

THE BAD BOY.

"Here, condemn you, you will pay for that cat," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store all broke up, the morning after the Fourth of July.

"What cat?" said the boy, as he leaned against the zinc ice box to cool his back, which had been bawling trouble with a bunch of fire crackers in his pistol pocket. "We haven't ordered any cat from here. Who ordered any cat sent to our house? We get our sausage at the market," and the boy rubbed some cold cream on his nose and eyebrows, where the skin was off.

"Yes, that is all right enough," said the grocery man, "but somebody who knew where the cat slept, in the box of sawdust back of the store, filled it full of fire crackers Wednesday forenoon, when I was out to see the procession, and never notified the cat, and touched them off, and the cat went through the roof of the shed, and she hasn't got hair enough left on her to put in the tea. Now, you didn't show up all the forenoon, and I went and asked your ma where you was, and she said you had been setting up four nights straight along with a sick boy in the Third ward, and you was sleeping all the forenoon the Fourth of July. If that is so, that lets you out on the cat, but it don't stand to reason. Own up, now, was you asleep all the forenoon of the Fourth, while other boys were celebrating, or did you scorch my cat?" and the grocery man looked at the boy as though he would believe every word he said, if he was bad.

"Well," said the bad boy, as he yawned as though he had been up all night, "I am innocent of sitting up with your cat, but I plead guilty to sitting up with Duffy. You see, I am bad, and it don't make any difference where I am, and Duffy thumped me once, when we were playing marbles, and I said I would get even with him some time. His ma washes for us, and when she told me that her boy was sick, with fever, and had nobody to stay with him while she was away, I thought it would be a good way to get even with Duffy when he was weak, and I went down there to his shanty and gave him his medicine, and read to him all day, and he cried, 'cause he knew I ought to have miled him, and that night I sat up with him while his ma did the ironing, and Duffy was so glad that I went down every day, and stayed there every night, and fired medicine down him, and let his ma sleep, and Duffy has got mashed on me, and he says I will be an angel when I die. Last night made five nights I have sat up with him, and he has got so he can eat beef tea and crackers. My girl went back with me 'cause she said I was sitting up with some other girl. She said that Duffy story was too thin, but Duffy's ma was washing at my girl's house and she proved what I said, and I was all right again. I slept all the forenoon the Fourth, and then stayed with Duffy till 4 o'clock, and got a furlough and took my girl to the Soldier's Home. I had rather set up with Duffy, though."

"Oh, get out. You can't make me believe you had rather set up in a sick room and set up with a boy, than to take a girl to the Fourth of July," said the grocery man, as he took a brush and wiped the sawdust off some bottles of peppercorns that he was taking out of a box. "You didn't have any trouble with the girl, did you?"

"No; not with her," said the boy, as he looked into the little round zinc mirror to see if his eyebrows were beginning to grow. "But her pa is so unreasonable. I think a man ought to know better than to kick a boy right where he has had a pack of fire-crackers explode in his pocket. You see, when I brought the girl back home she was a wreck. Don't you never take a girl to the Fourth of July. Take the advice of a boy who has had experience. We hadn't more than got to the Soldier's Home grounds before some boys who were playing tag grabbed hold of my girl's crushed-strawberry polonaise and ripped it off. That made her mad, and she wanted me to take offense at it, and I tried to reason with the boys and they both jumped on me, and I see the only way to get out of it honorably was to get real spry, and I got out. Then we sat down under a tree to eat lunch, and my girl swallowed a pickle the wrong way, and I pounded her on the back, the way ma does me when I choke, and she yelled, and a policeman grabbed me and shook me, and asked what I was hurting that poor girl for, and told me if I did it again he would arrest me. Everything went wrong. After dark somebody fired a Roman candle into my girl's hat and set it on fire, and I grabbed the hat and stamped on it, and spoiled her hair that her ma had bought her. By gosh, I thought her hair was curly, but when the wig was off her own hair was as straight as could be. But she was purty, all the same. We got under another tree to get away from the smell of burned hair, and a boy set off a nigger-chaser, and it ran right at my girl's feet, and burned her stockings, and a woman put the fire out for her, while I looked for the boy that fired the nigger-chaser, but I didn't want to find him. She was pretty near a wreck by that time, though she had all her dress left except the polonaise, and we went and sat under a tree in a quiet place, and I put my arm round her and told her never to mind the accidents, 'cause it would be dark when we got home, and just then a spark dropped down through the tree and fell in my pistol pocket, right next to her, where my bunch of fire-crackers was, and they began to go off. Well, I never saw such a sight as she was. Her dress was one of those mosquito-bar, cheese-cloth dresses, and it burned just like punk. I had presence of mind enough to roll her on the grass and put out the fire, but in doing that I neglected my own conflagration, and when I got her put out, my coat-tail and trousers were a total loss. My, but she looked like a goose that has been picked, and I looked like a fire-man that has felt through a hatchway. My girl wanted to go home, and her pa was sitting on the front steps, and he wouldn't accept her, looking that way. He said he had placed in my possession a whole girl, clothed and in her right mind, and I had brought back a burnt

offering. He teaches in our Sunday-school, and knows how to talk pious, but his boots are off his thick. I tried to explain that I was not responsible for the fire-works, and that he could bring in a bill against the Government, and I showed him how I was bereft of a coat-tail and some pants, but he wouldn't reason at all, and when his foot hit me I thought it was the resurrection, sure, and when I got over the fence, and had picked myself up I never stopped till I got to Duffy's and set up with him, 'cause I thought her pa was after me, and I thought he wouldn't enter a sick-room and mail a watcher at the bedside of an invalid. But that settles it with me about celebrating. I don't care if we did whip the British, after declaring independence, I don't want my pants burnt off. What is the declaration of independence good for to a girl who loses her polonaise, and has her hair burned off, and a nigger-chaser burning her stockings? No, sir, they may talk about the glorious Fourth of July, but will it bring back that blonde wig, or retail my coat? Hereafter I am a rebel, and I will go out in the woods the way pa does, and come home with a black eye, got in a rational way."

"What, did your pa get a black eye, too?" I hadn't heard about that," said the grocery man, giving the boy a handful of unbaked peanuts to draw him out. "Didn't get to fighting, did he?"

"No, pa don't fight. It is wrong, he says, to fight, unless you are sure you can whip the fellow, and pa always gets whipped, so he quit fighting. You see, one of the deacons in our church lives out on a farm, and all his folks were going away to spend the Fourth, and he had to do all the chores, so he invited pa and ma to come out to the farm and have a fine, quiet time, and they went. There is nothing pa likes better than to go out on a farm, and pretend he knows everything. When the farmer got pa and ma out there he set them to work, and ma shelled peas while pa went to dig potatoes for dinner. I think it was mean for the deacon to sent pa out in the corn field to dig potatoes, and after he had dug up a whole row of corn without finding any potatoes, to set the dog on pa, and tree him in an apple tree near the bee-hives, and then go and visit with ma and leaves pa in the tree with the dog barking at him. Pa said he never knew how mean a deacon could be, until he had sat on a limb of that apple tree all the afternoon. About time to do chores the farmer came and found pa, and called the dog off, and pa came down, and then the farmer played the meanest trick of all. He said city people didn't know how to milk cows, and pa said he wished he had as many dollars as he knew how to milk cows. He said his specultery was milking kicking cows, and the farmer gave pa a tin pail and a milking stool, and let down the bars and pointed out to pa 'the worst cow on the place.' Pa knew his reputation was at stake, and he went up to the cow and punched it in the flank and said, 'hiss, confound you!' Well, the cow wasn't a hissing cow, but a hissing bull, and pa knew it was a bull as quick as he see it put down its head and beller, and pa dropped the pail and stool and started for the bars, and the bull after pa. I don't think it was right in ma to bet 2 shillings with the farmer that pa would get to the bars before the bull did, though she won the bet. Pa said he knew it was a bull just as soon as the horns got tangled up in his coat tail, and when he struck on the other side of the bars, and his nose hit the ash barrel where they make lye for soap, pa said he saw more fireworks than we did at the Soldier's Home. Pa wouldn't celebrate any more, and he came home, after thanking the farmer for his courtesies, but he wants me to borrow a gun and go out with him hunting. We are going to shoot a bull and a dog, and some bees, may be we will shoot the farmer, if pa keeps on as mad as he is now. Well, we won't have another Fourth of July for a year, and may be by that time my girl's polonaise and hair will grow out, and that bull may become gentle, so pa can milk it. Ta-ta."—Peck's Sun.

Where Brooklyn Got its Name.

It never occurred to me until a day or two ago, when I was crossing the East river bridge, how Brooklyn got its name; and I suspect that many of our readers are ignorant of or have forgotten its origin. The place was named by the early Dutch settlers—it was incorporated by the authorities of this city, then New Amsterdam, nearly 240 years ago—and christened Breuklen, after the Netherlands village, a few miles from Utrecht, which travelers in Holland may remember. The original Breuklen has to-day less than 2,000 inhabitants, while Brooklyn, with not far from 600,000, is the third city in the Union. I doubt if one Brooklynite in a thousand knows anything of the humble little town where the title of the dormitory of New York is derived. How often this happens! Scarcely any Bostonian ever thinks if he knows anything of the English Boston, in the county of Lincoln, with a population of barely 15,000.—Cor. Springfield Republican.

The English National Debt.

The national debt of England first appears as a regular expenditure in 1694, though no doubt it had practically existed long before. With some fluctuations it grew and grew until, at the close of the great war in 1815, it amounted to nearly £900,000,000—more than all the other national debts of the world put together. It seems a singular commentary on our great triumph over Napoleon that, while France came defeated out of the war with a debt of only about £70,000,000, we, who were victorious, had incurred one of £900,000,000. This enormous sum has been slowly reduced; but at the present moment, and even after deducting the amount of loans made to local authorities and the purchase money of the Suez Canal shares, it still amounts to £731,000,000. The Americans are setting us a noble example, and paying their debt off with much greater rapidity.—English paper.

Boston's exports are largely on the increase, while her imports have decreased.

A Jury.

The last thing in a trial is the verdict of the jury, which must be a unanimous one. Originally the jurors were witnesses, and the rule was in the earliest times that twelve witnesses must swear to the prisoner's guilt before he could be convicted, just as at the present time twelve grand jurors must swear to their belief in his guilt before he can be put on his trial. Later on they ceased to be witnesses and became judges. The rule that the jury must be unanimous before the prisoner can be convicted is a direct consequence of the principle that no one is to be convicted unless his guilt is proved beyond all reasonable doubt, and so long as the institution is preserved the principle of unanimity should be retained. It is one of the curiosities of legal history, the uncertainty which prevailed down to within the last quarter of a century or less, what the presiding Judge should do in case the jury could not agree. One theory was, as Sir James Stephens says, that the Judge ought to confine them, without food or fire, till they did agree. We remember, in 1859, Lord Campbell angrily telling a jury, when discharging them without giving a verdict, that the old law was that the Judge could have them all put into a covered cart, carried to the confines of the county, and there shot into a ditch. Lord Lyndhurst made fun of this in the House of Lords, and declared that Lord Campbell had been mistaken in his law, and that all that the Judge could do originally was to carry the jury with him on his circuit till they did agree, or until he reached the borders of the county. Whatever the old rule may have been, it was solemnly determined in 1866 that in case of necessity the Judge might discharge the jury and the prisoner be committed and tried a second time. Such a rule obviates the objections which had been entertained to the principle of unanimity, and possibly has given the institution of trial by jury a fresh lease of life. It was always regarded as an abuse of power to subject jurors to any penal consequences in respect of their verdict, and since the revolution no attempt of the kind has been made.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Literature and Literature Makers

First of all, the reading world demands to be entertained. It is for this that it reads—when it reads only—studies. Literature does not bow to it as humbly as it once did. Literature is no longer a royal mendicant. And yet we do not liberate it from subordination to our caprices. And, under certain limitations, this attitude is the reader's clear prerogative. Literature must be the suitor in a courtship; and all that a lover ought and ought not to be to his mistress, literature ought or ought not to be to the reading world.

But, then, what ought the reading world to be? A faithful right-minded, true-hearted mistress, willing to be won by service, not by servility. Are we going to demand, asks the young aspirant, that he bow down to our crochets and whims? The requirement that he shall court and strive to please, he is ready and eager to meet. He sees its necessity; but he sees, too, the danger of its overgrowth. He sees that if he ever lets that necessity dictate to him and allows himself to wince or cringe under the frown of commercial or political interests; or the petulance of sectional prejudices; or the return, or the disregard of the multitude, his own reading public itself will by and by turn and impeach him.

We want, consequently, to assure our young men here that they shall not have to meet these unjust demands; but that our exactions and limitations shall be such only as are consistent with the perfection of candor and good faith in both them and us. Two demands we have a fundamental right to make and we make them both at once. To wit, that our literary product shall be at the same time both national and universal, in character and in value.—G. W. Cable.

How to Cure Corns.

There are multitudes of corn cures, some of which are supposed to operate by some mysterious magical agency, and others by chemical action upon the corn. The latter are the only ones to be depended upon. The following is a simple and effective remedy, known as the Algerian corn cure: Acetic acid, 1 ounce; iodine, 37 grains; alcohol, 1 ounce. Dissolve the iodine in the alcohol, and add the acetic acid. A few drops of the liquid are to be rubbed on the corn morning and evening, so as to gradually dissolve it. The same remedy will be found effectual for removing warts, if applied daily for a week or two.

Not Quite That Bad.

"You are charged with vagrancy. You never do anything but beg," said an Austin Justice to a shabby-looking prisoner.

Tramp—"You do me great injustice, your Honor! I steal every chance I get, and I gamble, too, occasionally."

Judge—"I beg your pardon. I had no idea you were so respectable. I hope you will excuse me. I am very sorry."

Tramp—"Well, you needn't carry the thing so far, Judge. I don't claim to be a member of the Legislature."—Texas Siftings.

Reportorial Consolation.

A man who was about to be hung for murder was conversing with a reporter about his approaching end.

"I have but one fear," said he.

"What's that," asked the reporter, in the gentle tones characterizing these worthies on such occasions.

"It is that the man I killed will not meet me kindly in heaven."

"Don't worry about that, my friend, don't worry about a little thing like that; you are not going in that direction at all, and you might as well think of something nearer home."—Merchant and Traveler.

VICTOR HUGO has always prided himself on his aristocratic ancestors, but a French writer who has been looking the matter up finds that his grandfather was a joiner, and that before him the Hugos, as far as can be ascertained, were ordinary farmers.

BRADY CONFESSES.

More of the Rascality of 1880—Two Dollars for the November Indiana Campaign and Five for October.

[Thomas J. Brady in the Brooklyn Eagle.] "I was very reluctant to enter into the business of raising money from the star-route men for the purpose of carrying Indiana. I had no faith in Gen. Garfield, because he had already fooled me once. I was doing my best to make up a good star-route service for the benefit of the people of the far West, and not for the benefit of myself or Dorsey, or anybody else. The raising of the \$40,000 campaign money could not have been the result of any conspiracy between Dorsey and myself, for at that time we were on unfriendly terms. He wanted to have De Witt Clinton Wheeler put into my place, but he finally subsided, and I raised the money, and we spent it. I promised to take care of Delaware and the adjoining counties in Indiana, because Delaware is my native place, and I wanted to make Delaware the banner county of the State. We had really as much of a fight here in November as in October, because it was necessary to follow up the victory. Where a \$2 bill sufficed in the former month a \$5 note had to be expended in October, and, as Dorsey says, they were crisp and new, and seemed like a shower from heaven to our people."

"How did you come to fall out with Dorsey?"

"I didn't fall out with him. I think the Dorsey routes were 114 in number, and I found that some of them were useless. I thought that the money expended in their support should be spent in some other direction, and that made Dorsey angry. We are friends now, but he was not my friend then."

"How do you know that Garfield approved of the raising of the \$40,000 which Dorsey says you received?"

"Dorsey went to Gen. Arthur and he was willing to give written authority for the collection of the money, but the authority should come from Garfield. This was communicated to Garfield, who thereupon wrote the Jay Hubbell letter. I didn't think I needed any better authority, and I raised the money at once. As a matter of personal pride I spent \$5,000 out of my own pocket in Delaware county."

"Well, how had Garfield fooled you?" "When Key was Postmaster General and Tyler his Assistant, Garfield promised to me his influence with the Committee on Appropriations, of which he had been Chairman, to have extra appropriations made. He made this promise to Tyler and ex-Gov. Shepherd, and myself, declaring that he would not only vote for the appropriations, but defend them in the House. He found it convenient, however, to go to Hiram College to deliver a lecture, and went no further in the direction of keeping his promise than pairing off. He fooled me once, and I didn't trust him."

Gov. Foster Testifies.

The present Governor of Ohio and proprietor of Foraker is an experienced person whose judgment on any question of practical politics has weight with the Republican party. In view of the attempt to disparage the services rendered by Dorsey to Garfield in Indiana in October, 1880, we invite the attention to an interview with Gov. Foster, printed in the National Republican, of Washington, on Saturday:

Mr. Foster testifies that Gen. Garfield felt under such deep obligations to Dorsey that he wanted him in the Cabinet. "I have every reason to believe," says Foster, "that he would have been invited into the Cabinet but for charges preferred against him by Republicans of the very highest standing and influence." "I have heard the President say repeatedly," continues Foster, "that he wished these men felt differently toward Dorsey, and so let him show to Dorsey that his services were appreciated." This bears directly upon Swaim's recent declaration that Garfield, months before his inauguration, distrusted Dorsey, denouncing him as a "scaly character," and expressing his opinion that there was "a screw loose in his moral make-up." Garfield wanted Dorsey in the Cabinet. How far he went in the manifestation of that desire perhaps Gov. Foster does not know. Perhaps he does know.

Mr. Foster seems to be very sure, however, that Dorsey did not exaggerate the value of his services to Garfield in the preliminary campaign in Indiana. "I know there is such an impression abroad," he says, "but I never heard Dorsey brag about his work in Indiana. It is true that Gen. Garfield was greatly pleased with Dorsey for the work he had done in Indiana, but I do not know that Dorsey exaggerated the nature of his services." This, again, bears directly upon the absurd statement of certain of Garfield's friends that Dorsey's presence at Indianapolis was, if anything, detrimental to the success of the Republican party in the October canvass.

Of the bargain which put Mr. Stanley Matthews on the bench of the Supreme Court, Gov. Foster says that he has no knowledge whatever. He professes to regard the story as "a cold-blooded calumny." Matthews had already been appointed once by Hayes. His appointment was an "inherent obligation" from the fraudulent administration.

Some of our contemporaries find a sufficient explanation of the shameful appointment of Mr. Jay Gould's attorney to the bench of the Supreme Court in his previous nomination by Hayes, and in Hayes' desire to recompense the man who had helped him to steal the Presidency. Those facts do not meet the charge. The politicians who managed Garfield were in no mood to pay debts of gratitude bequeathed by the dead fraud. Hayes unexpectedly had the opportunity to reward Matthews on his own account and at the same time pay in advance the obligations of the incoming administration. His nomination failed, and Garfield immediately paid the debt himself.—New York Sun.

A DEATH TRAP.

Eight Men Killed by the Fall of a Blast Furnace Near Syracuse, New York.

The Unfortunates Buried Beneath Sixty Tons' Weight of Brick and Iron.

[Dispatch from Syracuse, N. Y.]

A terrible accident occurred at the Onondaga Iron Company's blast furnace a mile west of this city, in Geddes. For several weeks the furnace has been unused, it being out of repair. Joseph Dawson, with a gang of men, has been engaged for several days in removing the inner and fire-bricks from the arch, leaving only the outer course standing. The foreman considered this course entirely secure. Without the slightest warning the arch caved in, burying the workmen beneath it in a mass of bricks, mortar, soot and ashes. An alarm was at once given, and the men at the mill set to work with a will to remove the victims. In less than an hour eight bodies were taken from the ruins. Several hundred people were at the scene. Sons, daughters, and wives wept frantically as the bodies were removed. People gathered in the village of Geddes, and hurried to the scene of the casualty. Business was almost entirely suspended in the village, and the place looked as if stricken by a panic. It was fully five minutes after the collapse before the dust cleared away sufficiently so that the debris could be viewed. The weight of the falling bricks was so great that they were forced out of the openings in the furnace and crowded several feet into the space around it. The gang of eight men were lying in the inside of the furnace, which is sixteen feet in diameter and sixty feet high. A small scuffle was across the furnace at height of eight feet from the ground. It was said by Mr. Dawson, the manager of the company, that it was known that the lining of the upper part was in a dangerous condition, and that he warned the men before they went in. The foreman of the dead men said that it was not known that the lining was in a dangerous state. Without warning the lining of the upper part gave way, and sixty tons of brick fell upon the men. The sound of the falling mass was muffled by the iron walls and there was no crash. A great cloud of dust blew out from the doors of the furnace, filling the factory.

Men knew their fellows were inside that iron tomb, but their eyes were blinded by the clouds of dust, and it was several minutes before they could grope their way inside the furnace. With hoes and shovels they began work, and after digging near half an hour and throwing out a mass of bricks about four feet deep, they found the bodies. They were crushed and broken. Their faces were covered with dust, which had settled into the cuts and wounds made by the falling bricks, and their hair and beards were filled with the yellow powder. While the men were busy throwing out the debris they were frequently importuned by their friends to leave the place at once, as they were working in imminent danger every minute. They paid no heed, but worked on with a will. More bricks were liable to fall at any moment. The fall of one brick from such a height would kill a man outright.

The news of the tragedy spread from the blast furnace to the homes of the men who were killed. Women and children wailing and crying hastened to the furnace. The limp, shattered bodies were carried out by men whose faces were stern and set and laid on the ground. Some filled the air as like so many sacks, the bodies were lifted into wagons and driven through the village. At the little cottages women stood with aprons to their eyes, and even the little children stopped playing. The excitement among the employees and many outside laboring men was intense. The loudest and most open threats were heard to shoot both Manager Gere and the general foreman, who were both present. The impression prevailed among these excited men that they were criminally negligent in allowing the men to go into the furnace to work in the condition in which it was. The police were called in to quell any disturbance.

MOB VENGEANCE.

A Brutal Convict Driver and One of His Tools Shot to Death.

[Telegram from Arkansas City, Ark.]

A mob of several hundred men fired on the steamer Ida Darragh, near Burnett's Landing, wounded an obnoxious convict boss fatally, and killed a negro convict. Two weeks ago a young machinist from Clinton, Ill., came to this section hunting odd jobs. He secured work repairing gin-houses on a farm near Red Forks. While living there he boarded with a Mrs. King. Her husband, in his board, and told the woman that he would send her the sum as soon as he could raise it.

Just as he was preparing to leave for the North he was arrested, taken before a magistrate, and sentenced to work in the fields for attempting to defraud his landlady. Not working to suit Werner, the man who had charge of the convicts, the young man was whipped by three negro convicts at the boss orders. He died from the effects of the beating. The Sheriff of DeSha county arrested Werner and the three negroes, and was taking them to Arkansas City when the mob fired upon them. One of the negroes jumped into the river and swam, but he was not as lucky as the other for the shore. Werner fell on the dock with a bullet in his chest. A perfect fusillade was kept up by the men, who followed the steamer down the river for some distance. The attempt to pass the convict crew was in great danger. The Sheriff, with the wounded man Werner and two of the negroes, were finally placed aboard the Anchor Line steamer City of New Orleans and brought here.

POINTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

An Ohio man, aroused out of his slumbers by a burglar, pursued the fellow with a shotgun, but did not succeed in shooting him. Soon the burglar came to a river and plunged in, but, not being a swimmer, he sank and was drowned. And now the Grand Jury has indicted the household for murder in the first degree for not going to the assistance of the drowning man. This is strange, in view of the fact that had he previously shot the burglar nothing would have been done to him.

BESSIE COLBY, 3 years old, a lineal descendant of Isabel, sister of Gen. John Stark, of the Revolution, living in Fryeburg, Me., encountered near the house a poisonousadder four feet long. Seizing the snake in her hands she carried it alive to the house, where her step-mother killed it, though so frightened that she nearly fainted, and was ill for two days afterward. Several persons in that vicinity are said to have died from this kind of snake, and why this mammoth specimen did not bite the child is a mystery. Bessie says, "When he tried to bite I tucked a tick in his mouth."

LITTLE PEOPLE.

BOB THUMB and his wife professed to be firm believers in Spiritualism.

HAIR COUNTY, Ala., has a colored dwarf, a girl about 20 years old, who is only three feet and three inches in height.

TOM THUMB weighed nine pounds at his birth, and his sister, who weighed nine and a half pounds, grew to weigh more than 200.

CHUM-MAX, the imported midget, twenty-eight inches high, weighs twenty-two pounds, and is paid a salary of \$150 a week.

DANIEL BURKETT, of Big Creek Gap, East Tennessee, said to be 19 years old, weighs only three pounds, and is only eighteen inches high.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

COL. WILLIAM ROGERS, a prominent citizen of Fort Wayne, fell down stairs and fractured his skull. Death ensued the following day.

MARY BROWN, an insane woman, died at the poor-house in Lafayette, having for forty-four days taken no nourishment except a few sips of milk.

JOHN WISE, aged 83 years, for over fifty years a resident of Vincennes, is dead. He was one of the most wealthy and prominent citizens of that city.

CHARLES REDFERN, a conductor on the Pan-Handle road, residing at Logansport, was killed in Chicago, by leaping off a train in front of another on the St. Paul track.

ABOUT 5 o'clock in the afternoon George Thomas and Stephen Owen, two persons confined in the county jail at Bedford, succeeded in making their escape by sawing through an iron bar. They were charged with robbery.

DURING the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Collins, of Shelbyville, from home, to amuse their 3-months-old baby some children gave it a few green peas, some of which the little child put in its mouth, and one of the peas lodging in its windpipe, it choked to death before medical aid could be called.

A YOUNG man by the name of McKee, living near Fayetteville, was driving a reaper on the road, when the horses became frightened and ran away, throwing him in front of the guards. He was terribly mangled. Four of the guards ran through one of his arms, tearing the muscles out.

ROBERT PESLEY, of Jefferson township, Cass county, had six sheep killed by lightning during a recent storm. A flock of thirty-five head had taken shelter near a black oak tree, which the lightning struck, killing the above number of sheep at one stroke.

The wife of John Williams, known as "Coal Oil Johnny," found him in bed in a house of bad repute, at Terre Haute, and shot him dead while sleeping. The woman gave herself up to the police. She was promptly discharged by Justice Lackman, on the ground of emotional insanity.

BILL POSEY, colored, of Vincennes, in a fit of delirium tremens, chased his mother with a razor, with deadly intent. He also made an assault on a young man named Hart, who came in to quell him. Posey afterward tried to cut his own throat, succeeding only in gashing his face.

JOHN STUCKY, a rather eccentric individual of Pike county, was married a short time ago to Mrs. Emily Reel, of Knox county. The fair bride has attained the ripe age of 72, while but about half that number of summers have passed over the head of the groom.

MRS. LOATE HARRIS and Miss Mary Francisco were thrown from a vehicle near Richmond. The horse was frightened by the harness breaking while going down hill, and ran away. Miss Francisco died soon after from the injuries sustained, and the death of Mrs. Harris is expected. Two children that accompanied them were not hurt.

JOHN PRIER, of Indianapolis, went to the country last week on business. When he started home in the evening he saw three chickens which had gone to roost on the shafts of his buggy. He remonstrated with them and they left. He came on home and found one roosting on the spring in the rear. This made a most excellent meal the next day.

IDA PEMEROY, of Indianapolis, has brought a rather peculiar suit against L. S. Ayers. The complaint alleges that last winter the plaintiff purchased a seal skin sledge from the defendant, and the same being in need of repairing, later on she returned it to the defendant for repairs. When delivered to her again it did not fit, so plaintiff alleges, but it "hangs upon her in a most ungainly and embarrassing manner," and therefore she seeks to recover \$300 damages.

PROBABLY the oldest woman in Southern Indiana is Mrs. McClusky, of Daviess county, who is over 100 years of age. She is the widow of Rev. Mr. McClusky, noted as one of the pioneer Methodist preachers of Southern Indiana and one among the first men to establish a Methodist church in Dubois county. Mrs. McClusky is said to possess her mental and physical strength to a remarkable degree.

The work of appraising and assessing the seventy railroads in the State of Indiana for taxable purposes, has been completed by the State Board of Equalization. The totals show: Total miles of main and second-main tracks in 1883, 5,301, against 4,954 miles in 1882; valuation of main tracks, \$39,573,230, against \$36,371,726 in 1882, an increase of over \$3,000,000; valuation of side tracks, \$2,571,996, against \$2,256,918 in 1882; valuation of rolling stock, \$10,842,270, against \$9,183,178 last year. Total valuation, \$54,200,223, against \$47,885,308 in 1882, an increase in the past year of \$5,323,890, and of \$10,373,888 since 1881.

PATENTS have been granted to Indiana inventors as follows: G. J. Cline, of Goshen, for a sliding jaw-wrench; W. T. Covert, of Indianapolis, for a fire-escape ladder; C. F. Hauss, Jr., of Brownsville, two each for a seeding device; S. B. Hazen and G. L. Van Gorder, of Winamac, for a door-checker; J. W. Helme, of Orland, for a draft equalizer; A. L. Henry, of Ladoga, for a sifter; H. F. Kuhlman, of Indianapolis, two each for a saw guard; V. A. Menez, of Michigan City, two each for a folding table; W. E. Moore, of Thornton, for a ventilator; F. M. Stimmone, of Indianapolis, for a two-wheeled vehicle; J. C. Vetter, of Indianapolis, for a table hinge.

MISS MAMIE CLARK, of Franklin, who about three weeks ago undertook to elope with Marshall Blackwell, but was overtaken and brought home, recently made another attempt, in which she was successful. Since her first elopement she has been entertaining Alonzo Burnett, another suitor, and on whom her father had set his heart. One Sunday evening, recently, the young man called, and during the evening the young lady excused herself to get a drink. She not only took a drink but she took a horse, with the man of her choice, and, on reaching Brown county, they were married by a magistrate, despite her age, she being only 19 years old. After her fifteenth suitor had waited for her for about an hour, he informed her father of her actions. The premises were searched, but without avail, and it then occurred to the young lady's father that she had skipped again, and horses were procured and they started in hot pursuit, but the daring couple were married, and nothing could be done.