

The Indianapolis Journal has improved steadily, in the past five years, till it has reached a point of excellence beyond which it cannot go without involving an expense that might work financial ruin. At present there is nothing more to be desired in this reliable paper. One of the most popular newspapers printed in the west was the Cincinnati Gazette—its old patrons never deserted it, but clung to the paper till the last, or till it was consolidated with the Commercial, and the Gazette features had disappeared—then its patrons no longer cared for it. The Gazette was never sensational—it told truths in a plain, modest way that pleased honest people. In this particular, the Journal comes as near filling the niche vacated by the Gazette, as is possible, and many of the old patrons of the Gazette transferred their affections to the Journal. So far their confidence has not been abused, and we feel safe in promising that it will not be—at least until its present management. The dislike of sensationalism is marked and emphatic upon part of the Journal's managers, and they are right, for the most heartless, malicious and cold-blooded reptile that has been developed by latter-day journalism, is the sensational writer—a creature that has a consuming desire for sensations and makes the most out of the least. Such papers have neither reverence nor respect for human kind, and having no other object in life than the sale of the newspaper, will pounce upon young or old—the gray-haired man, the wife, the trusting maiden—it matters not that they be those who have been friend or given needed assistance, laying bare to the public gaze weaknesses that affect only their families or immediate relations, and that should be known to no others. These ghouls place their glaring headlines upon their bulletin boards for the gratification of brutal appetites, and in order that more nickels may be added to their hoards of blood-money. Many people buy these papers inwardly wondering: "Who is being abused now?" not that they admire this style of journalism, for there is no more to admire about such reptiles than there is about "the viper that lays in wait to dash its fangs into the unguarded heel." So long as the Journal steers clear of this phase of "enterprise" it will do well, as it deserves to. In making up your paper list for 1884, you should include the Indianapolis Journal.

Bishop Knickerbacker of the Episcopal Church, will hold services in the house of worship of that denomination, Wednesday night (21st inst.) of this week, and as this will be his first visit to Bloomington, the following with reference to him, which we find in a Minneapolis, Minn. paper, will be of interest just now:

The reception to Bishop Knickerbacker in the guild rooms of the new Gethsemane Church last evening, was a very pleasant affair, numerously attended by friends of all denominations. The occasion enlivened by music, recitations and addresses, was rendered doubly interesting by the presentation of an elegant piano to the Guild and Sunday school by Mr. and Mrs. Loren Fletcher, and also Miss Shaw's very life-like portrait of Bishop Knickerbacker. This portrait will hang in the Guild rooms, a perpetual reminder of the beloved founder of Gethsemane. In his farewell remarks Bishop Knickerbacker feelingly alluded to the indissoluble bonds formed during the twenty-seven years of his pastoral and residence in Minneapolis, and declared that the last ten days passed by himself and wife among old friends and parishioners were the happiest of their lives. The new and beautiful Church opened last Sunday for public worship, is in fact a monument to this good man—the out growth of his never failing zeal and unremitting labora. No man is more identified with the best growth of Minneapolis than Bishop Knickerbacker; none is more beloved and honored by all classes of its people. Here he will always seek rest and recreation from the arduous labors of his disease; here he will always be assured of a royal welcome. It is to few to witness, while yet living, so many results of their prayers and labors, to be enshrined in so many warm, loving hearts. The benediction of the poor, the "bleeding of them that were ready to perish," are his exceeding and great reward. And a reward yet more precious awaits him in that world where "they who have turned many

to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

It is difficult to understand how a man can coolly commit a murder for the paltry sum of \$14, and it would seem that the climax had been reached in the Federer case, but Montgomery county, in this State, carries off the premium for brutality by furnishing a man who killed two persons and burned the house for 25¢! The Crawfordsville Journal says:

John Coffee, the man who murdered James McMullen and wife and then fired their dwelling Wednesday night a week, was captured Saturday night near Stringtown, twenty-five miles from where he committed the deed, and brought to Elmdale, near the place of the murder. Coffee's statement was that on last Wednesday evening, after supper he made up his mind to go over and kill James McMullen and wife, knowing that McMullen had sold some hogs that day, amounting to \$150, and that they must have the money in the house. McMullen was about forty years of age and his wife much younger.

"They were sitting by the stove in the kitchen," said Coffee, "and talked for an hour, when Mrs. Mc went to the west room to make a bed. I picked up a stick of wood and hit McMullen a hard blow. He grabbed a chair; I hit him again. This finished him. I then went in search of the money. At the door I met Mrs. McMullen. She saw what I had done. I asked her for the money, or I would kill her. She said there was no money in the house, only twenty-five cents in a little in box, which I got. She then offered to run off with me and get married if I would not hurt her, and go and collect twenty dollars from one of the neighbors. When I first killed the man I set fire to everything in the kitchen, and by this time the fire had got started. I thought I had better kill her and leave. I hit her a lick with the same stick of wood, knocking her to the floor. I then left the house, taking a pair of pants and boots, and left the bodies to burn, and I think she was not dead by the blow I gave her."

This is Coffey's own statement of the terrible crime. He relates it in a firm resolve way, and does not seem to realize the enormity of his crime or care. He is twenty-four years old, and was only a farm hand employed by one of the neighbors.

The Tippecanoe Club at Indianapolis, the local organization which consists of men who voted for President Harrison, is rapidly decreasing in numbers. It was formed in December, 1880, with 417 members, and in the succeeding year 26 members died. In 1882 the mortality was 22, in 1883 it was 19, and in 1884 it was 13. Accessions were made during these years, and the present membership is 336. The average mortality since the organization was made is 53-10 per cent, and at this rate the membership will be exhausted in thirty-three years. The eldest member of the club is James Hubbard, of Broad Ripple, who will be 100 years old on March 27.

A "sweet girl of 16" was one of the visitors at the Executive Mansion, in Albany a few days ago, and during her stay she implored the President elect to write answers to a number of questions, among them, "What is your idea of happiness?" The answers are not published. A year from now some "sweet girl of 16" should call on Mr. Cleveland at Washington and investigate him as to his idea of misery. We think we can guess his answer: "Trying to be a civil service reformer and at the same time trying to keep on good terms with the Democratic party."

Good Reading for New Orleans Visitors. One correspondent—

If you have plenty of money to throw away, you can pay a hackman ten dollars to take you to a hotel, where you can make yourself miserable by paying from three to eight dollars per day. But the best way to do is to leave your baggage at the depot and hunt up a room with some good family, where you do not have to pay over a dollar a day for your privileges. This is the better way to do, for you can then take your meals where you please. For a set of sharks, command me to the hash hustlers and bottle breakers of the Crescent city. A highwayman, when he holds you up, will leave you a quarter with which to purchase a cigar, but these hotel-keepers and restaurateurs, knowing that you are from the North, will take everything you have and ask for a mortgage upon your appetite to boot. But if you watch your opportunities, you can live very comfortably for about the same as it costs you in the north.

Another correspondent—

Few set tables. You are served in the morning before you get out of bed with a cup of coffee as good as can be found anywhere in the world, and some bread or little Croque pie crust cakes. There is no trouble about your meals. There is a restaurant on every corner or so you can have your meals served

hot and at the most reasonable rates. As a general thing, however, they do not "go in heavy" for breakfast here. Your coffee is supposed to satisfy you until midday when you take a slight lunch in some saloon. About 6 in the evening you sit down to the big meal of the day. Supper there is none unless you drop in at the theater, after which you eat something light. This you will find the natives doing, and those who have been visiting New Orleans each winter for years will tell you that is a most comfortable way to live here and best suited to the climate.

—Baseball has lost much interest which attached to the matches between strong amateur clubs. It is now chiefly a battle of pitchers, but an amended rule gives the batters a little chance. Instead of the round bats heretofore used, the players are to be permitted to rap the handles of their bats and to flatten the sides for eighteen inches from the end. This will make a bat approaching the style that is used in cricket, and will encourage scientific hitting or "placing" of the ball. With a round bat, there is a great deal of chance work even with the best of players, but with a flattened face it will be possible not merely to hit the ball but to direct it to parts of the field where there are no players. The new rule is very likely to add interest to the game, besides making it safer sport.

Printers' errors are proverbial—cropping up in the worst places they could be. As a matter of fact, an invitation to a wedding is regarded now-a-days as a request to bring something, (a species of blackmail for acquaintance sake,) but few people we think would have the boldness to make the request in so many words, yet this is what a very respectable couple came near doing not long since. They left an order with a printer for invitations to the wedding of their daughter, and waited for the result. It came in this shape: "Mr. and Mrs.—request your presents at the wedding of their daughter." It was a little too frank a way of expressing the wish, and the cards were returned in time.

—Dr. O. E. Davis writes to the Cincinnati Lancet and Clinic that, having been a sufferer from blood poison until he became a local wrecker, he visited Las Vegas, New Mexico, took the "mud baths" administered there, and recovered his health. It seems that these baths of mud are made of earth through which the hot mineral waters of the place have percolated and is really "poulticed." The Doctor should be quite familiar with the subject, for he went through the process sixty-eight times.

—Kentucky tailor, taking a measure for trousers (to customer)—will you have one or two hip pockets? Customer—Two. Tailor—Pint or quart size? Customer—Quart.

—One day opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire. A brisk conversation arose between a Texan and an Irishman on the Federal side.

"What are you doing in the Yankee army?" said the Texan. "What are fighting for, anyhow?" "I'm a fitin' for \$13 a month. I believe you're fitin' for \$11"—Southern Bivouac.

—Greencastle Banner: The Republican party has lived long enough to complete the Washington Monument, which the Democrats were unable to do when in power. Indeed, the Republican party has built monuments all over the country in the shape of public edifices, manufacturing establishments, and prosperous cities, showing that it has not lived in vain. Can the Democratic party say as much?

—Chicago Herald:—One of the Massachusetts delegation was persistent in his demand that the platform should contain a plank in favor of liberal appropriations for an extensive system of coast defenses. He appeared before the committee, but met a rebuff, and then made a speech to a mob in front of Hovey's Theater.

"Oh, you sellers can hoot and yell," said he, "but I'm a Democrat from Cape Cod, and my house stands on a neck of land where a foreign gunboat could shoot the cold potatoes right off from my table. It may be funny for you fellers out here in the Mississippi Valley, but I want you to understand that if I have to emigrate at any time in the next four years, I'll hold the Democratic party responsible."

Delinquent List. A LIST of Lands and Lots returned delinquent for the Year 1883, and previous years, in Monroe County, Indiana, by Isaac Claman, Treasurer.

No. 1—Bloomington Township.

89 Elizabeth Chisholm, Mt. Tabor, Lot 3, value \$100, total tax 1.50.

104 Joseph E. Green, value no sec 110, 10-90-100 acres, value 54, total tax 1.54.

187 John Harris, pt nw sqw sec 110 r/w, value 40, total tax 2.05.

190 L. W. Hatfield, pt neq sec 116, 10-120, value 30, 50-100, total tax 12.24.

194 Thomas C. Martin, pt nw sqw sec 136 acres, value 100, total tax 1.50.

297 H. J. & R. D. Moore, pt neq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 200, total tax 6.72.

331 Isabella Pugh, Simeonville, lots 51, 91, 92, value 330, total tax 12.87.

358 Hester Ray, pt shf neq sec 110 r/w, 34-50-100 acres, value 200, to 1st 6.72.

360 John W. Smith, pt shf sec 110 r/w, 80-90-100 acres, value 550, total tax 10.39.

369 Chas. E. Whitesell, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 100 acres, value 50, 1st tax 3.19.

376 Chris. A. Summet, Stinesville, pt lot 24, total tax 86¢.

No. 2—Washington Township.

489 Henry J. Adams, no nwq sec 22, 110 r/w, 40 acres, value \$150, total tax \$8.10.

510 W. H. Bates, sww sqw sec 10 r/w, 40 acres, value 190, total tax 6.10.

515 Harvey Baker, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 190, total tax 6.10.

517 Martha Brannan, pt shf sqw, and pt sw neq sec 16 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 505, total tax 23.95.

518 Eleanna Brannan, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 60 acres, value 510, total tax 24.36.

543 Stephen Collier, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 150, total tax 4.85.

545 Mary A. Collier, nwq sec, and so neq sec 23 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 250, total tax 11.22.

552 Margaret Collier, nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 225, total tax, 7.17.

565 James F. Franklin, nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 150, total tax 6.77.

566 Dixon Fulford, as sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 150, total tax 4.85.

568 John A. Collier, nwq sec, and so neq sec 23 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 250, total tax 11.22.

570 John H. Hendrickson, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 510, total tax 24.36.

572 John H. Hendrickson, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 520, total tax 24.36.

574 John H. Hendrickson, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 120 acres, value 450, total tax 14.31.

575 S. M. Neal, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 20 acres, value 95, total tax 18.53.

576 Alvin Peacock, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 25 acres, value 100, total tax 20.16.

578 Nancy M. Nease, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 16 acres, value 100, total tax 14.31.

580 Lydia Schofield, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 125, total tax 4.08.

582 Ransom Sturte, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 100, total tax 14.31.

584 Samanta Tungate, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 140, total tax 14.31.

585 Vaudeville & Bales, as sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 175, total tax 17.71.

586 Sarah A. Vining, pt shf sqw, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 100 acres, value 200, total tax 14.31.

587 W. E. Whitesell, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 250, total tax 6.33.

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No. 3—Marion Township.

591 Nancy A. Dodson, nwq sec 114 r/w, 40 acres, value \$125, total tax 7.48.

595 John W. Evans, pt shf sqw sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 500, total tax 17.26.

598 Martin Hucker, nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 50, total tax 1.92.

602 George T. Musser, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 400, total tax 13.84.

604 Lydia Scholfield, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 125, total tax 4.08.

606 Frank Bowen, as sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 100, total tax 2.80.

609 Lewis Conner, whf sqw neq sec 110 r/w, 80 acres, value 125, total tax 7.48.

612 John C. Dickey, pt nwq sec 110 r/w, 40 acres, value 100, total tax 2.80.

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