

THE WATERS OF TRUTH ARE RISING.

Further Confirmation of the Truth of Dorsey's Disclosures.
(From the New York Sun.)

Mr. E. N. Hill, a well-known attorney-at-law, of Washington, now in New York, who is and has been a warm friend of Senator Dorsey, was known to be in possession of many of the inside facts respecting the remarkable canvass of 1880, and also respecting Garfield's relations with Dorsey. Mr. Hill was also a warm friend of Garfield's, and in the winter of 1881 visited Mentor by invitation, spending a number of hours with Gen. Garfield. Until recently Mr. Hill has been no more disposed to speak of what he knew than have others who knew much, but he has now consented to say some things which are of interest.

"You have read the recent revelations of Dorsey, Mr. Hill; what is your opinion of their accuracy?" asked the writer.

"So far as they have gone they are accurate, but he has not yet told one-quarter of what he knows."

"In that he speaks of having been offered a Cabinet place; does that statement come within your own knowledge?"

"Yes, sir; during my conversation with Gen. Garfield I said to him: 'I suppose Senator Dorsey will be a member of your Cabinet?' To my surprise, he said, 'No; I have offered him a place, and he says he will not accept it.'"

"Did Gen. Garfield indicate what it was?"

"Oh, yes. He said he had offered Dorsey the Secretaryship of the Interior."

"Did Gen. Garfield mention any reason why Dorsey declined?"

"Yes. He said he was extremely sorry that Dorsey would not accept, but that Dorsey had said that his private business required his attention, and he could not therefore accept."

"Do you know of anyone else to whom Garfield said that he had offered Dorsey a place?"

"Yes. Two or three other gentlemen have told me that Garfield had told them he had asked Dorsey to go into the Cabinet. One of these gentlemen is a very prominent public man."

"Did Garfield ever repeat to you that he had made this offer?"

"Oh, yes; in Washington, at his house. I recollect very distinctly that I called with some friends, and just as I was leaving he drew me aside and privately invited me to come back at 1 a. m. I went back, and in the course of conversation about other matters he again repeated that he had offered Dorsey the Interior portfolio, and that Dorsey persisted in declining."

"Did you ever see any written evidence to prove the truth of what Garfield said to you?"

"Yes; I have seen a letter and read it, in which Garfield formally offered him a place in the Cabinet."

"Was it a long letter?"

"No; it covered about a page of Garfield's scattering handwriting."

"Do you recollect the terms of that letter?"

"No, not the precise phraseology. I could not quote accurately, and prefer not to do so, as I have no doubt the letter will some day see the light. The offer was formally made."

"Did you see Dorsey's reply to it?"

"No. I saw the substance of the reply. Dorsey did not have a copy of his declination with him, but repeated the substance of it from memory, which was then written out."

"Dorsey's letter of declination must be in the hands of Garfield's literary executors?"

"Yes, of course."

"Have you seen the statement that Garfield offered Dorsey the place to please him, expecting that, Dorsey would decline it?"

"Yes. I have seen that."

"What do you think about that?"

"I think it very good proof that Ananias and Sapphira left descendants either in flesh or spirit. I believe if such a proposition had been made to Mr. Dorsey he would have resented it by a blow."

"Do you know whether Garfield repeated his request to Dorsey to go into the Cabinet?"

"Not to my knowledge. Mr. Dorsey told me that after he had declined Garfield urged him to go home and reconsider the matter, because he wanted him in the Cabinet."

"Did you ever hear that Garfield personally offered Dorsey a Cabinet place?"

"Yes. That was the time he was first offered it. That was at Mentor, soon after the election. There is an amusing side to that, as I have understood. Jewell and Dorsey were at Mentor. About 9 o'clock one evening, Garfield wanted to have a chat with Dorsey, so he, to get rid of Jewell, offered to show him to his bed. After Jewell retired, Garfield and Dorsey went out under an apple tree, and, with a lunch of good things to eat and drink, sat there till 2 o'clock in the morning. At that time Garfield told Dorsey that he was going to make him a formal offer to enter the Cabinet, and that he could have any place except the Treasury or the State Department, and, of course, he was debarred from the Department of Justice, as he (Dorsey) was no lawyer. Dorsey at that time told Garfield that if he boiled all his places into one he wouldn't take it."

"You spoke of believing that Garfield's letter offering Dorsey a Cabinet place would sooner or later see the light. Why do you think so?"

"Because I have good reasons. The letter has not been printed. It is in the custody of some of Dorsey's strongest friends, who have thought that the time has not yet come for making it public."

"Mr. Hill, you know that Dorsey has been called a liar for saying that he was offered a Cabinet place?"

"He is no liar," replied Mr. Hill indignantly. "I am willing to make affidavit that I saw the letter, and, he suddenly added, 'I'll do so now, if you wish.'"

City and County of New York, ss:
E. N. Hill, of Washington, D. C., being duly sworn, deposes and says that the foregoing interview as to the offer of a position in his Cabinet by President Garfield to

Stephen W. Dorsey is substantially true, and the statement that I saw a letter offering the place is absolutely true.
E. N. HILL.
Sworn to before me this 31st day of Aug., 1882.
GEO. S. HICKOX,
Notary Public New York County.

The Real Platform.

From time to time the leaders of the Republican party hold conventions in which they formulate certain moral axioms and platitudes which they call the platform of the party.

The real platform of the party, however, is expressed in private and personal letters exchanged between these leaders after the mummery of the convention is over. What that platform is appears more clearly from the abstract we publish elsewhere of the campaign correspondence of the party in 1880. This, the real platform, may be written in one line: We want money.

That is the real Republican platform. On this point the harmony and union are universal.

Blaine writes to Dorsey that in failing to send money to Maine he is "impairing the whole campaign."

Allison writes to Jewell: "Money must be had and must be sent to Indiana."

Stewart Woodford writes to Jewell from West Virginia: "With \$25,000 Sturgis and Atkinson can make an effective campaign."

John F. Lewis, Mahone's lieutenant, writes: "The expenditure of \$50,000 will insure the electoral vote of Virginia for Garfield and Arthur. 'Help us, Cassius, or we sink.'"

Mr. Henderson, of Iowa, writes to Dorsey: "Put money in this purse."

Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati Gazette, who has been called the Good Deacon Richard Smith, was alive to the need of money. He writes: "There should be \$50,000 judiciously placed in each of these States (Ohio and Indiana) within the next ten days."

Charlie Foster, sometimes known as Calico Charlie, says that he has given the question some attention and that "we ought to have \$40,000—\$10,000 of it for Cleveland."

The Massachusetts reformers, through John M. Forbes, sent money to West Virginia and Indiana.

John C. New called aloud for money and gave thanks when it came. Everybody wanted money.

What did they want it for?

The Republican party claims to have saved the nation, to have paid off the debt, settled the finances and pensioned the soldiers. It has held power for twenty odd years. It has taken credit to itself for the prosperity of the country; has had all the support of capital, of protected interests, of the army of officeholders and of all privileged classes.

Yet when a national election came around, when a great national battle was to be fought, the grand old party could find only one battle-cry. Danger of defeat changed all its boasting into abject terror, and its platform shrank to a single line—

Resolve! That we must have money.

—New York World.

Political Notes.

THE Journal unites with other Republican papers and advocates Mr. Randall's claims to the Speakership. We call the attention of Indians to the fact that the Republican party leaders and newspapers are in favor of a high protective Pennsylvania for the next Speakership of the House.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

"OLD JOE MEDILL," as the Chicago Tribune, was at the New York Republican State Convention last week. He pronounced it "the tamest convention he ever saw." Whenever you see a "tame" convention in New York of either party it means defeat. Mark it.

It is true that the Times is not in favor of "high duties on foreign manufactures" as a means of "protection to American industry." A pretty careful study of the question has led it to the conclusion that these high duties are unnecessary and injurious. This will be the view of the Republican party before many years.—New York Times.

EACH Postmaster and Custom House officer in the land begins to proclaim that his section of the country is calling aloud for the nomination of President Arthur. But President Arthur has been there and knows how it is himself. He used to "whoop it for the boys" in just that style and knows just what it is worth. This is the advantage of having been a "boss" before going into the White House. The Postmasters and Custom House officers ought not to be mistaken for the voice of the people "in my section."—Detroit Free Press.

HENRY L. PIERCE declined to accept the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts. On him the party had staked all their hopes to beat Ben Butler. He would have been defeated in all probability in any event, but is understood to be a very respectable, clever gentleman, representing Boston blue blood and the traditional swallow-tailed element. He would have staggered under the Tewksbury load. It is a bad mess and weighs a good many thousand pounds. Even puritanism revolts at its atrocities and Plymouth Rock grows restless. Old Ben has been a terror to the hypocrites of Massachusetts. Republicanism and the heaven of Democracy is helping him in the good work. There is progress even for Massachusetts.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Davy Crockett's Watch.

Mr. J. W. Crockett, resident of De Witt, Ark., great-grandson of David Crockett, has a valuable heir-loom in the shape of a gold watch, formerly the property of the old hero of the Alamo. It is of ordinary gentleman's size, but thicker than present-day watches, and open-faced. The dial is white, without inscription, and has only the hour and minute hand. The case, plain and smooth, has been worn thin by time. It is of solid gold, and on the back the names of its different owners are inscribed as follows: D. Crockett, John W. Crockett, Robert H. Crockett, J. W. Crockett. The watch was purchased by David Crockett in Tennessee after his defeat in his last race for Congress, and has passed through succeeding generations.

THE BAD BOY.

"Hello, got back again, have you?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store looking tired, with his clothes soiled and a general appearance of having been sleeping in freight cars with cattle. "Your pa told me he expected you had run away for good and that you might not come back. Where you been?"

"Chicago," said the boy, as he took out a toad-stabber knife and proceeded to take the blister off a smoked herring. "Been playing Prodigal Son, in two acts. But times have changed since that young fellow in the Bible went off on a tear and came back, and the old folks killed a young cow for him to eat, and fell on his shirt collar and cried down the back of his neck. They don't receive prodigal sons that way in our ward. They fill a prodigal son's coat tails full of boots, and he can't find cold wear enough in the house to make a sandwich."

"I thought your folks were pious and would be inclined to overlook anything," said the grocery man, as he charged the herring and crackers to the bad boy's father. "You don't mean to tell me they went back on the teachings of the good book and warmed your jacket?"

"You have guessed it the first time," said the boy. "This prodigal son business is all right in theory, but in practice it's a dead failure. You see at Sunday-school the lesson was about the prodigal son, and the minister told us all about how the boy took all the money he could scrape up and went away to a distant country and painted the towns red, and spent his money like a countryman at a circus, and how he took in all the sights, and got broke, and got hungry, and took a job at the stock-yards feeding pigs, and he was so hungry he used to help the pigs eat their rations, and finally he thought of his home, where they had pie, and he went home expecting to be fired out, but his pa was tickled to see him, and set up a free lunch of calf on a half shell, and hugged the boy, and made him feel bully. When we got home pa and ma talked about the lesson, and pa said it was one of the most touching things he ever heard, and told me to think of it, and it would do me good. Well, the more I thought of it the more I felt like trying the prodigal business on, and I told my chum about it, and he said he hadn't had any vacation, and he would go off prodigal with me if I would go, and we could see the country, and have a good time, and come back and be received with open arms. Well, we got all our money together, and a brakeman on a freight-train, that goes to church, cause his wife sings in the choir, he hid us in the caboose and we went to Chicago. Oh, my, but we had a good time! I never saw money wither the way it did with us. We eat about twenty times a day, the first two days, and then our appetite left us, because we didn't have any more money. The first two nights we slept in a 2-shilling lodging-house, the third night we walked around, and the fourth night we slept in the police-station. When our money was gone half the fun was gone. If a fellow can walk around with money in his pocket he feels good, even if he don't want to buy anything; but when the money is gone he feels bad and wants to buy lots of things. We waited two days for our brakeman, and when we got on his train he put us on a cattle-car, and it was vile. I traded my collar-button for a postal-card and wrote to pa that the prodigal would put in an appearance at 9 p. m., and for him to prepare to fall on my neck, and to send down to the meat-market for a hind quarter of fatted calf and have plenty of gravy. You wouldn't believe it, but there was no carriage at the depot, and we had to walk home. I could have overlooked that if there had been anything to eat when I got to the house, but there wasn't enough for a canary bird. Pa was there, however, and I was just going to hold out my neck for pa to get on to weep when he grabbed it with his hand and came near twisting it off, and then he turned me around and began to play the bass drum on my clothes with his feet. I never was so annoyed in all my life, honestly. It was not the treatment I had a right to expect after what they had told me about the prodigal son of ancient times. As quick as I could I caught my breath I asked pa what he thought the prodigal son of Bible times would have thought if his pa had mauled him when he came home, and what kind of a story it would have made if it had told about the old man taking him by the neck and kicking him all over the room, instead of falling on his neck and weeping, and giving him a veal pot-pie. Pa said he wasn't running any old back-number prodigal sons, and he thought his way was the best, and he sent me to bed without any supper. That settled the prodigal business with Henry. No more fatted calf for Hank, if you please," and the boy got up and shook the herring peelings off his lap.

"Well, how did your chum come out?" asked the grocery man, with much interest.

"Oh, he hasn't come out yet. He is in the lockup," said the boy. "His ma put the police onto him, and when he showed up they run him into the police station for a tramp. I think we have both demonstrated that this climate does not agree with the prodigal business, and however much they may try to teach us the beauties of such stories, they do not expect us to try to imitate them. When I go to Chicago after this I shall go in a parlor car, with lunch enough to last me, and a return ticket. I don't understand it at all. Now I didn't do half the mean things in Chicago that the Prodigal son of old did in the far-off country, and yet he got taffy when he got home, and I got my spine broke. It may be all right, but they do things different in the old country, you know."

"If I understand the kind of a prodigal son you are," said the grocery man, as he sprinkled the floor from a wash-basin, preparatory to the semi-annual sweeping out, "you have got even with your pa before this, for his outrageous treatment. That is, mind you, I don't suggest anything for you to play on him, but from what I know of you, the

account is even up before now. Am I right?"

"Well, I should remark. Any person who thinks I cannot resent such an insult, makes a mistake as to the sort of a prodigal son I am. We had company at dinner to-day, and pa is always in his element when we have company. He prides himself on his carving. We had a roast of beef, and before it went on the table I took the steel that pa sharpens the carving-knife on, and made two holes right through the roast, and then I took a rawhide whip that pa basted me with once, cut it in two, and run pieces of the rawhide in the holes of the beef. Pa began carving with a smile, and asked the minister if he would have his beef rare, or an outside piece. He was bearing gently on the carving knife, when the knife struck the rawhide and it wouldn't go any further. Pa smiled and said he guessed he had struck a barbed wire fence, and he turned the roast around and cut again, and he struck the rawhide. The minister drummed with his fork and spoke to ma and said 'we had a splendid meeting last Wednesday night,' and ma said it was perfectly gorgeous, and pa began to perspire and turn red in the face, and he said some words that would sound better in a brewery, and he tried to gouge off some meat, but it wouldn't come, and the minister said, 'Brother, you seem to be having a monkey and a parrot with that roast,' and that made pa mad and he said 'he could carve his own meat without any sky-pilot's interference, and ma said, 'Why, pa, you should not be impudent,' and pa said he could whip the butcher that sold him that piece of work ox, and he sent the beef out to the kitchen and the company ate cold liver. The girl set the meat in the ice-chest, and pretty soon I went down cellar 'cause I didn't like cold liver, and pulled out the rawhide, and I had all the fatted calf I wanted, and I gave the rest to that lame dog you see me have here a spell ago. Oh, a boy can get enough to eat if he has got any originality about him. I think if pa would show a Christian spirit, and wear slippers when he kicks me, I would do anything to make it pleasant for him, but when a man wears out hunting-boots on his own little prodigal, I think the prodigal is apt to get hard. Don't you?"

The groceryman admitted that perhaps the boy was right, and he raised such a dust sweeping out that the boy coughed, took a few peaches off the top of a basket, and went out whistling, "Home Again, from a Foreign Shore."

—Peck's Sun.

Men and Horses of Former Times.

Mr. Gladstone is credited with having said that every symptom indicative of a nation which has seen its best days and is now slowly settling, may be discerned on every side of us at this moment. That there is far less vigor and endurance in ordinary men and ordinary horses than existed at the commencement of the century is so apparent that none but the very young and very thoughtless can be blind to the fact. We find in the "Life of Lord Chancellor Campbell" that, in 1840, when he was 31 years old, he wanted to get from Stafford, where he was on circuit, to London with the least possible delay. "My plan," he writes to his father, "was to go in a chaise to Wolverhampton and then to take the stage-coach; but there was no chaise to be had at Stafford, and I was forced to set off on foot. The distance is sixteen miles, which I performed in less than four hours. At Wolverhampton I found the London coach ready to start, and, passing through Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford, I reached the Temple next day at 2 p. m." How many young barristers of to-day would be fit for a hard afternoon's work after going through such an ordeal? A still-living veteran upon the stage, Mr. Chipendale, remembers the time when, as a young actor, he occasionally had to walk forty miles in a day from town to town and to play at night for the noble stipend of 25 shillings a week. Sixty or seventy years ago such famous hunters as Squire Osbaldeston or the late Lord Lichfield endured, in getting to the covert side, fatigue and hardship which none but a madman would now think of facing. Lord Lichfield, when master of the Warwickshire hounds, would take his seat on a Sunday by the coachman's side, at 8 p. m., upon the box of the Birmingham "Greyhound," and, traveling all night, would arrive at Coventry about 6 a. m. on Monday. Having washed, put on his hunting-clothes and breakfasted, he would ride perhaps twenty miles to meet his hounds, hunt all day, and, upon more than one occasion, return from Coventry to London on Tuesday night by the up-coach. When Squire Osbaldeston was master of the Quorn and Oakley hounds at the same time, his days were often passed in hunting and his nights in galloping from one pack to the other. The horses bedridden and ridden by these iron-framed sportsmen were, like their riders and drivers, more enduring than the animals now sold at Tattersall's.—London Field.

A Brave Girl.

I have another brave girl to tell you of to-day. She is a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked lassie of 14, and her home is in Jersey City. Since her mother's death, eighteen months ago, she has been her father's housekeeper, and he says she is a very good one. But it was not for her housekeeping that I wanted to tell you about Mary Anne Atkinson. She is a favorite with some young ladies who live near her, and they have taught her to row. She is a fearless swimmer, and manages a boat with ease and skill.

One afternoon she heard the cries of four small boys who were adrift in a boat in Communipaw basin. Suddenly one of them—Thomas Koslow, 12 years old, the only one who could handle the oars—fell overboard. He had sunk twice when Mary Anne, who had seen the accident from the bank, and had put forth to the rescue, reached him, grasped and drew him into her boat. He was unconscious when she brought him to land, but soon revived under the measures which were at once taken. Meanwhile the brave girl rowed cut again, and towed in the boat in which were the little frightened boys.—Harper's Young People.

THE CHINESE.

Justice Field Decides Against the Right of Hong Kong Chinamen to Land in This Country.

The Question of Treaties Ignored by the Decision, Which Is Purely Judicial.

[San Francisco Telegram.]

Justice Field and Judge Sawyer have rendered their decision in the habeas corpus case of Ah Lung, who, in his petition, admits being Chinese by race, language and color, also a laborer, but, having been born in Hong Kong, he claimed to be a British subject, and that as such he did not come under the provisions of the exclusion act of May 6, 1882.

Judge Field and Sawyer, in reviewing the case, find that the answer to the question depends upon the meaning of the act, and not upon the Government to which the petitioner owes allegiance; that it was not to be presumed that Congress intended to disregard the requirements of the treaty, or to abrogate any of its clauses. Whether the treaty has been violated by one Government or its legislative departments is not to afford a proper occasion of complaint by the foreign Government is not a judicial question to the courts. It is simply the case of conflicting laws between the act of May, 1882, modifying or superseding a prior treaty. The court then proceeded, reviewing at length causes which led to the agitation of the Chinese question, the appeals from white laborers of all classes to the Government which resulted in the supplementary treaty of 1880, and the subsequent restrictive act of May, 1882. The decision concludes as follows:

"The act of Congress had a double purpose. It was to carry out certain treaty stipulations with China, and also to exclude Chinese laborers coming from any part of the world. Its framers knew, as we all know, that the island of Hong Kong would pour Chinese laborers into our country every year in unnumbered thousands unless they also were covered by a restrictive act. So the act declares in its first section that during the period of ten years the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, without any limitation of the country from which they have come, is suspended, and during such suspension it shall not be lawful for any Chinese laborer to come, or, having come, after expiration of ninety days to remain within the United States. The second section makes it a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment or both for the master of a vessel to knowingly bring into the United States on his vessel and land or permit to be landed any Chinese laborer from any foreign port or place. The language in these sections is sufficiently broad and comprehensive to embrace all Chinese laborers without regard to the country of which they may be subjects, and the twelfth section declares that any Chinese person found unlawfully within the United States shall be removed therefrom by direction of the President to the country from whence he came. "Our attention has been called to a recent decision of Judges Lowell and Nelson, of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts, in which a different conclusion was reached by them. Those Judges considered that the act of Congress was intended to give effect to the stipulations of the supplementary treaty. Undoubtedly that was one of its objects, but it is very evident, both from the circumstances and from its language, that it had a still further object. The construction which we give renders all its provisions consistent with each other. The whole purpose of the law to exclude Chinese laborers from the States would be defeated by any other construction. "The release of the prisoner must be denied, and he must be returned to the ship from which he was taken, and it is so ordered."

DISPOSING OF OLD HULKS.

Secretary Chandler's Auction Sale of Old Vessels.

[Washington Telegram.]

Secretary Chandler's auction of old hulks proved more satisfactory than many persons supposed it would. Bids were received to-day for all the vessels offered, except the venerable Pawnee and the not less ancient but badly-rotted Florida, and there was some competition for several of the vessels. The aggregate of the appraised valuations of the vessels bid for was \$271,500. The whole cost to the Government of building, equipping and outfitting these ships was \$10,064,704. Several of them, such as the Niagara, Roanoke and Susquehanna, did good service in their time, and the Government may be deemed to have got its money's worth out of them. Half a dozen of them are only tug-boats. The New Orleans is an old-line-of-battle ship on the stocks, and the others belong to the large class of ships built during and just after the war of white oak, because live oak was not to be had, which have decayed rapidly. The Florida, for which no bid was made, was appraised at \$61,400, considerably more than any other vessel on the stocks. The engines are the principal thing of value about her. She was built for speed, and was probably the fastest steamer ever in the navy, but she only made one cruise. Ten years ago, when there was prospect of trouble with Spain, she was partially fitted for sea. According to a return made to the department, her engine received repairs and the boilers are not worth repairing. Her machinery cost \$735,000; and it appears that the Government must reduce her appraised valuation or retain her. The Congress, which was sold for \$36,000, contains machinery, the first cost of which was \$412,000, built just after the war, and none of it is reported to be worth repairing. The Iowa was appraised at \$44,000, and was sold for just \$5 more than that. The Niagara was appraised at \$24,000, and the highest bid was exactly that sum. The Secretary is in doubt whether he can accept that bid, because in inviting proposals it was stated that the ship would be sold for the highest above the appraised value thereof. This sale does not include the Alaska, Benicia, Saco, Tuscarora, Narragansett, and old Bonadnock, which are at the Mare Island yard.

Women of Affairs.

Miss Helen A. Stewart, Ohio—Patent on a respirator.
Mrs. Drake, Huron, Dakota—Successful farmer; 800 acres; big crop.
Mrs. E. A. Burke, New Orleans—Superintendent of Lafayette Square.
Miss Ella T. Greene, St. Louis—Successful commercial traveler; salary, \$1,500.
Mrs. Louis Welch, Essex, Concord, N. H.—Sachwork quilts with 2,330 pieces in it.
Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Leyburn, Louisville—Editors and proprietors new magazine.

The wire-fence war will engage an extra session of the Texas Legislature. Some of the pastures are fenced without a break for forty miles or more, and the only choice left to travelers is either to drive two days' journey out of their way or cut the fences.

TIMOTHY SHIELDS, of Howard county, Md., sired six feet eight inches in his stock, and weighs 20 pounds. He has four children, three of whom are sons, averaging six feet two inches in height, and weighing 213, 230, and 240 pounds, respectively.

DAMALA, Sara Bernhard's husband, has left the army and returned to the stage.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

The coal miners in the coal fields are reported to be uneasy and dissatisfied.

At St. Paul, while a trial was proceeding before a Justice of the Peace, James McCool shot and mortally wounded Silas Fayora. The murderer escaped.

RANDOLPH SULLIVAN, an ex-soldier of the War of 1862, and father of John T. Sullivan, of Covington, Ky., died at Rising Sun, in his 84 year, after an illness of four weeks.

At La Porte, While Marshal Lay and Policeman Fetzer were pursuing a criminal through a dark alley, the latter was accidentally shot dead by his companion.

The furniture and carpet house of James H. & W. I. Ward, of Lafayette, has made an assignment to L. M. Brown. The liabilities amount to \$47,180.71, while the assets are estimated at \$30,130.42.

ALEXANDER GARDNER, the constable of Johnson township, Knox county, took his 10-year-old son, Enoch, and strung him up in the stable with a halter, and then beat the child brutally with a big whip.

Some workmen digging a ditch near Muncie a few days ago found at a shallow depth the skeleton of a huge mastodon, the femur measuring four feet in length and eighteen inches in diameter, and the ribs over four feet in length. The bones are in a good state of preservation.

The residence of James R. White, a farmer living near Degonia Springs, east of Brookville, was entered during the absence of the family, and robbed of a large sum of money, among which were some curious old gold coins which had been in the family for years.

The discovery of a new cave near Ma-rengo, in Crawford county, on the line of the Air-line railroad, is reported. It was said to have been discovered by two boys, who found the entrance by accident. Parties have explored the cave a distance of several hundred yards, and pronounce some of the scenes equal to those in Wyandotte or Mammoth cave.

In the suit of Sarah Hazlett, of Greencastle, against the Northwestern Insurance Company, the jury brought in a verdict for plaintiff. The husband of plaintiff had a life policy for \$3,000, which defendant refused to pay on the ground of misrepresentation in making out his policy and that his death resulted from intemperance. The case will be taken to the Supreme Court.

A BRIGHT set of officers, whose headquarters are stationed in Terre Haute, arrested two half-witted inmates of the Vigo county poor-house on a charge of attempted burglary, and succeeded in getting the two deranged sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, when the officers suddenly discovered that the prisoners were demented and consequently the whole thing was undone.

The bondsmen of Howard & Denig, contractors for the new State House at Indianapolis, have decided that the work must go on, hoping that the Legislature will make good the loss of \$100,000. They have chosen to do this rather than forfeit their bond of \$250,000. E. F. Goebel, of Chicago, one of the bondsmen, will superintend the work.

A YOCUM, for fourteen years Postmaster at Cherrubusco, Whitney county, upon examination of his accounts recently, was found to be a defaulter to the Government of some \$1,400. Yocum is 50 years of age and has a large family. It is alleged that he has made threats to end his life, owing to alleged extravagances on the part of his family. He has not been seen since the exposure, and fears are expressed that he has carried his threats into execution.

When William Schiefer, present Sheriff of Allen county, took the office, he appointed as one of his Deputies Isaac Campbell, who has for years been a prominent local politician here. About two months since Campbell resigned on account of some trouble in money matters connected with the office. A suit was commenced by Schiefer to recover the alleged shortages. The two men met and Campbell drew a revolver on Schiefer for the purpose of shooting him, it is supposed, but was stopped by a bystander. The revolver was snatched and made a dent in the cartridge. Campbell was arrested. The affair causes great excitement in political circles.

The exceedingly-dangerous operation of trephining the spine was performed at St. Joseph Hospital, Fort Wayne, by Dr. C. B. Stemen. The patient is a Pole named Sobisky, whose spine was crushed in an accident, five weeks ago, since which time the lower part of his body has been without feeling and the flesh has sloughed off in great pieces. The surgeon elevated with a scalpel three vertebrae, which pressed upon the spinal cord. The operation was immediately followed by pain in the lower limbs and by abdominal breathing, to which the patient had been a stranger since his misfortune. Out of forty similar operations reported in Ashurst's book on surgery, thirty proved fatal. Nevertheless, hopes are entertained that Sobisky may live.

The second trial of the case of the State against John Tonneller came to an end, at Bluffton, in the Wells Circuit Court, the jury returning a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, and giving the accused the benefit of the statute appertaining to minors, affixed his punishment at six months' imprisonment in the County Jail. A change of venue had been granted from the Adams Circuit Court at Deatur. The crime was the killing of David King, ex-Sheriff of Adams county, on the evening of Feb. 24, 1882. John Tonneller and his two sons were concerned in the affray. King had come into their saloon somewhat intoxicated, and proposed to set the elder Tonneller on a hot