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THE TAX LAW.

Commenting on Auditor Henderson's annual report and his defense of the new tax law the Indianapolis *Journal* pungently remarks:

In order to add \$96,000,000 to railroads and telegraphs, the tax law, so loudly championed, has added \$24,600,000 to farms, lots and improvements. No sort of personal property escapes taxation, yet the perfect tax law has increased its valuation but \$56,900,000, of which half, it is fair to assume, represents the increase of personal property owned by those who are taxed for farms and homes. Nor is it true that "the burden of taxation is equitably borne" under the present law. The person whose property is in bonds, stocks, money and notes is permitted to deduct his liabilities, or what he owes in money and notes, therefrom, while that privilege is refused those who hold farms and homes which are mortgaged. Tens of thousands of the aggregate value of farms and homes appraised at \$758,500,000, and which are taxed to the men who have mortgaged them, belong to the persons holding the mortgages, and should be taxed to them.

The *Journal* then goes on to say that the Auditor practically confesses the stupid blunder of the Democratic managers in the last Legislature by permitting the school tax to remain at 16 cents per \$100 after it had increased the taxable value of the property of the State nearly 50 per cent. when he says that the amount raised upon the valuation of 1890 was sufficient. But before the blunder can be remedied over \$1,050,000 will be unnecessarily taken from the tax-payers.

THE NEW YORK *Press* has this to say of a former Crawfordsvillian:

Thomas M. Patterson, proprietor of the *Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, who headed the Colorado delegation to the National Democratic Convention, is in New York, but is not likely to call on Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Patterson was so bitterly opposed to Cleveland that after his nomination he bolted the convention and the nomination. Patterson's news paper was the leading Democratic organ in the State, and when it was announced in the *News* that it would support Weaver for President there was consternation in the Colorado Democratic camp. During the campaign the *News* teemed with editorials opposing Cleveland and advocating Weaver. The Populists carried the State and the Cleveland men regard Patterson with that intense aversion, if not hatred, with which they look upon every outspoken enemy within the party of their idol. Patterson says that he has nothing to take back.

THE CHICAGO *Later Ocean* truthfully observes that when Benjamin Harrison was elected President there was scarcely a day that a delegation from the people did not wait upon him, shake hands, and counsel with him. But Democrats dare not approach Cleveland in that way. He began to dodge the week after the election, and to day no common mortal can approach his house and shake his hand. Democrats have prated about "Ben Harrison's coldness," but if there has ever been anything chillier than Cleveland's reception to the common people who made him, it has been the public observation.

According to the newspaper reports hogs are awful scarce in Chicago, yet last week that city received 143,150, against 127,760 for the corresponding week last year. During the four days of holiday week 6,000 were slaughtered.

THE DEMOCRATS OF NEW YORK now call the President-elect Dictator Cleveland. He has thrust his shovel into the Senatorial fight and declares that Edward Murphy must not be elected to succeed Hon. Frank Hiscock.

THE JOURNAL lifts its hat to 1893 and wishes all its readers a Happy New Year.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

The Peculiar Mistake Made by a Telegrapher.

A party of newspaper men and lawyers were discussing amusing typographical errors, when a veteran New York attorney told of a peculiar mistake that had come under his notice, made by a telegraph operator.

"I was a young man at that time," said the lawyer, "and had a small office across the hall from a successful attorney who once in awhile befriended me. One day I was sitting in my office with my legs on the table and chair tilted back, waiting for clients and dreaming of a sweet girl known to me as Ella, who had been the sweetheart of my college days the year before. I was startled from my reverie by a boy with a message directed to me. It was from my friend across the way and dated Chicago, but its contents made my brain whirl. With telegraphic brevity it said: 'Ella is sweet. Don't delay. Take it up and try it.' I was just considering the advisability of a proposal, and my astonishment can be imagined. My first impressions were that I was either asleep or the 'Windy City' had driven my friend insane. But there was the messenger boy, so I read the telegram upside down sideways, and every way I could see it, and the light finally dawned on me. I took up a court calendar. There it was: 'Ella vs. Sweet,' and my friend was named as the defendant's attorney."

January 1 in History.

New Year's day was celebrated by the Romans from the earliest times, and the Christian church adopted the custom, but abolished the heathen ceremony and made the day a festival in commemoration of the circumcision of Christ.

1008—A tradition makes this the day when the William Tell confederacy was organized, resulting in the independence of Switzerland.

1531—Charles II was crowned King of Scots at Stirling.

1735—Paul Revere, patriot rider, born in Boston.

1776—American flag first used by Washington at Cambridge, Mass.

1800—Abolition of Irish parliament and legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland proclaimed.

1801—William Herschel, astronomer, first discovered asteroids.

1810—Charles Ellet, originator of steam ram fleet on Mississippi, born at Buck's Manor, Pa.; died 1862.

1819—Philip Schaff, Biblical scholar now under the University of Colre, Switzerland; came to United States in 1844.

1830—Paul Hamilton Hayne, poet, born in Charleston; died 1886.

1876—Rev. Henry Boehm died on Staten Island, aged 101.

1890—William Starr Dana, U. S. N., died in Paris, aged 51.

This Date in History—Jan. 2.

18—Publius Ovidius Naso, Roman amateur poet, died.

1757—John Wilkes, English political writer, born. Killed at Quebec in 1759.

1767—Hugh Swinton Legare, statesman, writer and uncompromising Unionist, born in Charleston; died 1842.

1805—Alexander, earl of Ross, KINGLAKE, born.

1828—John R. Broadhead, diplomat and author of a history of New York, born in Philadelphia; died 1873.

1827—Dr. John Mason Good, English physician and author, died 1841.

1837—Ex-Governor John H. Clifford, of Massachusetts, died, aged 67.

1879—Caleb Cushing, jurist and statesman, died in Newburyport, Mass., born 1800.

1888—John T. Hoffman, born 1806, died at Princeton, born 1806.

1891—Dr. T. Trimble died at Baltimore, born 1848.

1891—Alexander William Kinglake, author of "History of the Crimean War," died in London; born 1822.

The Martyr.

Every one on him who strays,
From his heaven sent ways,
Dears his inward ear
Angel comfortings can bear
Over the rabbler's laughter;
And while hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter. —Whittier

A Little Editor.



ETHEL STOUT.

The youngest editor in the United States is Ethel Stout, born in Ohio in 1882, but now a resident of Florida. Her father is a newspaper man, and when she expressed a wish for a paper of her own he told her to set the type and he would do the printing. She fell to at once, "learned the case," and two years ago began at Delaware, Fla., a temperance paper. It is now published at Indian River, Fla., is a quarto and is called *The Midget*. It is a pleasure to add that the bright, intelligent editor is also wealthy and full of childlike fun.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

An electrical machine in the London mint counts the coins.

The telegraph companies in the United States employ 37,000 women operators.

A submarine electrical lamp has been tested in Toulon at a depth of thirty feet. It illuminated a radius of 100 feet. Fish surrounded it like insects about a lamp.

It is said that two French scientists have lately discovered an entirely new property of Faraday's disk, and that the result may be an important improvement in the dynamo.

Electricity is popularly supposed never to be visible but in a form of zigzag lightning. Edison thinks differently as to the first point, and photography has proved the second.

A "progressive" for telephone companies is the progressive title of an attachment to the ordinary telephone receiver to exclude external sounds without discomfort to the user from a firm pressure of the instrument against the head.

The formal opening of the telephone line between New York and Chicago marks an important and progressive step in telephony. It is an unprecedented feat to speak over a wire 1,000 miles.

It was the ordinary voice easily and plainly heard, but even a whisper was distinctly audible.

What Was Left.



"Is that Ralph Hownow, who was mentioned in his late uncle's will?"

"Yes; \$1,000 went to charity, and what was left of the estate went to Ralph."

"Indeed, and what was left?"

"Ralph." —Life.

I Have Taken Several

Bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases combined, of 16 years standing, and I believe I am cured entirely, for which please accept my thanks.

Mrs. W. E. STEBBINS, Ridge, Ga.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MAB.

Continued.

Those were the last words I heard as I stole from the room. I stole out softly, shutting the door noiselessly behind me. Then I fled—fled blindly—through the passage, through the orchard, and out into the country lanes. In the house or garden the girls would find me. They were dear girls, but they would be curious and question me. They were kind, and they would pity me, and comfort me—and I could not bear their comfort or their pity.

I threw myself down on a grassy bank beneath a high shady hedge, and buried my hot face in my hands, and tried to get used and hardened to the feeling of my shame. The shame seemed to burn out all other feelings. I forgot my love; I only realized my humiliation.

Two or three scalding tears fell through my fingers; then the tears dried up. My head throbbed and burnt; my hot hand, pressed against my brow, did not cool it. There was a sound of advancing steps, and I rose hurriedly to my feet. At the same moment Ned came in sight round the curve of the high-edged lane. I guessed rather than saw that it was he; I walked on swiftly, away from him, down the grass-grown path.

Would he be kind and let me go? Would he pretend not to see that I was before him as I was pretending not to know that he was behind me? Would he spare me the humiliation of standing face to face with him again? The questions whirled through my brain, whilst I listened with strained attention to the firm, quick steps that followed.

The steps hastened; he meant to overtake me. When I realized his intention I stood still. A green gate opened from the lane into a meadow; I stood still beside the gate and waited for him, half-facing him as he advanced, my cheeks in a scarlet flame, my eyes defiant, daring him to pity me.

If he showed that he was sorry for me, I would never forgive him! If he was embarrassed and conscious of my embarrassment, I should hate him always!

He came to the gate, and stood still before me. "Mab," he said.

His tone was a little graver than usual, but frank and simple and direct. Somehow, though he had spoken but

the steps hastened; he meant to overtake me. When I realized his intention I stood still. A green gate opened from the lane into a meadow; I stood still beside the gate and waited for him, half-facing him as he advanced, my cheeks in a scarlet flame, my eyes defiant, daring him to pity me.

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