they were drawn to the surface. Peppin was a man about sixty-eight years of age, and his son-in-law, Welker, was much younger. They both left families in needy circumstances. The well in question was upon the farm of John D. Gooding, ex-Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, and was southwest of the town of Frankton. The remains of the unfortunate men were interred in the cemetery near the place of their death. Welker was a nephew of Mr. George Welker, ex-Chief of Police of Anderson.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

On the 16th of May, 1882, a sad accident occurred at the town of Frankton, whereby Mrs. Mary Timmons, of that place, lost her life by being run over by a train of cars on the Pan

Handle Railroad. She had been in the dry goods store of Quick & Co. making some purchases and on leaving went towards the railroad. This she intended to cross and walked in a northerly direction, but had her attention drawn the opposite way by looking at some object along the roadside. She was unconscious of the approaching train, and being very deaf could not hear its noise. The train was running at considerable speed and struck her on her left side so that she was thrown a distance of forty or fifty feet, falling under a flat-car on the side of the track. Her body was considerably bruised and mutilated and she lived only an hour after the accident. Several persons saw her going to the railroad and beheld the danger that she was in, but were too far away to render her any assistance. Dr. Edwins was immediately called and took charge of the woman, being assisted by Dr. Brown. But nothing could be done. Her injuries were fatal.

On examination it was found that her left arm was broken and badly crushed and a dangerous wound was also discovered in her left side. Michael Ryan, Coroner of Madison county, was notified and proceeded to Frankton to hold an inquest. He returned a verdict of death in accordance with the facts as stated. The Coroner also exonerated the railroad company from any blame in the matter. Lafayette Freeman was the engineer and W. H. Green, fireman, in charge of the engine. They testified that they saw the woman, but not in time to stop the train, and supposed that she heard them, and every moment looked for her to step off the track. Mrs. Timmons left a husband, but no children.

INCENDIARY FIRE.

In the month of August, 1890, a man of the name of MacDonald erected a building in Frankton for the purpose of occupying the same with a retail liquor saloon, but while in course of erection in some manner it was set on fire and completely destroyed. It was almost certain that the fire was the act of an incendiary, as no fire was about the premises and there was no other way in which it could have been ignited. No clue was ever obtained as to who the guilty parties were. It was strongly suspected that some parties who were opposed to having the building occupied by a dram shop took this method of getting it out of the way.

A BURGLARY.

The usually quiet town of Frankton was visited on the night of the 20th of October, 1887, by a band of burglars who rifled the dry goods store of D. Canaday & Company, Sigler Brothers' drug store, and Quick's hardware store. The burglars, however, secured but little valuable booty, as they were frustrated in their designs by someone walking on the street, which compelled them to abandon their object. A little money had been left in the cash drawer at Sigler's store, which was taken, and from the other establishments a few pocket-knives and revolvers were carried away. Strong suspicion pointed to some parties in the immediate vicinity, but sufficient evidence was not obtained to cause their arrest, and none was ever made in connection with the matter.

WILLIAM MASSEE DISEMBOWELED.

In the year 1888 William Masee came near losing his life by having his bowels cut by a knife in the hands of a cousin, Charles Masee, at the town of Frankton. The occurrence was the result of a family feud that had for some time existed. The Masees were Kentucky mountaineers, who had not been long residents of this community, and little is known of them by the writers. Soon after this affair they removed from the county, and their whereabouts is now unknown. Dr. S. W. Edwins was soon upon the scene, and in a very skillful manner replaced the intestines and sewed up the wound, and the unfortunate man recovered.

CAPTURE OF BURGLARS AT FRANKTON.

During the early part of the year 1890 the vicinity of Frankton had been the scene of several small burglaries and petty thieving operations. The store of Jefferson Ring was entered during that time and a considerable quantity of goods taken therefrom. Mr. Ring and others, who had suffered by these depredations, did their best to trap them but without avail, and finally the detective agency of Charles Page, of Richmond, was brought to bear upon them. Park Page was placed immediately at work upon the case, and a "stool pigeon" was sent to Frankton to overlook the field. One of the first clues obtained was that Charles Rains and Preston Shell, two young men living near Frankton, had some time previously come into possession of a key to the rear door of Ring's store, having stolen it of a carpenter of the name of Hiser who had

worked on the building. The young man who had been sent to Frankton as a "decoy" and the detectives soon gained the confidence of the boys and a plan was entered into to rob the store on a certain night during the month of May in that year. Mr. Ring and the detectives secreted themselves in the store. About 12 o'clock Rains, Shell and "the decoy" put in their appearance and opened the rear door with the stolen key. As they entered the store the acute ear of Rains heard the ticking of Detective Page's watch and having some misgivings that he and his partner were "bagged" endeavored to make his escape. The detective stepped to the door and drawing his revolver captured the two boys and placed them in irons. After the capture they admitted that they robbed the store on two different occasions and had obtained entrance by the key which they had stolen. They were handcuffed together and taken to Anderson and lodged in jail to await their trial. They were both young men, one twenty-one and the other nineteen years of age. They had both been born and reared on farms in the vicinity of Frankton.

At the May term of the Madison Circuit Court they were placed on trial for the crime of burglary, Shell being defended by Hon. C. L. Henry and Hon. George M. Ballard. Judge M. A. Chipman having heard the evidence, young Shell was sentenced to two years in the State's prison, and on account of the youth of Rains and by his being badly influenced by his companion he was left off with a light punishment.

KILLED BY AN OFFICER.

A serious shooting affair occurred at the town of Frankton on the night of August 29, 1872, the facts of which are about as follows: The firm of C. Quick & Co. had been suspecting for some time that there were parties who contemplated robbing their store and safe. They were large dealers in clothing, merchandise and groceries, and had a large Hall's safe in their office, as they also conducted a banking business for the accommodation of the Frankton public. They were formally notified of the intended raid by information which was communicated to them by a detective by the name of William Shoemaker, who resided at Centerville, Wayne county, Indiana.

Shoemaker had fallen in with one William Beeson at Indianapolis, one of the parties upon whom suspicion rested. Shoemaker caused Beeson to believe he was also a burglar.

The detective told Beeson that he was not a good hand at opening safes, but that he had a friend who was very successful in that line, and would send him to assist Beeson. This assistant came, and it seems that he and Beeson made the necessary arrangements and fixed upon a certain night to commit the burglary. Quick & Co., in the meantime, had been made acquainted with the scheme, and deemed it proper to provide such means as would tend to the capture and arrest of the parties who were about to engage in this criminal act. Thursday night of that week was fixed upon as the time for the burglary. Quick & Co. sent a messenger to the city of Anderson to inform the Sheriff of Madison county, and to request him to have some proper officer detailed to visit Frankton on the night in question in order to arrest the parties while they were engaged in the act of burglarizing the store. David K. Carver, then Sheriff of Madison county, willingly complied with this request and selected Mr. Stephen Metcalf, his deputy, and called to his assistance Cornelius Daugherty, Constable of Anderson township, and Mr. Oran Walker, a deputy Sheriff.

These officers immediately proceeded to Frankton. At about 12 o'clock at night, two men entered the store, and, at a signal of the detective, who had met and become acquainted with Metcalf and his assistants, and who had communicated to them how the details should be arranged as to the capture, rushed to the store front, which was thrown open by the detective, who was on the inside of the building, in company with Beeson, in the act of committing the burglary. At that very moment, one of the men in the store, who had a dark-lantern, shut off its light, and in doing so, threw up his arm. The light reflected on the lantern and caused it to glisten. Mr. Metcalf mistook this for a revolver, and, from the man's motions, supposed he was in the act of shooting. Mr. Metcalf, acting upon the spur of the moment, and in the full confidence that he was acting in defense of his own life, and in the discharge of an official duty, instantly fired his revolver, the shot taking effect in the left arm of Shoemaker, who had been mistaken for Beeson, the burglar, passing thence into his side, causing instant death.

Some doubts were entertained as to the real character in which Shoemaker was figuring in this matter, but the prevailing opinion seems to have been that he was acting in good

faith as a detective in order to entrap the parties who meditated the robbery.

William Beeson, who was found in the store, was arrested by the officers, and, after a preliminary examination before Squire Roach, of Anderson, was required to give bond in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance at the subsequent term of the Madison Circuit Court. He was unable to give the required bail and was committed to jail, where he remained for a considerable length of time. At one time he made his escape and was recaptured by Albert J. Ross, who had in the meantime become Sheriff of the county.

The Coroner, having empannelled a jury to hold an inquest over the dead body of Shoemaker, returned a verdict that he came to his death from a pistol shot inflicted by Stephen Metcalf, Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, in the discharge of his duty. A post-mortem examination was also made, after which the remains of Shoemaker were transmitted to his friends in Centerville, in charge of a man who had come from that place to receive them.

KILLING OF J. FRANK STANLEY.

On the 22d of June, 1895, J. Frank Stanley, a blind fiddler, a grandson of Jacob Stanley, an influential farmer living between Florida and Frankton, was killed on the Pan Handle railroad near the town of Frankton. He was seen along the track at the time, but as he was not conscious of the approaching train, was run down and instantly killed. His remains were taken to the house of his grandfather. A coroner's inquest was held and a verdict returned in accordance with the foregoing facts.

REMINISCENCES—ONE OF GOD'S NOBLEMEN.

Among the old-timers of Madison county, none is more worthy of mention than Noah Waymire, late of Pipe Creek township. Noah formerly lived in Wayne county, from whence he moved to this county, in an early day, settling in the wilds of Pipe Creek township, where he cut out a large farm and made for himself and family a handsome fortune. He belonged to one of the largest families in the United States.

Every year the Waymire family, at some point in this great union of States, holds a reunion; at these meetings, nearly every State is represented. Uncle Noah always

delighted in being on hand at these gatherings. He was a man of commanding appearance and a fluent talker. Had he been educated and trained in politics in his younger days, he would have been one of the political giants of the times. He was large, portly and good-looking, and was a man whom one would turn around and look at if he passed him on the street.

No old settlers' meeting was complete without the presence of Noah Waymire: he went far and near to all the gatherings of old settlers. He was generally the orator of the occasion; he could speak long and loud, never failing to interest his hearers. He was uneducated, but the good Lord endowed him with the gift of commanding an untold supply of language, which seemed to roll out of him without effort. His greatest delight at an old settlers' picnic was to tell of the early trials of the pioneer settlers, and contrast the habits of the people then, with those of now, telling how the early settlers lived, worked, loved and courted. He said at one of these meetings at Perkinsville, a few years ago:

"Why, girls, you are here today, with your bustles and hoop-skirts on, you don't know the real enjoyments of young and blooming womanhood. When I was a young man, when I went out walking with a girl I didn't encounter any such obstacles as these contrivances you've got on; when I walked with a girl I walked right up 'against' her all the way up; when you put them riggins on you disfigure the beautiful form that nature gave you; you deceive the one who adores you, by your false make-up."

He said that "when he went sparkin' in them good old days" they didn't have any parlor, nor any drawing-room. There was but one room in the house; this room was used as a kitchen, parlor, bed-room and drawing-room; there was an old-fashioned fire-place in the house, where a big "back log" and a cord of wood made up the fire for warming the house. On Sunday nights, when he went to see his girl, he would have to sit and chat with the old folks until the girl got the supper dishes "done up." When bedtime came, he and the girl would shut their eyes until the old people got in bed. The smaller children were stored away in a trundle bed, and then business set in. He said he always took "shot pouch" holds on his girl, and never let go until daylight next morning.

When he took his girl to church, or an entertainment,

she would always ride behind him on a horse, sometimes the distance being three or four miles. Uncle Noah was so entertaining in his way of talking that his hearers always lost sight of many of his rude expressions and plain way of putting things, becoming so worked up in his stories that they were sorry when he stopped. The good old men of the Noah Waymire stripe are fast passing away, there being but few left who came with him to Madison county when it was a wilderness. David Waymire Wood is a near relative of Noah Waymire, and is, in fact, named for him and inherits much of his brilliant wit, humor and oratory.

A WOMAN IN POLITICS.

In the history of Madison county politics many women have cut a conspicuous figure, as well as the men. In many instances women who figure in politics become more active and shrewder than men, laying plans and making suggestions.

Among the women who have figured in the campaigns of Madison county, "Aunt Peggy Bowers," of Dundee, has cut quite a swath. Twenty years ago Dundee was known by the name of "Mudsock." There was no railroad there at that time, and Mudsock was away out in the woods, being the next thing to no place. The woods were so dense around its solitary precincts that the sun hardly ever peeped in. The place was rightfully named, from the fact that the mud was so deep the year round that it was almost impossible to get there with a wagon or carriage of any kind. Peggy Bowers kept a wet grocery, or liquor shop, in that isolated place for many years, Oliver Grifflee officiating as her principal salesman.

Riley Etchison kept a place of the same character near at hand. Etchison's farm was a great place for shooting-matches, while Peggy's place was the general rendezvous for local politicians to congregate and fix up the slate for the county nominations for the north part of the county.

A candidate was not properly in the race until he had visited Peggy Bowers' ranch, and got the Mudsockers all in line. When solidly entrenched behind Peggy's works the candidate was pretty sure of victory. William Long was then a central figure in all campaigning. He was generally on hand at the gatherings at Peggy's place, taking a hand in the festivities and lending his advice to the candidates. Since

the days of railroads Bill has lost his grip and is considered a back number.

In 1870, the Republicans, through a split in the Democratic ranks, made a clean sweep and elected every officer in Madison county, except the Clerk of the Court. David K. Carver was the successful candidate for Sheriff, defeating John Little, of Pipe Creek township.

This defeat had the effect to weld together the broken links in the Democratic ranks, and in the following election in 1872 every effort was made to bring about a Democratic victory. A. Ross, of Pipe Creek township, was placed in nomination for Sheriff against D. K. Carver, who was a candidate for re-election. Every one conceded he had a hard race, as Carver was popular and had made a good Sheriff.

Ross was then a young man, full of vim and made a hustling race. Many were afraid, on account of his being young and mischievous, the older and quieter element would not support him. But as the fight went on, he grew in the race. One Sunday a crowd of politicians congregated at Peggy Bowers' to compare notes and lay plans. During the day, some of them got inside the house and closed the doors, shutting Ross and his friends out. He demanded entrance and, upon being refused, got a rail and battered the door down. It was soon heralded over the county, and it was thought he had put his foot so deep into it that he could not get through, but he only worked the harder. When the election came around he was the leader on the ticket. It was always said afterwards that Ross beat his opponent and "carried a rail."

Peggy Bowers and Riley Etchison for years sold liquor in any quantity, without license, often figuring in the courts in prosecutions for violating the law, but it was cheaper to pay fines than to take out license.

Mudsock is now a beautiful place, with the timber cleared away, and is one of the finest farming communities in the county. Peggy and her "pull" have given way to civilization and good society. Her days of usefulness as a local light in politics have gone glimmering, and the world moves on.

PLAYED THE INSANITY DODGE.

James Stilly, a rather worthless fellow, for many years lived in different parts of Madison county, and died in Anderson, January, 1884. He at one time lived in Pipe Creek township, making his headquarters in the neighborhood of

Frankton. Stilly was once placed under arrest on suspicion of being accessory to some horse stealing in that neighborhood and was placed upon trial for the crime. He had a bad case against him and in order to avoid the clutches of the law he was advised, by his attorney, to play the insanity dodge.

Stilly was a peculiar looking man, not being possessed of an over-bright intellect, and it was an easy thing for him to impress upon the jury that he was *non compos mentis*. The event of which we speak took place in the year 1851, when the late William Roach was Sheriff of Madison county. For several years prior to this time there had been a bad gang in Pipe Creek township, who had given the Sheriff and other officers a great deal of trouble. They were connected with similar organizations established in Wayne county, and to the west as far as the Wabash river. Horses were stolen along the eastern border of the State and run to this county, and after they had been rested up a little were taken to Logansport and other towns along the Wabash river. There are yet living many citizens in Pipe Creek township who could substantiate the existence of such a band if they were placed upon the witness stand. They were generally desperate, reckless men such as are usually engaged in that calling, and the neighborhood was in great fear of them. Very often persons, whose horses had been stolen, would pursue the thieves through Anderson on towards the west, but generally with poor success, inasmuch as after they reached this neighborhood they would generally be lost sight of.

The cause of Stilly's incarceration was that a valuable horse had been stolen from a farmer in this county and run to the rendezvous near Frankton where Stilly at that time lived. It is said that one of the leaders of the band induced Stilly to take the horse to Logansport, where he sold it. The owner pursued him and arrived soon after Stilly did. He recognized his horse on seeing it and established its identity and secured it. He also caused Stilly to be arrested and brought back to Anderson for trial, while the man who had really stolen the horse escaped. Before the trial came on Stilly's attorney had a private interview with him in which he asked him if he could not play the insane act on the trial. The idea was favorable to Stilly, who answered that "he could try mighty hard and thought he could make it work." When the trial came off a large crowd was in attendance. From the very first Stilly played his part to perfection. He would look silly and indif-

ferent at every thing around him; would twist up small bits of paper between his fingers and holding them up between himself and the light, would laugh like an idiot. He cried during the course of the trial and acted so strangely that he almost convinced the people and the jury that he was insane. When the argument began Stilly's attorney made a very eloquent address to the jury in his behalf in which he pictured the great injustice that would be done to humanity by committing to prison this unfortunate, insane youth. He spoke feelingly of the great wrong it would be to punish his client for committing an act that he did not know was wrong. When the jury retired for deliberation, they were very much divided on the question of his alleged insanity, and could not reach a verdict for several hours. However, a verdict was at last agreed upon and he received a sentence of two years in the penitentiary and was taken by the Sheriff and two other prisoners overland in a wagon to Columbus, Indiana, and then by rail to Jeffersonville prison. The prisoner behaved very well during his confinement and learned the trade of a cooper, which he for several years afterwards followed when he returned to Anderson.

James Stilly was one of the greatest fishermen that ever lived in this county. During the summer season he would go along the banks of White river, month in and month out to indulge in his favorite sport and rarely ever returned without having a long string of fish. He never referred to his early life, and after his discharge from prison was always a quiet inoffensive citizen and lived a rather exemplary life.

Stilly was the man who saved the old Baptist church from fire, a circumstance we have already spoken of in another place in this volume.

INCENDIARY FIRE.

A destructive fire, which is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, occurred on a Saturday night in November, 1857. The building burned was a new one just erected, and was owned by Quick & Murphy. It was a large structure containing a store, warehouse, railroad ticket office, and post-office, all under one roof. Nothing in the building was saved. The proprietors had just moved into their new headquarters, and had stored their warehouse with supplies, and had on hand a large stock of dry goods and groceries. The loss was estimated to be about \$5,000, with no insurance. Suspicion rested on two parties who were engaged in keeping

a saloon, or doggery, in Frankton, named Isaac Sigler and John Ravy. It is said that they had threatened Messrs. Quick & Murphy with their vengeance only a short time before this occurrence. Sigler and Ravy had both been previously arrested, charged with tearing up a railroad switch at Frankton. Sigler gave bail, and Ravy, in default of bail, was lodged in the county jail. This is said to have been the cause of their purpose to burn the building. Sigler and Ravy were both tried for the crime of arson, but in consequence of insufficient evidence were acquitted.

Sigler and Ravy were afterwards arrested for robbing Atherton's store at Frankton, and convicted. Sigler was sent to the State's prison, where he died, but Ravy made his escape and afterwards fell from a railroad bridge and was killed.

In an issue of an Anderson paper of November 27, 1857, we find the following editorial: "The citizens of Frankton having endured a low groggery, kept by an Italian by the name of John Ravy, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the ladies of that place a few days since boldly walked into his saloon and quietly poured out the disgusting compound." We are informed by a friend who chanced to be in Frankton at the time, that the act was done in a quiet and orderly manner, and that the ladies deserved credit for the manner in which it was performed. Ravy is the same person who was connected with the burning of Quick & Murphy's store.

A BURGLARY.

We find, in the *Anderson Standard*, the following account of a robbery committed at Frankton on August 12, 1858:

"On Tuesday night, last, the store of Messrs. Atherton was robbed of \$6.15 in cash and about sixty dollars worth of goods. On Wednesday James and Isaac Sigler, of that place, were arrested and the money found on their persons, and the goods were found secreted. They were detected by means of a plan laid by Officer Raney, of Cincinnati. Frankton had been for some time infested with housebreakers, and the citizens secured the services of this officer to ferret out the crime, which resulted in the capture of these two persons. Two other persons were suspected as being accessories to the larceny, but made their escape. The two Siglers were brought to Anderson, and tried before 'Squire William H. Mershon

and were bound over to appear before the Circuit Court, and in default of bail were placed in jail."

On the 2nd of September, following, James and Isaac Sigler were tried in court for the above robbery and were convicted and sentenced to the State's prison for a term of two years each. They were safely lodged in the penitentiary at Jeffersonville on the Saturday following their conviction. Isaac Sigler is the same person suspected of burning Murphy & Quick's store, referred to formerly.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.

This township contains an area of twenty-eight and one-half square miles and is situated in the eastern central part of the county. It is bounded on the north by Monroe township, on the east by Delaware county, on the south by Anderson and Union townships, and on the west by La Fayette township. The land is as rich and productive as can be found in Central Indiana, and hence the township was christened "Richland." It was organized in 1834, or about four years after William Curtis entered and settled on the east half of the southwest quarter of Section 31, where he built a log cabin—the first erected by a white man in the township. Soon after Mr. Curtis located in the township, David Penisten entered a part of what is now known as the David Croan farm. John Shinkle was the next settler. Following these two early settlers came John Beal, William McClosky, James and William Maynard, Adam Pence, Joseph Brown, Joseph Bennett, Peter Keicher, Samuel Stephens, J. W. Westerfield, John Hunt, Christian Lower, J. R. Holston, Thomas Thornburg, Michael Bronnenberg, Randolph Chambers, Jonathan Dillon, John Coburn, Weems Heagy, Jacob and Michael Bronnenberg, Jesse Forkner, Jacob Stover and others. The first settlers were compelled to cut their way through a dense forest as the township was heavily timbered and the underbrush so thick that travel on horseback or in wagons was impossible. In the fall of 1830 the State road from Shelbyville to Fort Wayne was laid out and, as it passed through this township, the settlers soon had an outlet to Anderson.

Big and Little Killbuck flow through the township and are its only streams. The former in an early day furnished water power for several mills, all of which have disappeared save one, the Broadbent Woolen Factory. Among the mills that once stood on the banks of this unpretending, but important stream was a saw-mill built in 1833 by Matthew Penimore in the extreme south-west corner of the township. Soon

after this mill was built, William Curtis and James Barnes erected a small grist-mill near by it. These mills both used the same dam, but divided the water until the saw-mill was abandoned. The grist-mill was afterward purchased by Robert Adams, an Englishman, who, in 1850, converted it into a woolen-mill, which he operated successfully for many years. This mill was situated at the intersection of the road now known as the Alexandria pike and the road running east and west along the south line of the township. It was destroyed by fire in 1876. It was thought at the time that the fire was the work of incendiaries, and a number of the employes at the factory were arrested on the charge of arson, but nothing could be proved against them and they were acquitted. Benjamin Walker built a saw-mill on Killbuck on Section 28 at an early day, and in 1840 added a carding machine, which he operated with indifferent success for a few years. Not long after this John B. Purcell built a woolen factory near the same site, which he operated for several years, when he sold the property to Stephen Broadbent.

CHURCHES.

A small class of Methodists was organized at an early day in the edge of Monroe township and their meetings were held for several years in private houses. The class or society afterward held its meetings in the Holston school house for a number of years and in 1860 erected a neat place of worship on Section 8 at a cost of \$1,200. This church was christened "Wesley Chapel," and is as widely known as any place of worship in the county. The membership at the present time is about thirty. Among the early ministers who held services regularly every two weeks at this church were Revs. B. H. Bradley, Isaac King, H. Smith, Joseph Marsee, J. H. Hall, J. R. Lacey and J. H. Jackson.

In 1832 the Asbury M. E. Church was organized by Elias Hollingsworth and Joseph Barnes near the Union township line, and in 1833 Elias Hollingsworth, Samuel Shinkle and Joseph Barnes were selected as a Board of Trustees for the purpose of erecting a permanent place of worship. On the 28th of December, 1833, Joseph Barnes and wife deeded to the trustees one and a half acres in Section 28, on what is still known as the John Nelson farm, where a log church was subsequently erected. Meetings were held here for many years, Elias Hollingsworth officiating. In 1870 the society built a

new place of worship on the bank of Killbuck, a short distance west of the old meeting-house. This building cost about \$1,500, and was dedicated September 13, 1870, by Rev. Dr. Bowman, President of Asbury, now DePauw, University. Among the early members of this church should be mentioned the names of Samuel Shinkle, Joseph Barnes, Daniel Goodykoontz, David Tappan, and their wives. The church maintained a flourishing Sunday school for many years.

In 1854 Hiram Chambers and wife, John Chambers and wife, Susan Chambers, Mary Chambers and Nancy Scott organized what has since been known as the Chambers Christian Church. Hiram Chambers deeded the society a small piece of land on Section 27, and in 1869 a place of worship was erected there at a cost of about \$1,500.

What was known as the Wesleyan Camp Meeting Association flourished at one time in this township, and meetings were held annually for many years and were largely attended by people from all over the country. Meetings have not been held for several years past. The camp grounds were situated on the old J. R. Holsten farm near Wesley Chapel.

THE SCHOOLS.

In 1858 the township had 401 children of legal school age; in 1868 it had 398; in 1872 it had 386, and in 1896 it had 239, or a decrease of forty-three per cent in thirty-eight years. The township has seven school buildings, five of which are brick and two frame, and employs seven teachers. Mr. Joseph Keicher is the present trustee of the township.

OTHER STATISTICAL MATTERS.

The population of the township in 1850 was 850; in 1860 it was 926; in 1870 it was 1,056; in 1880 it was 985; and in 1890 it was 891.

The value of lands in the township in 1896 was \$524,865; value of lands and improvements \$555,085; total value of taxables \$668,605.

VILLAGES.

In 1835 Zimri Moon laid out a town on Section 15, which was afterwards known as "Moonville." From 1838 to 1840, or during the time of the construction of the Indiana Central Canal, considerable business was done here, but with the collapse of that enterprise Moonville began to decline and is today a village of memory, as its houses long since disappeared and

its site is now devoted to agriculture. The farm where the village stood is owned by Joseph Hancock, of Anderson, and his son, William H. Hancock, cultivates it. Among those who did business in Moonville were Abraham Adamson, Nathan Williams, James Trimble, and James Swaar, Riley Moore, Samuel and Joseph Pence, John C. Gustin, and John Winslow. The late John W. Westfield was the only resident physician the village ever had. He practiced his profession here in the latter '30s. At that time the locality of the village was very unhealthy, but it is now one of the healthiest sections in the country.

One of the noted characters of Moonville was a man of the name of Zachariah Cook who kept a lodging house on his farm near the village. Mr. Cook had a handsome daughter, Eliza, who was a general favorite and is still well remembered by the old-timers in that and other parts of the county. She was a fearless horsewoman and won many premiums for superior riding at county fairs.

The authors are indebted to Joseph Hancock and Wesley Dunham, of Anderson, for information concerning this once interesting village.

PITTSBOROUGH, A ONCE THRIVING VILLAGE, NOW OBLITERATED.

Pittsborough was a village situated on the Alexandria turnpike, just north of the present site of the village of Prosperity, in Richmond township, on the old Beal farm. John Beal was one of the founders and sold considerable real estate in the town. It was in the days of the building of the canals through the country, and towns sprang up all over the county near the scene of the works. Pittsborough contained several houses, stores and a "tavern." Of course it had its place where liquors could be had by the small, and Jeremiah Judd was the man who dealt it out to the thirsty laborers on the public works. At the March session, 1839, he was granted a license by the Board of Commissioners, as follows:

"On petition presented and duly supported by a competent number of freeholders, it is ordered that Jeremiah Judd be allowed a license to vend groceries and liquors by the small in the town of Pittsborough, in said county, for the term of one year from this date."

It is said that Sims Garrison also kept a place there, but

there is no record of his having obtained a license in the courts.

Among those who once owned real estate in this village were William Coburn, John Beal, Ninevah Berry, Sims Garrison, James Carroll, Martha Shinn, Lewis Maynard and Isaac Snelson. Many others held lots there whose names do not now come to mind.

James Hollingsworth, an old resident, says many fights occurred in this place during the construction of the canal between the different sets of hands employed, generally happening on pay day. The stores and business houses were log cabins, such as were common in that day. There is nothing now left, save tradition, to tell where Pittsborough once stood.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

Among the many towns and villages that sprang up along the route of the projected canal that passed through the county, Mount Pleasant, in Richland township, is one that is almost forgotten. It was situated in the neighborhood of the Dillon and Thornburg farm, adjoining the Jacob Bronnenberg land. Joshua Shinkle, who is yet living in Anderson, owned the land prior to the laying out of the village. It was not a success as a business venture, as but few lots were disposed of. It came too late in the days of canal fever, as the work had been abandoned in 1839, the year it was laid out, and the enterprise was never resumed. John Thornburg purchased a lot and built a house there, which was the only residence in the town. All traces of the place as a town have long ago been obliterated, and it is only now and then that an old settler calls to mind that there was ever such a place in the county.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity, the only village now in the township, was founded by John Beal and Hiram Louder, who opened up a small general store there at an early day. The place prospered for a time and a postoffice was established for the convenience of the inhabitants and the farmers of the surrounding country. In the course of a few years, however, the postoffice was removed, and the place went into a decline, from which it has never recovered. The individual who gave the place its name is not known, but it has been suspected that he was something of a wag.

The township has furnished a number of county officials

since its organization, as follows: Dr. John Hunt, State Senator and Treasurer of the county; Hon. David Croan, Representative; John Coburn, County Commissioner; Weems Heagy, County Treasurer, and Jacob Bronnenberg, County Commissioner.

Among other citizens of the township who were well known and highly respected in their time were B. F. Walker, Dr. William Parris, Samuel and Madison Forkner, Peter Keicher, Isaac Sellars, John Nelson (known throughout the county as "Hog" John on account of his extensive dealings for many years in hogs), John Matthew, Staman Croan and Joseph Pence. The late Dr. William A. Hunt was also a resident of the township for many years. Of the old-timers who are still living may be mentioned John and James Blackledge, Curran Beall, Chauncey Vermillion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first schoolhouse in the township was erected in the fall of 1831 on the Harrison Canaday farm, and the first school was taught by an Irishman in the spring of 1832. John Treadway taught school here in 1834.

The first birth in the township occurred in 1832, a daughter being born to Mr. and Mrs. John Parker.

The Nelson graveyard, on Section 15, was the first in the township.

The first graded country school in Madison county was taught by W. M. Croan at "College Corner" schoolhouse, in which the first graduating exercises in the country schools of Madison county took place.

The first house erected in the township was built by James Curtis, and stood where the barn on the old Robert Adams farm now stands.

At the March session, 1834, Richland township was formed and bounded by the Board of Commissioners as follows:

"It is ordered by this board that a new township be organized in the county, to be known as Richland township, to be bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Section 33, Town 20, Range 8 east, running thence east with the line dividing Townships 19 and 20, north to the east line of said county, thence north, with the county line, to the northeast corner of Town 21, on said line, thence west to

the northeast corner of Section 4, Township 21 north, Range 7 east, thence south to the place of beginning.

“And all elections held in said township shall be held at the house of Peter Ehrhart, until otherwise ordered and directed.”

THE OLD KILLBUCK WOOLEN MILLS—ONE OF THE
LANDMARKS.

Away back, perhaps as far as 1838, Benjamin Walker, an old citizen of Madison county, who in an early day lived in Richland township, but who ended his days in Anderson a few years since, erected a dam across Killbuck and built a small saw-mill for the purpose of doing the neighborhood sawing. It was a rude affair, but served well the purpose in its day. After running it for several years he sold the mill and site to John Purcell, who, about the year 1840, transformed it into a woolen-mill and “carding machine,” where he did business of that kind for several years. He afterward sold the mill to Stephen Broadbent, who has for forty years done the carding, spinning and weaving for the north part of the county. It is the only factory of this kind now in Madison county.

Mr. Broadbent has, in a quiet way, made a handsome fortune by operating it.

It is known far and wide as one of the best mills of its kind in the country. Mr. Broadbent not only does a local trade, but is a large buyer and seller of wool in season.

Mr. Benjamin Walker, the first owner of the property, was the father of Mrs. Nathan Armstrong and Mrs. J. E. D. Smith, well known in Anderson and vicinity.

The scenery surrounding this old mill is one of varied beauty. In the summer time, when the trees are bearing their foliage and the fields are carpeted with their green coverings of grass and growing grain, the little mill situated on the rippling stream would be a subject for the artist's hand that could not be surpassed in Madison county.

Richland township, besides being one of the wealthiest, can also boast of having the only woolen-mill in the county.

This mill is spoken of in the general history of Richland township.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—FATAL ACCIDENT TO SAMUEL
EPPARD, ONE OF MADISON COUNTY'S OLD AND RESPECTED
CITIZENS.

Near Little Killbuck lived Samuel Eppard, an old and respected citizen. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood, and was generally liked by all. On the 20th day of August, 1887, Mr. Eppard had gone down the road from his residence, and was about to cross the iron bridge that crosses the stream at that point, where he met Wilson Heagy and John Staggs, with whom he indulged in a pleasant chat. During the conversation Mr. Eppard took his seat on the railing of the bridge, and in some manner lost his balance and fell over. The descent was about twelve feet to the ground, where he struck his head on a stone, killing him almost instantly. He breathed but two or three times when he was picked up by Wilson Heagy.

He was a widower, and left two sons to inherit his possessions. He was seventy-two years old, a native of Virginia, but had lived in Madison county for nearly forty years.

Coroner William Hunt held an inquest, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. Samuel Eppard will be remembered by the older citizens of Madison county as an honest, upright business man, and one who attended strictly to his own affairs. He was a good neighbor, and was generally beloved by his acquaintances.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH—MISS EMMA THORNBURG TAKES HER
LIFE WITH A PISTOL.

For many years the family of Thomas Thornburg resided on a farm on the Killbuck turnpike road in Richland township, being one of the wealthy and highly respected families in that locality. They reared a large family of children who were most genial in their associations with one another, and kind and generous to others. The Thornburg home was in all respects a model one.

Several years ago a mysterious package was left on the door step of the Thornburg residence which, on investigation, was found to contain a newly born infant. The particulars of the life and death of this unfortunate child can best be given in this volume by quoting an article on this subject which appeared in the *Democrat* of the 14th of March, 1879:

“On a beautiful winter night on the 10th of December,

1862, the family of Thomas Thornburg, residing three miles north-east of Anderson, were awakened from their repose by a violent shaking of the front door. On going to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, Mr. Thornburg found on his door-step a little baby warmly clad and sleeping quietly in a little basket, which also contained a fifty-dollar gold piece wrapped in the following note :

“ ‘ This child is named Emma, and is of respectable parents, but was left to the mother to care for. Knowing that you are “ Quakers ” who would take good care of her, we leave her to your charity, and may God bless her.

“ ‘ WM. LAWRENCE. ’

“ No second appeal to the kind-hearted Mrs. Thornburg was necessary, for she at once took the little homeless waif into her motherly arms and heart, and from that day to the day of its death was to it all that a kind, loving, and indulgent mother could be. As the little one grew in years she twined herself so closely about the hearts of the kind family that she became to them an idolized child, and her sudden death cast them all into the greatest sorrow.

“ Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg desired to keep the mystery of her birth a secret from her, but as she grew into womanhood, this could no longer be done, and they were forced to tell her that she was the child of unknown parents. This was some time prior to her death, but it is believed to have had nothing to do with it. A letter came to the house regularly for four years after the little one had been left there, containing money and a request that they should still care for the child. The letters were always mailed from different States. They were invariably answered by the members of the Thornburg family, giving a full account of the life of the little girl. Finally letters ceased and no tidings came to say that the little one was not forgotten. So year after year rolled on until she had reached her seventeenth year, but still no news of the unknown parents, and then the life which began in mystery ended in mystery.

“ On the morning of the 11th day of March, 1879, she was found dead in a room in an upper story of the house. A short time before, she was in conversation with Mrs. Thornburg and told her she intended to go up stairs and get some writing paper from her brother John's trunk, as she wanted to answer a letter which she had received the previous evening. Mrs. Thornburg afterward said that she never saw her

in a happier or more joyous mood than she was then. Young Thornburg had in his trunk a revolver, which he had received a few days previous from a friend, and had placed it there for safe-keeping. The young lady remained a long time, and Mrs. Thornburg stepped to the door and called her. Receiving no reply, she waited a moment and then called her by name again, and still receiving no response, she stepped up stairs and found that the young woman was dead, and at the same time discovered a revolver lying in her lap, and noticed a bullet wound just above her right eye. The neighbors were notified and the Coroner summoned, who held an inquest and returned a verdict of suicide. Many strange rumors were put afloat as to the cause of her death, some attributing it to suicide, while others claimed that it was accidental; some supposing that she was merely handling the revolver and examining it when it was accidentally discharged. It was also said that the young lady had been informed by school-mates of her mysterious origin, and that it had preyed upon her mind so that she temporarily lost her reason, and that this was the cause of her taking her life. It was generally believed, however, by the Thornburgs and others, that her sad death was the result of an accident. Who the parents of this unfortunate girl were, is still an undeveloped mystery, and will probably never be known."

TWO MADISON COUNTY SOLDIERS DROWNED IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

On the 22d day of August, 1862, Clinton Gutherie, of Lafayette township, and Wilson Relf, of Richland township, were drowned in the Mississippi river while on their return to their command in the army. They had been home on veteran furlough and were on their way back to the front, when the boat upon which they had taken passage sank, losing many who were on board.

These young men were well known by the people of Madison county and the event was severely felt by the community in which they lived. They were neighbor boys and comrades in the same department in the army.

Relf's father, Malichi Relf, lived in Richland township and Gutherie's folks lived where Linwood now stands, in Lafayette township. The father of Gutherie was at one time a resident of Anderson and operated a tannery there.

"Al" Lemon, son of Peter H. Lemon, ex-Clerk of Mad-

ison county, was a passenger on the ill-fated boat, but got off without harm to himself. He is yet living and is a resident of Indianapolis.

Gutherie had been previously wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge. He was a member of Company B, Eighth Indiana Volunteers. Relf was a member of Company G, Forty-seventh Indiana.

FINDING OF THE SKELETONS OF ABORIGINES.

In the month of June, 1889, while some workmen were opening a gravel pit on the farm of Simms Garretson, in Richland township, they unearthened fourteen human skeletons. They were all in a remarkable state of preservation, but when exposed to the air immediately crumbled to dust. All appearances indicated that they were aborigines, the skeletons being quite large. They were buried in the earth to a depth of about five feet, huddled close together. The people of that vicinity did not remember that there had ever been a cemetery located in that neighborhood, but it is supposed that the skeletons were the remains of Indians, a tribe of which had at one time settled there. The remains were gathered up and re-interred in the locality where they were found.

A LARGE BARN AND VALUABLE HORSES BURNED.

Silas Jones, one of the oldest and most influential farmers of Richland township, met with a severe misfortune on the 28th of May, 1889, in having a large barn, which he had just completed, destroyed by fire, entailing a loss upon him of all his hay, corn and oats: also vehicles, harness, horses and farming implements. The loss amounted to nearly \$3,000. There were six horses in the stable at the time, all of which were cremated, among which was a fine stallion valued at \$500.

The origin of the fire was not known, but was supposed to have been the act of an incendiary. When the fire was first discovered the entire building was wrapped in flames and almost ready to fall in. Mr. Jones was only partially insured, carrying policies to the amount of \$1,200. Immediately after the destruction of his property he rebuilt the barn, which can be seen from the Anderson turnpike road by the passer-by on his way north, and is one of the finest structures of its kind in Madison county.

MADISON PENCE, AN OLD CITIZEN OF MADISON COUNTY, KILLED
AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Madison Pence was born and reared in Madison county, and was well known to all the older citizens in the neighborhood of Anderson, Richland, and Monroe townships. He was considered a harmless, inoffensive man, and was afflicted with epilepsy, which on certain occasions, rendered him *non compos mentis*. He would often go from place to place, being from home for weeks and months at a time.

On Friday, the 27th day of September, 1889, a man was shot and instantly killed by Emsly Wright, living near Indianapolis; the man was supposed at the time to be a tramp, and having been seen in the neighborhood, had been directed to Wright as a man who would probably employ him. When he reached Wright's place it was dark, and being very cold, he started a fire in the barn-yard some distance from the building. Wright noticed the fire and seizing a gun went out with two other men to ascertain what was the cause of the fire. In his testimony at the Coroner's inquest, Wright stated that he had ordered the man off the premises, who refused to go, and taking a club the man started at him as if he would strike him, at this Wright fired upon his assailant, killing him. It was some time before the body could be identified, as no clew as to who he was could be had in the neighborhood. When the Coroner of Madison county was called a scrap of paper was found upon his person which had the advertisement of L. M. Cox, of Anderson, printed upon it. Mr. Cox was notified, and parties from Anderson went to the scene of the tragedy in order to determine who the dead man might be. Upon examination he was identified as Madison Pence, half brother of Frank Pence, ex-Commissioner of this county.

His friends in Anderson were notified and his remains were interred by them. Pence had at one time been married, but his domestic life was a very unhappy one, and his wife obtained a divorce from him. At one time he was the owner of considerable real estate, but by bad trades and the intrigues of designing men, he was left a penniless wanderer.

KILLED WHILE RAISING A BARN.

In the summer of 1870, Joseph McKinnon was killed on the farm of Madison Forkner while raising a barn with "block and tackle." He was in the act of placing a large timber in position on the building, when in some manner it swung

around out of its proper position, and caught him, throwing him to the ground, killing him instantly.

He was well known in Anderson, where he lived. His widow is still living there. He was the father of William McKinnon, the well known "sport," who has given the Anderson police much anxiety in looking after his "well-being." McKinnon was a hard working man, and was not considered a bad fellow, only for the fact that he was a little too fond of his "tea." He was a soldier in the war of the Rebellion and was said to have been a brave and courageous one.

His occupation was that of a house mover. He also raised large buildings with machinery, being efficient in that business.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A very distressing accident occurred on the farm of Joseph Dillon in the year 1859, in which young Jesse Dillon was killed, his body being horribly mangled and cut by a reaping machine. Young Dillon was helping to cut the harvest on his father's farm, his part being to drive the horses attached to a McCormick reaper. In some manner one of the horses became tangled up in the harness and began kicking. This frightened the other horse hitched by his side and resulted in the team running away. Young Dillon held to the lines and made every effort in his power to stop them in their mad career, but to no avail. They swept on until finally Dillon was thrown forward, falling in front of the machine, cutting him in a frightful manner, from the effects of which he died in a short time. Jesse Dillon was a bright young lad of about seventeen years; universally liked by all the neighbors, and his taking off caused a gloom over the whole community for a long while after the occurrence.

The farm on which this accident occurred is situated near the old Thornburg place in Richland township, being directly across the turn-pike road from the Thornburg home. The Dillons are highly respected people in that neighborhood and the news of this shocking accident soon spread over the township, causing much excitement and great sympathy for the family. It was the talk of the neighborhood for years afterward. The field in which it occurred being along the Killbuck pike it was often pointed out to the traveler, and the sad affair told to him by the people living along that highway.

The young man was a brother of Jonathan Dillon, who yet lives in Richland township, and also of Dr. Jephtha Dillon.

late a resident of this county. Mrs. Joseph Croan and several other sisters and brothers are still living, whose names do not now occur.

Every neighborhood has its incidents and accidents. But this one will always hang like a pall over the surroundings of its occurrence so long as any one who lived in that locality survives.

Among those who witnessed the accident, besides the immediate family of the deceased, was Curren Beall, a neighboring farmer who was assisting in the work of harvesting. It made an impression on his mind never to be erased.

The Dillons and Thornburgs were very close neighbors, and the families were so nearly related that it was almost as severe a blow to the Thornburgs as to the Dillons. Mrs. Dillon, the mother of the unfortunate young man, was a sister of Mrs. Thomas Thornburg. They settled together in an early day in Richland township on three hundred and twenty acres of land along a country road dividing their possessions, and so well did they get along that for many years they held their lands in common. In the latter days of their life they finally divided the lands and the older members of the family have now nearly all passed away.

MICHAEL M'GUIRE THROWN FROM THE REAR END OF A WAGON AND HIS NECK BROKEN.

On the 4th day of March, 1871, John Nelson, Michael McGuire, Samuel Fossett and a man by the name of Trudelle had been in Anderson and in the evening started home—Nelson in one wagon and the others named in another. They were all friendly and having a good time, going up the Killbuck turnpike. They had been drinking somewhat in Anderson, and had supplied themselves with a bottle of whisky to take home with them.

McGuire had the bottle, and he would occasionally take a drink from it and finally offered Trudelle a drink, which he accepted. Fossett was driving the team and noticed McGuire and Trudelle drinking, when he asked McGuire "why he did not pass the bottle to him." McGuire, in a rather insulting manner, replied, "Drive on your cart," but did not offer Fossett a drink. This angered Fossett, and he dropped the lines and grappled with McGuire, and, it is said, hit him once or twice. After considerable of a tussle, while the wagon was moving, McGuire was thrown from the rear of the vehicle,

and in the fall had his neck broken. He died very soon, without uttering a word. Trudelle jumped from the wagon and hastened to McGuire's side, but found that life had left his body. He immediately called Nelson, who was in the other wagon, and they took his body to the roadside and laid it out on the ground for awhile, when it was placed in Nelson's wagon and taken to the Nelson home, which was but a short distance away.

The Coroner of the county was notified, and on the following day, March 5th, John J. Sims, who was then Coroner, impaneled the following jury, which proceeded to investigate the cause of McGuire's death :

J. L. Shawhan, D. Furgeson, Bazil Neeley, Samuel Bodle, Isaac Scott, Calvin Thornburg, Fred Bodle.

After a full investigation the jury found that Michael McGuire came to his death in an unlawful manner at the hands of Samuel Fossett.

The following day Fossett was placed under arrest for manslaughter and taken before William Roach, a Justice of the Peace of Anderson township, and a hearing had, the result of which was that Fossett was bound over to the Circuit Court in the sum of \$1,000, which bond he at once gave and was set at liberty until the next term of court, at which time a true bill of indictment was returned against him.

He was subsequently tried, and a jury in the Circuit Court acquitted him, on what ground it seems hard to tell, as all the circumstances appeared to be against him.

This occurrence took place near the iron bridge that crosses Killbuck at the old Sam Forkner ford, in the neighborhood of the farm that was so long owned by John Nelson and was for many years used by Madison county for a poor farm.

Mr. Fossett is yet living some place in Madison county. John Nelson died at Daleville a few years ago, and the whereabouts of Trudelle is now unknown. Trudelle and McGuire were old cronies and were nearly always together, spending much of their time about Anderson, when not at work in the country.

Fossett was an inoffensive sort of man, with no murder in his make-up, and this affair was in no way premeditated on his part. It was one of those occurrences that often happen when a man is in his cups, that cause remorse and regrets as long as life lasts.

John J. Sims, who held the inquest, is now a resident of Anderson, and has a grocery store on Brown street.

It was in the trial of this case in the Circuit Court, before the Hon. James O'Brien, Judge, that John Nelson got in his quaint answer to a question propounded to him.

There was some sparring among the attorneys and witnesses. Nelson was being cross-questioned pretty severely, when the Judge broke in: "Mr. Nelson, you mean to say to the jury that the man was dead when you got there?" "Dead; he was deader ne'r hell," John replied, without noticing that he had broken or transgressed the rules or etiquette of court. Nelson's earnest manner convinced the Court that he meant no harm, and was not fined for his rudeness.

BURNING OF JACOB BRONNENBERG'S HOUSE.

In the earlier days of Richland township the people who lived in frame houses were few and far between; in fact, there were but very few who made such pretensions. Jacob Bronnenberg was one of the prosperous farmers who had grown rich enough to abandon his log cabin and build for himself what was then considered a very fine frame residence, into which he moved his family and had just begun to enjoy life, when, on the 16th of November, 1857, it was swept away in a jiffy. Fire having caught through a defective flue in the rear of the house, and there being no way to fight the flames, it was soon laid in ashes, and Mr. Bronnenberg and his family were homeless. He had, fortunately, left standing the old Indian cabin that he vacated when he moved into his new home, and he removed the remnants of his household goods saved from the ruins, into it, where he remained that winter. The house that burned was a large two-story frame and stood on or near the site of the brick residence now standing on the farm, owned and occupied by Benton Bronnenberg. As soon as spring-time came Mr. Bronnenberg commenced the making and burning of a kiln of brick and erected the handsome brick house that he so long occupied prior to moving to Anderson. The brick residence built by him was by far the largest and handsomest in Richland township at that time; and, in fact, it was with scarcely a rival in the county. The loss to Mr. Bronnenberg was about \$2,000. He lost many of his household goods and valuables that he could not replace. He was a man to easily overcome such a disaster, and in a very few years he was so well and comfortably fixed that it was

not noticeable, even to himself. This fire was the largest that that locality had witnessed up to that date and of course was talked of for a long while in the community.

JAMES W. HOLSTEN ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

On Sunday morning, September 9th, 1894, a most distressing accident took place at the residence of J. A. Holsten, of Richland township, in which James W. Holsten lost his life.

He and a young man by the name of William Kinyoun, who was employed by Mr. Holsten as a farm-hand, roomed together, and had gotten up in the morning and gone to the barn to feed the stock while the family were preparing the morning meal. In a short time they were followed by Mr. Holsten, who chatted with the two companions for a few minutes and then went about his work.

After the young men had completed their labor they begun scuffling, and had taken out their revolvers and were flourishing them in a friendly manner, when in some way the pistol in Kinyoun's hand was discharged, taking effect in young Holsten's heart, killing him instantly.

Mr. J. A. Holsten heard the shot and hastened to the scene to see what was the cause, when, to his horror, he found the victim in the last agonies of death.

The neighbors were aroused by the ringing of the farm bell, and soon two hundred people had assembled at the place of the accident. The Coroner, Dr. C. L. Armington, was notified and an inquest held. It was shown that young Holsten and Kinyoun were the warmest of friends, and that the fatal shot was purely accidental. Kinyoun was acquitted of any criminal intent by the Coroner, and no arrest was made.

Young Holsten was the son of ex-Sheriff David H. Watson, of Anderson, who was killed February 2, 1862, and was adopted by J. A. Holsten when a small child and took his name. He was a brother of Mrs. John L. Forkner, of Anderson. He was a popular young man among his associates, and had no bad habits. He was devotedly fond of his adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holsten, and always made his home with them, never having married. He was thirty-five years old when the accident occurred. He was a member of the Alexandria Tribe of Red Men, and was buried by that order in the Anderson cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsten, the adopted father and mother of

the unfortunate young man, deeply mourned his death, and as long as they live they will not fully recover from the shock.

CONFIRMED HYPOCHONDRIAC.

On the 25th day of October, 1883, a most distressing occurrence took place in the quiet precincts of Richland township, which shocked the citizens of that locality. Mattison Hitt, a young man of that neighborhood, who had been an invalid for a long time, committed suicide by shooting himself. He lived with his mother, Mrs. Mary J. Hitt, a widow. He was about thirty years old when he committed the deed, and no reason could be given for his actions other than despondency. He at one time had a severe spell of sickness and to all outward appearances had recovered, but would never have it that he was well. He kept his room constantly for seven years previous to his suicide; although he seemed at all times quite sane, it is quite certain that he was not. When he first took to his room he was only a medium sized youth, but grew so fleshy in his self imposed confinement that he weighed about 200 pounds at the time of his death.

HURT IN A HORSE RACE.

In speaking about Madison county's old-timers, there are few who date back much farther or who are more worthy of notice than Michael Bronnenberg. Michael now lives in peaceful retirement in the refreshing shades of the classic stream of Killbuck, where he can sit in the twilight of a summer's evening, as the sun hides itself behind the western skies, and look upon his 1,000 acres of Killbuck bottom, the best land in Madison county's borders, nearly all of which he has accumulated with his own hands. Michael has worked hard in his lifetime, but has had lots of fun. The world has but few cares for him. His motto is,

"Let the wide world wag as she will,
I'll be gay and happy still."

Michael's residence in Madison county dates away back to the early '20s, when his father, Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., camped upon the banks of White river, near what is now the town of Chesterfield, upon the land owned by Carroll Bronnenberg. It is said that while there in camp a child of the Bronnenbergs took sick and died and was buried in that then dismal locality. The family could not reconcile themselves to

moving farther on and leaving the child in the wilderness, so they permanently located on the spot, purchased the land and made it the future home of the Bronnenbergs.

The father of the Bronnenberg family built a mill on White river, near the original camp, which served for years to furnish corn-meal and other feed for the early settlers of that neighborhood. There he reared a large and respectable family, obtained a goodly store of riches for himself, and finally ending his life, at a ripe old age, on that camping ground. Michael Bronnenberg was one of the best boys the old man had. That is, he had lots of "git up and git." He never let the grass grow under his feet. He loved recreation and amusement as well as hard labor. While he was piling up his riches he was also having good times and laying up treasures in Heaven. One of Michael's early pastimes and enjoyments was horse racing. It is one of the traits of the Bronnenberg family to love a good horse. Some of the fastest running horses of this country have been bred by the Bronnenbergs. Michael, when young and active, would rather straddle a horse and ride a race than to eat a meal when hungry. But horse racing, like all other sports, sometimes has a serious ending. So it did in his case. He nearly always had a good horse and never allowed any one to ride the length of a "neck" ahead of him.

One cold wintry day, away back in 1852 or '53, Mike and Wm. Nelson, had been to Anderson together. After spending the day together in town they took up their journey for home. They being neighbors they had to travel over the same road together. There had been a big rain, after which it had turned cold, the ground freezing up suddenly, but in many places there were holes in the road that were not solidly closed up. The two rode and chatted along together until they came to a nice, straight stretch in the road when one of them bantered the other for a chase of a "quarter." No sooner said than off went hats, spurs applied, and away they went up the road neck and neck at a mile a minute gait. Each rider plied the bud, whooped and hallowed, their horses with nostrils spread and leaping for life. The end of the stretch was near at hand when in an instant Bronnenberg's horse plunged head-long upon his fore quarters, plowing his head along the ground catching for a new footing. At last regaining himself he sped on, dragging his rider at his side with foot fast held in the stirrup until his almost lifeless form released itself in some way

from the saddle and lay upon the ground in a badly mangled condition. His companion by this time had reined up his horse, dismounted, and picking Bronnenberg up discovered that he was still alive, but unable to speak or move. He was taken to his home but a short distance off and medical aid immediately summoned. It was ascertained that he was most frightfully battered and bruised. His jaw was broken and other serious injuries sustained. It was thought for a while that he could not recover. His jaw was set in shape and a modern appliance placed in his mouth holding it in position until the bones knitted together, during all of which time Mike had to be fed through a hole in the wooden bandage.

After his recovery he sold his racers and has never done much in that line since.

Mike is now away up in his seventies. His jaw is a little crooked from the mishap in the horse race, but his tongue and faculties are all right, and there is not a livelier old man in the United States or one who enjoys himself better than he does. Since writing the above Mr. Bronnenberg died, on the 22nd of October, 1896.

BURNING OF SIMS GARRETSON'S BARN.

One dark night away back during the days of the Rebellion, when party strife ran high; when one neighbor eyed and scrutinized every act of another; when to do a crime was more lightly thought of than now, on account of the turmoil and strife going on throughout the country, it was, perhaps, the year 1863, the heavens became aglow with the flash of fire north of Anderson. An investigation of the matter disclosed the fact that the large barn owned by Sims Garretson, upon Killbuck, on the Alexandria pike, was on fire. How did it get on fire? Was it the work of an incendiary? If so, what could be the cause of it? Sims Garretson was an honest, upright citizen, without a known enemy in the world. The neighborhood was soon aroused and came to the scene of the conflagration, but no aid on earth could save the barn and its contents from destruction. As the crowd gathered two dark objects, supposed to be men, were seen to disappear across the small swamp or low grounds in front of the Garretson homestead toward the old canal that ran toward Alexandria. Pursuit was made and in due time the persons were captured. They proved to be Saul Nelson and William Howard, who lived farther north in this county. They were placed under

arrest with the charge of arson against them. The grand jury indicted them and they were tried in the Madison Circuit Court. Howard, before the trial was ended, weakened and "turned State's evidence," thereby saving himself, but let Nelson go over the road. He was convicted and served a long term in the State's prison, while Howard escaped.

It was shown at the trial that they had been to Anderson together and got drunk. Going home that night they reached Garretson's place, and, without any cause whatever, touched a torch to the barn that soon doomed it to the flames.

They never had any grievance against Garretson, and why they should burn his property was a mystery to all at that time. Many tried to make politics out of it, attributing the cause to that, since Garretson was an open-out Republican, an old-time Abolitionist and a strong war man, and not in the least reserved about making his views known to his political opponents. But the men who did the burning were not men who took stock in the politics of the country and were not in the least interested in that way. It was urged at the time that they were put up to it by the Democrats, but that was evidently a mistake as no such things were developed on the trial, and had not the fever of war been ripe in the country and friends and neighbors arrayed against each other through political excitement, no such thought would have entered people's heads. It was purely a drunken freak that took possession of the men, who would in sober moments never have dreamed of such an act.

Time has effaced and obliterated all hatred and ill-feeling between people who lived in those stormy times, and now those who were deadly enemies for political causes are the best of friends.

REMINISCENCES—WHERE DAVID T. THOMPSON THREW HIS QUID OF TOBACCO.

David Thompson, Marshal of Anderson in 1872-3, was one of the boys. He was what might properly be called "a rough diamond." A better heart never beat within a human breast. He would get up at the dead of night to attend a sick friend, and would do anything in his power to relieve distress or help his fellowman. He was rough in his manners and seemed to take delight in his uncouth way of addressing people, but that was all that was bad about him. The writer has seen him stand beside a dead friend and weep like a child, his

tears coming from real sorrow and not for show. He was raised near Prosperity, in Richland township, near where Uncle Sims Garretson lived. Uncle Sims was a local preacher and a great success at a prayer meeting. A protracted meeting was being held in the neighborhood. Uncle Sims was one of the leading spirits. One night the house was crowded to suffocation. Uncle Sims was leading in prayer. He had a habit of swaying to and fro when praying. On this occasion he was rolling from side to side, his voice was at its highest pitch, and the deacons and elders were chiming in with loud amens; his mouth was wide open and he was just uttering the words, "beyond the grave, ah," when David Thompson, who was present, could not stand the temptation, took a large quid of tobacco and tossed it down Uncle Sim's throat. This stopped the prayer, as well as the meeting. Uncle Sims coughed and sneezed, and rocked and tossed, but prayed no more. Many of those present saw Dave throw the tobacco, and he was now in the closest place of his life. A prosecution was commenced against him. His only way out was through mercy. The next night he attended church again, was converted and joined the congregation, got happy and became one of the leading members. He was diligent in his devotions to the church for a period of two years, when he publicly informed the brethren that two years had now elapsed, the statute of limitations barred any action against him and he would now bid them good-bye. Dave stepped out into the cold world and never afterward belonged to any church, but in his goodness of heart and kindness to the sick and distressed, did many acts that would be a credit to any Christian.

THOMAS THORNBURG AND THE LIGHTNING ROD PEDDLER.

Old Uncle Tommy Thornburg, who recently died in Anderson, was one of God's noblemen. He was honest as the day is long, lived for what life was worth, was cheerful with his family, and hospitable to the outside world. The writer has many times gone out to Uncle Tommy's on Sunday, for the sole purpose of getting a good dinner and a whiff of his hard cider. He was droll in his ways and at all times "up to snuff." It was a very slick citizen that took him in on a wild scheme. One time a lightning rod peddler called at his house. He portrayed all the good qualities of his rod, and explained its superiority over all others. Uncle Tommy listened very attentively, with an occasional "yes, yes." The peddler said he

had put one on the court house and many private houses in Anderson. While explaining the benefits of lightning rods, he said they would protect buildings for three miles around. About this time the dinner bell rang. Uncle Tommy kindly invited the peddler to dine with him, and had his horse put up and fed. After eating a good dinner and smoking a cigar, the peddler thought he had Uncle Tommy solid. "Well, Mr. Thornburg, I guess we might as well put up this rod, had we not?" "Let me see, how far did you say it would draw the lightning?" "Three miles," said the peddler. "Well, I guess that one you put on the court house will do for me, as it is only two miles and a half from here," chimed Uncle Tommy. This settled the whole business, and Uncle Tommy went on through the journey of life without any lightning rods on his house.

Among the many old-time people produced by Madison county, William Shelly, who used to live at Prosperity, the capital of Richland township, was as good as the best of them. William was "an old soldier with a wooden leg," but he could run, jump and hop in about as lively a manner as though both his legs were flesh and blood. William's great forte was horse trading. The man who traded horses with Bill Shelly never died rich, especially if he kept it up any length of time.

Bill had many odd ways about him, but was, on all occasions, equal to the emergency. After "doing" every one in his own county in the horse trading line, he sought other fields and pastures green—other foes to conquer, being for a long while absent, as you might say, without leave. His neighbors did not know where he was. Many supposed he had mounted the pale steed and flown to the fields of the long hereafter, until some one from Madison county happened in Washington City, and was looking through the capitol building, when who should he run across but Bill Shelly, standing guard in the treasury department.

The meeting of the two old Madison county acquaintances, of course, was very cordial. Bill told his story of how he got there about as follows:

"I was roving around, out of a job. I came to Washington as a matter of sight-seeing, more'n any thing else. I, of course, took in all the sights. I strolled into the departments looking around. I concluded I would like a job as one of the guards. I tackled our Indiana congressmen, but did not seem to do much good. They put me off from time to

time, giving me taffy, until I was disgusted with congressmen as well as myself.

"Hon. John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. One day I saw him coming down the hall and I thought I'd tackle him, 'make or break.' I hustled up to him; saluting him, I tackled him for a job. He looked at me and wanted to know what I could do.

"I said, 'turn that big two-legged loafer over there out and let me have his place. I can do that job as good as he can,' pointing to a two-hundred pounder standing guard at the treasury department. My manner seemed to strike him.

" 'What's your name?'

" 'Bill Shelly.'

" 'Where do you live?'

" 'Out in Indiana.'

"Looking me all over he took my address. In a day or two Sherman sent for me to come to his office. He gave me this job and I've been holding it down ever since. I've witnessed the count of the money in the treasurer's vaults several times since I've been here. Once when Arthur put in a new man, and when Cleveland changed the treasurership, and it all came up to a cent, I guess they run it pretty near on the square in there."

Bill was still on duty the last heard of him. His everlasting self-assurance and general good knack of getting at a man "soaked in" whenever he applied it. His good luck in getting this place was his own exertion. Well, why not let Bill Shelly, with one leg off, stand guard over Uncle Sam's money bags as well as any one else? He'll be as faithful as old dog Tray, and nothing will ever be missed by any of his connivance or neglect. This is a lesson for all horse traders. No telling what they may come to if they try.

WHITMILL STOKES AND HIS DITCH ASSESSMENT.

When Jacob Bronnenberg was County Commissioner, he was always on the alert as to county expenses. If anything ever went through the Commissioners' court that was against the interests of the tax-payers, if he knew it, it was done over his protest. His eye and ear were always open to "catch on" to all that was going on around him. During his term, nearly every free pike in the county and a great many of the public ditches were made. Mr. Bronnenberg was opposed to the law on general principles, because he thought it was a burden

upon the people; that it was severe in its mode of taking from the tax-payers, the assessments, without a sufficient scope for redress. The people, generally, understood his position on the question, and looked to him to help them out. One of his neighbors, Whitmill Stokes, an old man with only forty acres of ground, had two assessments against him at the same time—one for a pike and the other for a ditch: both were up for hearing. The old man was the picture of despair, when the lawyers brought the case up. His heart sank within him when he thought of the monstrous bills he would have to pay on his little farm. He took his place beside Mr. Bronnenberg, sitting as close as he could get to him, from the time the case was commenced until it ended. He watched every move that was made. The pike assessment was finally passed upon, Mr. Bronnenberg took exceptions as to the amount against Stoke's land. "That's right, 'Squire,'" chimed in Whitmill. Finally the ditch case came up. Stokes kept his seat as close as he could, keeping an eye on every move that was made. The assessment was duly fastened onto Stokes, whereupon he raised up in open court, with fire in his eyes, and clinched fists, and proceeded to lacerate every one in the whole outfit, from petitioners down to court and attorneys, winding up by saying: "If you d—d rascals take my land for that infernal pike assessment, I'll be damned if ever I'll ditch it. Would you, 'Squire?'" He looked at Bronnenberg and brought his fist down on the table, upsetting a large bottle of ink in Uncle Jake's lap. The assessments, however, were made just the same. While it was a hardship at the time, it has added many hundred dollars to the little farm in value.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

One of the most horrible murders and suicides that has ever taken place in Madison county occurred in Richland township on Monday, the 22d day of November, 1886, in which Ethan A. Maynard was the principal actor, William H. Biddle being his victim. Maynard, after shooting Biddle four times, left him in a field to die, and returned to his own home, where he was met by his wife, who had heard the pistol shots, and after embracing her told her to give the alarm by ringing the bell, after which he bade her good-bye, saying that he was going to Anderson. He went to the barn as though he was getting his horse, but instead of that he was on altogether a different mission. Mrs. Maynard had hardly time to gather

her wits, after the first shock of the shooting, until a sharp report rang out from the stable. She knew too well what it meant, and hastened to the spot, where her fears were realized. There, weltering in his own blood, was the lifeless body of her husband. She hastened to the house and rang the farm bell, and in a short time the whole community was aroused. The news soon spread, and it was but a short time until newspaper reporters, doctors, lawyers and business men from Anderson were on the scene of the crime. The Coroner, Dr. William A. Hunt, was soon on the ground, and an inquest was held. Biddle was very poor, and his wife had left him through the connivance of Maynard, and the sight that met the view of those who beheld the scene will never be forgotten by them. Biddle was lying on the bare floor with his little orphaned children surrounding him, they being only half clad, and with the appearance of being poorly fed, some of them too young to realize their condition. This atrocious crime was the result of an illicit love affair between Maynard and Mrs. Biddle that had been going on for some time before the crisis came. Maynard left a young and handsome wife, who is yet living, but has since remarried. This is another instance of there being "no telling for taste," as there was absolutely nothing prepossessing about the Biddle woman, while Mrs. Maynard was rather handsome, and is said to have been very kind to her husband. Biddle's children were taken to the Orphans' Home, and afterwards provided with homes. Biddle was forty-two years old. His remains were buried at Wesley chapel. Maynard was buried in the Anderson cemetery.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

STONY CREEK TOWNSHIP.

This township derives its name from Stony creek, a small stream that flows through the north-west part of the township. It has an area of twenty-eight square miles, and, notwithstanding the axe and saw have been busy in the forests since its first settlement in 1823, there is yet considerable timber left, more, perhaps, than in any other township in the county. The township is bounded on the north by Jackson township, on the east by Anderson township, on the south by Fall Creek and Green townships, and on the west by Hamilton county.

In 1823 D. E. Studley, Thomas Busby, John Anderson, George Reddick and two or three others settled along Stony creek, near the present site of Fishersburg. They were followed by Benoni Freel and Henry Studley, the former settling on Section 21, near the present home of David Conrad, and the latter on Section 28, on what has since been known as the Hoffman farm. Each built a log cabin and began the arduous task of clearing up a farm. Mr. Freel came from Ohio and first settled in Jackson township, opposite the present site of Perkinsville, in 1828, when he moved to the vicinity of the present site of Lapel. He had in the meantime married the widow of Benjamin Fisher, who had been killed by the Indians, while chopping down a tree, near where Strawtown now stands. Besides his wife, he left several children, among whom was Charles Fisher, who is still living and a resident of Lapel. Mr. Fisher is the oldest resident of the township and one of the oldest in the county, having been born in Ohio in 1819.

In 1831 John Fisher, of Clermont county, Ohio, settled on the tract of land lying between Fishersburg and Lapel, that is now owned by Charles Fisher. About the year 1835 James and Jesse Gwinn, of Virginia, settled on section 23, and in 1836 W. A. Aldred located in the same neighborhood. About this time Arbuckle Nelson located on what is now

known as the Bodenhorn farm. Other early pioneers were Peter Ellis, Newton Webb, Isaac Milburn and Noah Huntzinger. Many of the descendants of these men reside in the township and cultivate large farms.

THE FIRST ROAD.

The first public road through the township was laid out in 1832. This road was laid out from Strawtown to Pendleton, and that portion of it passing through the township afterwards (1865) became the Fishersburg and Pendleton pike. It was purchased by the county in 1888, and is now a free gravel road.

CHURCHES.

The Methodists in this, as in the other townships of the county, were the first to organize a society. It is thought that the first religious society in the township was organized about the year 1836, and afterwards became a part of the Noblesville circuit. The first meetings were held at the homes of the membership, but after the erection of a school house at Fishersburg the meetings were held there until 1843, when the society built a small building. This place of worship was occupied for about thirteen years, when a more pretentious building was erected and dedicated, free from debt. Among the early ministers were Mr. Miller in 1838, Lucien Berry in 1840, W. Smith in 1842, and James Scott in 1846. This church is in a prosperous condition.

Rev. Nathaniel Richmond organized a Baptist society here in 1843 and a year afterwards built a small house of worship in Fishersburg. The society was never strong in numbers and after a period of about twenty years passed out of existence.

In 1860 Forest Chapel Christian church was organized with a membership of sixteen and in the following year a neat little place of worship was erected on Section 32. Rev. B. F. Gregory was pastor here for sometime, but the society did not prosper and regular services were discontinued.

THE SCHOOLS.

The first schoolhouse in the township was built in 1835, and was situated near Stony creek, a short distance southeast of the present site of Fishersburg. There are at the present time nine schoolhouses in the township, including Lapel, and a total school enumeration of 633. The school at Lapel is

graded, and three teachers are employed. The principal of the school is Absalom Knight.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES—FISHERSBURG.

This village was laid out in May, 1837, by Rev. Fletcher Tivis. It is situated on Section 28, on the west bank of Stony creek and near the Hamilton county line. Z. Rogers built the first house in the village. It was constructed of logs and stood near the point where the Anderson road joined the Pendleton and Fishersburg pike. William and Benjamin Sylvester were the first merchants in the place, having brought a stock of goods here in 1844. They afterwards sold out the stock to Charles Fisher, who increased it and conducted a general merchandise business for about ten years. In 1853 a post-office was established here and Charles Fisher was appointed postmaster. He was succeeded by W. A. Fisher; he by J. W. Fisher; he in turn by J. W. Taylor and he by George Dunham in 1867, who held the office for a number of years. Christopher Bodenhorn is the present postmaster. Considerable business was done here previous to the completion of the Chicago & Southeastern railroad to Lapel in 1876, since which time its trade has been absorbed by the latter place. At this time there is but one store in the village, that of Bodenhorn & Son. Among the professional men who have lived here have been Drs. Daniel Cook, J. M. Fisher, J. A. Aldred and L. P. Ballinger. Dr. Cook is the only physician now in the village. Dr. Fisher resides between Fishersburg and Lapel and cannot be said to be a resident of either place.

LAPEL.

This town was laid out April 27, 1876, by David Conrad and Samuel E. Busby, and incorporated January, 1893, the first officers being O. C. Shetterly, James Armstrong, E. R. Rambo, Trustees, and J. C. McCarty, Clerk. It is situated three-fourths of a mile southeast of Fishersburg, on the Chicago & Southeastern Railroad, and is one of the prettiest towns in the county, the residences of a number of its citizens being as fine and neat as can be found on the fashionable thoroughfares of any of the cities in the county. For several years after it was laid out the town consisted of a few scattering houses, but since the discovery of natural gas it has grown rapidly, having an estimated population at the present time of 1200.

INDUSTRIES.

Lapel is supplied with two large flouring mills, a flint bottle factory, planing mill, tile works, pump and gas regulator factory, and several other industries of minor importance. These manufactories give an air of thrift and enterprise to the little city such as but few places of equal population can boast. It is surrounded by a fertile country, its people are moral and industrious, and there is no reason why the place should not continue to grow and prosper.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

There are three churches in Lapel, the Methodist, United Brethren, and Friends. The Methodists have a large congregation and a handsome place of worship. The membership is growing and the church is in a prosperous condition. This may also be said of the United Brethren society.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

The following fraternal societies have been instituted at Lapel: White Oak Camp, No. 29, Woodmen of the World; Knights of Pythias; Onaway Tribe, No. 50, I. O. R. M.; also a Pocahontas Council. Besides these orders there is Hiram G. Fisher Post, G. A. R., with a membership, at this time, of twenty-five.

Among the leading professional and business men are Drs. Jones and Moore; Woodward & Woodward, millers; G. E. Bird & W. J. Huffman, hardware; Oliver, Thomas & Shetterly, millers; David Conrad, general business; N. W. Clepfer, grocer and postmaster.

STATISTICAL MATTERS.

The population of Stony Creek township in 1850 was 291; in 1860 it was 597; in 1870 it was 1,082; in 1880 it was 1,483, and in 1890 (including Fisherburg and Lapel) it was 1,483. The last assessment made for taxes shows the value of lands to be \$527,880; lands and improvements, \$588,995; total amount of taxables, \$798,495.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first marriage in the township was that of Samuel Shetterly and Jane Freel. The event occurred on the 8th of July, 1834, and was solemnized by Ancil Beach at the residence of the bride's father, Benoni Freel. The first death in

the township was that of George Shetterly, who died about the year 1830.

A TRADITION.

There is a tradition that the lands of Stony Creek township were once the favorite hunting grounds of the Indians, not only of the county, but of the tribes living to the north along the Mississinewa, Wabash and Eel rivers. Excavations made in recent years have discovered bones and other remains indicating that the red men were at one time numerous in this part of the county. It was in this township that the "Dismal" was situated, a tract of land several miles in extent that was noted for its dense underbrush and dark, dismal appearance. During the early settlement of the county and for many years after Andersen had become a town of considerable importance, the "Dismal" was esteemed the best hunting ground in this part of the county. This locality that was once so forbidding is now one of the fairest and most productive portions of the county.

BURNING OF WOODWARD'S MILL.

On Tuesday morning, the 16th day of August, 1886, the large flouring mill owned by Woodward Brothers, of Lapel, was discovered to be on fire, and before assistance of any kind could be rendered was entirely burned to the ground. The fire was discovered by Mrs. Margaret Woodward, wife of William Woodward, who alarmed her husband and he sprang to the window in time to see one of the incendiaries calmly standing by watching the result of his work.

Upon examination a one-gallon stone jug was found near the mill, which contained about a quart of coal oil that had been left after the remainder had been used to pour on the building before applying the match. The loss on the mill and its contents was estimated to be \$15,000, covered by \$3,000 insurance. There were nearly five thousand bushels of wheat in store, one car load of bran and five hundred bushels of flour; in the cribs were about one thousand bushels of corn that belonged to the owners of the mill.

Soon after the fire the Woodwards commenced a systematic effort to ferret out and convict the parties guilty of the crime. They employed a detective by the name of Thomas McMillan, of Indianapolis, who called to his assistance a man by the name of Lloyd, and also one by the name of P. A. Randall. After the detectives had examined the premises

thoroughly they started on their trail. The first place they visited was Pendleton. Here they learned that John Cottrell, who was under suspicion, was stopping there in the house of a friend. Cottrell was found, placed under arrest, brought to Anderson and lodged in jail. Suspicion also pointed to Thomas Ford, son of James Ford, and to George Ford, his nephew. James Ford was a very prominent farmer in that neighborhood. A warrant was sworn out for the arrest of Thomas Ford and Detective Randall went to the residence of James Ford, on the Anderson and Fishersburg turnpike, and arrested Thomas Ford. In the meantime a warrant had also been sworn out for the arrest of George Ford and it was put in the hands of another officer, and his arrest was effected. Thomas Ford was released on \$1,000 bail the next day; his father, James Ford, went security for his appearance at the preliminary trial. George was released on the evening of the following day. James Ford and William Ford became his sureties to appear before 'Squire E. M. Jackson the next day in a preliminary examination.

Young Cottrell was taken before 'Squire Jackson Tuesday morning and a court of inquiry was held, which resulted in binding him over to the Madison Circuit Court.

At the preliminary trial of George and Thomas Ford much interest was manifested in the proceedings, there being a large number of witnesses present from all over the western section of the county. The defense offered no testimony, and there was no argument made in the case. 'Squire Jackson rendered a decision of guilty, and, in accordance with the testimony and with the law in such cases, bound them over to the Circuit Court at the October term in the sum of \$2,500. Thomas Ford gave bail, while George, failing to give the necessary security, was returned to jail. A change of venue was taken to Hamilton county, and at the December term, 1886, of the Hamilton Circuit Court, these cases came up for trial and held the attention of the court for one week. They were hotly contested on both sides. Judge Winburn R. Pierse, Hon. Charles L. Henry and Hon. D. C. Chipman appeared for the defense, while Colonel M. S. Robinson and J. F. Neal, the Prosecuting Attorney, conducted the State's side of the case. After a hard legal fought battle it was given to the jury, and after a few hours deliberation they found a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, George Ford. His sentence was fixed at nine years in the State's prison, and he

was fined \$1,000. One incident of the trial was that young Cottrell swore that he had burned the mill himself, turning State's witness and testifying against the Fords. This testimony created considerable doubt in the minds of the people as to the guilt of the Fords, and many doubted their connection in any way with the crime.

James Ford was an old and respected citizen of the county, and he spent almost his entire fortune in the defense of this case. He had the sympathy of a large portion of the community. The Woodwards, who owned the mill, were also residents of the county. They are yet living at Lapel and are engaged in business there. Their uprightness and honesty has never been brought into question.

The only incentive that could probably be assigned as the cause of this incendiary fire was a rivalry in business. There were two mills in the village, one of which was owned by the Woodwards, and the other by James Ford. And as a result, the mills were both desirous of doing a large business and became active competitors. Nothing, however, occurred to arouse any suspicion, nor had there been any such feeling between the proprietors of the two mills. The Woodwards continued to do business and had the confidence and respect of their patrons, and had secured some customers from the other mill. This fact is said to have caused some ill-feeling on the part of Thomas Ford, but this did not come to light until after the burning of the mill.

At the March term, in the Hamilton Circuit Court, at Noblesville, Thomas Ford was convicted as an accessory to the crime and sentenced to four years in the State's prison, he having taken a change of venue from this county. Hon. David W. Wood was the Prosecuting Attorney who conducted the case for the State, and gained for himself quite a reputation as a lawyer. He was ably assisted by Colonel M. S. Robinson.

Young Cottrell having been promised immunity in consideration of "turning State's evidence," was not tried or convicted for his connection with the crime.

Cottrell testified that at a meeting between him and the Fords, a conspiracy was formed whereby he was to fire the mill; that he was merely a tool of the Fords.

P. A. Randall, who acted as a detective and did some very fine work in this case, is yet a resident of Lapel, and was formerly a grain merchant of Anderson. He has almost

a national reputation from the fact that he publicly denied the statement made by General Abel D. Straight that he (Straight) was the moving spirit in the escape of the prisoners from Libby prison during the war. He wrote many newspaper articles on this question that were copied and commented on from Maine to Mexico.

THE KILLING OF YOUNG HERSHBERGER.

A most distressing accident occurred on the Bee Line Railway about four miles south of Anderson, at the crossing of the railroad and the Pendleton and Anderson State pike, whereby a boy by the name of Hershberger, son of J. W. Hershberger, of Stony Creek township, was instantly killed, on the 1st of October, 1887, particulars of which are about as follows: The young man was, in company with his father, employed in hauling heading to a factory in Anderson, and they were on their way home when the accident occurred. The father was driving the foremost team and was somewhat in advance of his son, and had succeeded in passing the crossing in safety, but the son, however, owing to the growing darkness and the woodland that fringed the track at that point, was not aware of his peril until the team was on the track and the engine was within a few feet of him. Before he could think, the team was struck by the pilot of the locomotive and scattered on either side of the track. One of the horses was instantly killed. The wagon was shattered into fragments, and the other horse was stripped of his harness, though unhurt. The train was stopped as soon as possible, and the passengers got off to render such assistance as they could. A search for the body of the driver was instituted along the track, but no sight of it could be had for some time. At last one of the passengers found the boy lying upon the pilot of the engine, dead. The position in which the body was found was an easy and natural one. But for a small pool of blood on the iron, he might have been thought to have been asleep. The lad was evidently struck on the head, thrown onto the pilot, and met instant death. His remains were brought to Anderson on the fatal train and sent to Pendleton on the next train. This was a great blow to the father, who suffered great distress, but bore up under it like a philosopher.

Mr. J. W. Hershberger is yet living in Madison county, and is now one of the most prosperous and highly respected men in Stony Creek township.

SHOOTING A BURGLAR.

Mr. C. C. Bodenhorn has been for many years operating a country store at the village of Fishersburg, and in a quiet way has gained for himself a snug competency, and has become one of the leading merchants in that locality.

On the 11th day of May, 1885, a bloody tragedy took place in his store that will be remembered by the participants therein, as well as by the people in the immediate vicinity.

In the month of September prior to this occurrence, Mr. Bodenhorn's store was broken into, the safe blown open and rifled, several hundred dollars in money and notes taken, and a considerable amount of clothing was stolen from the stock. After that time, Mr. Bodenhorn employed a night watchman, a young man by the name of William Stanford, who, in company with the clerk, James A. McCarty, slept in the store.

On the night above referred to, a party of three men made a descent upon the store. They effected an entrance by taking out the west front window of the building, removing both sash and glass. The store consisted of two apartments connected by a wide doorway. The west room was filled mostly with clothing, boots and shoes, the east room with dry goods and groceries. Stanford and McCarty slept on a cot in the east room, and were both armed, one with a shot gun and the other with two revolvers. The burglars after effecting an entrance had stacked up nearly two hundred dollars worth of clothing, and carried it to the front part of the store, and piled it up ready to take away. There was but one man at work on the inside of the store, the other two stood guard on the outside. After the clothing had been carried into the room, the burglars started into the east room, and stopping at the doorway they struck a match, by the light of which they distinguished Stanford and McCarty, who were aroused by his light. The burglars immediately opened fire upon them. One ball passed through the sleeve of Stanford's coat, and burned his arm, another buried itself in the walls of the building. McCarty immediately responded with two shots, but neither of them took effect. About this time Stanford, who had secured his shot gun, took deliberate aim and fired with the result that about seventy-five number three shot took effect in the burglar's head and face. After receiving the injury he walked to the center of the store room and fell. He soon recovered his footing, and then in a dazed condition walked to

the rear of the store, climbing over on the inside of a counter that stood there, and then walked back the full length of the room to the front of the store, where he was dragged through the door by his confederates. They helped him across the street north to an alley, about two hundred feet from the store, where he was deserted and probably left for dead. He lay in this condition until near daybreak, when he was discovered by some passers-by. The condition of the ground indicated that there had been a fierce struggle during the night. The wounded burglar was carried into Searle's drug store near by, and Dr. George N. Hilligoss, who was then a resident physician of the village, dressed his wounds.

Sheriff Thomas Moore and Marshal Coburn were notified of the affair by telephone, and immediately left for Fishersburg.

The burglar was placed in care of the officers and taken to Anderson, where he was placed in the hospital cell of the county jail. Dr. Charles Diven, county physician, was called to make an examination, and found that his forehead had been filled with shot, some of which had penetrated to the top of the skull. The sight of both of his eyes was permanently destroyed. It was thought that the wounded man could not possibly recover: his left arm was paralyzed, and hung limp at his side. No clue could be obtained for a time as to his name, or whence he came. The only thing found upon his person in the shape of writing was a song that had been written upon a piece of foolscap paper in lead pencil, on the back of which was the name of Walter Ellston. He, however, subsequently revealed his real name, and gave it as John Kathman, and requested that his mother, who resided in Cincinnati, be notified of his condition.

On the Sunday following the occurrence, Mrs. Kathman, the mother of the wounded man, came to Anderson to visit her son, in obedience to the summons of the Sheriff of Madison county, who had notified her of the happening. The meeting between the mother and her wounded boy was affecting in the extreme. After Mrs. Kathman had recovered her strength sufficiently she related her story. She attributed her son's recklessness largely to the fact that her husband, an ill-natured and vicious man, would not allow him to remain at home with any satisfaction, and thus compelled him to abandon the paternal roof. She seemed to know but little of her son's

whereabouts or his doings after he had left home about two years before this occurrence.

In another interview young Kathman related to his mother in the presence of the officers a brief history of his wanderings and some of the thrilling incidents in connection therewith, in which he stated that after he had left his home in Cincinnati he started out to peddle trinkets with a partner by the name of Shive, near the city. They made considerable money, frequently as much as five dollars a day. One day when they were at a place called "Devil's Gulch," a woods about three miles from Cincinnati, they had a dispute over the division of some money, when he (Kathman) drew a revolver and shot his companion twice in the head, killing him instantly. He said he left his body where it fell, and three days afterwards it was found. No one had seen the murder committed, and no one had suspected him. After this he went to Louisville, Ky., and engaged to work on a farm. He subsequently stole \$300 from his employer. He was shortly after that placed under arrest on suspicion, and was placed in the House of Refuge.

An affidavit was filed before the Mayor of Anderson, charging Kathman with burglary, but was withdrawn, with the consent of the Prosecuting Attorney, D. W. Wood, based upon a certificate of Drs. C. E. Diven and B. F. Spann, who stated it as their opinion that the prisoner could not recover from the effects of his wounds. Upon this Sheriff Moore gave his consent to have the young man removed to his home, for which they started on the following Monday night.

Rev. Father Weichman visited the wounded man and his mother at the county jail, and gave them such consolation as was in his power.

It has been reported with some authority that after being taken to his home he recovered sufficiently to be able to travel about, and that he is yet living, for the accuracy of which statement the writers do not vouch.

C. C. Bodenhorn is yet a merchant in Fishersburg. The whereabouts of the two young men who were in the store at the time of this event is unknown.

A GAS EXPLOSION.

On the 3d of January, 1895, an explosion of natural gas took place in the extensive tile works of D. B. Davis, situated in Stony Creek township, whereby the kilns were destroyed.

and Davis narrowly escaped losing his life. It seems that the fire had been turned out in the kilns and that the gas was escaping through some broken joint or valve unknown to Mr. Davis, who was in the factory at work. Being used to the odor of the fluid, which escaped about the place, he went about his work not noticing the danger he was in. After a sufficient amount of gas had accumulated in the furnace it came in contact with a lighted burner and in an instant the whole structure was blown to pieces. Mr. Davis was hurled a considerable distance through the flying debris and was badly burned about the head and face, but fortunately received no fatal injuries.

The explosion was heard for quite a distance in the neighborhood, and large crowds of people from the surrounding country hastened to the scene expecting to find Mr. Davis killed. This unfortunate affair worked quite a hardship on Davis financially. But, like the brave man that he is, he immediately went to work, rebuilt his kilns, and is still at this writing doing a large and lucrative business, being one of the most successful tile makers in this section of the country.

NATURAL GAS ACCIDENT.

On Saturday, July 6, 1890, while an engineer by the name of Whetzel was running a traction engine over an exposed gas pipe, that supplied the heading factory at Fishersburg, the pipe snapped in two and the escaping gas ignited from the flames in the furnace of the engine and enveloped it as well as the engineer, Whetzel, and Eddie Bodenhorn, a fourteen-year-old son of Christian Bodenhorn, a merchant at Fishersburg. Young Bodenhorn was riding on the platform of the engine at the time, and escaped with a few severe, but not dangerous burns. Whetzel was burned in a most shocking manner, and it was thought for a while that he could not possibly recover. Several others who assisted in the rescue of the unfortunates from their perilous position were more or less burned.

BOY SHOT AT LAPEL.

Two boys, sons of James and William Woodward, about thirteen years of age, were playing together near the residence of their parents on the 5th day of February, 1890, when the son of James Woodward picked up a revolver that was laying on the table, and playfully pointed it at his little cousin, who was sitting in a chair. As he extended the revolver it was

accidentally discharged, shooting the boy and inflicting a dangerous wound. Both families were very much distressed over the unhappy occurrence, and much excitement was caused in the neighborhood.

SUICIDE OF JOHN M. ANDERSON.

John M. Anderson, a farmer of Stony Creek township, committed suicide on the 31st day of April, 1894, by hanging himself to a beam in his barn by the means of a plow line tied about his neck. Soon after his death his wife discovered his body and gave the alarm. The neighbors immediately gathered in; Samuel Huntsinger and Cole Garrett were the first to respond, and cut his body down. There was no seeming cause for the act, as Mr. Anderson's home relations were said to be pleasant, and he was fairly well to do in the world; he was looked upon as being a kind and generous man, a good neighbor, and an upright citizen, being well liked by those with whom he associated.

WILLIAM HUNTZINGER ROBBED.

William Huntzinger, an unpretentious farmer, who for many years lived in Stony Creek township, about eight miles south-west of Anderson, was the victim of a daring robbery on the 27th of March, 1889. About eight o'clock at night his residence was entered, the door being opened by two men who had large clubs in their hands. As it happened, no one was at home except Mr. Huntzinger and his wife. One of the men stood guard with a bludgeon held over Mr. Huntzinger's head, while the other made a rapid search of the house. They succeeded in finding \$100 in money and a silver watch, with which they departed. No clew was ever obtained as to their identity. Mr. Huntzinger was quite an old man and infirm, and the nervous shock resulting from this affair came near causing his death. He did not recover his sensibilities until some time after the robbers had departed with their booty, and he was too feeble to go after them and have them arrested.

SHOOTING OF JOHN J. JOHNSON BY COLEMAN HAWKINS.

Coleman Hawkins was for many years a resident of Stony Creek township, in the vicinity of Johnson's Crossing, on the Midland Railway. He was one of the wealthiest and most highly respected citizens in that neighborhood. Near by his residence was a neighbor by the name of John J. Johnson,

with whom the best of relations had always existed. This lasted up to the year 1883, when a very bitter feeling was aroused between them over the construction of a large ditch running through the neighborhood.

Mr. Johnson was postmaster of the village, and on the evening of the 5th of December, 1883, took a mail pouch to the station to place on the train. He met Mr. Hawkins on the platform at the depot. When the train had left, Hawkins, arising and stepping alongside of Mr. Johnson, asked him "what he had to say about the ditch matter, if there was not some way by which its construction could be stopped and a compromise effected." Johnson answered that he had told Mr. Hawkins on a former occasion what he was willing to do and that that was the end of it. At this remark Hawkins drew a revolver and Johnson told him to put it up, that he did not want any trouble with him. Johnson then walked away, when Hawkins fired upon him, the shot taking effect in the back just left of the spinal column and below the shoulder blade. Johnson ran into the stationhouse and closed the door after him. As he shut the door another pistol shot was fired, the ball just passing the door. Hawkins then rushed to the window, about six feet from the door, broke out a pane of glass, and fired four or five additional shots, two of which took effect in Mr. Johnson's body, one on the left side of the face and the other in the forearm. One shot passed through the stove pipe in the room and another through the ceiling. Johnson now opened the door and ran out past Hawkins into a field that led to his residence. Hawkins, having emptied the chambers of the revolver, drew a second one and resumed pursuit of his victim. He fired four additional shots, one of which lodged in Johnson's right shoulder. Four bullet holes were found in his coat in different places where his body had escaped injury. Johnson ran until his strength was fast failing, when he turned upon his pursuer and clinched him, forcing him to the earth. At this moment Miss Rosa Johnson, a daughter, having heard the firing at the station, ran in that direction and came up to the two men as they locked arms in a hard struggle. She took hold of the pistol and wrenched it from the hands of Hawkins. John Hawkins, a resident of the neighborhood, was also attracted to the scene and separated the men. Upon getting up Hawkins remarked that if Johnson would let him go he would let go of him.

Hawkins then returned to the railroad track and walked

west a few rods and entered a field, which he traversed in a southerly direction, towards a barn on his farm. His wife also had heard the shooting, and, fearing something was wrong with her husband, as she had seen him going in that direction but a few moments before, started out to look for him. She saw him going towards the barn from across the field and started thither, in company with her son Rufus. Before they reached the barn the husband and father had entered a shed, hiding himself from their view. Just about this time the sharp report of a pistol was heard. Hastening to the spot they found Hawkins sitting upright against the side of the shed, with a splash of blood on his left cheek, just below the eye; in his hands he grasped the revolver with which he had committed the awful deed. He was unconscious when his wife and son arrived, and died within a few minutes.

Mr. John J. Johnson, his intended victim, lived for many years after this occurrence, having to all outward appearances fully recovered from the effects of the shooting, although he carried in his person four 32-calibre leaden balls up to the day of his death, which occurred at his home near the scene of the tragedy only a few years since.

As stated above, the cause of this act was due to what often happens in such cases where a bitter feeling arises over the construction of a ditch. Johnson's farm lay above that of Hawkins', and the natural drainage of the former was upon the latter. For three or four years Johnson had tried to prevail upon his neighbor to give him an outlet, so that he might drain his land. For some reason Hawkins steadily refused to grant the request, notwithstanding Johnson had been compelled to pay an assessment for the construction of the ditch through the property of Hawkins, and which could be of no value to him at all unless he was allowed to drain into it. Johnson, after all his persuasive powers had failed, had resorted to the courts to force an outlet through the land of Hawkins, which so wounded the latter's feelings that he committed this awful deed. The prominence of the parties and their good reputation in the community placed them above the suspicion of anything of this kind. It caused great excitement in the neighborhood and grief among the friends of both families.

The pistols with which Hawkins committed the crime were purchased of Nichol & Makepeace. Hawkins bought one of them on a certain day, and another on the day follow-

ing, saying that the one he had first bought was not a good one.

Johnson was sixty-one years of age and Hawkins about fifty-five when this tragedy took place. Hawkins was a man easily enraged, and was vicious for the time being with all about him, but generally was of a very pleasant disposition. Johnson, on the other hand, was one of those sympathetic, quiet, good-natured men, who scarcely ever become angry, and was highly respected by everybody who knew him.

The remains of Coleman Hawkins were interred in the Anderson cemetery, over which was erected a handsome granite shaft that can be plainly seen from the Alexandria road as the traveler turns to the right after passing out of the iron bridge crossing White river.

The widow of Coleman Hawkins yet resides on the old farm, and has earned for herself the reputation of being one of the best farm managers in the county, having carefully preserved the fortune left her by her husband.

SUICIDE OF HENRY DEWITT.

Henry DeWitt, a farmer about thirty-five years of age, a resident of Stony Creek township, took his own life by hanging, on the 18th of September, 1896. He was discovered by some one who was passing the barn where his dead body was found hanging to the end of a rope, and he in a half sitting position. No cause could be assigned for his commission of the deed as he was happily married, and seemingly in good health, and in fair circumstances in life. Coroner Sells was notified and rendered a verdict of suicide in accordance with the facts.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

UNION TOWNSHIP.

This civil jurisdiction contains nineteen and one-half square miles and is the smallest township in the county. It is bounded on the north by Richland township, on the east by Delaware and Henry counties, on the south by Adams township and on the west by Anderson township.

The township was organized by order of the Board of Commissioners May 3, 1830, the following being the order :

“Ordered that a new township be laid off from Anderson township to commence at the corner of Section 23, Township 19, Range 8, thence north to the north corner of the county, thence west three miles to the north-west corner of Section 4, Township 22, thence south to the south-west corner of Section 12, Township 19, Range 8, thence to the place of beginning, being known and designated as Union.”

The township was originally covered with a dense growth of valuable timber, the principal varieties being black walnut, poplar, ash, sugar, oak, hickory, beech and elm. The township was named no doubt after the Federal Union, although it has been claimed that it derives its name from the circumstance of its being situated opposite the line where the counties of Delaware and Henry unite. The lands are generally level excepting along White river, which flows through the township from east to west, where bluffs and hills abound.

The celebrated mounds—a complete description of which is given in a previous chapter—are situated in this township, and near them, but across the river, on the land that was originally entered by Frederick Bronnenberg, the paternal ancestor of the numerous family of that name, was, no doubt, situated the burial ground of the mysterious people who built them.

William Dilts has the distinction of being the first white man to settle in the township. He came from Montgomery county, Ohio, in March, 1821, and located near Chesterfield, on what is known as the Willard Makepeace land. He

erected a cabin and cleared a few acres of land, but not having sufficient means to enter it and acquire a title, a man of the name of Joshua Baxter entered the land in 1824, and he moved to Delaware county. He returned, however, a few years later and entered 160 acres of land in the same section, but south of where he had first located. He built a double log house, where he furnished entertainment for travelers passing through the new country. This was the first tavern in the township. In 1835 Mr. Dilts erected a two-story brick house, near the same building, where he continued to entertain the public for many years. This building was the first brick house erected in the township and is still standing. The property now belongs to John Dusang and is the oldest house in the township, save one—the old frame Makepeace residence in Chesterfield.

The next settler in the township was Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., who came to the township in June, 1821. Mr. Bronnenberg was on his way with his family to the "prairie country" of Illinois when one of his oxen gave out at "Stup Hollow," or what has since been known as "Shiner's Hill." Mr. Bronnenberg called upon Mr. Dilts for assistance and that gentleman prevailed upon him to go no farther west. An Indian trader of the name of McChester had built a cabin in the vicinity a year or two before, which he abandoned, and Mr. Bronnenberg took possession of it. He remained here until the following spring, when he built a cabin north of White river, on what is now known as "Larmore's Hill." This land was a school section and he soon after entered the land that is now owned by his son, Frederick, and cultivated by his grandson, Ransom Bronnenberg. The mounds are situated on this land.

Following Mr. Bronnenberg came David Croan, of Ohio; Isaac K. Errick, of New York; Daniel Noland, Joseph Carpenter, William Woods, John Martin, Jason Hudson, of North Carolina, and John Suman, of Maryland, all of whom were heads of families except the latter, who made his home with William Dilts. Amasa Makepeace, of Massachusetts, also settled in the township about this time, and in 1827 Bazil Neely, of Ohio county, West Va. (at that time Virginia), came to the township where, in 1833, he purchased eighty acres of land. This land was a part of Section 25. He cleared up a farm and resided here for a period of sixty years. Mr.

Neely's portrait and a sketch of his life, contributed by his daughter, Miss Hester A. Neely, are presented in these pages.

MILLS AND STORES.

From 1821 to 1825 the early pioneers of the township were compelled to take their corn to the Falls of Fall Creek to have it ground. But some time during the latter year Amasa Makepeace, with the assistance of the settlers, built a "corn-cracker" north of the present site of Chesterfield, on what was afterward called Mill creek. This mill was a great convenience to the pioneers of this part of the county.

In 1837 Frederick Bronnenberg built a saw-mill on White river where his son, Carroll, now lives. A run of buhrs for corn and wheat were soon after added to the mill, and subsequently a carding machine, the first and only one ever in the township. This mill was destroyed by fire in 1847 and never rebuilt. Soon after the completion of the Bellefontaine (Big Four) railroad to Chesterfield, Brazleton Noland erected a large flouring mill near the line of the road at that place. Afterward J. B. Anderson built a steam saw-mill, which was also located near the railroad. Both mills in their time did a large business, but are now things of the past. There is not a grist mill at the present time in the township, and but one saw-mill.

THE FIRST STORE.

Shortly after the Makepeace mill had been completed, in 1825, Allen, son of Amasa Makepeace, opened a store in a log cabin near the mill. His goods were of that character most needed by the pioneers and were hauled from Cincinnati in a wagon. Mr. Makepeace continued in active business for a great many years and accumulated a fortune that was estimated at the time of his death at a quarter of a million dollars. He left but two heirs to inherit his wealth, a son, Quincy Makepeace, who resides in the township, and Mrs. John E. Corwin, of Middletown, New York.

CHURCH SOCIETIES.

The first church organization in the township, perhaps, was that of the United Brethren in 1810. The society was organized in the neighborhood of Chesterfield by a Rev. Mr. Smith, who selected Henry Russell as class leader. The society at one time numbered about forty members, and built a brick church on what is now the poor farm, where religious

services were held regularly; but through deaths and removals from the township the society dwindled in numbers, services were discontinued, and the little house of worship, built by the contributions of citizens of the township, was abandoned to decay. A portion of the ground where this church stood was devoted to burial purposes, and many of the pioneers and early settlers of the township are buried here. This, it may be added, was the first public burial ground in the township. The late Allen Makepeace is buried here.

A Baptist society was organized at Chesterfield in 1869 through the activity of J. B. Anderson, who was chosen clerk of the organization. Rev. J. C. Skinner was pastor. The society did not prosper, and the members transferred their membership to the Baptist church at Anderson.

In 1870 a Methodist church was organized at Chesterfield by Rev. John Pierce, Robert Goodin and others. In 1871 a place of worship was erected, and for a time regular services were held therein once every two weeks. The society did not prosper, however, and the church was dropped from the circuit.

In 1890 the State Spiritualist society purchased of Carroll Bronnenberg thirty acres of land, situated just north of Chesterfield, for a camp ground. Workmen were at once employed to clear up and improve the grounds. A large auditorium, capable of seating five hundred people, was erected, together with several cottages for the use of mediums or others who desire to remain on the grounds during the meeting, which is held yearly and usually during the month of August. Spiritualists from every part of the State, and from almost every portion of the country, assemble here annually to confer with each other and enjoy a revival of their peculiar faith. The society is responsible financially, and is adding many substantial, as well as attractive, improvements to its property. Interest is also increasing in the meetings held here, and the society is rapidly growing in numbers and influence.

SCHOOLS.

There are several school houses in the township, and seven teachers. In 1858 there were 214 children of legal school age in the township; in 1874 the number was 288, and this year 237. The population in 1850 was 623; in 1860 it was 858; in 1870 it was 851; in 1880 it was 917, and in 1890 it was 897, showing a decrease for the past decade.

CHESTERFIELD.

This village is one of the oldest in the county, and at one time one of the most prosperous. It was laid out in 1830, by Allen Makepeace, and was originally known as West Union. At the September session, 1834, of the Commissioners' Court, the name of the town was changed. The petition for the change was signed by the citizens generally and was presented by Allen Makepeace. It set out an act of the Legislature on the subject, and other important reasons for such change. The Board, after due consideration of the matter, made the following order:

"It is ordered by the Board that the name of the town of West Union be changed, and that the same be henceforward known and designated as Chesterfield."

At the time of the completion of the Bellefontaine railroad to this point, and for many years afterward, considerable business was done by the mills and other enterprises located here, but owing to certain causes the place entered upon a decline about the year 1860, from which it has never recovered.

Prominent among the professional and business men who have resided here are: Dr. Henry, the first physician, Dr. Godwin, Dr. Ballingall, Dr. William Cornelius, Dr. J. W. Crismond, Dr. T. Kilgore, Dr. Kelly, Dr. M. H. Pratt, Dr. C. L. Armington. Dr. Downey is the present and only physician in the village. The merchants have been Allen Makepeace, Jacob Shimer, J. M. Dilts, J. D. Carter & Bro., Trueblood & Dusang, A. J. Cornelius. James K. Trimble for many years kept the only hotel in the village.

SLYFORK.

At the crossing of the State road and the Pan Handle railroad, one mile south of the residence of Daniel Noland, in Union township, there once stood what promised to be the metropolis of that locality.

It was commonly known as Slyfork station, but the United States gave it the name of Branson's Post Office.

This village sprang up after the building of the Pan Handle railroad, in 1855, and was for a while quite a little trading point for the neighborhood. Ballingall & Tucker being the merchants and in charge of the post-office. A saw-mill was also added to the industries of the town, and for a while did the neighborhood sawing.

There is not a vestige left now to tell where this hamlet

once stood, the old store building having long since been torn away, and the saw-mill gone to decay.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

The first distillery in the township was built by Samuel Suman. Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., afterwards built and operated a still on his farm. This distillery was destroyed by fire.

There was a Masonic lodge at Chesterfield at an early day, but surrendered its charter long since to the Grand Lodge.

The county infirmary is located in this township, four miles east of Anderson and one mile west of Chesterfield.

The P. C. C. & St. L. railway passes through this township in a south-easterly direction, but has no station.

Among the prominent citizens of the township who have been elected to county offices, are Hon. William C. Fleming, Representative; Brazelton Noland, County Treasurer; William Noland, County Treasurer; Henry Bronnenberg, County Commissioner.

In 1894 the grade of the Chicago & Southeastern railway was constructed through the township. William Cronin was the contractor and superintended the work.

The late Michael Bronnenberg, of Richland township, was the first child born in the township and the second male child in the county. He was born on the 24th of November, 1821, and died of heart disease, either on the night of the 22d or early in the morning of the 23d of October, 1896, as he was found dead in his bed on that morning. He had been in Anderson on the 22d to attend a political meeting at which the Hon. William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, spoke, and appeared unusually lively during the day. He returned home in the evening in his usual health, and retired without a premonition of his approaching dissolution. During the night he expired, but at what hour will never be known.

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INFIRMARY ASSAULTED.

John W. Kinyoun, who for so many years served as superintendent of the County Infirmary, had a thrilling experience with an inmate of that institution on the 20th of April, 1886. James M. Willetts, a deaf and dumb inmate, whom he had punished for some misconduct, made a most vicious assault upon him. Willetts was armed with a table knife ground to

a sharp point, with which he struck Kinyoun a blow in the right breast, inflicting a gash that bled profusely, and making an ugly wound. About four inches of the blade of the knife was broken off, and was afterwards removed by a physician who dressed the wound. Dr. Spann, who attended the wounded man, was of the opinion for some time that the wound would prove fatal. Kinyoun was affected to such an extent that for several hours he had severe internal hemorrhages, but, being a vigorous man, he overcame his affliction and is yet living. Willetts was a man about thirty-two years of age, and had been an inmate of the institution at different times ever since 1860, and was sent there from Pipe Creek township when but a lad of six years of age. After this cutting affray he disappeared from the poor farm, and his whereabouts was never known.

BURNING OF A BARN.

William B. Bronnenberg, son of County Commissioner Henry Bronnenberg, had his barn consumed by fire on the 5th of October, 1887. About 11 o'clock at night the barn was discovered to be on fire, and was soon in ruins. The barn had just been rebuilt and overhauled, the carpenters having finished their work the day before the fire.

A number of persons attracted to the place saw a man running away from the building in the direction of the woods, but he could not be recognized, and no one ever knew who the guilty party was.

Mr. Bronnenberg, the owner of the barn, is one of the most prosperous young farmers of Madison county. He rebuilt his barn immediately, and is still a resident of that township. He is quite an inoffensive man and has no known enemies, and why the torch should have been applied to his property is a thing unaccountable to himself and his friends.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

On Saturday night, the 9th of March, 1878, James Wesley Dagget, of Yorktown, was run over by a Bee Line train and his body was ground to atoms, near the village of Chesterfield. On the night mentioned the citizens of the village were on the streets discussing the results of the primary election, when the news came that a man had been run over by the cars and killed at the dirt road crossing of the Middletown and Bee Line Railway, half a mile west of the village. The

Coroner was notified and soon eight of the section men, under John Fitzgerald, left Anderson in a hand-car to go to the scene of the accident. On arriving at the crossing they discovered the dead body. From the crossing running east for a distance of a quarter of a mile, they found the scattered fragments of a human body and particles of his clothing along the track. They also found upon the deceased a number of letters fully identifying him as James Wesley Dagget, of Yorktown. The remains were gathered up as best they could be and placed, together with the shreds of clothing, in a box and conveyed to the passenger depot in Anderson. On Sunday morning the Coroner empaneled a jury and held an inquest over the remains. Facts were developed at the inquest that Dagget had been in Anderson on Saturday and that he was intoxicated. Samuel Pence had sold for him on the streets a rifle gun for the sum of \$2.50. It is supposed that with the proceeds he purchased the liquor and became drunk, and either sat down on the rails and went to sleep or had fallen, and being unable to rise, was struck by the train. His remains were taken to Yorktown by his friends on the Sunday evening following the accident, where they were interred in the village cemetery.

AN INCENDIARY FIRE.

The venerable Frederick Bronnenberg, whose familiar face is every day seen upon the streets of Anderson, for many years resided on his magnificent farm in the edge of Union township, near the Mounds, upon which was located a large barn. On the 24th of June, 1864, this barn was destroyed by fire, it being the work of an incendiary, whose identity was never established. At that time politics, was at fever heat. Mr. Bronnenberg, being an ardent Republican and very free in expressing his political convictions on all occasions, had many enemies in the opposite party. For years he has loudly proclaimed that the destruction of his barn was due to his political opponents, but cooler heads in the community discredit such an idea. While there was no doubt existing in the minds of many at that time that the fire was the work of a miscreant, there was no one who would believe that there was a Democrat in that locality mean enough to resort to such means to get even with a political enemy. All efforts to bring the guilty parties to justice failed. The citizens of the community, regardless of their party feeling, lent all assistance in

helping Mr. Bronnenberg find out who the guilty parties were, but they were unsuccessful, and the wretches escaped without punishment.

UNEARTHING OF A MONSTROUS SKELETON.

In the month of August, 1890, while a man of the name of Frank Martin was engaged in making an excavation for a cellar on the farm of Edwin Gustin, three miles south of Chesterfield, he unearthed the bones of what was supposed to be the skeleton of an Indian of gigantic size. The bones were in a good state of preservation, and judging from their size, it is estimated that the Indian, when alive and erect, must at least have been seven feet in height. The teeth were very much worn. There had been several skeletons found previously near the same place, at different times. The earth at that place appeared to be full of bones of those who had once inhabited this county, and the locality was, perhaps, at one time the seat of an Indian village, but it must have been long ago, as no history is given of it within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. No account is given either of any cemetery or burying place for Indians ever having been established there.

KILLED BY A BEE LINE TRAIN.

On the 21st of August, 1890, Mosey Decker and Lyman Preston went to sleep on the Bee Line railroad track, near the brick yards at Chesterfield, and were instantly killed by a passenger train. The engineer saw by his headlight the two men lying on the track, but the speed of his engine was too great to check in time to prevent it from running over them. The train was an hour behind time and was running at a fearful rate of speed. The men were both in a drunken condition. The train stopped at Chesterfield, which is only about sixty rods from the place where the accident happened. No one knew of the casualty except the engineer, and he said nothing about it. At Yorktown, the next station, he passed a west-bound train, and there he informed the engineer of that train that he had killed a couple of men near Chesterfield. The Coroner was immediately notified, and after holding an inquest returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts. The bodies were found by Peter Bushaw, a farm hand in the employ of Thomas Bronnenberg, who while passing along stumbled over the corpse of Lyman Preston. A few feet further along he discovered the body of Mosey Decker, whose

head was severed from his body and whose legs had been cut off at the knees. Preston's head was mashed to a pulp, and his features were unrecognizable. Young Preston was about twenty-one years of age and unmarried. He had relatives living at Chesterfield who took charge of his remains. Decker was about thirty-five years old and had no relatives living in this part of the country, and had been brought to Middletown when a lad, with a company of waifs from New York City. He was a quiet, peaceable fellow, but was very fond of intoxicating liquors. This was the fourth occurrence of this character at this fatal spot.

DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON.

While some workmen were digging a gas trench, near Chesterfield, on the 24th of August, 1880, they unearthed a skeleton that had been buried two feet under ground. It was in a sitting position with the head severed from the body. The arms occupied a space of two feet wide by three feet long, the lower limbs having been bent forward and the body curved to one side. The Coroner of the county was summoned, and on examination he pronounced the skeleton to be the body of a white female. The skeleton was remarkably well preserved, the skull indicating that the person was of more than ordinary intelligence. It was in a secluded spot, but none of the neighbors remembered anything about the mysterious disappearance of any woman. It was the supposition that a foul murder had been committed at some distant point from here and that the remains had been brought to this locality for burial. But who the principals in this dark tragedy were will probably never be known. It is an old proverb that "murder will out," but the saying in this case will probably never prove true.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

The first death to occur at the Spiritualists' camp grounds at Chesterfield, came suddenly to Professor E. M. Davis, on the 1st of August, 1896. He was a medium in attendance at the meeting, his home being in Iron Valley, New York, where his family was notified of his decease. He was found dead in his bed in a cottage on the grounds, and Coroner Sells, with an ambulance, took charge of the remains. A letter was found on his person addressed to Mary Brown at Iron Valley, New York, and \$200 in money was found on his clothing.

He was a composer of music, and was a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

Wesley T. McDowell was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who was left an orphan when quite young, and had to make his way through the world by his own labor. When he was quite a young lad he went to live in the family of James Forkner, and worked on the farm in summer time, and in the winter months attended school. After he had grown to manhood he had an ambition to become a telegraph operator, which he since commenced to learn in an office in Anderson, in the year 1871. He had to work out on the farm a part of the time to earn enough with which to pay his way. He, in due course of time, finished his chosen profession, but had no one to push him to the front, so he was not successful in getting employment, and he went back to the farm. In the meantime his old friend and benefactor, James Forkner, had died, and he took up his home with Alfred Forkner, a son, and lived with him until the 17th of July, 1876, when on that day while he was alone in the field he was suddenly stricken down with death. No one ever knew what was the cause of his sudden taking off, but it was the supposition of the Coroner, who held the inquest, that it was sunstroke. Wesley was a favorite with those who knew him, and his death was the cause of much grief among his friends. He was a quiet, inoffensive young man, and strictly honest in all his dealings.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

On the 20th day of December, 1851, one of the most foul murders in the history of the county took place at Chesterfield, in Union township. Two Irishmen, who were companions traveling together on what was then called the Bellefontaine Railway, got into an argument, which resulted in one of them, David Alexander, losing his life, by having his throat cut by his fellow traveler, Alexander Hays, near Chesterfield, after which he threw Alexander from the rear of the train for dead. The murdered man did not die immediately, but managed to crawl into a mill close by and remained there until morning. When the men who worked at the mill came in the morning, they met a horrible sight. The man's clothing was saturated with blood from head to foot, and a ghastly wound was in

his throat from which his life blood was slowly oozing out in their view.

He could not talk audibly, but managed to tell enough about the occurrence to inform those who found him, that he had been assaulted on the train the night before, and that his name was David Alexander; that he had a brother in Galena, Illinois; that he had recently landed in Philadelphia from Ireland, and was on his way to visit his brother at Galena. What led to this atrocious crime has never been fully explained, but it was reported at the time that it arose over a dispute about their religion. It was said that Alexander was an "Orangerman," and Hays was a Catholic. The feeling in those days being very bitter between those two sects, it did not take much to work up bad blood between them.

The community in which this occurrence took place was terribly wrought up, and when Hays was apprehended it took cool work and the exercise of the best judgment of the neighborhood to keep him from being lynched.

He was captured by Simon Landry, William Scott, and Henry Bronnenberg. Landry was for hanging him to the first limb without the form of a trial. It is said he procured a rope, and being a very resolute man it was difficult to keep him from swinging Hays up.

This dreadful murder took place so long ago that the facts are hard to ascertain for the reason that there are so many different versions of the affair, given by the few who yet live in the community where it happened.

We have in our possession a copy of the *Anderson Gazette* of the 28th of December, 1851, which gives a meagre account of the crime, which we reproduce as follows:

He said: "A stranger—a countryman—came on the cars at Union City who soon made his acquaintance and importuned him to drink. The conversation was disagreeable, and he tried to avoid it and changed his seat. Soon the stranger was at his side, and before reaching Chesterfield he became suspicious that he was not safe in the cars. As soon as they stopped at the depot he told the conductor he believed there was a man on board who purposed to kill him and thought he would get off. The conductor replied there was no danger—'Go back into the car and I will take care of you.' He then passed out onto the platform of the rear car where he was violently shoved to the earth by his unwelcome acquaintance, his throat instantly cut, and the perpetrator jumped back upon

the moving train. He minutely described the dress and person of the miscreant, who, without provocation, had shed his blood. The foregoing was committed to writing. Early the next day the unfortunate man expressed a desire that, if possible, he should be kept unburied until the arrival of his brother from Galena, for whom he had previously telegraphed, and died with a calm serenity that bespoke a conscience at peace and a hope that brightened in prospect of immortality.

“ On Monday following a person was observed to pass the depot where the murderous deed occurred. Some individuals, after the person had passed by, remarked upon the similarity of his appearance to that described by the dying man. Suspicion increased—he was followed and brought back. On comparing this description with his person and apparel the correspondence was so similar it was judged proper to detain him until the cars on which were the brakeman and conductor alluded to should again pass. The evening following a legal examination took place before Samuel Gustin, Esq., and the man who gave his name as Alexander Hays was fully committed to stand trial in the Circuit Court on a charge of murder.”

Hays was convicted of murder and was sentenced to the State's prison for life.

Alexander's remains were removed by his brother to Galena for burial.

DIED UNDER THE SURGEON'S HANDS.

In the month of June, 1876, John Lemon, a highly-respected and influential farmer of Union township, ran a thorn into his foot, breaking it off and leaving a portion imbedded in the member. After suffering for several days, he came to the office of Dr. Horace E. Jones to have it removed, and he requested the Doctor to administer chloroform before undertaking the operation, which the Doctor declined to do, from the fact that he might not be a proper subject. Lemon insisted, and finally Dr. Jones informed him that if he would have Dr. Spann or some other reputable physician called in and that if, upon examination, they thought he could stand the treatment, he would administer the chloroform and perform the operation.

Mr. Lemon returned home, but the next morning came back again and made the same demand. Dr. Jones then sent for Dr. Spann, who responded to his call, and, after

an examination of Lemon, endeavored to dissuade him, but without effect. Then they proceeded with the operation. He was placed on a table, and had taken but a few inhalations, perhaps eight or ten, of the chloroform previously poured on a muslin rag, allowing time and free ventilation, according to modern methods, when Lemon rose up, struggling with the physicians for a while, as if trying to get off the table, and then fell back in a spasm dead.

The doctors immediately resorted to all the usual methods of resuscitation in cases of chloroform asphyxia, but failed to get any response.

An inquest was held by the Coroner of the county, and Drs. S. W. Edwins, B. F. Spann, V. V. Adamson, C. S. Burr and N. L. Wickersham all testified that Dr. Jones had used the necessary precautions in administering the anaesthetic, and that he was wholly blameless in the matter.

John Lemon was one of Madison county's solid farmers, and was highly respected in the community in which he lived. He was strictly honest, and always prided himself upon paying his obligation the day it matured, and not the day after. He left an interesting family, who yet survive him, and who live in the neighborhood in which the deceased resided at the time of his death.

Dr. H. E. Jones was then a young physician, just beginning what has since terminated in a large and lucrative practice, being now recognized as one the best physicians in Madison county.

A SUICIDE.

Suicides were of less frequency fifty years ago than at the present time, and when an unfortunate took his or her own life it caused great excitement in the community in which it happened, and was long talked of and remembered by the people. One of these sad occurrences took place in Union township.

On the 16th of March, 1853, Isaac Shimer, a man about fifty years old, hung himself on a dogwood tree on the "Shimer Hill," which is about three and a half miles east of Anderson and a little west of the Mounds. The tree stood about 200 yards north of the road. Mr. Shimer was living on his farm in Randolph county, near the present site of Parker, and was visiting his brother, Harry Shimer. No cause other than ill health was given for his self-destruction. He left a family, some of whom yet live in this county.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY.

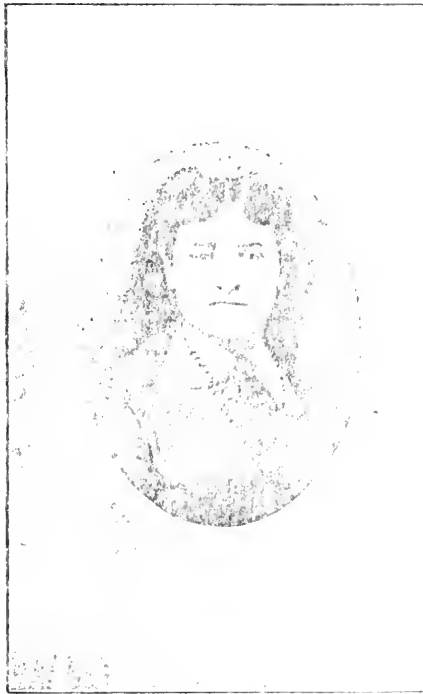
At Chesterfield, on the 28th of November, 1876, Moses Crutchfield was shot in the arm by Charles Clatterbaugh, but not seriously wounded. The shooting was the result of a grudge of long standing between the Crutchfield and Clatterbaugh families, both being desirous of running the town, and a jealousy existed between them that culminated as above related. Crutchfield was the aggressor, and at a trial before Mayor Dyson, of Anderson, the verdict was self-defense, and Clatterbaugh was acquitted.

A TERRIBLE MURDER.

On the 29th of February, 1872, one of the most horrible murders that ever took place in Madison county, occurred in Union township near the Delaware county line, at the residence of Josiah Rensberg, in which Willis Williamson killed his daughter, Melissa J. Williamson, by cutting her throat and otherwise stabbing her with a knife, from the effects of which she died almost instantly.

The facts in the case are as follows: Mr. Williamson, the murderer, lived about two miles north-east of Yorktown, in Delaware county. His oldest daughter, Melissa, was engaged to be married to a young man of the name of George Landry, of good reputation and a neighbor of Williamson. Williamson, from some cause, objected to her marriage with Landry, and endeavored to induce her to give up her determination, and threatening her if she did not. The daughter being stern in her intention to marry Landry, became tired of her father's threats, and finally, on the 28th of February, left her home and went to her uncle's, Josiah Rensberg, near Chesterfield, where arrangements were made for her marriage with Landry, who on that evening went to Anderson to procure a marriage license, but not having the written consent of the girl's father, and not having a disinterested person who could make the necessary affidavit as to her age, the license was refused by the Clerk of the Court, and Landry returned to Rensberg's residence the next morning to get some person to make the affidavit. On reaching Rensberg's place, instead of finding his expected bride in life and health, he was horrified to behold her corpse. Her life had been taken by the hand of her father. On the day previous to this event Williamson had been to Muncie and had purchased a knife with which he committed the crime. From Muncie William-

son went to Remsberg's in the evening, where he remained all night. During the evening he made supreme efforts to induce his daughter not to marry Landry, but she was firm in her purpose. Williamson became angry and boisterous. Remsberg told him he must desist in his course or leave the house. The next morning Williamson and Remsberg arose at the same time, and after building a fire Remsberg left the house and went to feeding his stock, while Mrs. Remsberg was preparing breakfast.



MELISSA J. WILLIAMSON.

Williamson went to the room where his daughter was sleeping and seated himself on the side of her bed, resumed conversation with her about the marriage. He asked her if she was still determined to marry Landry. "Yes," said she, "if I have to wade in blood to my knees." At this Williamson drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed her twice, once in the arm and once in the throat, severing the jugular vein and wind-pipe, from the effects of which she died.

Williamson then ran out into the yard and shot himself twice, once in the throat and once in the center of the fore-

head. The wounds he inflicted upon himself were not at first believed to be fatal. The bullet had entered his forehead, glanced, and was extracted from the top of his head, having passed between the skin and the skull. The Coroner of Madison county was called and an inquest over Miss Williamson's remains was held, and a verdict of murder returned against the father in accordance with the facts above mentioned.

David K. Carver was Sheriff of Madison county, and Stephen Metcalf, the present editor of the *Anderson Herald*, was his deputy. Williamson was arrested and placed in custody by Sheriff Carver, and was attended at the jail by physicians until, a few days after the murder, he died from the effects of his wounds.

It seems that Williamson had no serious objections to the character of Mr. Landry and really had no cause for the murder, but the daughter was dearly beloved by him and he could not bear the idea of her marrying and leaving home. This was the only reason that he assigned for the rash act. Miss Williamson was a young lady of more than ordinary beauty, and of good attainments for one having the limited opportunities of education given by the country schools. She was well liked by the people in her neighborhood.

Young Landry was a hard-working, frugal and honest young man. He was a brother of Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, of Anderson, Mr. Fleming being at that time Clerk of Madison Circuit Court. After the murder Landry moved away from the county and became a resident of Missouri, where he now lives. He was subsequently married and raised a respectable family.

CHARLES McLAUGHLIN KILLED.

On the 9th day of March, 1878, Charles McLaughlin, a sober and industrious laborer of Middletown, who was very deaf, was walking upon the Pan Handle railroad track near where the little station of Sly Fork once stood, was run down by an engine, to which was attached a heavy freight train, being instantly killed. He left a wife and quite a large family of small children who were dependent upon him for support.

The engineer, William Schultz, testified before the Coroner that he saw the deceased on the track while his train was going at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. The engineer stated that he had just stepped out on the engine to extinguish

his headlight, when on returning he discovered a man on the track, about forty-five rods in front of him. He immediately got into the cab and whistled down brakes. The man was inside the track, on the left side rail, when the engine struck him. The train passed over him and ran some distance before it could be stopped. The engineer went back and found him in the middle of the track. He was dead when they reached him, and his flesh was still quivering. He was going towards Anderson, the same way the train was running.

On investigation of the affair before the grand jury the engineer was held blameless.

THE FIRST CASE OF INSANITY.

A great deal of the early history of Madison county is traditional. Newspapers in those days were few and far between, and no records of events were kept, as in the present time.

The first insanity case that can be traced to any authentic source is related to us by Dr. William Sumner, who is an old resident of Madison county, well posted on pioneer history, with a good knowledge of men of early times and a wonderful memory. We quote him as follows:

“The first case of insanity in this county was that of Isaac Van Matre, who committed suicide July 2, 1834. He was at the time living on his place, east of Anderson about two miles, near the Larimore ford, now owned by Mrs. James Gray, of Anderson. The particulars of the incident are as follows: Van Matre had been visiting his son, William Van-Matre, who at that time lived north of Daleville. On the morning of July 2d, in company with another man, he started toward home. Both men were on horseback. After they had gone a considerable distance, Isaac Van Matre, who was demented at the time, struck his horse a terrible blow and left his companion far behind, who was unable to keep up with him, and saw him pass under a tree and was swept off the horse by a limb. Picking himself up he rushed wildly through the woods and was soon lost sight of by his pursuer. He was found two days afterwards, hanging to a tree within sight of his home, by William Dilts, one of his neighbors. His son William, whom he had been visiting, killed himself one year afterwards, while out hunting, by shooting himself accidentally.”

MURDER OF WILLIAM AND ISAAC ISANOGLIE.

One of the most atrocious crimes ever committed in Madison county occurred in Union township on the 17th of March, 1868, whereby William Isanogle, aged twenty years, and his brother, Isaac Isanogle, aged sixteen years, were stabbed to death by George Stottler.

Stottler had been to Anderson on the day of the murder, and late in the evening had gone to the Isanogle home in an intoxicated condition, where he demanded the use of a horse for a few hours and on being refused became engaged in a quarrel with the two young men, which terminated by Stottler stabbing them both to the heart with a knife that he had purchased at the drug store of Brandon & Hunt in Anderson on that day. Early on Sunday morning following the tragedy, news was brought to Anderson of the horrible deed that had been committed on the previous night. The excitement became very great, and knots of men gathered on the street corners discussing the particulars as they were gleaned from those who brought the news, and an intense feeling was expressed that no trial should be granted the murderer, but as soon as captured he should be hung on the nearest tree. A searching party was at once formed, headed by Cornelius Daugherty, who was at that time Marshal of Anderson. The roads were in a horrible condition from the fact that heavy rains and snow had fallen a few days previous, yet this did not deter the people from town and the country from engaging in the chase. A small company started out on horseback for Delaware county; others scoured the country in the direction of Daleville and other points, while crowds of people went through the country in every direction in quest of the murderer. There were fully five hundred people armed with shot-guns, revolvers and clubs on that bright Sunday morning, looking for Stottler. Hay stacks, barns, out-houses and the woods—in fact every place for miles around was searched in hopes of capturing him. Finally, at the hour of 11 o'clock, about one-half mile west of the scene of the murder, lying asleep behind a log the murderer was discovered by Marshal Daugherty, A. J. Hunt and Ira Harpold, who were together. The signal was given and fifty persons surrounded the murderer within five minutes. The majority of the crowd was in favor of hanging him then and there and came very near carrying out their wishes; but a few determined men held them

at bay, and Stottler, in two hours after his capture, was safely lodged in the Madison county jail.

The murderer said that immediately after the killing of the two boys he had started on a long tramp, determining to get out of the country before daylight, but after two hours journey found himself only a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The fact was that the night was so very dark that he could not see his way and soon became bewildered and went around over and over the same ground until he became tired out and laid down to rest, having no idea at the time where he was. He said that it seemed to him afterward that there was something that held him to the fatal spot; that do what he might he could not retreat far from it although having several hours the advantage of his pursuers. Immediately after the tragedy a party was made up by those in the neighborhood to overtake him, but the darkness of the night enabled him soon to be beyond their reach.

Stottler was confined in jail several months before his trial and threats were made during his incarceration to pull down the jail and hang him, but owing to the stern determination of Sheriff James H. Snell such a scene was prevented. Finally Stottler's attorney, Hon. Alfred Kilgore, of Muncie, secured a change of venue to Delaware county and he was taken there for trial. After a hard fought legal battle, in which he was ably defended by the Hon. Alfred Kilgore, Hon. H. D. Thompson and Hon. C. D. Thompson, of Anderson, the State being ably represented by Mr. Brotherton, of Muncie, and the Hon. Jonathan W. Gordon, of Indianapolis, Stottler was convicted of the crime of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life and was incarcerated in the Michigan City prison, where he is at this writing serving out his time. A visitor to the Northern prison not long since gave a brief account of Stottler as follows: "Sitting on a chair with his arms hanging by his side, his cold eyes fixed intently upon us as we gazed at him for a second, was George Stottler, the principal of the great tragedy in Union township in 1868. We did not interview him, as we had no desire to do so, but a man upon whom he fixed his eyes can never forget their expression. Being a life man Stottler takes things easy and is not compelled to work hard, but like the caged hyena, pants for freedom. Stottler has made several attempts through attorneys and friends to be pardoned or to get out on parole, but all his efforts up to this time have been without avail. He has been the longest in

confinement, with but two exceptions, of any prisoner in the Northern Penitentiary.

Since the election of the Hon. Claude Mathews as Governor of Indiana a strong petition was presented to him in Stottler's behalf, signed by a large number of the citizens of Madison county, and urged by the Hon. J. W. French, the warden of the Northern Prison, and the governor had about made up his mind to release Stottler from his confinement when opposition arose among the friends of the Isanogles, many of whom made threats of violence should Stottler be released, and upon these grounds the governor refused to pardon him.

Stottler was known during his residence in Madison county to be of a malicious disposition, reckless in his conduct, a man of undoubted courage in a combat, and when in an intoxicated condition a person to be strictly avoided. On the day of the hanging of Milton White, in 1867, for the murder of Hoppes, Stottler was present and climbed to the top of the highest tree near the place of execution in order that he might witness the awful scene, little expecting that within one year his own life would be in jeopardy for a like crime. Outside of the many friends of the Isanogles there has been for years a strong sentiment among some of the citizens, that Stottler, having spent an ordinary lifetime behind the prison walls, and suffered sufficiently for his crime, ought to be released, but as long as those are living who are related to the Isanogles, it is not probable he will ever gain his freedom. The Hon. J. W. French, the ex-warden of the prison, gives Stottler the credit of being a model prisoner, although during the first years of his incarceration he was very unruly and hard to control, the guards having at all times a close watch upon him. At one time, while working in a cooper shop in the prison, in order to avoid his task he cut off two of his fingers with a broad-axe, but during his latter years an entire change has come over him, and he is altogether a different man in his demeanor. Since the above was written Governor Claude Mathews pardoned Stottler in January, 1897, and he is now in Illinois.

IMPRISONED ON AN ISLAND.

Max Miller, a German, who, for many years, has been a resident of Union township, had a thrilling experience on the 8th of August, 1896. He had gone to a field situated on an island near the Spiritualist camp grounds, with a two-horse

team, in quest of a load of fodder. The heavy rains caused the river to rise rapidly, and whilst there, he was entirely surrounded by the waters, and attempted to drive his team out, when both horses were drowned and Miller narrowly escaped with his own life. He was a prisoner on the island, threatened with submersion for several hours, until a raft could be constructed and men went to his relief. This was one of the most sudden rises in White river that has been known for many years. It was caused by the bursting of a cloud near the head waters of the stream, and the heavy rains that followed.

FOUND DEAD.

On the 18th of July, 1891, William Wayts, a farm hand, was found dead at the roots of a tree, on the farm of James Gold, of Union township. He had been on a protracted spree, which he was accustomed to take, and had laid out all night, and died from exposure or from over stimulation. He was a harmless fellow, well liked by those who employed him. He was a slave to alcohol and could not resist it. He was at one time a resident of Anderson and was employed by A. J. Ross as a hostler, when Mr. Ross was Sheriff of Madison county.

BRICK FACTORY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

A disastrous fire occurred at Chesterfield on the night of the 19th of April, 1890, by which the extensive brick works of the Gold Brothers were totally destroyed. The loss was about \$3,000, covered with insurance. The fire originated from a burning flambeau that was left in the building in the evening when labor was abandoned by the crew who did the work in the plant.

The works were rebuilt, and afterwards passed into the hands of the Chesterfield Brick Company, and is now one of Madison county's best manufacturing establishments. The Trueblood Brothers are the principal owners of the stock, and operate the factory.

They make large shipments of brick to Indianapolis and other points. Col. Roswell Hill, ex-State Treasurer of Indiana, was until quite recently a stockholder in these works.

REMINISCENCES—THE "MILLERIES."

We are furnished the following account of an episode in the history of our county, by Dr. William Suman, that is

interesting, especially to the old-timers who are yet living in the community and remember the occurrence :

“There was, during the '40s, a sect known as the Millerites, who were quite strong in Madison county, some of whom are yet living and hold to their faith. They were always looking and predicting the end of the world. On a certain day in January, 1844, it was prophesied by these people that the last day would come. That it would commence to snow on the day before. That it would turn to oil, catch fire and the elements would melt with fervent heat and all should be changed in the twinkling of an eye. Christ, with one foot on the sea and one on the land, proclaiming that time shall be no more.

“From the circumstances which followed, one is made to believe that the subject had been pondered over by everybody in the neighborhood, which was in Union township, and occurred at the ‘Auterbine’ brick church, one mile west of Chesterfield.

“Everybody began to wonder if it would snow on that day, and as the time approached greater concern was plainly manifested. The day before the end every appearance of the sky, clouds, wind and the condition of the atmosphere were anxiously observed.

“When the sky became overcast with snowy looking clouds, many times the question was asked “Will it snow?” and in this respect the prophecy proved true, for on that day snow fell to the depth of four or five inches. Now the people were amazed and began to observe among the animals on the farm to see if any strange or uneasy state among them could be seen.

“The day was one unusually dark and still, and not very cold. To complete the climax on this occasion, I will relate what took place at the ‘Auterbine’ church on the night of that day. The Protestant Methodist church had organized a society at the home of William Free, just across the river from the church. They had asked the Trustees of the ‘Auterbine’ church the privilege of holding meeting in their house, which was granted. Some four weeks previous to this an appointment was sent and it, by co-incidence, fell on the night of the day in which the world would end. Now this added to the day still greater concern, and everybody for miles around went to church, trudging through the snow, not knowing how soon it might turn to oil, when the conflagration would set in, thinking one place as safe as another, possibly in the church

of God the safest. When time for services arrived the house was full, possibly four hundred people being present.

“The minister ascended the pulpit, announced the hymn: every one sang or tried to sing. With all this there was a more than ordinary solemnity. A prayer, a text, and the minister began to preach to a house full of people as still as death, possibly listening to hear the first crash of the world’s ending. This state of the meeting went on for about fifteen or twenty minutes when all of a sudden two windows were crushed in, and a consternation then existed that is seldom seen. Nearly everybody jumped to his feet; women screamed and crowded to the middle of the house, many of them having been struck with the fragments of the glass; men were dumbfounded, waiting, seemingly, to see if the next crash would be the end of the world. The minister called out ‘Be quiet, it is a mob. I will close the meeting, sing, “When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies.”’ A part of the congregation tried to help the preacher sing. The first stanza was completed, and just at the beginning of the second stanza, bang, jingle and crash came in two more windows, and each side of the pulpit where the preacher stood: glass flying all over the house.

“The scene was now terrible: women shrieking, some crying, the men all in a turbulent state, some calling out, ‘a mob! a mob!’ running to the door and picking up sticks of stove wood as they hurried out. The doxology ended abruptly with no benediction.

“As soon as the men were out of the church they began to search for the cause of the trouble and discovered men’s tracks in the snow by the windows which had been broken in. The tracks were followed a short distance north of the church, when Frederick Bronnenberg, now of Anderson, with Brazelton Noland, recognized William Griffith and Richard Godwin as the perpetrators of the joke.

“The young men were very mad when they found that they had been discovered, and at once wanted to fight and whip somebody. In less time than it takes to tell it William Griffith was biting the snow, which had not turned to oil. The only sign of oil in the snow was where William had lain, and that was mixed with his own blood.

“Upon further investigation it was found that these two young men had become intoxicated in Chesterfield and said that they would make the people believe sure enough that the world was coming to an end. Their first intention was to

shoot an old 'swivel' cannon into the church through a window on the east side, where the women were sitting. They failed, however, in discharging the cannon, which caused them to break the windows. Had they been successful in discharging the gun it would have been a miracle if a number of women had not been killed, for those with their backs to the window were within fifteen inches of the cannon's mouth. Dr. George W. Godwin, father of Richard Godwin, at once went to see the trustees of the church and, if possible, to settle the matter. The agreement was reached that the Doctor should repair the church and that William Griffith, with Richard Godwin, should come before the minister and trustees and confess that they had done wrong and would do so no more.

"Some time the following May a church full of people saw William Griffith and Richard Godwin go forward to the altar and confess their error. The minister took each by the hand, forgave them in an earnest prayer urging them to be good men.

"Thus ended one of the Millerism world-ending days incidents which was very near a tragedy."

BRAZELTON NOLAND, AN OLD TIME CITIZEN.

Brazelton Noland was one of the earliest settlers in Union township, having entered the land on which the Poor Farm is located, in December, 1824. Being a large, vigorous, and industrious man, he soon had the heavy forests cleared away and made it one of the pleasiest spots in the county. He was the father of a large family, some of whom became prominent in politics. His son, W. W. Noland, who died a short time ago at Riverside, California, was twice elected Treasurer of Madison county. It was at the residence of Mr. Noland that the first United Brethren Church Society was organized. They built a brick house for worship in 1840, on the farm of Mr. Noland. He served two terms as County Commissioner, and was elected Treasurer, assuming the office in 1844. Only one person who signed the official bond of Mr. Noland is yet living, the venerable Frederick Bronnenberg. The other signers were Christopher Z. Young, John Suman, William Free, William Dilts, Dr. George Godwin, and William B. Allen. The Board of County Commissioners who accepted Mr. Noland's bond was composed of William Sparks, William W. Wilson and Thomas L. Bell, who have also passed away. The following is a copy of a report that Mr.

Noland filed on the 5th day of December, 1844, with the Board of County Commissioners: "A true statement of the amount and kind of funds now remaining in my hands as Treasurer. Three hundred and fifty dollars in par funds, one hundred and forty dollars in scrip, making in all four hundred and ninety dollars. December the tenth, 1844."

"B. NOLAND, Treas."

He served two terms, retiring from the office with credit to himself and the general respect of the public. After the expiration of his term of office he engaged for a short period in the dry-goods trade, after which he removed to Chesterfield, and there built, in 1853, a large steam saw and flour mill, which he operated until 1855, when he sold it and moved to Illinois, where he remained until 1865, when he again removed to Indiana. In the year 1878 he removed to Riverside, California, where he resided until the time of his death. Mr. Noland at one time owned the farm on which the suburb of Shadeland, in Anderson, is now situated.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF A SLICK CITIZEN.

In the spring of 1861, about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, a stranger appeared in Anderson hailing from the South. He was finely dressed and of very polished manners, and soon ingratiated himself into the confidence of those with whom he came in contact. He took up his abode with a prominent farmer of Union township, where he had rooms and board. He made daily visits to the city of Anderson, and gave his name as Henry V. Clinton. He will be well remembered by the older citizens. He was a finely educated man, being a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey. He came from a good family in New Orleans. He was tall and slender, very stylish in appearance, and wore a moustache and "burnside" whiskers. He was reputed to be very wealthy, and expressed a desire to get away from the excitement of his southern home on account of the political feeling prevalent there.

He had not been in this locality very long before he gained the confidence of Mr. Berryman Shafer, the farmer alluded to above, and at whose house he made his home. His intimacy with the Shafer family resulted in his courting and marrying the eldest daughter. In the spring after this event, he and his young wife removed to Anderson and boarded among some of the best families in the city. He made many trips south during his residence in Anderson, ostensibly to visit his relatives.

Upon his return from these trips he would exhibit large sums of money which he claimed had been given him by friends at his old home. In the spring of 1862 his father-in-law, Mr. Shafer, became a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of Sheriff of Madison county. Mr. Clinton took charge of his campaign and spent many thousand dollars in his behalf. It is a fact that Mr. Clinton introduced into Madison county the first money campaign that ever took place for nominations, and educated the people in that line to such an extent that for many years it became an absolute necessity in making a successful race. This campaign placed him in close relation with many of the leaders in the Democratic party, notably with William W. Noland, who was at that time Treasurer of Madison county. He succeeded so very thoroughly in gaining the confidence of Mr. Noland that he and his wife were taken into the Noland family as confidants. During his stay with them he made many valuable and handsome presents to the Noland family, among which was a very fine silver set. His visits to the south took place as often as once or twice a month; upon his return each time he made Mr. Noland's office a place of deposit for his money and at times deposited as much as \$15,000.00, taking Mr. Noland's receipt for the same. On one of these occasions it was noticed a few days after he had made a large deposit that a package containing \$4,000 was missing from the treasury safe and suspicion pointed strongly towards Mr. Clinton, and it is said that he made the shortage good. When Mr. Noland retired from the treasurer's office he came out short in the sum of \$17,000. It has always been believed by Mr. Noland's friends that the money was taken by Mr. Clinton, although no positive proof was ever introduced on the subject, nor did Mr. Noland openly accuse him of the same. Clinton was mixed up in many different crimes, prominent among which was one in Rochester, New York, in the year 1867, where a gang of robbers and burglars was organized. Prominent among this gang were George Wilkes, the famous forger; Philip Hargreave, Joe Randall, and Joe Chapman, who are now serving life sentences in Smyrnia, Turkey. George and Loftus Brotherton, McCay and Charles Moore were also in the band. The Brotherton brothers were placed in prison in Sacramento afterward for the term of twelve years. Peter Burns, of Philadelphia, had to pay several thousand dollars at one time on account of the men having obtained money on forged checks on the Philadelphia bank.

Clinton's wife clung to him through her earnest love and fidelity, having followed him all over the Union and in many foreign countries. She finally left him, obtained a divorce, and is now the wife of a prominent farmer in Delaware county. Clinton was arrested for negotiating a stolen bond, and it is said his friends bribed the prosecuting attorney and he was released on straw bail. After the organization of the band a plan was devised for robbing a bank in Sacramento, and Clinton was the one selected to do the job. On his way to that city he forged a check at a Danville, Ill., bank for \$3,000, and secured the money upon it. In a few weeks afterwards the famous bank robbery of that year was accomplished and over \$100,000 was secured. The whole party left the town for the Isthmus of Panama by way of a Pacific steamer. Mrs. Clinton, upon receiving a cipher dispatch from her husband, proceeded to New York and there took a steamer for Aspinwall, Panama, where she met him. Their plans were to get off on a vessel for France or South America, and to get away before a draft that he had forged could be protested and returned, and before the news of the California robbery arrived. This draft was cashed by a commercial agent at Panama, but the party missed the vessel they desired to get on and before they could get away the draft came back, dishonored. All the parties escaped, however, but Clinton and his wife. In the trunk of the latter was found packages of funds and bonds taken from the bank at San Francisco, and \$2,000 in gold which she claimed as her own private funds, but which were confiscated. Clinton was tried, convicted and sentenced for two years on the chain-gang, but soon escaped and walked to Aspinwall, where he boarded a vessel for Matland, Mexico, and there he boarded another vessel which came over to Florida. He soon tried to make a "raise" by forging another draft, but he was caught in the act and locked up. Information of his whereabouts reached Danville, Ill., and a detective by the name of Rittenhouse was sent after him armed with a requisition. He secured his prisoner and started with him and got as far as north-western Ohio on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, when during a temporary absence of the detective from his seat, Clinton opened the window and made a desperate leap for liberty. The night was dark and the train was flying at full speed. Fortunately Clinton fell in a swamp of marshy ground and thus saved him from instant death. He was too severely stunned to get up. The train

was stopped at once and backed to the place where he had jumped off. He was taken handcuffed to Danville, but the man upon whom he had committed the forgery, being an uncle of Mrs. Clinton, declined to prosecute him. He was afterwards arrested in Cincinnati for swindling a liquor firm out of a considerable sum of money, but his friends secured his liberation. From here he went to Philadelphia, where he was arrested on the charge of stealing a valise. In this transaction Clinton made the grandest mistake of his life. He was supposed to have shadowed a man who was said to have in his valise a large sum of bonds, and in getting off of the train Clinton snatched the valise in which he supposed the valuables were, and through a mistake he got hold of the wrong one, which contained an ordinary suit of clothes. Upon this charge he was incarcerated eighteen months in the Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, and after the expiration of his term went to Baltimore, where he renewed his acquaintance with his former pals. They rented a room on the ground floor adjoining a national bank and opened a real estate office. A large map was hung on the wall next to the side of the safe of the bank and a high obstruction was erected in front to conceal the debris they took at night out of the wall behind the map.

One Sunday night they got to the safe and pried out one side of it, the lock was displaced, thereby giving them admission to the vaults, from which they purloined about \$70,000 in currency and a large amount of securities, with which they made their escape. The bank officials upon entering the room found the safe door unlocked, but thought nothing of it at first as there was no outward indication of robbery. It was almost noon before they discovered that they had been the victims of a theft. This robbery was traced to Clinton, and he was again placed under arrest, but by some means got off without being imprisoned, the supposition being that he and his friends had refunded a large portion of the money upon a compromise for his release.

He was also at one time incarcerated in Sing Sing for some offense, but after having served a few months, through the influence of some friends a pardon was granted him by Governor Samuel J. Tilden. He was at that time known under the alias of Robert Clark. Tilden, in his comments upon the case in his report to the New York Legislature, stated that "Clark" had been granted a pardon, he being

represented as an erring and unfortunate, but really very worthy sort of person, whose pardon was recommended by Governor Letcher, and that Clark had a chance, if liberated, of becoming connected with one of the most influential newspapers of the South.

It is supposed that nearly all the letters of recommendation, and many of the petitions, sent to Governor Tilden, were the handiwork of Clinton.

We are indebted to the *Bulletin* for an article appearing in its columns several years ago for the facts contained in this statement. Mr. Clinton is said now to be a resident of Washington City. For many years he held the position of guard in one of the departments of the Capitol, and is, seemingly, thoroughly reformed. Whatever may be said of Mr. Clinton, there is no gainsaying the fact that he knew how to be a gentleman, for no more courteous, dignified or clever man ever lived in Madison county than he, and many of his charitable deeds to the poor who needed assistance will long be remembered by many of those who were the recipients of such favors.

DAVID B. SIMMS, ONCE CORONER.

David B. Simms, of Union township, late deceased, is on the list of old-timers. He was not a resident of Madison county all his life, but came from "in yonder" so long ago that he was always considered by the old settlers as one of their number. He was a son-in-law of old Uncle Billy Johns, who died a few years ago, near Chesterfield. Mr. Simms was a jolly, good fellow, large and portly, making rather a good appearance among men. He was one of Madison county's best and most prosperous farmers, which occupation he followed all his life, save a very short period which was diverted to politics. His political career was as brief as it was brilliant. David was naturally a Democrat, and always stood by the guns of that party in a fight, with one exception. In 1874 the Granger party came up like a mushroom in the night, bloomed like a big sunflower for a day, folded up its leaves and died in the twinkling of an eye.

Among the many Democrats who strayed away in that year and followed the new party, was David B. Simms; glib with his tongue and naturally a little slick in his ways, he soon became a "leader." The county convention came on and Simms was placed on the ticket for the high and responsible position of Coroner. The Democrats had previously met in

convention and placed W. W. Jackson on their ticket for this position.

The Republicans met soon afterward, and made no nomination, but indorsed David B. Simms and ordered his name to be placed on their ticket. This gave him double advantage over his opponent, and after a long struggle the votes, when counted, showed Simms to be the winner. He was the only one on either the Republican or Granger ticket who was elected. Soon after the election was over the Democrats concluded they would have a ratification meeting to properly ratify the grand triumph over the two other foes in the field. The time was set, the band engaged, bonfires were built, a store box was placed in front of where the National Exchange bank is now located for the speakers. All was in readiness, and the fun soon began. Colonel Pierse gave the crowd one of his most powerful and interesting addresses. Colonel W. C. Fleming for an hour held the audience in dilating upon the grand victory. Gus McCallister preached the funeral sermon of the Republican party, as only Gus could do. David B. Simms was present, and although it was not exactly his "funeral" he was glad to be "in it." His Democracy was stirred up by the oratory of his old comrade and friend who had just spoken. Stephen Metcalf, who was then editor of the *Anderson Herald*, the Republican organ, was in the crowd. He thought it would be a good joke to get Simms up to make a speech, supposing, of course, that as he was elected in opposition to the Democratic ticket, he would give the Democrats the devil and cause a rupture in the meeting. He urged Simms up to mount the box. Finally a time presented itself and Simms got up. His head towering away above the crowd, his long, flowing whiskers dangling in the wind, he sailed in. Stephen drew closer to the box to catch the words of oratory as they escaped from the speaker's lips. He didn't stay long. Simms took his text back in 1854, the time of the "bornin'" of the Republican party, giving the party and all its acts from that time up to date the devil. He spoke until the bonfires went out, the crowd wearied and Metcalf was home in bed. The band chimed in with a tune occasionally to shut him off, but a brass band was no place beside Simms' voice. He could be heard above everything.

When he subsided he was wringing wet with perspiration, and his face was as red as a turkey gobbler's wattle. During Simms' incumbency as Coroner, John W. McCallis-

ter, the Sheriff, died. By virtue of his office Simms became Sheriff until another could be chosen. It was in the times when the Sheriff's office was a "snap," there being many large foreclosures and sheriff's sales, the Sheriff being allowed five per cent. on all sales. The deceased had many sales advertised before his death that the Coroner and *ex-officio* Sheriff had to complete, thereby entitling him to the per cent.

The day of sale came around. Simms knew about as much about what he was to get for his services as a ten-year-old boy. He got one of the Deputy Sheriffs under the deceased Sheriff to help him out. The sales were made, and the returns properly filed with the Clerk. His assistant, coming into the Clerk's office, handed Mr. Simms the magnificent sum of \$65.00.

"What is this for?"

"Your fees."

"Fees! What do you mean, young man?"

"Why, your fees for making those sales."

"See here, young man; I want you to understand that I will have no crooked business about this matter. I am an honest man and won't stand any robbery in this business."

"Well, sir; that is your legitimate fees for your services to-day."

"Great God! You don't tell me: \$65.00 for a half day's work."

From that moment forward, as long as David B. Simms lived, he was a candidate for Sheriff, but died before he reached the goal of his ambition.

WILLIAM JOHNS, AN OLD-TIMER.

William Johns, late of Union township, was one of the old-timers who helped to make Madison county. He came here in an early day, locating in the neighborhood where he died in 1888. He was one of the men who lived for all life was worth. He came as nearly having a good time every day in the year as any man who ever lived in Madison county. He was an extraordinarily good story-teller, and always kept a lot of good "yarns" on hand.

It was his custom to come to town every Saturday to do his family trading and learn a new joke to take home with him. He was originally an old line Whig, until the formation of the Republican party, when he switched off and became a Democrat.

After attaching himself to the Democratic party, he became one of its leaders in his neighborhood. His counsel was always sought in every political campaign. He was one of the best workers in the party in Union township. While he never cared for office himself, he glorified in the success of his friends. Uncle Bill, as he was familiarly called, was one of the old-time fellows in his ways—built on about the same gauge as the late Colonel Berry, Joseph Howard, and such men as they, who came here about the time he did.



WILLIAM JOHNS.

He despised a dude or a fop; he was not opposed to neat and tidy dress, but any thing that bordered on foppishness disgusted him. He not only enjoyed joking others, but if it came on him it was all the same. He used to relate an occurrence that took place with him when he was a young man, that he would laugh over heartily.

According to his story, he was rather a wild young man, not very bad, but full of fun. Among the young people with whom he associated, was a dashing belle, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, with whom he was in love. He was her escort to all the apple-cuttings, husking-bees, log-rollings and wool-pickings. His love was fully reciprocated by the fair one, but like all cases of true love, it did not run smoothly. Her father was a local preacher. He knew Uncle Billy's short-comings and wild disposition. He seriously objected to

his attentions to his daughter and so notified Billy. He was warned not to come about again, but the girl clung to him and they would meet at the gatherings in the neighborhood, in spite of the objections of the stern parent.

Things went on in this direction, until at last they reached a climax. One Sunday the two lovers met at a country meeting. After the services, Billy concluded he would boldly take his girl to her home, meet her angry father and take the consequences. So they strolled up the road, as lovers naturally would, until they came in sight of the house. They saw the preacher out on the wood-pile in front. Billy made up his mind that he would play the old man a big game of "bluff." He did not mention it to the girl, but marched squarely up to the preacher, staring him in the face and said:

"Now, sir, you have indulged in a great many inuendoes about me, and have forbidden me to come to your house. I am here to say that I am as good as you are in every respect. I owe you nothing. I care nothing for you, but I like your daughter. I have come to give you the d—dest licking you ever had."

Billy began to make motions to take off his coat, but he never got it off. Something like a cannon ball struck him between the eyes, and the stars immediately came in sight. When he came to, he was on the opposite side of the road, with the preacher rubbing him back to life. Billy said if a mule had kicked him it could not have killed him any deader for the time. If lightning had struck him he could not have been more surprised. He supposed that when he tackled the preacher for a fight, he would either knuckle to him and apologize, or run, but in this he was mistaken.

Billy's motto ever afterward was, "Never tackle a country preacher for a fight." Billy and the preacher afterwards became good friends, but he and the girl "fell out" and never married. All old-timers will remember Uncle Billy Johns.

A SKETCH.

Dr. Valentine Dunham was one of the old-fashioned country doctors, who lived in Union township for many years, and practiced the profession of medicine among his neighbors. Instead of going to a drug store and having his prescriptions prepared, he carried an old time pair of leather saddle-bags which he threw across the back of his horse, and rode astride of them through sunshine and storm, night and day, healing

the sick and afflicted, who appealed to him for medical service. He was not a graduate of any medical school, but had an extraordinary amount of old fashioned common sense.

His father, who was also a physician, died in 1850, and left his medical books and surgical instruments to his son, from which he gained all that he ever knew about the science of medicine, having no instructor whatever.

He died at his home in Union township, on the 22d of January, 1882, at the age of sixty years. Of a family of twelve brothers and sisters he was the last with but one exception, Ex-Mayor Dunham, who is now a resident of Anderson, and a Justice of the Peace. He was married in 1852 and raised a large family, his wife having died in 1873.

Dr. Dunham was engaged in the practice of medicine for nearly forty years, and in his neighborhood was looked upon as being the father of medicine. Although he was not an educated man, his general good sense gave him about the right idea what to do in any ordinary case of sickness. He was quite successful in his practice, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his brother physicians throughout the county. who upon the occasion of his death met and passed resolutions of respect to his memory, the committee consisting of Drs. William A. Hunt, Horace E. Jones and Jonas Stewart.

Dr. Dunham was a frugal man in his habits and had amassed quite a fortune, being one of the largest land owners in his locality, and at his death left his family a snug competency, which they at this time fully appreciate and enjoy.

DEATH OF A PIONEER.

In the Anderson *Standard* of June 24, 1858, we find the announcement of the death of one of the earliest settlers of Madison county, as follows:

“Died in Chesterfield in this county, of an affection of the heart, Betsey Makepeace, wife of the late Amasa Makepeace, aged seventy-four years.

“The subject of this notice was born in Norton, Massachusetts, June 3, 1774, where she was married about the year 1800, and shortly afterward, with her husband, moved to Chesterfield, N. H., where they remained until the year 1818, when, being unfortunate in business, they concluded to seek a home in the far West. Accordingly they packed up their goods and with a large family started for the headwaters of the Ohio river, which they reached after a long and tedious journey.

They made the journey by means of their horses, traveling in a wagon until they reached the Ohio river, when they constructed a raft, making their way to Cincinnati, which was then but a mere village. From Cincinnati they went to Lebanon, Ohio, where they remained two or three years, when they removed to Madison county, Indiana, where they remained until the time of their death. The husband's death preceded that of his wife by ten years, having lived together nearly fifty years. Mrs. Makepeace had therefore shared the toils and troubles of a pioneer's life. She was one of the first settlers of the county, the red man holding possession of the forests when she first beheld them.

“May her memory be still fresh in the hearts of those who have received many a kind word and encouraging counsel from those lips that are now cold in death.”

The Mrs. Makepeace above referred to was the mother of the late Allen Makepeace, who for many years lived at Chesterfield, and died there in the year 1872. Chesterfield was a mere Indian trading point at the time of the arrival of this worthy couple at that place. Mr. Allen Makepeace was a merchant in that village for nearly half a century, and amassed an immense fortune, which he left to two children who survived him, the eldest of whom is Elvira J. Corwin, wife of John E. Corwin, former President of the Madison County Bank, but now residing at Middletown, N. Y., and their son, Quincy Makepeace, who yet resides near the old homestead in Chesterfield.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

VAN BUREN TOWNSHIP.

This township was organized March 4, 1837, and named in honor of the eighth President of the United States at the suggestion of George Moore, one of the earliest residents of the territory comprising the township.

The township originally contained all of the territory lying in Congressional Township 22, Range 8 east. The record for its organization is as follows :

“ On petition filed, and due deliberation thereupon had, it is ordered by the Board that Congressional Township No. 22, north of Range 8 east, in Madison county, be organized into a township, to be known and designated by the name of Van-Buren township. And it is also ordered that they hold an election in said township at the house of Hiram Palmer, therein, on the first Monday of April next, for the purpose of electing township officers and one Justice of the Peace. And it is ordered that the elections in said township be held at the house of said Hiram Palmer until otherwise directed. And it is ordered that Hiram Palmer be and he is hereby appointed Inspector of Elections for said township until a successor shall be chosen and qualified.”

The township contains twenty-five square miles and is situated in the north-east corner of the county. It is bounded on the north by Grant county, on the east by Delaware county, on the south by Monroe township, and on the west by Boone township. The topography of the township is similar to that of the other northern townships of the county, being generally level, well watered and originally heavily timbered. The soil is principally black loam and well adapted to the cultivation of cereals, particularly corn and wheat, large crops of which are produced annually, especially of corn.

According to the best information obtainable the settlement of the township began about the year 1820, when Thomas Gordon, Jacob Davis and Hiram and John Palmer emigrated from Virginia and settled in the county just north of the pres-

ent site of Summitville, on Section 20. Between the years 1830-36 quite a number from Virginia settled in the township, among whom were John and William Kelsey, who located on Section 8; Thomas Cartwright and James Blades, who located on Section 31; John Cree, who located on Section 17; Samuel Fenimore, who located on Section 20. The latter came from Ohio, and chose as a location for his future home a spot on the Fort Wayne trace, where he erected a log house, which he subsequently converted into a tavern for the accommodation of hunters and travelers over the trace. This was the first inn, or tavern, in the township. The locality was afterwards known as "Old Wrinkle." In the fall of 1836 John Moore, of North Carolina, settled in the same neighborhood, also Robert Robb, of Johnson county, Indiana. They were soon after followed by Ephraim and Madison Broyles, John Shields, David Culberson, John M. Zedeker, Harrison Allen and Zachariah Robinson. Many of the first settlers afterwards removed to Illinois and Iowa, particularly the latter, when those states were organized, believing that better opportunities awaited them in the "prairie country." This disposition to follow the "star of empire" was not peculiar to the early settlers of this township alone, it may be observed, as many of the first comers to nearly all of the townships in the county afterwards "pulled up stakes" and went farther west. Occasionally one would return and settle permanently, but not often. They preferred a country where it did not require so much labor to prepare the land for a crop.

From 1839 immigration to the township increased year after year. School-houses were erected and churches organized. In every township but this it has been an easy matter to ascertain when and where the first school-house was erected. But in this township there is so much diversity of opinion on the subject among the old-timers and their descendants that but little definite or satisfactory information can be learned about the matter. It is sufficient to say, that a small log school-house was erected at an early day, about a mile and a half north of where Summitville now stands. The name of the school teacher was George Doyle. In 1858 the number of school children in the township was 256; in 1871 it was 386, and at the present time the school enumeration shows that there are 516 children eligible to the privileges of the public schools. There are eight school buildings in the township, including Summitville, and ten teachers are employed. The

Summitville schools are graded and compare favorably in every respect with the schools of other towns in the county.

CHURCHES.

The early settlers in the township enjoyed religious services, without regard to their denominational predilections, long before a religious society had been organized. Itinerant preachers, during the pioneer period, would visit the township from time to time, when word would be sent out to the settlers that religious services would be held at a certain private cabin or log school-house. During the winter of 1859-60, a Christian minister of the name of George Newhouse visited the township and held a number of meetings, which resulted in the organization of a society composed of about sixty members. A log church was afterwards erected, about one mile north of the present site of Summitville. Samuel Moore, Pleasant Victory, John Beck and Philip Cramer were among the most active members of the society.

STATISTICAL.

The population of the township in 1850 was 406; in 1860 it was 672; in 1870 it was 874; in 1880 it was 1,691, and in 1890 it was 1,979, including the town of Summitville.

The total value of lands, as taken from the tax duplicate of the present year, is \$416,595; value of improvements, \$975,065; total value of taxables, \$639,930.

SUMMITVILLE AND VICINITY.

The original name of this town was "Skipperville," but was afterwards changed on account of its proximity to the "cone," or summit level, of the State, a point two miles north of the town, from which the waters of Mud creek and Black creek flow in opposite directions, the former emptying into Pipe creek and the latter into the Mississinewa. Aquilla Moore, the oldest living inhabitant of the township, came to this part of the county and settled in the neighborhood of where Summitville now stands in 1836.

On his seventy-seventh birthday, the writer sat beneath the shade of a spreading cherry tree in the grounds surrounding his residence, and elicited from him much information in relation to the town and its surroundings.

Mr. Moore is an exceptionally bright gentleman, and has a wonderful memory for a man of his advanced years, being

able to go into the minutest details of the happenings of the long ago.

John Palmer and Isaiah Davis were the first settlers, and came to this vicinity in the year 1835, and located about two miles north, having removed from the State of Virginia.

Robert Robb, the father of Mrs. Aquilla Moore, came here from Johnson county in the year 1837, and started the first store in this part of the country, north of Summitville about two miles.

Aaron M. Williams was among the early settlers, and erected the first and only tannery in this neighborhood, which he operated together with his farming interests for a good many years, and was for a long while engaged in the dry goods and merchandizing business, and kept a place to lodge the weary traveler. He sold the first town lots in the place, and was really the founder of the village. No regular plats of the lots were laid off, but when a man purchased one, Mr. Williams would stake off the amount and size of an ordinary town lot and describe it by metes and bounds. This manner of proceeding has since given the assessors and county officials much trouble in assessing the real estate in the place.

Summitville proper was laid out in 1867, by Aaron M. Williams. Henry Roby was the first merchant in the town, and opened business in November, 1867, and did quite a thriving trade, and was succeeded by Aquilla Moore & Son.

Samuel Fenimore was an early settler and lived about two miles north of Summitville, being one of a number of large land owners and thrifty citizens of that locality. Prior to the laying out of Summitville as a town, and before a settlement was made there, there was an old staging station kept near that place by Aquilla Moore, where the stage that ran from Anderson to Marion made a change of horses and stopped for feed and dinner. William Pittsford, Richard and A. J. Hunt, the Anderson liverymen, were among the prominent stage drivers of that day. The first stage coach that passed over the line was driven by the late Colonel O. H. P. Carey from Marion to Anderson. He owned the stage line for a number of years, and operated it until he volunteered his services in the army during the late war. The last one was driven by Walker Winslow in 1876.

When Aquilla Moore first settled in these parts, there was no mail route between Summitville and Anderson or Alexandria, the mail came there via Strawtown, being carried on

horseback over roads blazed out through dense forests. Daniel Dwiggins was the first mail boy to deliver mail in this section, and Elijah Williams was the next; both are long since deceased.

One of the first physicians in these surroundings was Dr. S. B. Harriman, who died in Richmond, Indiana, a few years since. He was succeeded by C. V. Garrett, John Wright, W. V. McMahan, M. L. Cranfill, S. T. Brunt and T. J. Clark. The first doctor in Summitville, after it became a town, was Dr. Cyrus Gaul, who established himself here in 1867.

William Wellington and John S. Moore started the first grist mill in the township in 1854. It was a small corn cracker with a saw mill in connection with it. They did a very thriving business for a number of years. Farmers came for quite a distance from the surrounding country to have their sawing done, and have their grists ground.

The first flouring mill was built in Summitville by Columbus Moore in the year 1868. It was of an improved pattern and for many years enjoyed an extensive business.

The first ministers of the gospel in this locality were William Brunt, a brother of the late Thomas Brunt and Peter Casteel. The old timers are not able to agree as to which of the two was the first.

In the year 1868, Columbus Moore was appointed the first postmaster in Summitville, receiving his commission from Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. George Moore, the father of Aquilla Moore, was one of the first Board of Trustees of Van Buren township, and died at the residence of his son about eighteen years ago.

At the time he was an incumbent in this office, each township had a Board consisting of three Trustees.

At an early day Aquilla Moore and his neighbors hauled wheat raised upon their farms to Hamilton, Ohio, the nearest market, and sold it for thirty-seven cents per bushel.

The first railroad agent in Summitville was J. P. Smith, who came to this place on the completion of the C. W. & M. railroad in 1876. The first grain warehouse was built by James H. Woolen about the time of the building of the railroad. Harrison and Reuben Allen were also early settlers in the immediate vicinity of Summitville, having moved here from North Carolina in the early '40s.

The only newspaper published in this place is the Summitville *Wave* by George P. Louiso, which was established in 1890. It is independent in politics and enjoys a large circulation in

the town and surrounding country. In 1888 the *Summitville Times* was published here by J. A. Wertz, lately connected with the *Anderson Bulletin* and other Anderson publications. The first paper published here was by a young man of the name of Pinkerton, in 1885.

Summitville from the time of its first location as a village grew very slowly and made but little progress until the time of the perfecting of the C. W. & M. Railway, when it took on an air of prosperity for a short time, and remained stationary until the discovery of natural gas, when it at once entered upon another season of rapid growth, and it is at this writing one of the liveliest and most enterprising towns in Madison county, having many industries, fine school buildings, brick paved streets and handsome residences, and many fine brick business blocks erected on its main thoroughfares.

It was incorporated as a town on the 31st of December, 1881. The first Board of Trustees was elected on the first Monday in May, 1882, and took the oath of office before Miles F. Wood, a Justice of the Peace, on the 3rd day of the same month. The first Trustees were Moses Stone, George W. Fear and Joseph A. Allen. The Board organized by electing Mr. Stone, President; Frank Hemley was the first Clerk, and W. H. Williams, the first Treasurer, and J. M. Williams, the first Marshal of the town.

The present officers are William Howard, Clerk; Vincent R. Love, Treasurer, and Jeremiah Simons, Marshal. A. F. Kaufman, Eddie E. Thomas and William J. Peale are the present Trustees. The School Board is composed of Robert McLain, John M. Gordon and George W. Green.

A question was raised as to the legality of the incorporation of the town, and therefore an act was passed by the Legislature of 1895, through the influence of Hon. J. M. Hundley, legalizing the same.

The following industries are located at Summitville: The Central Glass Company; the Crystal Window Glass Company; the Rothschild Glass Company; W. C. Fear & Co., saw, lumber and planing mill; W. W. VanWinkle, saw mill; and L. R. Webb, flouring mill; the Summitville Brick Factory; and last, but not least, the Summitville Tile Works, owned solely by Samuel C. Cowgill, being the largest manufacturer of farm tile in the United States. It was erected in 1880, commencing in a small way, but has grown at the present writing to be of huge dimensions. Mr. Cowgill employs

on an average about one hundred men all the year around, and has a weekly pay roll of \$500. L. R. Whitney is the general book-keeper and business man of the institution, to whom we are under obligations for valuable information, and for having shown us through this establishment. We are also indebted to Mr. George Whitney and J. A. Allen for much information in reference to this place.

Summitville enjoys the distinction of being the home of several secret societies. The Knights of Pythias lodge, No. 361, was organized on the 5th of May, 1892. It has a large membership and is in a flourishing condition. J. D. Armstrong is the Chancellor Commander, and A. H. Jones, Keeper of Records and Seals.

The Improved Order of Red Men, Lodge 119, Neoskaleta Tribe, has a membership of one hundred, and was organized in the year 1893. James Farmer, Sachem.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Summitville Lodge No. 175, was organized in the year 1875, and has a membership of seventy-five. It owns a handsome lodge property, built in the year 1892.

The Methodist Episcopal church, the Presbyterian church, the Baptists and the Wesleyan Methodists, each have congregations here and own their own houses of worship.

Summitville has two banks, both of which are on a sound financial basis, and enjoy a large patronage in the community and the surrounding country. The Citizens' bank has a capital of \$25,000. J. T. Sullivan is president, and A. B. Hardgrave, cashier.

The Summitville bank has a capital of \$21,000. William Warner, president; Maurice Warner, cashier, and O. E. Gordon, assistant cashier.

The person familiar with the appearance of Summitville twenty-five years ago, and who has waded through its muddy streets during its early existence, could hardly imagine that it would in so short a time become the handsome, thrifty business center that it now is, and from all indications we predict a great future awaiting it. Many accidents and incidents that have occurred in its early history are detailed elsewhere.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—KILLED WHILE CUTTING A TREE.

Mr. Jesse Buller, a young man about twenty-three years of age, working in Van Buren township, near Summitville, was instantly killed the 15th of January, 1878, while cutting

trees in the woods. He was in the act of felling a tree, when it lodged against another one near by, and in trying to dislodge it a falling limb struck him on the top of the head, crushing his skull, from the effects of which he almost instantly died. Young Buller was working for a Mr. Eli Neal, who was with him at the time, and seeing the falling limb called to him to get out of the way, but it was too late,—the limb struck him before he could make his escape. Mr. Neal ran for assistance, which was near at hand, but the unfortunate man had breathed his last before aid could reach him. He was a young man, well liked and respected. His home was in Fairmount, Grant county, a few miles north of Summitville. The Coroner of Madison county held an inquest, and a verdict of accidental killing was rendered.

BURNED TO DEATH.

In the month of February, 1878, a little six-year-old daughter of John J. Said, of Summitville, was terribly burned, from the effects of which she died a short time afterward. She, with her oldest sister, was playing around a fire when her clothing became ignited, and before it could be put out there was scarcely a spot left on her body that was not burned until the flesh peeled off. She lived in great agony for a few days, but died from the effects of her burns. Mr. and Mrs. Said had the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. It is said that the child was a bright little girl, and a general favorite in the community where this terrible accident occurred.

Mr. Said is now a resident of Anderson, and has been employed at different times by the Pennsylvania Glass Company, as watchman.

FIRE AT SUMMITVILLE.

The hardware store of E. B. Vinson, at Summitville, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 23d of August, 1889. It was discovered about eleven o'clock and nothing could be done to check the devouring flames, which soon consumed the building, and also a millinery store belonging to Mary E. Wertz, adjoining. The loss on the hardware store was \$3,500, covered by \$2,500 insurance; on the millinery store the loss was estimated at \$100, with \$300 insurance. The residence belonging to Mr. Vinson, the proprietor of the hardware store, was also damaged to a considerable extent. The origin of the fire

was unknown, but was thought to have caught from a gas jet which was left burning in the store.

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

Turvy, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Jenny, was burned to death near Summitville on the 28th day of February, 1896, by having her clothing ignited while lighting the fire with some scraps of paper. She ran out of the house to where her father and mother were, but before reaching them she was enveloped in the flames and burned in a most horrible manner. An uncle of the name of Curtis Diltz was attracted to the place by her screams and hastened to her relief and taking the child in his arms carried her to the house, where her parents soon came, but too late to render her any assistance. Her little body was burned to a crisp, the flesh falling from her bones.

A physician was summoned, but no medical aid could relieve her suffering, and she died soon afterward, remaining conscious to the last moment.

The funeral was largely attended, which took place at Epworth church, the services being conducted by the Rev. J. A. Rudy. The body was interred at Mt. Pisgah cemetery.

AN OLD-TIMER KILLED.

Moses Simonson, an old resident of Madison county, was killed by being run over by a train of cars on the C. W. & M. Railroad near Summitville, while on his way home from Alexandria on the night of May 19th, 1891. He was in an intoxicated condition and had fallen asleep on the track.

Moses Simonson was one of the last of a generation that has passed away. He was one of the early settlers of the county, who in pioneer times made a greater part of the living for the family by hunting and trapping. He at one time lived in the neighborhood of Anderson, and there is not an old resident of that city who does not remember of seeing Mose Simonson on the streets with a hunting shirt on and a pack of hounds at his heels.

At a shooting match he was at home, and a good marksman he was. "It's many a quarter of beef he has won at a shooting bee."

Simonson's besetting sin was his love for liquor, and although he drank to excess he never harmed a living soul.

No better hearted man ever lived. He would suffer himself, in order to make others happy.

He at one time owned a good farm in Pipe Creek township, near Dundee, and while not rich was considered in comfortable circumstances.

The rifle, the shot-pouch and long-eared hound are now things of the past in Madison county. They have given way to the steps of progress, and in a few years there will be none living who can tell of having ever seen them. Tradition alone will tell of the exploits of the noble pioneer.

The powder-horn and the bullet-moulds hanging over the cabin door, as they once did in the humble home of Moses Simonson, is a scene that many men and women, now of mature years, who have been reared in Madison county, have never beheld.

Whatever may have been the faults of Moses Simonson in his days among men, let us cover them with the mantle of charity, and remember him, along with the many other hardy men who lived in the wilderness of our county and helped to make its meadows bloom like the sweet fields of Eden.

A STORE BURGLARIZED.

Vinson & Hughes for several years operated a general store at Summitville. On the night of April 27, 1876, they were the victims of burglars. There was a McNeale & Urban safe in the store, which was cracked and rifled of its contents, consisting of \$148 in money and some valuable papers. The robbers also took away with them twenty gallons of whiskey and many articles of merchandise.

The noise of the blowing of the safe aroused Mrs. A. S. Dobson, who was sleeping in an adjoining building, but being timid was afraid to make any stir, so the burglars worked at will without molestation and made good their escape. No one ever knew who the perpetrators of the deed were. They were evidently professionals, as their work was done in a neat and handsome manner.

BARN BURNED.

A large frame barn owned by William F. Hughes, one and one-half miles west of Summitville, was destroyed by fire on Monday, the 9th of August, 1880, together with all the contents, including two horses, wagons, buggies and several tons of hay, two hundred bushels of wheat, two hundred bushels of corn, his farm implements, several sets of harness and other articles of value. The contents were partially cov-

ered by insurance to the amount of \$500, but there was no insurance on the building. It was evidently the act of an incendiary, but who the guilty party was has never been ascertained.

The loss fell very heavily on Mr. Hughes. He had the sympathy of the entire community. Mr. Hughes was a prominent farmer, having held the honorable position of Township Trustee, and being prominent in business circles in that community. He has long since passed away, but a number of his family are still residing in Madison county, one son being engaged in the grocery business in Anderson at this writing.

KILLING OF SOLOMON PARSONS.

On Monday, the 28th of April, 1890, the body of Solomon Parsons was found on the right-of-way along the C., W. & M. Railway track half a mile north of Summitville, his right leg and side being fearfully bruised, and with a deep cut in his head. Life was extinct when he was discovered. A small boy who happened to be standing near by saw the accident and gave the alarm. Neighbors came and conveyed his remains to his home which was only a short distance from the scene. Dr. Arrington, Coroner of the county, was notified and held an inquest. The facts elicited were that Parsons, who was an old man about eighty-two years of age, had gone up the railroad in search of a cow and evidently having not heard the approaching train was run down and killed. John Torrence, the engineer in charge of the engine, testified that he knew nothing about the matter until he had reached Anderson, when he was apprised of the accident by telegram. He insisted that he saw no one on the track and seemed greatly surprised when informed that his engine had killed a man at Summitville. It was a very singular circumstance that he did not discover Mr. Parsons, who was walking before the engine. The Coroner returned a verdict of accidental killing without laying any blame on the company.

A YOUNG WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Miss Sallie Mitton, a young woman about nineteen years of age, who was employed as nurse in the family of Mr. George Reeder, about three and a half miles east of Summitville, was burned to death on Friday, February 28, 1879. She had been at a social gathering during the evening, and about 10 o'clock

on returning home, took a position in front of the fireplace for the purpose of reading.

Becoming drowsy, it is supposed, she fell asleep, and while in that condition her clothing caught fire. Upon awakening, she ran into the yard, and finally extinguished the flames by rolling in the mud and water. No one was present in the house at the time but Mrs. Reeder, who, being sick, was unable to help her. The agonizing cries of the unfortunate girl eventually attracted the neighbors, who kindly cared for her.

While assisting her into the house some of the burned flesh actually dropped from her body. She lived only fifteen hours after the accident, during which time she endured great agony. Her remains were buried at Summitville on the following Sunday.

DISASTROUS FIRE.

On the 27th of March, 1885, a destructive fire visited the town of Summitville, burning the business room occupied by R. A. Menefee & Co. and Aquilla Moore, together with the office of Dr. Judd Swallow. The fire originated in the east end of Moore's store, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and in a few minutes the flames had reached Dr. Swallow's office, which stood just across the alley, and also Menefee's drug store. The flames spread so rapidly that within an hour from the time the alarm was given the three buildings were in ashes. It was by good management and hard work that further progress of the fire up the street was checked and that further damage was averted. The loss to Mr. Moore was about \$4,000, partially insured. Menefee's building and stock of drugs, valued at \$2,500, were insured for \$1,500. It is supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary, but no clew was ever found that would lead to the conviction of the guilty party. Dr. Swallow has since died. Mr. Menefee and Mr. Moore are yet residents of Summitville, being prominent in business affairs.

KILLING OF SARAH DAWSON BY NANCY SWOPE.

One of the bloodiest tragedies in the history of Madison county occurred on the 21st of July, 1887, in which two women were the actors, one of them being a colored woman. Nancy Swope, during an altercation between herself and Sarah Dawson, a colored woman, plunged a butcher knife into the body of Mrs. Dawson, causing almost instant death.

About a year before this event, Mrs. Swope, accompanied by her little child, had gone to Summitville and had taken employment at a hotel as a domestic. Mrs. Dawson was also employed at the same house in the capacity of washer-woman. These two females did not get along together very amicably. For some time prior to the killing, Mrs. Dawson alleged that Mrs. Swope had circulated slanderous reports against a Miss Cartwright, a daughter of the proprietor of the hotel. On the evening of the tragedy, the colored woman, as was her custom, took the washing she had finished to the hotel, and while there became involved in a quarrel with Mrs. Swope, who was in the kitchen, ironing. Mrs. Dawson had started to leave the place, when Mrs. Swope, who was almost beside herself with rage, hurled an iron which she had in her hand at Mrs. Dawson, but without effect. Then Mrs. Swope, still white with rage, grasped a large butcher knife that lay on the table and started for the colored woman, overtaking her near the door, when she plunged it with deadly effect into the body of her victim. The weapon penetrated the abdomen and caused the death of Mrs. Dawson in a very few minutes. A boarder at the hotel entered the room just as the fatal thrust was made, and, springing forward, threw Mrs. Swope to one side of the room, and then helped the injured woman into an adjoining hall.

Immediately after the commission of the crime, Mrs. Swope left the hotel and went to the residence of Squire Fenimore, where she remained until she went to the Anderson jail. Here she was incarcerated to await the result of the Coroner's investigation and the action of the grand jury. Mrs. Dawson had come from Tennessee to Summitville five years previously. She was a hard working woman, and was generally respected by the people. Her remains were interred in Vinson cemetery after the Coroner's inquest.

In an interview with Mrs. Swope at the jail by an Anderson reporter she said in justification of the act that the negress had been circulating stories about her, damaging to her character, and also about Miss Cartwright. She also stated that the woman had come in where she was working and began to abuse her, and finally threatened to do her bodily harm.

An affidavit was filed by Constable W. R. Blake, of Anderson township, before William Roach, Justice of the Peace, charging Mrs. Swope with murder. A preliminary examination was held and the prisoner was bound over to the

Circuit Court to answer any indictment that might be brought against her by the grand jury. Judge Richard Lake acted as her counsel.

She was remanded to jail, where she was detained for a considerable time. In the trial of her case a disagreement by the jury resulted, and she was subsequently acquitted at the March term, 1888. She died near the scene of the tragedy about two years afterwards.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

On the 21st of September, 1885, a large barn belonging to Joshua Vinson, a few miles west of Summitville, was destroyed by fire. It was evident from the first that it was of incendiary origin, but no clew to the party committing the deed was obtained until several days afterward, when a lad about twelve years old, who lived with Mr. Vinson, inadvertently dropped the remark that he "would not have to go to that barn any more." Acting upon the theory that the boy had fired the building, Vinson accused him of it, and he, being pressed, finally admitted his guilt. He was placed under arrest and was lodged in the Madison county jail. He was quite small in stature, and evidently not a bad boy at heart. Upon being questioned upon the subject he fully admitted that he had set fire to the barn, but said in justification of his act that he was mad at Mr. Vinson for making him follow a wheat drill when he had a sore foot and could not walk. He further said that Mr. Vinson had sent him to the barn for an oil can and then sent him back again for something else, and then again; that in all he had made three trips, and that he then concluded to just set fire to the barn.

At the time of this occurrence the young man had been living with the Vinson family for three years; his mother was dead, and his father had remarried and gone to North Carolina. The lad was convicted, but was let off with a light sentence. The loss on Vinson's barn was about \$1,500, with but small insurance.

FOUND DEAD IN A BUGGY.

Near the town of Summitville, on the 22d day of May, 1895, William Spelling was discovered at the roadside, dead in a buggy by some passer-by, and it was supposed that a murder had been committed. The Coroner was notified and

an investigation was held, at which it was found that Snelling had been to Summitville on that day and had been drinking heavily, and had started home, and had in some manner fallen forward out of his buggy, lighting upon the horse, which had kicked him in such a manner as to cause his death. No one saw the occurrence and it was only conjecture as to how it happened.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

On the morning of April 26, 1893, the citizens of Summitville were thrown into a state of excitement by the finding of the dead body of James Wood, a cripple, who was in the employ of S. C. Cowgill's tile factory. He had both legs off and was therefore a confirmed cripple, but not wholly incapacitated from labor, and had employment in the factory at light work such as he was able to perform. From the use of opiates to kill the pain he often suffered, he became a confirmed victim of the morphine habit, and it is supposed that the use of this drug caused his death. He lived at Pendleton.

DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN.

No citizen of Madison county ever died who left behind him a more lasting memory than that of Isaac U. Cox, of Van Buren township. His death took place at his home on the 6th of June, 1881. Mr. Cox was above the average farmer in the county as to enterprise and in a general knowledge of the business of the country. He was looked up to as an encyclopædia of information by his less fortunate neighbors by whom he was surrounded. He was at one time quite a prominent politician in the Democratic ranks, and on several occasions aspired to the office of County Treasurer, but was never successful in receiving enough votes to gain the nomination.

He was born in Tennessee in December, 1821, and came to Union county, Indiana, in 1839, and from thence to Huntsville, in this county, in 1843. In the year 1845 he was married to Mary C. Smith, who survived him and lived for some time after his death. In 1849 he purchased a tract of land, on which he was living at the time of his death, about seven miles north-east of Alexandria. Mr. Cox was scrupulously honest in all his dealings with his fellow-man. He was a very kind father, and was particularly devoted to his wife. There was no more hospitable home in Madison county than that of Isaac U. Cox. No person from Anderson, or, indeed,

from any part of the county, ever visited the home of Mr. Cox who was not generously welcomed. He and his wife were both genial, hospitable people, and it was a real pleasure for them to entertain friends at their home. Mr. Cox's death was long lamented, and his memory will long be green in the recollections of the old citizens of Madison county.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first election held in the township occurred November 1, 1837, at the house of Hiram Palmer. It is related that Samuel Fenimore and Hiram Palmer were opposing candidates for the office of Justice of the Peace. Each candidate had his "wires" in proper order and thought that he had things "fixed," or at least Mr. Fenimore did. The voting population of the township at that early day did not exceed ten or fifteen voters, so that it required but a few votes to elect, and consequently not so much effort on the part of candidates as at present. On the morning of the election Mr. Fenimore, with three of his friends, appeared at the polls and cast their votes for Fenimore. They lingered around the polls until it was nearly time for them to close, and, as Palmer and his friends had not made their appearance, they were congratulating themselves over their success. But just before the hour fixed by law for the closing of the polls Palmer and his "force," consisting of four voters besides himself, emerged from the brush and voted for Palmer, much to the chagrin of Fenimore and his following. Palmer was elected by one vote, and re-elected subsequently a number of times.

The first Trustee of the township was George Moore.

The first saw mill in the township was built and operated by Moore, Wellington & Harold.

The first postmaster in the township was John Kelsey.

The first blacksmith was Jasper Webb.

The first druggist was J. D. Marsh in 1870.

The first shoemaker was R. Snelling.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Among the prominent citizens of the township who have been specially honored by the people of the county is Calvin H. Allen, at this time a resident of the city of Anderson. Mr. Allen was elected Auditor of the county on the Democratic ticket in 1890, and served one term. In 1894 James M. Hundley was elected Joint Representative for the counties of Madi-

son, Tipton and Clinton, and served one term. A sketch of Mr. Hundley will be found elsewhere.

JAMES M. HUNDLEY.

While the subject of this sketch is not a pioneer of the county, he may, on account of his long residence, be classed among the old-timers. Mr. Hundley was born in Clinton county, Ohio, July 6, 1818, and came with his parents to Grant county, Indiana, in 1852, where he resided until 1863, when he enlisted in the army. During his absence his father



JAMES M. HUNDLEY.

moved to Van Buren township, this county, and located. James served his country faithfully until July, 1865, when he was discharged, and, not being of age, returned to the home of his father, thus becoming a resident of Madison county. He was educated in the common schools of the county, with the exception of two terms in the high schools of Anderson and Marion. After leaving school he engaged in teaching in Van Buren and Monroe townships for a number of years. His efforts in this vocation were earnest and painstaking and highly

satisfactory both to pupils and patrons. While teaching he devoted much of his spare time to the study of the law, and on the 17th of March, 1883, was admitted to the Madison county bar, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice.

Through the partiality of his fellow-citizens Mr. Hundley has held a number of local offices and in 1891 was elected Representative to the State Legislature from the district composed of the counties of Madison, Tipton and Clinton, serving one term with credit to himself and his constituency. He has always taken an active interest in politics and is prominent in local affairs generally. Although an ardent Republican, he is not offensive in expressing his views of measures or men. He is unostentatious both in manner and method, but firm in his beliefs, whatever they may be, and always ready to defend them. Whatever of success he has achieved in life he attributes to his mother, who induced him to attend school and take a course of study, although limited, after his return from the army. He takes pride in the fact that he has seen his township and county make such rapid strides in the arts of peace—has seen the wilderness disappear and the waste places become the abodes of industry and learning. No native contemplates the present proud position of the county with greater satisfaction than he, and no one is more enthusiastic over the possibilities of its future.

Mr. Hundley is a resident of Summitville, where he has an office and attends to the duties of his profession. These duties frequently require his presence at the county seat, particularly during the sessions of the courts, where he is held in the highest esteem, not only by the members of the bar, but by all who know him.

Mr. Hundley was married October 21, 1871, to Miss Sarah T. Fenimore, a member of one of the most prominent and highly respected pioneer families of the county.

LIST OF COUNTY OFFICIALS.

SENATORS.

Owing to the proportions this work has assumed the names only of citizens of the county who have served as Senators and Representatives in the State Legislature are given. From 1823 to 1835 Madison county was represented in the Senate by citizens residing in other counties comprising the Senatorial district of which it was a part. The names of Madison county citizens who have been elected to the Senate are as follows: Thomas Bell, Andrew Jackson, Dr. John Hunt, Andrew Jackson (again), Hervey Craven, M. S. Robinson, R. H. Cree, Charles T. Doxey, Charles L. Henry, A. E. Harlan, Lafe Johnson.

Madison county by an act of the Legislature of 1896-7 was made a district by itself, and is now entitled to one Senator and one Joint Senator, also two Representatives and one Joint Representative.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Thomas Bell, John H. Cook, Henry Wyman, Willis G. Atherton, Thomas McCallister, John Davis, R. N. Williams, Evan Ellis, William Young, Townsend Ryan, William Crim, Andrew Shanklin, W. C. Fleming, Thomas King, Thomas G. Clark, Thomas N. Stilwell, W. A. Thompson, John Hayes, Richard Lake, D. E. Croan, Frederick Black, J. F. Mock, Dr. G. F. Chittenden (joint representative), J. W. Sansberry, Dr. T. N. Jones, J. O. Hardesty (joint representative), G. W. Harris, Edgar Henderson, J. T. Smith (joint representative), Dr. Stanley W. Edwins, H. P. Shaffer, Dr. C. N. Branch, Sr., Frank P. Foster, A. J. Behymer (joint representative), J. M. Farlow, James M. Hundley (joint representative), J. H. Terhune, E. E. Fornshell,

CLERKS.

The following in their order have been clerks of the county: Moses Cox, William Curtis, Ansel Richmond, R. N. Williams, Andrew Jackson, James Hazlett, P. H. Lemon, Joseph Peden, W. C. Fleming, T. J. Fleming, R. H. Hannah, Jesse L. Henry, C. A. Henderson, J. J. Netterville, Edmund Johnson.

AUDITORS.

Moses Cox, William Curtis, Ansel Richmond, R. N. Williams, Andrew Jackson, Joseph Howard, J. W. Westersfield, W. H. Merchon, Joseph Sigler, J. M. Dickson, George Nichol, John L. Forkner, J. E. Canaday, Calvin H. Allen, W. N. Heath.

SHERIFFS.

Samuel Cory, William Young, John C. Berry, Andrew Jackson, Joseph Howard, W. B. Allen, John H. Davis, William Roach, Benham Nelson, Burket Eads, Lanty Roach, David H. Watson, Benjamin Sebrell, William A. Nelson, J. H. Snell, D. K. Carver, A. J. Ross, J. W. McCallister, A. J. Griffith, T. J. McMahan, Randle Biddle, Thomas R. Moore, A. I. Makepeace, James Etchison, W. W. VanDyke, John Starr.

TREASURERS.

Thomas Pendleton, Bicknel Cole, Allen Hiatt, Alfred Makepeace, Jesse Wise, J. A. Kindle, James Hazlett, B. Noland, Seth Smith, E. P. Snelson, Joseph Howard, Armstrong Taylor, Nineveh Berry, John Hunt, W. W. Noland, Joseph Pugh, J. W. Thomas, Weems Heagy, D. F. Mustard, George Ross, N. T. Call, H. C. Calloway, J. R. Page, William Boland, C. F. Heritage.

RECORDERS.

Moses Cox, William Curtis, R. N. Williams, Isaac T. Sharp, Nineveh Berry, A. Taylor, Samuel B. Mattox, Burket Eads, Joseph Howard, James Mohan, Jacob Hubbard, A. C. Davis, Amos T. Davis, D. W. Black, Moses Harmon.

Joseph Watkins, an Anderson barber, enjoys the distinction of being the first negro who ever sat upon a jury in Madison county. Mr. Watkins is one of the best informed and most progressive of his race in this county. To Sheriff John Starr belongs the credit of selecting Mr. Watkins as a jurymen.

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