THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY

JAMES W. McEWEN.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....$1.50
Six months.....1.00
Three months.....50

☞ Advertising rates on application.

The Democratic Sentinel.

VOLUME VII. RENSSELAER, JASPER COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1883. NUMBER 20.

THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL.

OUR JOB PRINTING OFFICE

Has better facilities than any office in Northwestern Indiana for the execution of all branches of

JOB PRINTING.

☞ PROMPTNESS A SPECIALTY. ☜

Anything, from a Dodger to a Price-List, or from a Pamphlet to a Poster, black or colored, plain or fancy. ☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE DUDE AND DUDELET.

[To an old air.]

I.

A Dude and Dudelet on the beach,
Upon the beach so sandy,
The Dude he wooed; the Dudelet cooed,
And nibbled Maillard's candy.
Lanky Dude and Dudelet dear,
Lanky Dudy dandy.

II.

He always knew the proper thing
In ties, cigars and brandy,
And wore his trousers very tight,
Which made his legs look bandy.
Lanky Dude and Dudelet dear,
Lanky Dudy dandy.

III.

The Dudelet was in perfect form,
Her slender waist so handy—
She said she'd be his little Maud,
He said he'd be her Andy.
Lanky Dudy and Dudelet dear,
Lanky Dudy dandy.

IV.

And so they were in wedlock bound
With graceful toasts post-prandial.
She is still a Dudelet dear,
Correct, exclusive, and he
Remains a lanky Dude, I fear,
A lanky Dudy dandy.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY HILDA.

"In the wilderness!" Yes, there is just where Percy Redmond found himself one pleasant, hazy day in October, and there, from all present appearances, he was likely to remain for the next week. He was one of a surveying party sent out by some rich corporation to locate the route for a proposed railroad, and had been authorized to meet the balance of the company at the little town where the opening of our story makes his acquaintance.

But what was his dismay, on reaching the appointed place, to find a letter stating that Mr. Latham, the civil engineer, had met with a slight accident, which would detain him in the city for several days.

"Looks as though there might be plenty of game over in the woods; how is it, Mr. Wilkins?" asked Percy of the jolly-looking little landlord, who came out on the porch, dragging a couple of big chairs behind him.

Although Mr. Wilkins was quite small in stature, he was by no means slender, and puffed like a porpoise at the least exertion.

"Plenty of game, Mr. Redmond, plenty of game," seating himself, his short, fat legs scarcely reaching the floor, and, fanning vigorously with a broad-brimmed straw hat, Mr. Wilkins prepared to entertain his guest, a treat he seldom had the pleasure of enjoying in this out-of-the-way place.

"I believe if I can procure a gun and ammunition I will take a tramp through the woods to-morrow," said the young man, "just for the sport."

"That can be had easy enough, Mr. Redmond, easy enough," answered Wilkins, who had a habit of repeating his words. "Our schoolmaster, Mr. Maples, has a splendid gun that he will lend you willingly, I know; quite willingly."

"If the railroad shou'd pass through here, it will make the land in this vicinity quite valuable, I suppose," said Percy, lazily puffing a cigar.

"You are right, sir; there is no such timber in the State as this is here, not mentionin' the rich soil. Do you see that break in the tree-tops over acrin, sir?" and the host's pudgy forefinger was pointed in the direction indicated. "That's Lute Mattison's timber. He owns about 300 acres over there, and, if this railroad should happen to light down here, you may just put him down for a rich man, you may."

"He must be worth something now," said Redmond, "if he is the owner of so much land."

"There's a sort of a mystery about the man, and the man has acted very queer. I'll just tell you about him," and Wilkins produced a black clay pipe, like himself, short and stubby; after a deal of puffing and blowing it was lighted, and the blue smoke curling round about his bushy head.

"This Lute Mattison has lived in these parts for nigh about ten years. For a spell he lived here in town, but finally he bought ten acres of ground over the on the hill yonder, and has lived there ever since. He could just make a living, and that was all, for himself and the old woman. But here, sir, is where the mystery comes in. One day there was a letter come to the postoffice for Mr. Luther Mattison, and the next day that man came here, dressed in his very best, and took the stage for B.

"Well, he was gone about a week; when he came back he never lisped what his business had been or how far he had gone. No, sir, he never cheeped. In a few weeks he began to inquire the price of land around here, and the first we know Lute Mattison had bought 300 acres of land, and paid the cash, mind, paid spot cash. Now, where did he get that money, stranger?"

Percy was very sure he could not tell, but he made a guess: "May be by speculation?"

"You are wrong, sir; all wrong; because he had nothing to speculate with. He is a smart man, sir; an eddicated man; but we never found out how he come by that money. Thar were some as talked about counterfeiting, but they didn't talk very loud, for Lute's a man o' muscle, he is."

"What did he want with so much land," asked Percy, more for the sake of something to say than for any interest he felt in the landlord's story.

"It was just before the railroad excitement was stirring us up here, a year ago this spring; pr'aps he thought he would make a speck. Well, that fall he made another trip, and when he come back, by George! he brought with him one of the purtiest girls that ever stepped in shoe-leather. She was all togged out in the finest of clothes, and she walked as though she owned the universe. Not that she was so awful big, but she had such a proud way with her. Mattison brought the gal in here, while he was a 'tendin' to her trunk, and interduced her as his niece, Miss Westfield. And, sir, you would have laughed to hear the remarks she made. She stood out here on the porch, a lookin' round to see what sort of a place she had got into, when she up and asked my old woman where we attended church. Hanner Jane told her we had meetin' over in the school-house about once in three months. Guess the young lady thought she had lit down in a heathen land, I guess so, ha! ha!"

Here Wilkins paused long enough to replenish and relight his pipe, then continued his story, while Redmond sat lazily listening, with his heels, manlike, elevated to the top of the porch railing.

"Well," began the landlord, taking up the thread of his story again, "the gal hadn't bin over there but a little spell, till Mattison goes to work and builds the finest house to be found in these here parts—the very best; and he had cart-loads of furniture brought down from the city; and them that knows says as how he has got a pianner that takes up one whole side of a room. Yes, sir; and there's not one of us knows where the man got all the money from to buy all this land and things with."

"Perhaps the money belonged to his niece," suggested Redmond, who began to display some interest in Luther Mattison and his affairs.

"No, sir! Oh, no!" and Wilkins slapped his fat knees with emphasis. "But it will come to light some day. 'Murder will out,' you know—yes, it will, sir." Here his knowing winks and nods were cut short by the summons to supper.

That evening Percy Redmond made the acquaintance of the school-teacher, Mr. Maples, a man of about 22 or 23 years of age. He proved to be quite a sensible fellow, who found employment by teaching during the summer months, thus earning money to pay his own expenses at college through the winter season.

"Mr. Redmond says if he can get a gun he will go a huntin', to-day," remarked the landlord at the breakfast-table next morning; "and I took the liberty of offerin' yours, Mr. Maples. How is it? Willin' to lend?" said he, addressing the teacher.

"Certainly, Mr. Redmond, you are welcome to the use of my gun; and as I keep a horse, please consider that also at your disposal, should you feel inclined to take a ride," said the young teacher, who, though not at all a handsome man, appeared to be quite an accommodating one.

"Thanks, Mr. Maples," returned Redmond. "On second thought I believe I will take a ride this morning; and as to-morrow is Saturday, perhaps you can join me in a day's hunting?"

"Agreed," said Maples, and half an hour later, he stood in the school-house door, calling together the noisy little horde of children, while Percy Redmond went cantering down the road on a spirited young horse. It was a beautiful morning and as Percy sped along the narrow road leading through the woods, he could not help admiring the wild beauty of the scene. The mellow haze of Indian summer hung like a misty veil from the blue sky. Here and there a scarlet maple-leaf, or golden hickory, heralded the coming autumn and gave a dash of enlivening color to the background of somber green. The sound of the woodman's ax awoke a thousand echoes through the forest aisles, while the distant baying of a hound on the chase, was answered by the report of a sportsman's gun. Through a sense of curiosity Percy had taken the road leading through the land owned by Mr. Mattison; he thought to himself that he would like to see the house in this wilderness that held those two things over which the landlord had become so voluble; a handsome young lady, and a piano.

His curiosity was soon gratified; a sudden turn in the wagon-track disclosed a wholly-unexpected sight. Standing back on a slight eminence was a two-story white cottage; whose surroundings all spoke of culture and refinement. The house was backed by several acres of cultivated land; a well-kept lawn in front was dotted here and there with beds of blooming flowers, growing luxuriantly in the rich soil. Plants were grouped on the verandas, while from a cage a canary poured forth a melody of song. And, as Redmond rode slowly by, admiring the neatness and good taste that reigned everywhere, the soft notes of a piano played by an experienced hand, came floating out upon the balmy morning breeze.

"Found in this wild forest, it is almost like a glimpse of Paradise," thought Percy, as entering the woods again, he turned in the saddle, and look back at the pleasant home.

He could never tell now it happened, he caught one glimpse of a dog bounding across the path in front of the horse, the bridle rein, lying loose in his hand was jerked away, the horse gave one frightened spring, flung Percy against the trunk of a large tree, and sped away with empty saddle, while his rider lay bruised and unconscious upon the ground.

"There sir! I guess you are all right now," were the words that greeted Percy's returning senses.

"Where am I? what has happened?" he asked of the man who had raised his head from the ground and was supporting him.

"Your horse took fright at my dog, and threw you. The fall was quite severe, and rendered you unconscious for a few minutes," answered the man, as, with the gentleness of a woman, he assisted Percy in his efforts to arise. "But I do not think you are seriously injured."

But a deathly pallor overspread the injured man's face. "My leg, I fear it is broken," and he again lost consciousness. The stranger laid him gently down, and, running quickly to the edge of the clearing, called to a man who was busy piling cord-wood; together they lifted the inanimate form, and carried him to the cottage he had so admired a short time before.

When Percy again opened his eyes, instead of lying on the soft green moss, with the tall trees of the forest towering above him, he found himself resting upon an easy couch, within the white walls of a pleasant room. The man who had so fortunately been near when he was thrown from the horse, was again bending over him.

Percy glanced inquiringly about him. "This is not the tavern?" he asked.

"No; but you are where you will be taken care of," answered the man. "I have already dispatched a man for a physician, as your limb requires immediate attention."

"I think my leg is broken just below the knee," and a spasm of pain convulsed the handsome features of Percy Redmond, as an attempt was made to remove his boot.

"Oh! uncle, do not try to pull it off;" it was a very sweet voice that stole into the confusion of the young man's brain, and the speaker laid a white hand on his brow, as if to arouse him from the faintness stealing over him. "Would you care, sir, if uncle cut the boot?"

"Cut it, please; but how much I am troubling you all."

"Not at all, sir," and the man held up the mutilated boot which he had removed from the shapely foot. "You are in the house of Luther Mattison, and here you must remain. You shall receive the best of care, which is one thing landlord Wilkins could not give you. You are a stranger here, are you not?"

"Yes, I belong to the surveying party sent out by the proposed railroad. My home is in New York, and my name is Percy Redmond."

"Redmond!" ejaculated Mattison, "can it be that you are the son of George Redmond, my old friend and schoolmate?"

"That was my father's name, sir, and is it possible that you are the 'Mattie' of whom I have heard him speak so often?"

"I am the man," said Mr. Mattison, as he warmly grasped Percy's hand, "You see, at school we were such warm friends that the boys used to call us 'George and his Mattie;' and it gives me great pleasure to meet the son of my old friend, even if you do come with a broken leg." Just then a sweet-faced woman entered, followed by the young lady who had quitted the room a moment before. "This is my wife and my niece, Miss Westfield. Mr. Redmond, you will not lack nurses. Mother, you could never guess who our injured guest is," said Mattison, turning to his wife; and when he had told her, she expressed her pleasure at being able to care for him.

"I am very sorry you have met with so painful an accident, Mr. Redmond, but I am glad, since it did happen, that you were near us."

"Well, and what do you want of me?" and a cheery, hearty voice broke in on the conversation, as a jolly, broad-shouldered man was ushered into the room. "I met your messenger about a mile down the road, said somebody was killed." And despite the pain Percy was suffering, he could not repress a smile at the way the man bustled about.

"Nobody killed, doctor, though this young man met with quite an accident;" explained Mr. Mattison, but by this time, the physician, having dropped his medicine case in one chair, his hat in another, flung his gloves into the corner and laid his riding whip on the mantle, had found out for himself what was wanted of him.

"Leg broke, is it? Well, it must be mended at once." And though he bustled about so, and spoke with a quick, jerky way, his hands were gentle, his touch light as a woman's. "Mrs. Mattison, some bandages, please, and a bowl of warm water, also; Mattison, go to my saddle-bags and bring me some splints you will find there. Where is your niece? send her here. Here she is! good morning Miss Gladis; we want a bed fixed ready for this young man; this one, right here, where you women folks can attend to him;" and he threw open the bed-room door; "fix that up, then go out in the other room and keep yourself ready for further orders."

With quick, noiseless tread, the young lady did as directed, then withdrew, and for nearly an hour she could hear the occupants of the other apartment, as they moved about, with now and then a low moan from the sufferer.

"Is he seriously injured, auntie?" she asked of Mrs. Mattison, when that lady finally made her appearance.

"Dr. Morton says his limb is badly fractured, but he thinks there are no other serious injuries."

"Now, Mrs. Mattison, I have given the young fellow an opiate, so you need not be frightened if he sleeps a good part of the day," said the jolly doctor, coming into the room. "Having him here will give you women folks something to do. Good morning; ladies; I will call again to-morrow," and he was off and gone, like a small whirlwind.

Percy Redmond slept until the sun was almost down. His slumbers had been broken and disturbed, and as Gladis Westfield heard the moans of pain that frequently escaped the handsome stranger's pale lips, she pitied him, as she thought how far he was from home, among strangers, and suffering so. She sat by the open window, looking out upon the purple haze of twilight, and as she sat so quiet and still, a pair of brown eyes were watching her from the bed-room opposite. Percy had awoke from his sleep, bewildered and half dazed, but the events of the day came slowly back to his memory, and when he saw Gladis sitting by the window, he did not wonder that the landlord, Wilkins, had thought her a beautiful young lady. A face of almost chisel d delicacy, a clear brunette skin, its darkness relieved by a dash of color on the rounded cheeks, and the ruby-red of her lips. Great, luminous hazel eyes, shaded by the longest of black lashes. An abundance of glossy black hair, that waved back from a broad white forehead. A form of most graceful mold was what Percy Redmond saw when he awoke from his enforced sleep. A slight movement he made attracted the girl's attention.

"Are you awake, Mr. Redmond?" she asked, as she came to the door. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Nothing, thank you," answered Percy, "except to tell me, if Mr. Maples' horse has been recovered?"

"Yes, he was caught but a short distance from where your accident occurred, and was returned to his owner. Mr. Maples also sent word that he would call over this evening to see you."

Next morning, when the doctor called, he found his patient doing finely. "You will have to lie here for some time, though, and the surveying party best look up a substitute for you," remarked he as he was leaving.

"Oh, they can dispense with my aid, as I am not a necessary addition to their number!" explained Percy. "I am with them more for the benefit of my health than for pecuniary gain."

"All right," said the old doctor; "if your time isn't money, so much the better; only keep quiet and don't get homesick and you will soon be all right."

But Percy gained very slowly, and a month had rolled away before he was allowed the privilege of coming to the table with the members of the family. Even then he was not permitted to try the strength of his broken limb. Mr. Mattison wheeled the big chair out into the dining-room, and Percy was as happy as a child to think he was once more able to leave the room where he had learned to be patient in enduring suffering. But he had learned another lesson there, too—a very sweet lesson, one that he had not studied the rudiments of before. He had learned to love sweet Gladis Westfield; and, from the flush that dyes her cheeks and the shy drooping of the brown eyes, as she places a footstool for him, one might judge two scholars had been studying from the same book. During the days of his convalescence she has read to him, and when evening came she has entertained him with music and song, and the time has sped away so quickly that Percy can hardly realize the fact that he has spent a month in the heart of the wilderness.

"Why is it, Mr. Mattison, that you live here, if I may be so inquisitive?" he asked, one evening.

"Well, I live here now because I like the life and I like the place; but I came here because, through a venture in speculation, I lost all I had, and necessity compelled me to do something. I had no trade, and then, too, I was disgusted with the city where I had lost so much."

"But you have prospered here," said Percy. "You have a fine home and a fortune in your timber lands."

"Yes," rejoined Mattison, "the land here will be a fortune to the owner some day." They were alone in the sitting-room of the cottage, and Percy determined to speak of his love for Gladis, and ask her uncle's consent to his addressing her.

"Has your niece always lived with you?" asked the young man, although he was very well aware she had not.

"Oh, no; she has been here but about two years. After her parents died she was left so friendless that we insisted on her coming to us for a while."

"You will be very lonely when she does leave you," was Percy's next remark.

Mr. Mattison looked at him sharply. "Gladis does not talk of leaving, does she?" he asked, quickly.

"Not that I know of; that is, I did not hear her mention it," stammered Percy; "but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Mattison, I am in—that is, I love Gladis, and I wish to gain your consent to tell her so."

"What if she is very poor?" asked Mattison; "are you willing to marry a portionless bride?" and his eyes twinkled as he looked searchingly into his companion's face.

"Certainly I am," answered Percy; "I am not seeking riches, for I have plenty. What I asked for was Gladis Westfield, whom I love; and, although I have said nothing of this to the young lady, I think she reciprocates the feeling."

"There is no one, Percy, to whom I would rather trust the future happiness of my niece. Your father was a very dear friend of mine, and you possess enough of his noble qualities to win my sincere regard. You have my consent to address Gladis, and I do not think you will find it very difficult to gain her affections;" and Luther Mattison warmly grasped the hand of his guest.

"Thank you kindly," responded Percy, his frank face flushing with pleasure. "I have still another favor to ask: Do not let Miss Westfield know that I possess any property. If her answer should prove favorable, I should like to give her a happy surprise some time in the future."

"Very well, I will be silent," said Mr. Mattison, and he laughed quite heartily, though Percy thought to himself there was surely nothing to laugh about.

That Percy was successful in his wooing, I need only invite you into the cozy parlor of the cottage to show, and if you can interpret the varied emotions of the human soul as depicted by the countenance, you would pronounce Percy Redmond a happy man. You would also say Gladis shared his happiness, as they sit together in the twilight, talking quietly and watching the snow-flakes falling gently, coming like silent messengers from an unknown, silent world.

It is but one week before the holidays, and to-morrow Percy leaves for the distant city. But he is to return ere long to bear away his bride found in the wilderness.

"I have been idle so long," Percy was saying, as he caressed the shapely hand resting in his broad palm, "that, now I am fully recovered from the effects of my accident, I must bestir myself in preparing a home for the future. You will be contented, Gladis, if it is but an humble home?"

"Have I not told you before?" rejoined the girl. "And I have learned so much about housekeeping from auntie, that we can get along nicely without hiring help."

Percy thought, "What a treasure I have won! The dear girl is willing to go with me in spite of my fancied poverty." But he did not notice the mischievous smile that dimpled the face of his companion. Their pleasant chat was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Mattison.

"What! all in the dark? Light up and read your letters," and he tossed a letter to each.

Presently the lamps were lighted, and seated near the center-table, the young people were soon busy in the perusal of their respective letters. Percy read his partly through, then glanced with a perplexed, inquiring look across the table. Gladis looked up with a puzzled expression in her brown eyes.

Again, without any words, they turned to the reading of the letters. Again their eyes met, with the wonder and astonishment deepening on their faces.

"Gladis, have you any relative bearing the same name as yourself?" asked Percy.

"Not that I am aware of," answered Gladis. "But may I ask, have you any relative by the name of Percy Redmond?"

"No, I have not; but here is something I do not understand. I have deceived you a little, Gladis. I am not a poor man; in fact, I am what the world would call rich. I wrote to my lawyer to purchase a house in Philadelphia, as I thought you would like to live there, in preference to New York, and here is the answer I have received. Read it, please, and tell me, if you can, who is meant by the lady mentioned."

Laughing merrily, Gladis took the letter, and in turn handed him the one she had received.

"Read that, Percy, and I think we will come to a mutual understanding," and she proceeded to read the paper which she held in her hand, and which bore the heading of a prominent New York lawyer.

"Dear Percy," was the familiar beginning of the letter,—

"According to instructions, I have been to Philadelphia, and think I have found a house that will just suit you. It is a large, brownstone residence, with extensive grounds, and is situated in a splendid locality.

The price asked is $15,000, and is the property of a Miss Gladis Westfield, who does not wish to be longer burdened with the care of it. If you want the place, please communicate with me at once, as there are others who have an eye on the property.

Are you about to commit matrimony, my boy? If so, please accept my best wishes.

Hoping this may find you fully recovered from your accident, I remain your friend,

NATHAN BANTON, Solicitor.

Meanwhile, Percy had read the following:

MISS GLADIS WESTFIELD:

Dear Madam.—About three months ago you authorized me to dispose of the brownstone residence on —— street. I have at last found a purchaser, if you still wish to dispose of it. The agent of Mr. Percy Redmond, of New York, called on me a few days ago. The house suits him, and your decision must be made immediately.

Please inform me at once how to proceed, as there seems to be some urgency in the case. Very respectfully,

B. F. PARKHURST, Attorney.

"Does this mean you, Gladis?" asked Percy, as he caught a glimpse of the smiles Gladis strove in vain to hide.

"Yes," she answered, "and I was going to give you a glad surprise. I thought you were quite poor, and I could help you some with my money," and her uncle entered the room just in time to hear her last words.

"Well, are explanations in order?" he asked, as he came and laid his hand lovingly on the head of his niece. "If so, I have some to make to Mr. Redmond. I expect Wilkins, the landlord, told you of my buying so much land here, and I told you, too, that nobody knew where the money came from. It belonged to Gladis, here; even the money that built this house is hers."

"No! no! uncle, the house is yours, and a part of the timber land. We can spare it, can't we, Percy? Uncle and auntie have been so kind to me," and Gladis laid her rosy cheek on the rough hand of her uncle.

"I thought myself rich in winning you without the money and lands; we would not miss it, dear, were you to deed the whole 300 acres to your uncle, which I think you had best do," said Percy "but how about the town house? Will you sell it to me, or shall I have to look further?"

The buying and selling of the town house was satisfactorily settled between them, and after the holidays its doors were opened for the reception of the many friends of Gladis, now Mrs. Percy Redmond, the bride found "in the wilderness," and in the admiring eyes of her husband, her beauty and grace outshone the many women gathered there.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Hawthorne's Genius.

Each character in Hawthorne's small list is a finished study, at once local in its surroundings and general in its psychological elements. It is a study of man in his special environment—more scientific than the science of to-day, because it does what science fails to do; it tries to settle the spiritual element in its true place as a factor in man's life. Others have surpassed Hawthorne in the management of external conduct, of dialogue, of home life, of local scenery; but none have reached the depth to which he penetrated in the study of the human heart as the creature of his own creation. In every higher qualification of the artist, he easily excels. His style is masterly in ease, grace, clearness—the winning absorbing, entrancing quality. His skill in hinting in ideal and spiritual elements is the most perfect in our day. His mastery of light and shade—the power of deepening gloom by sunshine and intensifying sunshine by means of darkness—is of the finest order; at once the gift of original preception and the result of most assiduous practice. Probably few writers ever made so many successes that were failures, or so many failures that were successes; that is, few ever did so much that was to others artistically perfect in order that they might do something artistically perfect to themselves. Mr. James marvels at the existence of the "Note Books;" yet their publication has thrown a flood of light not only upon the workings of Hawthorne's mind but on the sources of his artistic effects. They supplement with a sunny eternal quality the gloom of his psychology. They show us in his own nature a capacity for beauty and sweetness, where his own generation saw only a capacity for morbid analysis; that is, they furnish the biography of the sympathetic side of his mind, while the novels represent what was equally real to his emotional nature. No doubt, while his actual life was simple and pure-minded, capable of absorbing beauty and interest, he had, in imagination, lived through the tortures of the damned.

We had never reached such insight, or such grace of style, before Hawthorne, and we have never reached it since.—*The Century.*

Making Beef Tea of a Live Bullock.

"You fellows may talk of hard hands, but I saw Yankee Sullivan in his prime and he used a kind of acid that hardened his hands, so that if you shook hands with him in the dark you'd think you were graspin' a blacksmith's anvil. I onct seed him at a country butcherin' down South doin' a thing with that right hand of his that made a lastin' impression on me."

"What did he do?" asked the man in the perfumed garments.

"Well, sir, they was about to kill a beef on the farm and they couldn't find an ax with a stiff 'nuff handle for the job, when 'long comes Yank and seein' the quandary they was in 'greed to slay the bullock with his naked fist. All 'greed, and he hauled off and let the bullock have it right 'tween the two eyes. What become of that bullock, do you think?"

"He made for Yank," said one.

"No, sir."

"Dropped," suggested a second.

"More 'an that."

"Was killed?" from a third.

"Well, gents, that bullock was turned right into beef tea, and before they could get 'nuff of buckets the ground had soaked it all up."—*New York World.*

Turning State's Evidence.

"Hole on heah," exclaimed a negro on trial for stealing a saddle. "Hole on heah, Jedge, for I'se gwine ter turn State's evidence right heah." "How can you turn State's evidence when you are the only one concerned?" asked the Judge. "Don't make no diff'rence I'se a gwine to turn State's evidence right heah, an' doan yersef commence ter forgit it. Ef I turn dat evidence an' show yer zackly who stole de saddle, yer'll 'low me to go about my business, won't yer, Jedge?" "Certainly, sir, if you can turn State's evidence, and tell us exactly who committed the theft, the law will grant you liberation." "All right; heah's fur de State's evidence. I stole de saddle myself, an' er good day, gen'lemen," and he walked out of the court-room before the officers could sufficiently recover from their surprise to detain him.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Well-Done Cut.

A Chicago head of a family surprised his grown-up sons when they complained of the tough roast beef which the old gentleman had bought for the best cut. "My sons," said he "do not condemn me. The meat is not so tender as I would desire to give you. But don't leave my table; don't break up my business and ruin me, by ceasing to be my boarders. Give me another trial and I will do better. I beg of you stay with me another week." The boys took in the "well-done" cut in silence, and the father smiled complacently as he helped himself to the choicest morsel in the piece.

If the whole world was put into one scale and my mother into the other the world would kick the beam.—*Lord Langdale.*

THE reaping machine came into practical use about the year 1853, and the self-binder made its first good record in 1876.

AN Indiana man has patented a gopher attachment to corn cultivators.

THE BAD BOY.

"Ah, ha, you have got your deserts at last," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in with one eye black, and his nose peeled on one side, and sat down on a board across the coal scuttle, and began whistling as unconcerned as possible. "What's the matter with your eye?"

"Boy tried to gouge it out without asking my consent," and the bad boy took a dried herring out of the box and began peeling it. "He is in bed now, and his ma is poulticing him, and she says he will be out about the last of next week."

"Oh, you are going to be a prize fighter, ain't you," said the groceryman, disgusted. "When a boy leaves a job where he is working, and goes to loafing around, he becomes a fighter the first thing. What your pa ought to do is bind you out with a farmer, where you would have to work all the time. I wish you would go away from here, because you look like one of these fellows that comes up before the Police Judge Monday morning, and gets thirty days in the House of Correction. Why don't you go out and loaf around a slaughter-house, where you would look appropriate?" and the groceryman took a hair-brush and brushed some loose sugar and tea, that was off the counter, into the sugar-barrel.

"Well, if you have got through with your sermon, I will toot a little on my horn," and the boy threw the remains of the herring over behind a barrel of potatoes, and wiped his hands on a coffee sack. "If you had this black eye and had got it the way I did, it would be a more priceless gem in the crown of glory you hope to wear, than any gem you can get by putting quarters in the collection plate with the holes filled with lead, as you did last Sunday, when I was watching you. Oh, didn't you look pious when you picked that filled quarter out, and held your thumb over the place where the lead was. The way of the black eye was this. I got a job tending a soda fountain, and last night, just before we closed, there was two or three young loafers in the place, and a girl came in for a glass of soda. Five years ago she was one of the brightest scholars in the ward school, when I was in the intermediate department. She was just as handsome as a peach, and everybody liked her. At recess she used to take my part when the boys knocked me around, and she lived near us. She had a heart as big as that cheese box, and I guess that's what's the matter. Anyway she left school, and then it was said she was going to be married to a fellow who is now in the dude business, but he went back on her and after a while her ma turned her out doors, and for a year or two she was jerking beer in a concert saloon, until the Mayor stopped concerts. She tried hard to get sewing to do, but they wouldn't have her, I guess, 'cause she cried so much when she was sewing, and the tears wet the cloth she was sewing on. Once I asked pa why ma didn't give her some sewing to do, and he said for me to dry up and never speak to her if I met her on the street. It seemed tuff to pass her on the street, when she had tears in her eyes as big as marbles, and not speak to her when I know her so well, and she had been so kind to me at school, just 'cause a dude wouldn't marry her, but I wanted to obey pa, so I used to walk around a block when I see her coming, 'cause I didn't want to hurt her feelings. Well, last night she came in the store, looking pretty shabby, and wanted a glass of soda, and I gave it to her, and Oh, how her hand trembled when she raised the glass to her lips, and how wet her eyes were, and how pale her face was! I choked up so I couldn't speak when she handed me the nickel, and when she looked up at me and smiled just like she used to, and said I was getting to be almost a man since we went to school at the old school-house, and put her handkerchief to her eyes, by gosh, my eyes got so full I couldn't tell whether it was a nickel or a lozenger she gave me. Just then one of those loafers began to laugh at her, and call her names, and say the police ought to take her up for a stray, and he made fun of her until she cried some more, and I got hot and went around to where he was and told him if he said another unkind word to that girl I would maul him. He laughed and asked if she was my sister, and I told him that a poor, friendless girl, who was sick and in distress, and who was insulted, ought to be every boy's sister, for a minute, and any boy who had a spark of manhood should protect her, and then he laughed and said I ought to be one of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and he took hold of her faded shawl and pulled the weak girl against the show-case, and said something mean to her, and she looked as though she wanted to die, and I mashed that boy one right on the nose. Well, the air seemed to be full of me for a minute, cause he was bigger than me, and he got me down and got his thumb in my eye. I guess he was going to take my eye out, but I turned him over and got on top and I mauled him until he begged, but I wouldn't let him up till he asked the girl's pardon, and swore he would whip any boy that insulted her, and then I let him up, and the girl thanked me, but I told her I couldn't speak to her, cause she was tuff, and pa didn't want me to speak to anybody who was tuff, but if anybody ever insulted her so she had to cry, that I would whip him if I had to take a club. I told pa about it, and I thought he would be mad at me for taking the part of a girl that was tuff, but by gosh, pa hugged me, and the tears come in his eyes, and he said I had got good blood in me, and I did just right, and if I would show him the father of the boy that I whipped, pa said he would whip the old man, and ma said for me to find the poor girl and send her up to the house and she would give her a job making pillow-cases and night shirts. Don't it seem darn queer to you that everybody goes back on a poor girl cause she makes a mistake, the blasted whelp that is to blame gets a chromo. It makes me tired to think of it," and the boy got up and shook himself, and looked in the cracked mirror hanging upon a post, to see how his eye was getting along.

"Say, young fellow, you are a thoroughbred," said the groceryman, as he sprinkled some water on the asparagus and lettuce, "and you can come in here and get all the herring you want, and never mind the black eye. I wish I had it myself. Yes, it does seem tough to see people never allow a girl to reform. Now, in Bible times, the Savior forgave Mary, or somebody, I forget now what her name was, and she was a better girl than ever. What we need is more of the spirit of Christ, and the world would be better."

"What we want is about 10,000 Christs. We ought to have ten or fifteen right here in Milwaukee, and they would find plenty of business, too. But this climate seems to be too rough. Say, did I tell you pa and ma are having trouble?"

"No, what's the row?"

"Well, you see, ma wants to economize all she can, and pa has been getting thinner since he quit drinking and reformed, and I have kept on growing until I am bigger than he is. Funny, ain't it, that a boy should be bigger than his pa? Pa wanted a new suit of clothes, and ma said she would fix him, and so she took one of my old suits and made it over for pa, and he wore them a week before he knew it was an old suit made over, but one day he found a handful of dried-up angleworms in the pistol pocket that I had forgot when I was fishing, and pa laid the angleworms to ma, and ma had to explain that she made over one of my old suits for pa. He was mad, and took them off and threw them out the back window, and swore he would never humiliate himself by wearing his son's old clothes. Ma tried to reason with him, but he was awful worked up and said he was no old charity hospital, and he stormed around to find his old suit of clothes, but ma had sold them to a plaster of paris image peddler, and pa hadn't anything to wear, and he wanted ma to go out in the alley and pick up the suit he threw out the window, but a rag-man had picked them up and was going away, and pa he grabbed a linen duster and put it on and went out after the rag-picker, and he run and pa after him, and the rag-man told a policeman there was an escaped lunatic from the asylum and he was chasing people all over the city, and the policeman took him to the police-station. Ma and me had to go down and bail him out, and the police lent us a tarpaulin to put over pa, and we got him home, and he is wearing his summer pants while the tailor makes him a new pair of clothes. I think pa is too excitable and too particular. I never kicked on wearing pa's old clothes, and I think he ought to wear mine now. Well, I must go down to the sweetened-wind factory and jerk soda," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the store, "Spinage, for greens, that the cat has made a nest in over Sunday."—*Peck's Sun.*

Mississippi 'Skeeters.

The railroad station at Mississippi City is located among the pines, and the way the mosquitos were biting there, even in April, was enough to keep a mule moving. After awhile we got to talking about the insects, and I asked a native of the country:

"Are they thicker than this in the summer?"

"Thicker! Why, in July there's a million to one!"

"And larger?"

"Larger! Why, sir, one of the regular 'skeeters of this section could carry twenty of these on his back and still fly high!"

I thought I'd down him at once, and so continued:

"Now, sir, answer me truthfully. Do you believe that six of your biggest mosquitos could kill a mule if he was tied up out here?"

He looked at me in amazement for a minute, and then went to the door and beckoned in the man sitting on a box and watching the horses. When the man came in, the native said:

"William, you remember that air roan mule o' yours?"

"I reckon."

"In perfect health, wasn't he?"

"He was."

"Could run like a deer, and kick like a saw-log?"

"He could?"

"And he was all alone in a ten-acre lot, William?"

"He was."

"And two of them mud swamp 'skeeters got arter him one morning, and run him down and killed him, and devoured both hams and sucked every drop of blood in his body? William, speak up!"

"Stranger, if they didn't then I hope to be chewed to rags!" said William, and he said it exactly like a man who wouldn't have allowed there were two 'skeeters if he hadn't been earnestly convinced of the fact. He walked out doors, and a deep silence fell upon us two, broken only after a long interval by the native saying:

"I've allus kinder suspected that them skeeters had assistance from a hoss-fly, but I can't prove it. I kinder think the hoss-fly held him down till the murder was committed!"—*M. Quad.*

A Tragedy.

I had seen him frequently on Washington avenue, a fair-haired, laughing, handsome boy. Within five years he grew to manhood, and I often thought of him as the idol of his parents—manly, brave and true. The other day I saw his father's tottering form walking slowly up State street hill. He looked haggard and worn, as though some great trouble had come upon him. I saw his sister's blanched face and downcast eyes, and knew that a great calamity had befallen the family. I asked a mutual friend the reason.

"The son," he said, mournfully, and gulped down a sob.

"How sad," I said unto myself. He so young and full of promise, to be carried away. No wonder his people were crushed with grief, and then, in a sympathetic tone, I inquired:

"When did he die?"

"Die?" quoth my friend, in a tone of inquiry and sad surprise. "Die?" he repeated. "He's not dead; worse than that; he's become a dude."—*Albany Express.*

How Assessors Know Rich Men.

"There's a mighty rich man lives there," said the Assessor, pointing to an unpretentious house in a small lot, "one of the richest men in town, I reckon."

"Who is he?" asked the stranger.

"Don't know his name," the Assessor replied.

"What is he worth?" asked the stranger.

"I don't know that either," replied the Assessor, "don't know anything about him; he isn't in my district. But I know he is rich. Great Scott! you ought to hear him swear at the Board of Equalization!"

"And that's the way—?" queried the stranger.

"I know he's rich," said the Assessor. "I've been Assessor nearly ten years, and I know how to pick out the rich men. They always grumble about the taxes, howl at the assessment, and plead poverty before the Board of Equalization.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

ALL other knowledge is hurtful to him who has not the science of honesty and good nature.—*Montaigne.*

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

JANE POE, a married woman of Bedford, attempted suicide by taking laudanum.

ADAMS township, Kankakee county, has voted $40,000 aid to a railroad to come to that place.

MRS. W. T. PATE, widow of the late Hon. W. T. Pate, of Patriot, was found dead in her bed, at Rising Sun.

SAMUEL CRAM, living near Rockford, Wells county, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself with a pistol.

MR. SINCLAIR B. FISHER, a well-known citizen of New Albany, is dead. He had been a resident of that city since 1829.

THE wife of a Methodist minister of Vincennes has been stricken with paralysis and can neither hear, speak, nor see.

REV. C. H. BELL, of Feesburg, late of North Manchester, was stricken with paralysis while preaching a few days ago.

BACCOON STATION, Putnam county, is excited over the reported discovery of a large amount of gold and silver near that place.

SAMMY SCHWARTZ, 16 years old, son of Jacob S. Schwartz, was drowned in the canal, near the gas works at Lafayette, while fishing.

JONATHAN PETIT, of Shelbyville, came near dying from taking twenty drops of aconite at one dose and twenty more a half an hour afterward.

THE annual meeting of the Northern Indiana Editorial Association will be held at Fort Wayne on Thursday and Friday, June 14 and 15, 1883.

LIGHTNING struck the house of the Rev. Dr. Bruner, at Utica