

R. Porter Lee, the embattled Buffalo Bank President, received ten years' sentence.

Among the business failures recorded are those of Graham, Atkin, dry-goods dealers in New York, with liabilities of \$15,000, and Dodge & Sinclair, rubber dealers, with liabilities estimated at \$300,000.

Gen. Daniel Tyler died at New York at the age of 83.

The Lackawanna steel-mills at Scranton, Pa., have shut down for an indefinite period.

John James S. Pike, of Maine, for many years an editorial associate of Horace Greeley, has passed away.

The Hon. J. T. Updegraff, Congressman from the Seventeenth Ohio district, died at Mount Pleasant, near Benicia. His disease was stone in the bladder. He was treated for Bright's disease, and his true ailment was only discovered by a post-mortem.

At the Coliseum Theater, Cincinnati, Frank Tracy, the famous singer, St. Simeon, in the play of the same name, shot Annie Van Beuren dead while attempting to shoot an apple from her head. He fired with his back turned to the victim, and it is claimed the accident was due to a defect in the rifle. Tracy was placed under arrest.

Samuel Hemington, the rifle manufacturer, is dead.

The new penal code of New York, so far as it relates to the observance of Sunday, is being enforced in New York city.

WEST.

Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, the temperance and woman-suffrage leader of Indiana, has brought suit against the Chief of Police of Lafayette.

The Coronet's jury at Cincinnati; exonerated Frank Tracy, the actor, from all blame in killing Miss Von Beuren.

Wrong, as is reported, to scarcity of orders the North Chicago steel-mill men have shut down. About 1,800 men were thrown out of employment by this action. The Solent Iron & Steel Company shut down a portion of their works at Joliet, leaving 700 men idle.

Two Mexicans stopped a stage in the vicinity of Lordsburg, New Mexico, disarmed the driver and took the mail pouch. Two Chinese passengers were ordered outside, robbed of their money and coolly shot dead.

The Rt. Rev. Archibald Campbell Tat, Archishop of Canterbury, is dead.

JAS. W. McEWEN Editor

VOLUME VI.

RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1882.

\$1.50 per Annum.

NUMBER 45.

FOREIGN NEWS.

KITTY'S PRAYER.
The Irish Government has taken cognizance of David's recent speech on the starvation issue.

Adstone stated in Parliament that the cost of the Egyptian campaign aggregated \$3,500,000 up to Oct. 1, when which date the expense has been borne by Egypt.

The Irish Privy Council, after contracting a meeting, decided to proclaim Christmas Day to be the day of the Representation act, which authorizes arrests on the streets during the greater part of the night.

The Council of the University of Busias has decided to expel forty-six students for participation in the late disturbances and place their parents under police supervision.

By the failure of the Municipal Bank at Skopin, But in, the whole town and thousands of families elsewhere have been financially ruined. The liabilities are over 10,000,000 rubles.

Sixty thousand applications have been made for relief under the Arrears-of-Rent act in Ireland.

A man named Martin, employed as a compositor in the Government Printing Office at Dublin, has been arrested for connection with the murder of Detective Cox.

Arabi Pasha yielded pliantly to the charge of rebellion and was sentenced to death. The Khedive commuted the sentence to exile for life, and it is believed that the defeated national leader will be permitted to retire to British territory.

The Rt. Rev. Archibald Campbell Tat, Archishop of Canterbury, is dead.

A pair led chastly—the organists quiver.

Life strings to the face in a sudden surprise.

Grief death retrogrades with a sad little whisper.

She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes.

With anxiety and grief in a terrible whisper.

Her Irish tongue praying in utter devotion,

in faith that but few to their prayings can bring.

The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—

Imbued with a force that my verse can not

match with a saint and the glow of a lover.

That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress is not

dead.

The master sits close by his darling, despite his stony sorrow—holding her hand—

He prayed to her as he ran to his carriage and book,

That after he told us the darkness was dying.

But when he recovered, he had quite a world to look.

I know he's a Janus—the best in the city—

But he's a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress is dyin'—it is such a pity—

The master just worships the ground she walks on.

She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' an honor.

Is there no cross odd woman could go in her stead?

She's a mite so no kinship, we think it an honor.

To larn fr'm herself her own elegant ways,

I loved her the minute I set my eyes on her,

An' very contentedly leave us to die.

The mistress