

HE MADE A MISTAKE.

And Didn't Mend Matters a Bit When He Discovered It.

The fine looking young man who was shown into the parlor was a new one to the old gentleman, who had lived in a state of anxiety for years lest some one would marry his charming daughter for her money. All young men were under suspicion with him, and he was particularly formal with those of fine appearance. The caller intended to observe the proprieties by introducing himself, but the host said in his stiffest business tones:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"I came to tell you, sir, that I have asked your daughter—"

"Just as I expected," was snorted back. "It's pretty tough when a man of affairs at my time of life has to put in half his time telling young whipper-snappers that they can't have that girl of mine. There is the most mercenary lot of men just coming into active life that I have ever seen. I'd better give my fortune to some charitable institution. You can't have her."

"Perhaps if I should explain—"

"There's nothing to explain. I've heard it all more times than I have hairs on my head. Of course you love her. You can't live without her. You have no money, but you're educated, possess a brave heart and will shield her from all trouble. You will—"

"Just to shield you from a little present embarrassment I will inform you that I'm not in the least in love with your daughter."

"What in thunder did you propose to her for, then? Have you the unmitigated gall to come in here and tell me that you want my daughter when you're not in love with her and not expect to get kicked out? Why, you!"

"Break away, papa!" laughed the vision of loveliness who hurried into the room. "This is the gentleman visiting at Mrs. Winton's, and he is arranging her private theatricals for her. He has asked me to take a part, and I referred him to you."

The old gentleman glared hopelessly for a full minute and in his confusion said brokenly:

"Take her, my son, take her."—Detroit Free Press.

FOOD IN THE ARCTIC.

Birds Have No Difficulty Finding It In the Snow.

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is "vast beyond conception." They go not by thousands, but by millions, to rear their young on the tundra. The cause which attracts them is because nowhere in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place "such a lavish prodigality of food." That the barren swamp of the tundra should yield a food supply so great as to tempt birds to make journeys of thousands of miles to rear their young in a land of plenty, only to be found beyond the arctic circle, seems incredible. The vegetation consists of cranberry, cloudberry and crowberry bushes. Forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer these bear enormous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve, for they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow. But each year the snow descends on its immense crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is then preserved beneath the snow, perfectly fresh and pure, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes with the unconsumed last year's crop hanging on them or lying, ready to be eaten, on the ground. The frozen meal stretches across the breadth of Asia. It never decays and is accessible the moment the snow melts. Ages have taught the birds that they have only to fly to the arctic circle to find such a store of "crystallized foods" as will last them till the bushes are once more forced into bearing by the perpetual sunlight. The same heat which frees the fruit brings into being the most prolific insect life in the world. The mosquito swarms the tundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts. The gun barrels are black with them, and the cloud often obscures the sight. Thus the insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and the presence of swarms of tender warblers, of cliff chaffs, pipits and wagtails in this arctic region is accounted for.—New York Evangelist.

Could Be Reached Still.

"Did you catch a glimpse of the footpad?" asked the policeman who was stooping over the insensible victim and examining his injuries.

"Yes," answered the man whose timely arrival had scared the murderous villain away. "He was a tough looking fellow, a little taller than I am and wore chin whiskers."

The prostrate man shuddered, gasped and moved his lips. Consciousness was returning.

"Strictly speaking," the policeman heard him mutter feebly, "there is no such thing as chin whiskers. Whiskers grow on the cheeks. He wore a chin beard."

Then the Boston man became unconscious again.—Chicago Tribune.

To Fit the Crime.

"You don't look like a hard citizen, but you plead guilty to the charge of being found in a gambling resort. I ought to inflict a fine of at least \$5."

"But, your honor, I was intoxicated, or I wouldn't have."

"Drank, too, were you? The fine will be \$10 and costs. Call the next case."—Chicago Tribune.

The woman tennis champion of New Zealand has but one hand, and that is the left one, but she can serve a ball that is exceedingly difficult to return.

Ray declares that the seed of a single spleenwort will number at least 1,000,000.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

The Tell-tale Tracks on the Tapestry Betrayed Him.

Four or five Washington pastors were having a pleasant little meeting the other afternoon at the study of one of them, and they were having comparatively as much fun out of it as that many rounders would have had at a saloon knee deep in 47 varieties of tipple. They were telling Sunday school stories, as a rule, but they swung around after awhile to temperance.

"In my youth in Virginia," said the host, "we had, what is rare nowadays—wits, a lot of more or less seedy and shabby genteel old fellows who went about the country delivering lectures on temperance and getting out of it only about so much as would clothe and feed them. Some of them were no doubt good and conscientious men, but among them were many who, notwithstanding their professions, dearly loved to take a glass of something warming to the inner man."

"Most of these tipplers were very particular not to have the rumor get abroad that they ever tasted the vile stuff, and when they took their drinks they observed great secrecy. I remember there was one whom we thought to be a most abstemious old fellow, and no one thought he ever tasted a drop, particularly a maiden aunt of mine who lived with my mother and was as rigid a temperance woman as ever came out of New England. My mother was much more liberal and wanted always to entertain these workers in the good cause, but my aunt had become so suspicious of all of them except this particular one that he was the only one who could find a night's lodging at our place."

"One night this old chap came to stay all night, and he had such a severe cold that my mother prescribed a rubbing of goose grease on his feet and toasting it by the fire before he went to bed. Now, as it happened, in the room where he slept there was a new carpet which my aunt had presented to my mother as a birthday gift, and there was an old fashioned sideboard in the same room, with a two gallon jug of good whisky on it, which somebody had forgotten to put inside and lock up. At 8 o'clock the black boy carried in the goose grease to our guest and left him sitting before the fire."

"Just what happened after that nobody knows, but after the guest had departed next morning and the servants went to straighten up the room they found tracks innumerable between the fireplace and the sideboard, and in some way it was discovered that the old fellow, afraid of taking cold, had greased his socks and toasted the grease into his feet through them, and while the toasting was going on he made regular and frequent trips to the jug. Of course, if the tracks on the carpet had not betrayed him, no one would have ever noticed by the jug that he had been drinking out of it. He never came back again, and I don't know whether my aunt was more pained over the ruined carpet or over the ruined idol, for she had the greatest confidence in the old man."—Washington Star.

DETECTED THE REPEATERS.

Innocent Fishhooks Which Caused Wholesale Arrest of Voters.

During the reconstruction times in Alabama, just after the late civil war, all of the state and county offices were administered by the Republicans. This was from 1866 to 1874, when the Democrats again secured control of the government and have held it ever since.

The election of George S. Houston, a Democrat, as governor in 1874 was one of the hottest ever held in the state, and many were the tricks practiced on both sides in that election. Possibly the most novel was a device put into operation at Mobile. Repeaters were common in those days, and this device was used by the Democrats to catch the negroes, who had learned the repeating trick. All of the negroes voted the Republican ticket then.

On the election day mentioned the polling places were opened, and the voting commenced. The Democratic election officers at the boxes had secured a stock of small fishhooks with which to carry out their new plan. Whenever a negro voted, an officer stuck a hook in the voter's vest front, where it could be plainly seen. After having exercised his constitutional right of voting, "Cuffy" proceeded to another polling place and sought to vote a second time. He was therupon arrested and put in jail upon a charge of fraud. The scheme worked like a charm. By noon 175 negroes had been arrested and jailed. The wholesale arrests so frightened the negroes who had not voted that they refrained from going to the polls that day, and the Democrats won the election.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Whipping Post In Boston.

Alice Morse Earle, in an article on "Punishments of Bygone Days," found in The Chapbook, after giving John Taylor the Water Poet's rhymed descriptions of corporal punishment in London, explains how rapidly flogging came into use in Boston:

The whipping post was speedily in full force in Boston. At the session of the court held Nov. 30, 1630, one man was sentenced to be whipped for stealing a loaf of bread, another for shooting fowl on the Sabbath, another for swearing, another for leaving a boat "without a pyllot." Then we read of John Pease that for "stryking his mother and derying her he shalbe whipt."

Lying, swearing, taking false toll, perjury, selling rum to the Indians—all were punished by whipping. Pious regard for the Sabbath was fiercely upheld by the support of the whipping post. In 1642, Roger Scott, for "repeated sleeping on the Lord's day," and for striking the person who waked him from his godless slumber, was sentenced to be severely whipped. Women were not spared in public chastisement. "The gift of prophecy" was at once subdued in Boston by lashes, as was unmanly marriage.

Ray declares that the seed of a single spleenwort will number at least 1,000,000.

D. J. Dilling of Preble, was here Saturday making final settlement of the estate of Christian Hoffman, deceased, of which he was the appointed administrator.

Is the original Sarsaparilla, the standard of the world. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record:

50 Years of Cures

Postmaster Welfley reports unclaimed letters belonging to Jess Moller, Daniel Hattrey, Mrs. Cicilia Doll, Charles Darst, Alec Doly, R. B. Black and Abner Stroads.

A party of young folks organized themselves into a sleighing party last Friday night and drove to Magley, where they enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Case. After having a good time they returned home.

Monroeville has a vigilance committee for the purpose of punishing persons who are in the habit of getting drunk and neglecting their families and work. Notice has already been given several parties to change their mode of living.

The petit jury assembled Monday for this term. The first week was taken up in setting cases for trial and discussing law questions before Judge Heller.

W. F. Orcutt, traveling salesman for the Lagrange Buggy Co., started out this week to see the spring trade. Bicycles will also be a part of his program for this season.

A Findlay woman set her bed on fire with a hot flat iron the other night, which she had put in to warm her feet. This proves that she is an old maid, for no married woman would do such a thing. They generally warm their feet along the spinal column of their husband.

Postmaster Bonsse of Preble, was looking after business here the latter part of last week.

If you want to trade for a farm, or a farm for city property, if you want to buy a farm cheap on easy terms, or want to buy or trade for city property you get a bargain of R. K. ERWIN.

The True Remedy.

W. M. Regis, editor Tiskiwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. Experimented with many others but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. It is a remedy that can't be put in place in our home, as it is in a bottle containing a sure cure for coughs, colds, whooping cough, etc. It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cured, and is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Blackburn's drug store."

Notice to Tax Payers.

TAXES FOR THE YEAR 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the Taxes levied for the State, County, School and other purposes in Adams County, Indiana, are due and payable at the Treasurer's Office of said county in the City of Decatur, in full or at option of the taxpayer, one-half, including road taxes in full on or before

THE THIRD MONDAY IN APRIL, 1897, THE SAME BEING THE 19 DAY OF APRIL, 1897.

The Second Half, (in case the First Half is paid when due) becomes due and payable on or before the

FIRST MONDAY IN NOVEMBER, 1897, THE SAME BEING NOVEMBER 1, 1897.

The following table shows the rate of Taxation on each One Hundred Dollars worth of property, and also on each Poll and dog in the several Townships and Corporations in Adams County, Indiana, for the year 1896:

| NAMES OF TOWNS AND TOWNSHIPS. | State School Tax. | Corporation Fund. | Tuition Tax. | Library Tax. | Road Fund. | Turnpike Fund. | County Sinking Fund. | Educational Fund. | Township Fund. | State Sinking Fund. | Benefvolent Fund. | First Half. | Second Half. | Total Rate. | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------|--------------|--------------|------------|----------------|----------------------|-------------------|----------------|---------------------|-------------------|-------------|--------------|-------------|-------|
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | State Poll. | |
| Union | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 10 | 40 | 10 | 5 | | | 81 | 65 1 | 46 50 | 50 |
| Root | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 15 | 20 | 25 | 10 | 5 | | 96 | 60 1 | 56 50 | 50 |
| Preble | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 15 | 15 | 30 | 5 | | | 91 | 55 1 | 46 50 | 50 |
| Kirkland | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 5 | 30 | 10 | 5 10 | | | 78 | 63 1 | 41 59 | 50 |
| Washington | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 25 | 8 | 15 | 10 | 5 | | 85 | 59 1 | 44 50 | 50 |
| St. Marys | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 6 | 12 | 15 | 5 20 | | | 80 | 59 1 | 39 50 | 50 |
| Blue Creek | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 5 | | | 75 | 53 1 | 26 50 | 50 |
| Monroe | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 12 | 8 | 10 | 5 | 5 | | 68 | 53 1 | 21 50 | 50 |
| French | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 15 | 20 | 10 | 5 10 | | | 78 | 63 1 | 41 50 | 50 |
| Hartford | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 15 | 30 | 10 | 5 10 | | | 83 | 68 1 | 51 50 | 50 |
| Wabash | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 10 | 10 | 10 | 10 | | | 76 | 55 1 | 31 50 | 50 |
| Jefferson | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 15 | 45 | 10 | 5 | 5 | | 88 | 73 1 | 61 50 | 50 |
| City of Decatur | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2/3 | 25 | | | 25 | 1 | 25 | 21 | 29 1 | 29 2 | 58 50 |
| Town of Geneva | 9 11 | 5 | 3 1/2 | 44 | 5 2 | | | | | | | | | | |