

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the one remedy for their peculiar ailments.

The man was Dr. Pierce. The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women.

Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the guarantee that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it.

Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.

DR. BRUBAKER. King of Specialists.

Locates all diseases without asking a question. The greatest diagnostician of his century.



Late of the Medical Department, University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, and the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York City. Treats successfully the following diseases:

Ague, Anemia, Asthma, Barrenness, Bladder, Blisters, Bronchitis, Chronic Diarrhea, Crooked Limbs, Club Feet, Constipation, Cancer, Catarrh, Diphtheria, Debility, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Dysentery, Eczema, Eye, Ear, Throat, Glandular, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Gravel, Hip Joint Disease, Hemorrhoids, Hysteria, Irritability, Impotency, Joint Diseases, Kidneys, Liver, Leucorrhoea, Nervousness, Ovaries, Piles, Prostration, Pimples, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Rupture, Spine, Skin, Swellings, Skin Diseases, Stricture, Scrofula, St. Vitus Dance, Syphilis, Spermatorrhea, Tapes, Worms, Tonsils, Enlargement, Tumors, Uterus, Vaginas, Wounds.

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7 a. m. to 12 m., 1 p. m. to 5 p. m., 7 p. m. to 9 p. m., Sundays 9 a. m. to 12 m.
Consultation in English and German Free.
Those at distance who are unable to call should send for a question blank.
PRESCRIPTION AND CONSULTATION PARLORS
Nos. 1 and 2 FAIR BLOCK,
Corner Illinois street and Jackson Place,
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PUMPS, Wood, Iron, Stone and chain, Williams Bros.

The Green Street Pump men are in it for blood. We have too many pumps on hand and must get rid of them. Never in the history of our business have we carried such a stock. They must go. Now is your chance. Come and get.

Pumps at Your Own Price.

Remember, we mean what we say. The same old stand south Green street opp. Music Hall.

DEAFNESS.

ITS CAUSES and CURE

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, and only cured, and only cured, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

DR. A. FONTAINE,
31 West 14th St., N. Y.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County: In the Montgomery Circuit Court, January term, 1891.

May M. Long vs. Bartholomew Long, complainant No. 9,908.

Now comes the plaintiff by Coppage & White, her attorneys, and files her complaint therein, to be assigned to mortgage real estate without the consent of her husband, together with an affidavit of said defendant, Bartholomew Long, is not a resident of the State of Indiana.

Notice is therefore hereby given said defendant, that unless he be and appear on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1891, at the Court House in Crawfordsville, in said County and State, and answer or demur to said complaint, the same will be heard and determined in his absence.

Witness my name and the seal of said Court, at Crawfordsville, this 15th day of January, A. D. 1891. HENRY B. HULLETT, Clerk.

COPPAGE & WHITE, Attorneys for plaintiff.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Ruhama Munn, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed, and duly qualified as Administrator of the estate of Ruhama Munn, late of Montgomery County, Indiana, deceased. Said estate is said to be solvent.

ALEXANDER T. THOMPSON,
HENRY T. THOMPSON.

Dated, Dec. 22, 1890.

A minister in England made \$50,000 by inventing an odd toy that danced by winding it with a string.

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
F. T. LOUSE.

Court News.

State ex rel Lillie A. Burkhard vs. Frank Cornell, Bastardy. Bench warrant issued for arrest of defendant.

Win. Reese vs. W. U. Telegraph Co. By agreement suit is dismissed at plaintiff's cost.

Benj. M. Gale vs. Midland railroad. Defendant files motion for change of venue from the county.

State vs. Vm. F. Pettit, murder. Defendant files bills of exceptions, "O" and "P."

State vs. Stephen Ward, appeal. Motion to quash affidavit sustained and defendant goes acquitted.

Aultman, Miller & Co., vs. Homer Bowers, administrator of the estate of Jos. Cooper. Claim. Plaintiff awarded \$40 damages and costs.

Emil Missbach vs. W. E. Deer, administrator of the estate of Cynthia E. Ham. Claim. Plaintiff awarded \$5.25 damages and costs.

J. S. Murry & Son vs. Walter D. Jones, administrator of the estate of Ellen Cauley. Dismissed at plaintiff's cost for failure to prosecute.

Wm. H. Newkirk vs. Wm. Somerville et al. Complaint. Judge J. M. Rabb called to try the case.

Ezra Voris vs. Henry Tomlinson, administrator of the estate of Wm. Tomlinson. Claim. Plaintiff awarded \$244.23 and costs.

Cohoon & Fisher vs. Henry Tomlinson, administrator of the estate of Wm. Tomlinson. Claim. Plaintiff awarded \$4.75 and costs.

John W. Davis vs. Wm. J. Miles, administrator of the estate of James Davis. Claim. Plaintiff awarded \$127.85 and costs.

Washington Reynearson vs. Christian Elzroth. Complaint. By agreement the case was dismissed at defendant's cost.

Benj. M. Gale vs. the Midland R. R. Complaint. Sent to the circuit court of Fountain county for trial.

Jennie Peckham vs. Margaret Brown. Continued.

State vs. Calvin Burke. Dismissed.

Margaret H. Suman vs. John A. Griffin, administrator of the estate of Romy Bush, claim. Plaintiff awarded \$215 and costs.

Frank Lorrey et al. vs. Wm. Somerville et al. Account; plaintiff awarded \$93.72 and costs.

May Not Break in Jail.

The case of Mike Lane, the prosperous gravel road contractor and farmer of Scott township who having mortgaged his property and eloped for the West with another woman than his lawful wife is still vivid in the public mind. Arriving in Washington he entered land on the present site of the city of Whatcom and began to grow up with the country under the alias of Wm. M. Hart. He was later recognized and Marshal Ensminger made a trip to Whatcom only to find his bird perched on a limb just across the Canadian line, he having been warned by friends here. But its a long lane that has no turning and Mike has come to grief. His land increased wonderfully in value as the city grew and is to-day worth \$100,000. Some parties cognizant of Lane's true name and also of the United States law which forbids the entering of land under an assumed name have filed a counter claim and are contesting Lane's right to the property. He of course refused to come back here to be identified, so attorneys Coppage and Bruner have been busy for two days taking deposition of Mike's old acquaintances, a large number of whom have been examined. A picture of Mike while standing in front of a bar room with a gang of sports is on exhibition and the only photograph available, but many easily recognize him. The counter claim, so attorneys state, is sure to hold good, and Lane's wickedness will finally be visited on his own head.—Journal.

Released.

Dr. W. W. Steele, of Waveland, under arrest at Anderson for the past two months on charge of highway robbery, has been released on his own recognizance. There is a belief that he has been falsely accused, still no one seems to be at fault. He went to Anderson intoxicated, and continued dissipating, besides which he associated with characters which warranted the officers in placing him under suspicion. He comes of an old and honored family. Dr. Steele says of himself, that his reputation is gone, and although he is innocent of the charges made against him, it will be years before he can live down the disgrace and reinstate himself in popular favor.

The best thing probably for Steele is to put a space of 1,000 miles or more between himself and the places which have heretofore known him, and begin life over again.

Would You Know Him?

The following is the description of W. F. Pettit entered on the prison register at Michigan.

William F. Pettit—Age 32 years; weight 184 pounds; height, 5 feet 9 1/2 inches; complexion, light; hair light; birthplace, New York; widower; occupation, preacher, painter, paper hanger and bookkeeper; distinguishing marks, scar on left big toe, right eye defective, sharp and prominent nose.

Pettit is at work on a sanding machine in the chair manufacturing department, and his hands were quite sore the first few days. He bears it patiently, however, in the hopes that he will soon be relieved and put on lighter work.—Lafayette Courier.

Fortunate Father and Son.

"I am as certain as I now live," says C. E. Bartholomew, of Kalkaska, Mich., "that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., saved my life when I was a victim of that terrible renal disorder—Bright's disease. My son had a fever sore on his leg. He, too, used Favorite Remedy, and is now well. But for this medicine I am sure both father and son would have been six feet under the sod."

COLUMBUS Buggies at Tinsley & Martin's.

AT COST.—Our blankets and robes are being closed out at cost. Come early and get your choice. ABRAMAM & WATSON,
6m West Main Street.

Farmers, it will pay you to read Darter's "ad." in this issue of the REVIEW. He has something to say that will make you money.

The number of visitors to New York City every month is greater than the total number of its fixed residents.

THEY DISCARD WIGS.

JEWISH GIRLS ALLOW THEIR HAIR TO GROW IN THIS LAND.

In Russia and Poland Jewish Rabbinical Compel Maidens to Cut Their Raven Locks and Wear Wigs—Here, However, the Girls Please Themselves.

From one of the old fashioned houses in East Broadway hangs this sign: "Ladies' Barber Shop. Ladies' Hair Cut and Dressed." The visions of daintily perfumed rooms and pretty women attendants that may be aroused by this are not borne out by clever inspection. In fact these combinations don't flourish in that locality. But nevertheless the place has an interesting history. The proprietor is a square faced man with a bald head and brown mustache. He is a Russian Hebrew, and learned the art of hair dressing in Russia. He practiced it in Germany and Austria, also, before he came to New York to beautify the heads of the east side belles. Many a blushing kalla (bride) has had her hair done up in tasteful coils by his nimble fingers previous to her wedding. Business was dull the other day when a reporter called upon the barber.

"Most of my customers are Jewish girls, of course," he said. "Times have changed greatly since I received my apprenticeship. The girls are not so pious any more, not even the daughters of the most orthodox families. There is a spirit of freedom in the air in this country which overwhelms many of the old time customs, and Jews do here many things which would cause their ostracism in the Jewish quarters of the Russian villages."

GIRLS WITH SHORT HAIR.

"When I first began my work all Jewish girls and women wore wigs. They clipped their own hair very close and wore the wigs over it. Before my time they used to shave their heads. The reason for this custom was that some rabbi had declared it proper. He argued that it subdued the spirit of vanity inherent in all women. His dictum was generally approved, and it became so general a custom that no pious Jewish woman would have exhibited her own hair in public under any circumstances."

"If by chance her wig was displaced and her own hair was revealed she considered it a calamity, and prayed earnestly that her involuntary sin might be forgiven. The wigs were never allowed to be ornamental, but were always very plain and common looking. This custom still prevails in the small towns and villages of Russia and Russian Poland. Elsewhere it has been modified."

"I was abroad a few years ago, and noticed that in the cities the women have established a new system. Instead of clipping their hair short all over the head they now let it grow in a bang in front and clip the rest. They wear little skull caps over the clipped part, and only put on the wigs occasionally. Very few wear wigs in the morning, and they do their marketing without them. The appearance of a lot of women with bangs straying from under skull caps is very odd."

"The influence of America upon the custom is remarkable. It is well known abroad that it has been discarded here, and the result is that most of the women immigrants are prepared for it. In fact I have come across a number of girls who let their hair grow secretly under their native villages, and threw their wigs overboard as soon as they got on the vessels that carried them to these shores. Of course if they had been detected at home they would have received scant courtesy from the rabbis."

A QUEER CASE.

"It may seem strange that Chief Rabbi Joseph doesn't insist upon the continuance of this custom in New York, but I imagine that he has been advised that it would be impossible to enforce it. Most of the women wait until they come here before they let their hair grow."

"It is my business to train and trim it after it is grown. You see even the girls who have held to the custom until they come to this country give it up when they see how lonesome they are here. It is no easy task to fix their hair, because constant clipping has stiffened and hardened it. It is amusing, though, that these girls are very critical. Once they discard the clipping and wig business they go to the other extreme. It is as though all the natural vanity that has been pent up in them had suddenly been let loose."

"About a year ago I was called upon to testify in a lawsuit about this custom. Alexander Levy, a Polish fur maker, had been arrested upon the charge of Eliza Blashner. She said that she had advanced him money upon his promise to marry her, which he had failed to refund when the promise was broken. It came out in the trial that he was anxious to marry her, but that his parents objected because she wasn't pious enough. He admitted on the witness stand that this was the case. He said that his parents had threatened to cast him off, and to mourn for him as if he were dead if he married the girl."

"The main objection, it seems, was that she wouldn't shave off her hair and wear a wig as his mother did. The girl gave the keynote of the feeling in the orthodox community here when she said that she had refused to do this because the custom had been generally abandoned, and because she was an American and didn't propose to make a guy of herself. "It is only rarely that I find any women, even among the old ones, who adhere to the custom. My work has grown away from what it was originally, and now it is mainly hair dressing, after the mode prevalent in this and all other civilized countries."—New York Sun.

A Paradox.

Jinks—What are you doing now, old man?
Blinks—(who has married a temper)—Well, I'm—running a—a—hothouse, queer too, for it's scold from morning till night.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

BEFORE THE SHRINE.

I built a shrine and set my idol there,
And morn and noon and night my knees I bent,
And cried aloud until my strength was spent,
Beseeching his cold pity with my prayer.
Sounding at dawn, when the day was fair,
A ray of light to his stern visage sent.
The semblance of a smile. "Does he relent,"
I cried, "this strong god Love, whose high priest
is Despair?"
But noon came on, and in its full clear light
I saw his life, as ruthless as of old.
And his eyes mocked me like relentless fate,
Till I was fain to hide me from his sight;
Then one swept off from him his mantle's fold,
And lo! my idol was not Love, but Hate.
—Exchange.

A HUT IN THE PRAIRIE.

I checked my horse, and after one long, straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, but had stubbornly fought down the suspicion, though my horse evidently realized it. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. A Texas prairie is a beautiful, soul inspiring sight on a bright day, when the sky is an inverted bowl of turquoise, and the wind comes sweeping over the grassy wastes as fresh and sweet as the bloom on a baby's cheek, but there can be no greater sense of desolation born of nature than that aroused by this same prairie when it lies black and bare to the chill October wind, which has plucked the glory of Indian summer from earth and sky.

I felt this as I gazed about me, discontented and even a trifle anxious, for the sun had set some minutes before in a cloud heap, which, closing over it like a rebel horde depositing its king, overran his monarchy with its blood red standard. In place of the ranch, the hearty well-combed, pleasant words, bed, supper and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind, on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many—all narrow and winding, for whose meandering there seemed not the slightest excuse, except the general tendency to crookedness most things, animate and inanimate alike, possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a bloodhound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made by horses' feet or those of cattle. It was certainly beyond my powers to decide, and in addition to their doubtful nature they had a most perplexing way of running into each other, crossing and recrossing, going off at a tangent and frequently wandering off and getting lost altogether. So I soon dismissed the problem as hopeless of solution.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the points of the compass gone with it. As I sat perplexed and worried the gloom of twilight gathered fast and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through, while in the distance there was the roll of thunder. Glancing up I saw that the masses of cloud had closed together in a curtain of gray mist. My horse strode on of his own accord, and hoping that his instinct would lead us to some house I let him have his will. Presently it began to rain, a sort of heartbroken, passionless weeping, but with a steady determination to persevere all night, that awoke graver apprehension in my bosom than any amount of blustering, showering downpour could have done. This fine still rain was accompanied by a low songing wind that added its desolate note to the general dreariness of the hour. Of course I did not mind a little rain, but the prospect of spending the entire night exposed to it was anything but agreeable, and I grew really violent in denunciation of the folly which had led me, an utter stranger in the country, to attempt to find anything less than a volcano in active eruption on a bald prairie.

The Texans are a fine people, in some—in many—respects the most admirable of hosts, but individually and collectively they lack any appreciation of distance. This is due of course to them having so much space around them, but to a stranger ignorant of the extent to which the phrases "a little piece out" and "just outside o' town" can be stretched this contemptuous regard of miles is a little misleading. But in the face of that dreary, monotonous moaning of rain and wind even my anger at my own folly could not burn long, and though chilled to the bone and tired and hungry I plodded on dully, grateful that no night, even the longest, could last forever. It was now quite dark, and very dark at that, though at short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of brightness showed, too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness about me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same, I repeat it, I saw a man walking in front of me, and furthermore I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough but well fitting clothes; that he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise rather fixed features.

"Hallo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I concluded he did not hear me. As a second half produced no result I spurred my weary horse up to overtake the stranger. But though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances, I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us. Then I began to wonder how, with intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length when I could hardly see his head before me. I am not given to superstitions fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity. When after attempt after attempt to overtake the stranger had failed, I took mercy on my jaded horse, and resolved to follow my unobscure

guide, as he must have some definite destination.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when as suddenly as he had appeared he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid from his instant and complete disappearance that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and abouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then, as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house, or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend; so dismounting and tying the gray I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey. I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying this and finding that it yielded to me I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately I carried my matches in an air tight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room, close to a fireplace, over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp, to which I applied my match as I looked about me.

On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes, and over these crouched a child, a little girl of 5 or 6. At the other end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished, lay a man across a bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was about to go forward and look at him, when the child, who had at first seemed dazed at the light, fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then began to cry. "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but was now a pulpy unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains of my day's supply to the child, and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection; the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold, while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.

"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner, no brekfast, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food, but by dint of searching in the hay I discovered a nest, which Nelly informed me was there, and in it two fresh eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed room and fed and watered him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed these to the nearest town, where I notified the authorities of the death.

The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstable. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a pretty girl of 17. I have never told this story before, but I am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.

TWENTY MILES OF FLAME.

Two Rivers Covered with Oil Are Fired and Much Property Is Destroyed.

GRAFTON, W. Va., Jan. 22.—The great pipe of the Eureka Oil Field Company broke Monday night where it crosses Buffalo creek, and when the break was discovered the creek and the Monongahela river for twenty miles were covered with oil. After dark some one fired the oil, and the streams were soon on fire for twenty miles. Every object for miles was visible. Thousands of trees were killed and ave bridges burned, including the great iron bridge at Pine Grove.

For a Congress of States.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 22.—There is a movement on foot to hold a congress to be composed of representatives of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Utah and Montana. The purpose is to unite the people of these States and Territories in the work of securing National legislation demanded by the best interest of the Middle Western States. The congress is to be held at the great mardi gras and inter-State trade display at Galveston, Tex., from February 5 to 10, inclusive.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Jan. 22.—The Journal's special from Winona, Minn., says that the opera-house in that city burned Tuesday night soon after the performance was finished. The Maggie Mitchell Company had occupied the house for the evening's performance and some of the property of the company was destroyed. Loss, \$7,000.

Brazilian Ministers Resign.

Rio JANEIRO, Jan. 22.—In the Assembly Web-sday the constitution was read for the first time. Several amendments were proposed. The Assembly passed a resolution censuring certain acts of the Provisional Government, whereupon the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Commerce tendered their resignations.

Giant Powder Explodes.

ASHLAND, Wis., Jan. 22.—At the Sampson mine, near Plummer, Tuesday afternoon, ten sticks of giant powder, lying under a boiler, exploded, completely demolishing the engine, boiler and engine-house, and very seriously injuring three men, Ed Miller, Louis Osthoft and John Kroustebost.

LAW-MAKERS VOTE.

Several State Legislatures Ballot for Senator.

GOVERNOR HILL AHEAD IN NEW YORK.

No Result Reached in Illinois How the Balloting Stands in a Number of Other States Which Voted Informally Tuesday.

FILLING THE VACANT SEAT.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 21.—The vote was taken in the Senate for a United States Senator to succeed Farwell. The result was as follows: Senate—Palmer, 21; Oglesby, 27. House—Palmer, 77; Oglesby, 73; Streeter, 3. As no one candidate received a majority in both Houses there was no election.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 21.—The Senate and House voted separately for United States Senator Tuesday, and Daniel W. Voorhees received his full party vote. The formal election in joint convention will occur to-day.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 21.—Both branches of the Legislature voted for a United States Senator at noon. There were six absentees in the Assembly, and the ballot resulted: Hill, 63; Everts, 58. In the Senate the vote stood: Hill, 13; Everts, 19. The joint session will be held Wednesday when all the Democrats are expected to be present, and as a result elect Hill.

DENVER, Col., Jan. 21.—The Senate has elected H. M. Teller to succeed himself by a vote of 14 to 10. The "Regular" and the "combine" houses also met separately, and both gave Teller a majority.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Jan. 21.—The vote in the Senate on United States Senator was: Vest, 23; Headley (Republican), 7; Jones (Labor), 1. In the House the vote was: Vest, 100; Headley, 25; Leonard (Labor), 6.

SALEM, Ore., Jan. 21.—The Senate and House balloted in separate session for United States Senator to succeed J. H. Mitchell. In the Senate the ballot resulted: J. H. Mitchell (Rep.), 22; B. Goldsmith (Dem.), 6. In the House the vote was: Mitchell, 41; Goldsmith, 19.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Jan. 21.—Both Houses of the Legislature balloted for United States Senator, the result being the re-election of James K. Jones, the Republican and Union Labor votes being divided. In the House the vote stood: Jones, 30; Jacob Fisher (Rep.), 12, and three scattering. In the Senate the vote was: Jones, 26; scattering, 2.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 21.—Tuesday both branches of the Legislature voted for a United States Senator. The Republicans of both branches voted for Senator Platt, while the Democrats scattered.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 21.—The vote for United States Senator in the Senate Tuesday afternoon resulted: Cameron (Rep.), 31; Black (Dem.), 15. Senator Logan (Dem.) voted for J. C. Aible. Three Democrats were absent. In the House the vote was: Cameron (Rep.), 118; Black (Dem.), 77; Taggard (Ind. Rep.), 7; Dr. T. L. Flood, of Meadville, 1; Judge Harry White, of Indiana, 1; absent, 3.

OLYMPIA, Wash., Jan. 21.—In the Senate Tuesday afternoon the vote for United States Senator was: Watson C. Squire, 15; W. H. Calkins, 14. Acting Governor Laughton, 1; Thomas Carroll (Dem.), 4. In the House Tuesday night the vote for United States Senator was taken. Squire received 43, Calkins 15 and Carroll 17.

BISMARCK, N. D., Jan. 21.—The balloting for United States Senator began Tuesday. McCormick received the 23 Democratic votes. Pierce led the Republican candidates with 50 votes against 12 for Miller, 11 for Hansbrough, 7 for Lounsbury, 8 for Ball and others scattering. The two houses go into joint session to-day. It is probable that two or three ballots will be taken, but an election is not expected until the day after.

PIERRE, S. D.,