

THE REVIEW.

—BY—
F. T. LUSE.
 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
 One Year, in the county\$1.00
 One Year, out of the county1.10
 Inquire at Office for Advertising Rates.

Science continues to progress. The latest alleged evidence of this is the new microscope perfected by Prof. Gates, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Gates claims that by means of his compound double-acting discovery he can magnify objects to the extent of 3,000,000 diameters. The best microscopes now in use only magnify 10,000 diameters. The secret of the discovery is said to be a process by which the magnified image projected on a lens can be magnified by a second lens as if it were the original object.

There are three Territorial delegates in the present Congress—all Democrats. All three are Southern men. The delegate from Arizona is a Kentuckian. His rise in politics was rapid. He arrived in Arizona in 1881 and was elected to office in 1882. It is claimed that an Ohio man could not have done any better. The delegate from New Mexico is a native of Alabama. He was elected by 19,000 votes to 66 votes cast for his gold Democratic opponent. The delegate from Oklahoma is a native of Missouri and was formerly a clergyman and operated a sawmill.

"The world is lookin' at us" Hoosiers. The Pasha of Egypt recently sent an order to an Indiana "bike" factory for two wheels because he considered that the common "sod-cutters" manufactured in England and the Eastern States were not good enough for him. The wheels were made to order for the Pasha, and a prince of his court. The Pasha weighs 225 pounds, but when it comes to wheels he is a dude in the matter of taste. The order was for cushion frames, to be enameled royal cream. They were wrapped and crated water and air proof.

Information that seems to be genuine has been received at Washington to the effect that a "sure enough" gang of Chinese pirates have set sail in Bering sea for the purpose of capturing the gold-laden steamers from the Yukon. The information came officially to the Treasury Department, and one steamship company has already appealed to the government for protection for their vessels. The reports will be investigated, and if found to be reliable the patrol fleet in Alaskan waters will be ordered to escort treasure-laden vessels to a point where safety is assured.

At the beginning of July there were 13,778 applications on file for government employment as laborers at the civil service board at New York city. During July 537 additional applications were filed. During June two laborers died, one resigned, and seventy-five new places were created or made vacant by removal, thus affording a total of eighty-two chances for the vast army of more than 14,000 men to draw their wages from the coffers of Uncle Sam. The outlook for employment through the civil service all over the country is not bright, vacancies being comparatively few and far between.

At the recent convention of factory inspectors at Detroit, Inspector Mayo, of Minnesota, spoke somewhat disrespectfully of Chicago. The Chicago delegates protested and Mr. Mayo proceeded to add insult to injury by calling Chicago "that modern Sodom at the foot of Lake Michigan, where every vile and vicious plant in the garden of humanity is nurtured, and where each spring the worst of them are sent to the Legislature to be bought by corporations." That is pretty rough on "Lots" of good people who may not have received divine warning to "escape for thy life; look not behind thee."

It is related of Henry Clay that on one of his trips home from Washington to Kentucky by stages he stopped en route on the edge of a very high precipice in the Alleghenies, over which the road passed, and wrapping his cloak about his towering form he gazed below in silent meditation for some time. He seemed to be listening for something intently. Finally his companions became restless and one asked the great orator what he was listening for. Standing there on the top of the mountain, Mr. Clay said in his wonderfully impressive manner: "I am listening to the tramp of the footsteps of the coming millions of this continent." Prophetic words indeed. That procession is now passing. "Men of action clear the way."

Mr. J. J. Valentine, of the Wells, Fargo & Co. express lines, a recognized authority in business circles, has tabulated various lines of bonds and stocks of the numerous railway lines in the hands of receivers throughout the country. The detailed statement is too lengthy for reproduction in our columns. One example of the effect of the financial depression on associated capital is that of Union Pacific stock, which a few years ago sold at \$125 and higher per share, and paid 6 per cent. dividends; it is now quoted at \$7 per share, with no possibility of dividends. A summary of Mr. Valentine's table shows that the holders of \$25,000,000 of bonds, debenture certificates and preferred and common stock of 50,000 miles of railroad in the hands of receivers in this country have lost quite as heavily

by the financial stringency of recent years as the owners of other kinds of property.

The "synchronograph" is a new one, and it has undertaken the job of revolutionizing the present telegraph systems of the world. Claimed that messages may now be sent at the rate of 4,300 words a minute over ordinary lines. Five hundred words a minute may be transmitted by cable lines. The apparatus is now mounted in the general postoffice at London, England, from which point all experiments have thus far been made. The messages are both sent and received by the aid of a dynamo. It is believed that by the new system letters of five hundred words may be transmitted at no greater cost than by present postal rates.

A line of "sentinel" ships is projected that will add materially to the safety of ocean travel on the Atlantic. The capital is to be furnished by a French syndicate. The peculiar pattern of stationary vessel that is to be used is the joint plan of an Italian named Carvello and a Frenchman named Lemieux. The framework of the vessel is to be entirely of steel tubes covered with steel netting, with quarter-inch meshes filled with concrete and rubbed smooth. About seventy-five vessels will be required for this great ocean picket line. The ships will be stationed fifty miles apart, and will be anchored by cables to the bottom of the sea in a way to make them absolutely safe. They will be provided with searchlights and telegraphic apparatus, and will be in fact ocean hotels, where ships might "pass the night" if necessary. The immense advantage of the scheme to all who "go down to the sea in ships" is apparent to all, but just how toll sufficient to maintain the outfit is to be collected is not explained.

INSURGENT VICTORY.

The Cuban insurgents appear to have gained a decisive victory at Victoria de las Tunas, one of the most important cities in the province of Santiago de Cuba. Even Spanish officials admit the defeat and regard the loss of the place as a serious setback for the royalist cause. As a matter of fact, it seems that the Spaniards now regard Cuba as irretrievably lost. The only question is, how to "let go of the bar." This victory demonstrates also that the Cuban insurgents have recently made substantial gains both in arms and men. Heretofore they have avoided pitched battles and have not dared to attack fortified cities. Victoria de las Tunas is strongly fortified with seven forts and a heavy armament, and commands the main highway between the central and eastern parts of the island. Its capture makes the insurgents masters of the eastern part of Cuba, the city of Santiago de Cuba being the only place in the province of that name still in control of the Spaniards. It is expected that the Cubans will at once establish their capital at Victoria de las Tunas and demand recognition as a belligerent state. Weyler's day of reckoning is at hand.

NATIONAL BANK STATISTICS.

The abstract of reports of conditions of national banks on May 14, just issued from the Government Printing office, is accompanied by a diagram prepared by the controller of the currency and the chief of the Bureau of Statistics. The diagram displays graphically the growth and changes in the principal items of resources of national banks from 1864 to 1896, inclusive. In October, 1864, the capital of the 508 banks amounted to \$36,800,000; a year later the number of banks had increased to 1,513, and the capital to \$393,200,000. The capital gradually increased to \$504,800,000 on October 1, 1875, the highest point reached until 1883, when it amounted to \$509,000,000. The increase thereafter was gradual until 1892, when the highest point was reached, namely, \$686,600,000. In the fall of 1896 the amount had declined to \$648,300,000. Loans and discounts reached their maximum between 1864 and 1880; in 1875 the amount was \$684,700,000. In 1880 that amount was exceeded by \$66,300,000; with one exception from that date to 1892 there was a rapid increase and the highest point ever reached was in October, 1892, namely, \$2,171,000,000. In 1893 there was a drop to \$1,843,600,000, but a recovery in 1895 to \$2,050,400,000. In the fall of 1896 there was a decline to \$1,793,300,000. The deposits have fluctuated to about the same extent as loans and discounts; the maximum being reached in 1892, when they amounted to \$1,779,300,000. In the following year deposits declined to \$1,465,400,000, and reacted the following year to \$1,742,100,000. The circulation outstanding in 1866 reached \$290,000,000, and the highest point was reached in 1873, the amount being \$341,000,000. The minimum amount outstanding is shown to have been \$122,000,000 in October, 1890. At the close of the report of the year 1896 the amount had risen to \$209,000,000. The average per capita of banking funds of all national banks is shown to be \$37.14, varying from a minimum of \$2.72 in Arkansas, to a maximum of \$120.59 in Massachusetts. The diagram shows the average in each State. The diagram also shows by States and geographical divisions the capital, deposits and loans of all national banks and in addition an illustration of the changes in the various classes of paper money in circulation from 1864 to 1896. The chart is being sent to all national banks and leading newspapers.

BACKED DOWN.

DIVINE HEALER SCHRADER BADLY "BLUFFED" BY A KOKOMO MINISTER.

Bull Fight in Putnam County—Mastodon's Skeleton Found—Counterfeiters Captured—State News.

Schrader Backed Down.
 Kokomo special: The Kokomo preachers are after Schrader, the "divine healer." Schrader has been here a week with his bride blessing the people attending the county fair. To test the powers of the healer the Rev. T. H. Kuhn, pastor of the Main-street Christian church, took a hack load of cripples to Schrader's quarters and watched the proceedings. The afflicted ones received the usual blessing, but, receiving no benefits, were carried out again by Mr. Kuhn, who then denounced Schrader as a fraud and impostor. Mr. Kuhn went to Schrader again and the latter said his faith was so strong that he could drink poison and not be affected. The minister then pulled a vial labeled "strychnine" out of his pocket and asked Schrader to drink it. The healer refused to swallow the stuff. The potion was epsom salts. Nearly all the preachers in the city denounced Schrader in their pulpits to-day.

Bull Fight in Putnam County.
 Greencastle special: James Foudray tested the merits of Spain's national amusement, and comes out of the contest with a dead bull. His son went to the barn to feed the animal, which was a valuable Jersey. He was attacked and escaped with difficulty. Mr. Foudray himself then took charge of affairs armed with a pitchfork. The bull made for him as soon as he entered the door. He planted the tines of the fork between the beast's all the more, and it made another rush. Again the sharp fork was brought into play, but Foudray was pushed back against the wall. His position was extremely dangerous and was rendered vastly more so by the breaking of the handle



JAMES B. RAY.
 Governor of Indiana Two Terms, 1825-1831.

of the fork. A neighbor rushed in with a rifle, shot the mad brute down and probably saved Foudray's life.

Mastodon's Skeleton Found.
 There is a great deal of excitement at Waterloo and in the vicinity just northwest over the finding of the skeleton of a huge mastodon. The discovery was made by Laurel Spidder, on his father's farm, late Sunday afternoon. One tusk, which was broken in two pieces, was measured, and after allowing a reasonable length for crumbled portions was fifteen feet long, and measured two feet in circumference. One tooth weighs a little over five pounds. The skeleton is complete as found excepting the bones of one foot. When standing upright, the bones being measured separately, gives the standing height about eighteen feet. The skeleton is in a fair state of preservation.

Captured Counterfeiters.

Valparaiso special: Major Carter, chief of the Indiana division of the secret service, arrived here yesterday, and Thomas J. Porter, chief of the Illinois division, with detective Al Gallagher, of Chicago, have been in this city several days looking for a gang of counterfeiters. L. L. Leatherman, postoffice inspector from the Cincinnati district, rendered valuable assistance, and to-day, assisted by Sheriff Green, a raid was made on the home of H. A. W. Brown, a well-known photographer, and he was placed under arrest. In a search of his premises plates for one, two, five and ten-dollar certificates, series of 1891, were found. The officers then drove to the home of John Hansen, in the country, where Theodore Hansen was arrested, and a search of the house disclosed a complete outfit for printing the money with a printing press, inks and eight counterfeit five-dollar bills. Both men were lodged in jail. Brown is fifty years old and is a great traveler. He is said to have been prominent in anarchy circles up to the time of the Haymarket riot in Chicago, and numbered Parsons and Knebe as his personal friends. Hansen is twenty-eight years old.

The arrest of the two men was a great surprise to the people. Through this gang a large amount of the stuff was floated in the South Side in Chicago last Monday, and some in the surrounding towns during the past week. The government

officials consider this one of the most important captures of counterfeiters in years, and officers Porter and Carter are the recipients of many congratulations. The men say they have been operating about three months, Brown doing the photographing and making the plates in his gallery, and Hansen operating the printing press.

Burglars Captured.
 Versailles special: Sheriff Henry Buschling received a tip that the store of Wooley Bros., at Corret, this county, was to be entered last night. Selecting a posse, he made ready to capture the burglars. The burglars appeared at the place and gained an entrance. The sheriff demanded them to give up and received a bullet in his wrist in reply. The shooting became general then, but the burglars, badly wounded, made their escape. They were traced into Osgood and it was found that Bert Andrews and Cliff Gordon were in the care of surgeons. Andrews was shot in the stomach and Gordon in each shoulder and in his legs. Neither are supposed to be fatally wounded. They were placed in an ambulance and taken to jail. Lyle Levi and William Jenkins, Jr., were also arrested as accomplices. The excitement is high in this county, as many robberies have lately been committed and the people believe the leaders have been caught.

Vengeance Threatened.
 Osgood special: There will be an awful reckoning for the slaughter of the five men in the Versailles jail. All the victims have many relatives and friends, who have determined that somebody must suffer for the wholesale lynching. Everybody here feels that more blood will be shed. There is a feeling that the mob acted hastily as to Levi and Jenkins. The only testimony against them was Hostetler's statement that they were involved in the Wooley burglary. The inquest was resumed. Many witnesses were called, but not one could identify any one connected with the mob. Circuit Judge Now says that every possible effort will be made by the authorities to punish the mob participants.

Storm at the State Fair.
 A terrific storm passed over the State

Fair grounds about 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, blowing down trees, overturning tents and injuring several people. One horse was killed by a falling tree and four persons were seriously injured. The storm spread general consternation and created almost a panic in the grand stand. Considering the manner in which limbs and portable missiles of all kinds were flying through the air for some time it is considered miraculous that there was not a great destruction of life. About 3:30 o'clock there was another squall, accompanied by blinding rains, terrific thunder claps and sharp sheets of lightning, and this added to the alarm and confusion.

INDIANA STATE ITEMS.

Monon railway locomotives are suffering for water along some parts of the line.

Massive stone portico is to be built to the administration building at the prison north.

The new State Normal School building at Terre Haute is fully completed and is hard to beat.

Logansport takes a lesson from Peru's successful street fair and thinks she may have one, too.

The Ohio Falls car works has orders for nearly 500 new cars, besides repairs of 300 cars for the B. & O. S. W.

Michael Baltes, Port Wayne lime merchant, was prostrated with heat Wednesday. Two school children were overcome. Mrs. Dick Weaver, near Oklandon, gave birth to triplets, this week. They were named William, Jennings and Bryan.

The defunct Ambia State Bank will reopen under the name of the Citizens' Bank of Ambia. All depositors of the old bank will be paid in full.

The pungent odor of smoke in all parts of Hoosierdom indicates that the farmer will soon begin using the railroad companies for burned crops.

Delaware county corn crop is short because of the drought. Apples and grapes are not developing. Wheat is lying in the ground or is eaten by insects.

Some township schools in Hamilton county, in the very center of the famed Indiana gas belt, are preparing to burn wood, because gas rates are too high.

AN "AWFUL" MAN.

I had watched her for some moments as my 'bus rolled slowly down Piccadilly, and was greatly taken by her appearance. The pavements and the carriages were full of well-dressed and beautiful women; but somehow I seemed to have eyes for no one but that girl. She wore the sweetest costume—something in blue, picked out with white at the collar and cuffs, and, I inferred, white upon the front of the bodice. She was steering her bicycle with skill and boldness through the 5 o'clock traffic of Piccadilly, and I longed to see her face, which, I felt convinced, would please my eye. But this, of course, I could not do, as she was riding steadily about ten yards in front of us. You can not shout at a girl on a bicycle from the top of a 'bus, even if you know her name, and I could scarcely expect her to look back at a whistle.

I leaned forward to the driver, handing him my open tobacco pouch.

"Do you think," I said, "you could hurry up a bit and pass that lady ahead? I want to see her face."

He turned, and jerking his head in the direction of Hyde Park corner, said:

"Lidy on the bike—blue dress—cut saucy?"

"You've guessed it," I replied.

He winked. Then he brushed his horses with the whip, and passed the Victoria 'bus ahead, which seemed in no particular hurry to arrive anywhere. The girl ahead, seeing a clear space before her, quickened up, and held her own.

"I don't think we can do it," I said, resigning myself to disappointment.

He held his pipe between two fingers, and filled it with the remaining two, feeling meanwhile with his thumb for a match. I gave him my match box.

"It's all right," he said as he nursed the flaming match in his fist, and puffed his pipe into action, "there's a block at the corner."

The girl slowed down, and stepped easily and surely from her bicycle. She stood upon the corner at the curb of St. James st., leaning on her machine. I admired the poise of her head, the set of her shoulders, the pointing of her foot, as she stood motionless and expectant.

As the 'bus drew up by her side I leaned over and saw her face. I was not disappointed. It was as I thought. She was, to me, amazingly beautiful.

"You will excuse me, sir," said a voice at my side, "but you have gained your object."

I looked around at my neighbor and saw a lady, by no means ill looking, of about my own age, which is on the wrong side of thirty. There was something a little stern, perhaps a trifle contemptuous, in the cast of her features, and she was regarding me with much apparent aversion.

"You have seen the young lady's face, and now, perhaps—that's right, coachman, drive on."

The 'bus moved slowly forward. I reflected a moment, for I had not noticed my neighbor before, and was a little startled at her implied reproof.

"Excuse me," I said. "I haven't quite gained my object. I want to make her look at me, and she won't. Now what is the etiquette in such cases?"

I turned and waved my arm at her as the 'bus went on. But she was mounting her machine, and being occupied with the arrangement of her skirts, took no notice of me.

"May I ask," said my neighbor, "if that lady is your sister, or your cousin, or—?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Then, sir, I feel it my duty to tell you that you are no gentleman."

I sighed.

"I know that," I replied. "But I always pretend to be, and the public is so glib. How did you find me out?"

"No gentleman," she said, "would seek to annoy a lady in the street, especially a lady who clearly does not wish to notice him. And I can see that girl is persistently avoiding you."

"O, is she?" I said. "Just wait a moment. She'll be as pleased as anything when she sees that I have noticed her. Nothing annoys a woman like indifference."

"A girl—alone and unprotected—"

she began.

"She would be all the more pleased to see me," I said. "She was abreast of the 'bus again, and I leaned over the side, waving my hat. She looked up with a glance of surprise. I nodded pleasantly. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled. But a crawling hansom took her attention and she fell behind again."

"There!" I said. "If ever a girl looked pleased, there she is. Who am I that I should refuse a momentary satisfaction to a lonely girl?"

"I know that," I replied. "But I always pretend to be, and the public is so glib. How did you find me out?"

"No gentleman," she said, "would seek to annoy a lady in the street, especially a lady who clearly does not wish to notice him. And I can see that girl is persistently avoiding you."

"O, is she?" I said. "Just wait a moment. She'll be as pleased as anything when she sees that I have noticed her. Nothing annoys a woman like indifference."

"A girl—alone and unprotected—"

she began.

"She would be all the more pleased to see me," I said. "She was abreast of the 'bus again, and I leaned over the side, waving my hat. She looked up with a glance of surprise. I nodded pleasantly. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled. But a crawling hansom took her attention and she fell behind again."

"There!" I said. "If ever a girl looked pleased, there she is. Who am I that I should refuse a momentary satisfaction to a lonely girl?"

"I know that," I replied. "But I always pretend to be, and the public is so glib. How did you find me out?"

"No gentleman," she said, "would seek to annoy a lady in the street, especially a lady who clearly does not wish to notice him. And I can see that girl is persistently avoiding you."

"O, is she?" I said. "Just wait a moment. She'll be as pleased as anything when she sees that I have noticed her. Nothing annoys a woman like indifference."

"A girl—alone and unprotected—"

she began.

"She would be all the more pleased to see me," I said. "She was abreast of the 'bus again, and I leaned over the side, waving my hat. She looked up with a glance of surprise. I nodded pleasantly. She lifted her eyebrows and smiled. But a crawling hansom took her attention and she fell behind again."

"There!" I said. "If ever a girl looked pleased, there she is. Who am I that I should refuse a momentary satisfaction to a lonely girl?"

"I know that," I replied. "But I always pretend to be, and the public is so glib. How did you find me out?"

"No gentleman," she said, "would seek to annoy a lady in the street, especially a lady who clearly does not wish to notice him. And I can see that girl is persistently avoiding you."

I turned with a smile to my neighbor. Her face was flushed with anger, for I had clearly proved her to be in the wrong.

"It is men like yourself who are the blot on our vaunted civilization," she said. "Such a sweet, innocent face, too."

"Yes, isn't it?" I said. "I am so glad you agree with me. It's the sort of face I've always admired; and as soon as I caught a back view of her I felt certain she would have that sort of face. That's why I wanted to get a look at it."

"Such men as you—" began my neighbor.

"Now, if I were not a married man," I continued reflectively, "that is the very girl I would marry at once. As it is, of course, I can't. But that's not my fault, is it?"

"You are married?" said the lady.

"I am," I replied.

"That makes it much worse," she said. "On the contrary, it is my excuse," I said. "It is all owing to my wife. If it were not for her I should be—well—very different."

"She must be a miserable woman," said the lady, "if she knows of your conduct. My heart bleeds for her."

"Not at all," I said. "She is quite happy; as happy as that girl. Now, did you ever see a more charming girl?"

I turned and sent a nod in the direction of the girl, who was pedaling along quietly just behind the 'bus. She lifted one hand from the handle-bar and waved it to me in friendly response.

"Under the circumstances," I said, "I think I shall speak to her; otherwise I might miss her when I get off at Sloane street. Do you think she would mind?"

"Let me implore you," said my neighbor, "if you do I shall speak to the conductor."

"It would be grossly improper," I said, "unless he happens to be your brother—or your cousin—or—"

The lady smiled and looked around. But the conductor was not in view.

"I am going to get off at Sloane street," I called to her; "will you stop there?"

She nodded, and bending slightly over her handles, quickly outstripped the 'bus and rode on past St. George's Hospital and down the slope. I leaned back in my seat and watched her appreciatively as she floated away.

"Never in my life," I murmured, "have I seen any one whom I admire more. A most delightful girl."

"A most disgraceful incident," said my neighbor.

"You see," I said affably, "two people meet—twas a crowd—and their hearts rush together like magnets, or poles, or whatever the things are. It is quite clear to me that we were made for one another. Don't you believe in affinities? They are fun."

"It is not a matter for jesting; it is a very serious matter to tamper in this way with the innocence of—"

"I think it rather a joke," I said.

"It may be a joke for the men—or, rather he may think so, mistakenly; but you never by any chance think of the girl. And I tell it my duty as a woman to protest against—"

"Bless my soul," I exclaimed, "I think of the girl always. She is never out of my thoughts."

"The girl!"

"Yes, the girl—that girl. Didn't I explain? O! here we are!"

"Sloane street," said the conductor. I jumped up.

"Well, we've had a most interesting conversation," I said. "You see, she's waiting for me at the corner. I knew I never underrated my attractions."

As I descended to the pavement, Celia greeted me with a smile of welcome, while the eyes of my late neighbor bored two holes in my back.

"How lucky to meet like this," said Celia. "Where did you see me first?"

"O, in Piccadilly," I replied. "But I couldn't be sure it was you until I saw your face. I want to get some tobacco here, and then we can walk along home together."

"Had an amusing day?" said Celia.

"Excellent," I said; "more particularly the ride down."

"You seemed very much interested in the lady on the 'bus,'" said Celia, as we stopped outside the tobacconist's. "Did you know her?"

"Never saw her before," I said.

"Right under my own eyes, too," said Celia.

"I couldn't help it," I said. "She seemed to have some objection to me, or to you, or to something or other—seemed to see something wrong in our behavior."

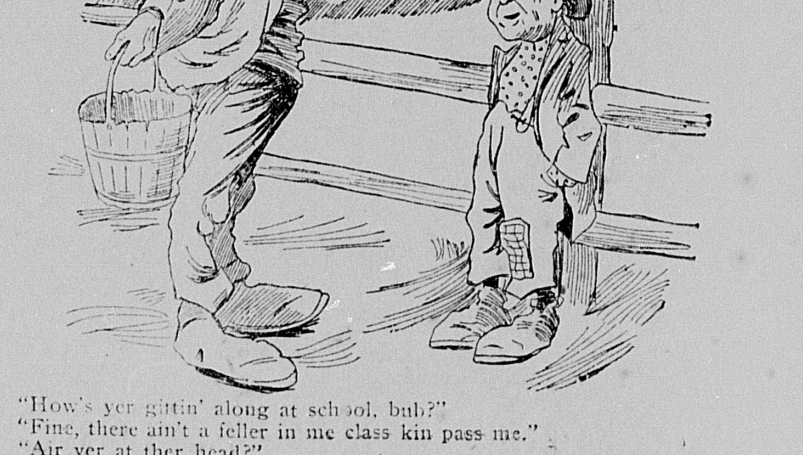
"Didn't she know I was your wife?" asked Celia.

"She didn't know me," I replied.

"But didn't you tell her?" asked Celia.

"Well," I said, "now I come to think of it, I don't believe I did."—Clarence Poor in Black and White.

lover!., ihboc shrdlu cmfwy pyw wwf



"How's yer gittin' along at school, bub?"

"Fine, there ain't a feller in me class kin pass me."

"Air yer at ther head?"

"Naw, at ther foot."