

THE NEXT HOUSE.

The influence of the West and South. (Washington Cor. Detroit Free Press.) The influence of the West and the South in the next House of Representatives will undoubtedly attract a great deal of attention and excite very general comment. The following table shows the effects of the last apportionment of Representatives by giving the number of Congressmen from the various sections in the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses:

	Forty-seventh.	Forty-eighth.
Eastern States.....	95	85
Western States.....	92	109
Southern States.....	106	121
Totals.....	293	315

So far as the sectional divisions are concerned, the thirty-two additional Representatives created by the new apportionment are divided between the West and the South, the former receiving seventeen and the latter fifteen.

The political divisions of the Representatives of the three sections in the Forty-seventh Congress were as follows:

	Democrat.	Republican.
Eastern States.....	28	67
Western States.....	19	73
Southern States.....	83	23
Totals.....	130	163

This analysis gives the Democrats the two Greenbackers from Maine and the Republicans all the other Greenbackers and the Readjusters, and makes account of the Republicans seated in place of Democrats unseated during the Forty-seventh Congress.

The political divisions of the Representatives in the Forty-eighth Congress are as following:

	Democrat.	Republican.
Eastern States.....	42	43
Western States.....	51	58
Southern States.....	101	20
Totals.....	194	121

This table gives to the Republicans all the Readjusters, Independents and Greenbackers.

By comparing the two tables it appears that the Democrats gain fourteen Representatives in the Eastern States, thirty-two in the Western States, and eighteen in the Southern States—a total of sixty-four. The Republicans lose fourteen in the Eastern States, fifteen in the Western States and three in the Southern States—a total of thirty-two.

The Republican loss represents just one-half of the Democratic gain, thus showing that practically the Democrats in the Forty-eighth Congress have the benefit of the entire increase in the representation resulting from the new apportionment. The number, thirty-two, is the increase of Representatives in the Forty-eighth Congress; it represents the Republican loss at the Congressional election, and it represents the Democratic gain by the apportionment.

With a full Democratic caucus, ninety-eight votes will be necessary to nominate a candidate for Speaker. The majority of these ninety-eight votes must come from the West and South, inasmuch as the total of the Democratic votes from the Eastern States is only forty-two. From what is known regarding the Eastern vote, it is safe to say that in order to obtain the nomination for Speaker Mr. Randall must receive between sixty and seventy votes from the West and South. That he cannot muster so many is the confident belief of his opponents.

The Measure of Patriotism.

The Republican party has adopted a convenient test for the patriotism of the citizens of the Southern States. If a white Southerner is a Democrat he is an unreconstructed rebel, still adhering to the lost cause and watching eagerly for the opportunity of paying the Confederate debt, pensioning Confederate soldiers and repealing the Fourteenth amendment.

If he is a Republican he is a patriot. Wade Hampton fought in the war. So did John T. Morgan and Matt. W. Ransom and M. C. Butler and a number of others now in political life as Democrats. They are unrepentant rebels, every man of them.

Mahone, Longstreet, Chalmers, Mosby, Riddleberger, Wise and other Southern supporters of the national administration also fought in the war. But they are patriots. They have become converts to Republicanism and Federal appointments.

There is evidently only one road open for the re-establishment in the South of a patriotic regard for the Union as it is. That road leads into the Republican organization. Let all the ex-Confederates, from Jeff Davis down, declare in favor of retaining the Republicans in power and give that party the vote of the solid South, and they will at once become Union patriots. If they need help to carry the negroes over with them the Government will supply them with any amount of Federal bayonets and carpet-bag missionaries necessary to convince the colored voters in what direction their true interests lie.

Longstreet, Jeffers, Chalmers and the other ex-Confederates, who have attached themselves to the tail of Mahone's kite in Washington are in a comparatively small way of business. They simply want some Southern postoffices, custom-houses and Marshalls in return for the pledge of the Southern delegations to Arthur in the next Republican Presidential Convention. Still they are patriots, truly repentant of their Confederate sins, and are accepted with gracious condescension into the "loyal" ranks of the Republican party. —New York World.

Just What It Means.

The cry the Republican party must go says concisely what thinking men feel.

It means more than at first appears. At the outset, observe. Not Republicans, but the Republican party, must go.

Not intolerance of men, but of methods; not hatred of principles, but of power abused; not prejudice against a party for what it has been, but contempt for what it is, is the meaning.

Is it not vindictive; is it not narrow-minded. It expresses a truth.

Long continuance in power is fatal to any party. We do not attempt to trace the decay. We do not seek that this decay of a mere party shall by no

means corrupt the body politic. We find disease. We seek health.

There is no hope for the Republican party in itself. It must go. The salt has lost its savor. Is there a Sumner, or a Greeley, or a Phillips, or a Lincoln, or a Garrison, or a Seward to-day giving the life of his great spirit to party councils? The "grand old party" has outlived its vigor. Old, but no longer grand, it must go. Dorsey and Bradys, Belknap and Babcocks, Howgates and Shepherds, Kellogg and Mahones, Robersons and Chandlers are the men who, in spirit or in person, rule.

For what does it exist? The great mass of its own nominal adherents have lost faith in it. Thousands whose lives have been spent in the service see that its usefulness is past.

Well for this party, if its story had closed since 1876. In the eight years past who will sum up the losses of the Republican party? Men of conscience, men of honesty have been compelled to leave it. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. Place-holders may call it presumption, vindictive, unmeaning prejudice. The war-horse style of orators may begin their charges as of old. But the times have changed and the people with them. Hypocrisy must go.

Whoever is deceived is deceived willingly.

The Republican party must go. —Albany Argus.

Political Notes.

THE worst features of Mr. Randall's candidacy for the Speakership lies in the fact that the Republican press is supporting him with unexampled unanimity. That is a weight he cannot carry, and it should defeat him, even if there were no other reasons.

WHAT the Democracy will do when they come into possession of the Federal Government we are willing shall be judged by what the Democracy have done for the people of New York by and through the administration of Grover Cleveland. —Oswego Palladium.

SENTENCE was passed on the Republican party in 1874, says the Albany (N. Y.) Argus. Execution has been stayed twice. Perhaps the next time they will let the prisoner escape, and then it will be so long that he will be trying to deny his identity and prove an alibi.

MR. AMES, the representative of Massachusetts culture, nominated for Lieutenant Governor by the Republicans, is the richest man in politics in the State, and it is expected that he will shovel \$25,000 into the canvass to "beat Butler" and save the honor of the Commonwealth. The Republican party is a party of high aims.

IN a recent public address, John Bright, the well-known English statesman, although a total-abstinence man himself, declared himself against the extreme grounds of prohibition. He favors the plan of curtailing the evils of intemperance by judicious legislation, but thinks prohibition will react upon the cause of temperance.

IT is understood that Gen. Grant is very serious in advocating the claims of Mr. Conkling for the next Presidency. Well, Conkling stood by Grant until the last gun cracked at Chicago, but then Mr. Conkling will not get the nomination for the next Presidency. They say he is too honest to suit the various Republican gangs and cliques which control the nomination.

THE Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette is of the opinion that if a Southern man were sought for the Democratic ticket, Senator Garland, of that State, would prove the strongest in the list, but it doubts if a man who in so short a period has won so high and durable a reputation as a statesman and occupies so exalted a sphere of usefulness would desire a transfer to the Vice Presidential obscurity.

MR. PIERCE, who was first selected by the Massachusetts Republicans to run against Butler as the best man in their party, was in Congress when Tilden was swindled out of his election. He opposed his party action, and said: "I am aware, Mr. Speaker, that in the action I now take I stand almost alone among my political associates here; but I should be recreant to my convictions if I neglected to place on the imperishable records of the House my dissent from the vote which it is proposed to establish."

THE organs are one and all insinuating that old Ben Butler represents the baser elements of Massachusetts politics and society. Old Wendell Phillips carries a level head on his shoulders. Let us have his opinion of the men opposing Butler. We have published it before. Here it is: "I distrust and despise the Republicans as hypocrites and time-servers, as double-dealers, as soulless career masquerading in the grave-clothes of their honored predecessors. They have no right to seek their candidate among high-minded and honorable men. Let them choose a fitting leader from among the Tewksbury marshes—those peddlers of poor men's bones!" "Those peddlers of poor men's bones!" Wendell, you hit them hard that time. —Indianapolis Sentinel.

Raising Horses.

The Germantown Telegraph very properly remarks that it does not appear to be as generally known to the farmers and planters of the United States as it should be, that there is always a permanent market and regular demand for good horses in all the great cities in this republic, as well as in the leading countries of Europe. The great powers of the Old World maintain such enormous armies that the use of horses for cavalry and artillery for transportation of baggage, ammunition and supplies, renders necessary large resources for the unfailing supply of these animals. In this view of the case, it is really surprising that it is only of late years that the shipping of horses from our leading ports to those of Europe has become a regular business although still far inferior to the enormous proportions assumed by the shipment of hogs and cattle. The fact is, however, that by extraordinary stupidity, the business of raising horses has been in this country too much mistaken for a connection with horse-racing; when, in reality, the two things are entirely distinct.

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, I see you have got another black eye," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in with a kerosene can, and sat down by a peach basket while the groceryman drew the kerosene. "How did you get it? Have a fight, or did your pa knock you down with a chair?"

"Got it trying to be an angel," said the boy, as he fumbled around the mosquito bar over the basket of peaches, to see if there wasn't a place where a peach might fall out. "You know that blind woman that grinds the hand-organ down on the corner. Well, a person would think that a poor, blind woman, who has to support herself and five children grinding out the awfulest music ever was, would be the last person in the world to have tricks played on her, but this morning I found a couple of duds dropping lozenges in the cigar-box that is on the organ for pennies. The first time they dropped in one the old lady smiled and took it out and eat it, and I wasn't very mad, 'cause I thought the duds would surprise her by dropping in a \$5 gold piece for a nickel, and make her feel good. But the next time they dropped in a cayenne-pepper lozenge, and they got behind a peanut stand to see how it worked. She bit it, and then she opened her mouth and blowed cold wind on her parched tongue, and I almost laffed at first, she made such a face, but when I see the tears begin to pour out of her poor old blind eyes, and roll down her withered cheeks, and she took the corner of her apron and wiped the tears away, as she stopped right in the middle of 'Annie Laurie' and the organ drew a long breath, and when I looked at those two duds laffing at her, I got crazy. Somehow I felt as though the poor old woman was my ma, and before I knew it, I jumped right in amongst those duds, and knocked one of them through the peanut stand on the hot chestnut roaster, and I kicked the other where it hurt, and he ran, and the other one said, 'What you got to do about the old woman, don't you know?' and I said she was a friend of mine, 'cause she was blind, and then the Italian lit me in the eye with a hard peach, and a policeman came along and the dude told him I was a terrier, and the policeman jerked my coat-collar off, but when I told him what it was all about, he gave me back my coat-collar and chased the dude, and the old woman thanked me with her trembling lips, that were smarting from the lozenge, and I went home to get my collar sewed on, and pa was going to take it out of my hide. I guess if I hadn't told him about the blind woman, he would have been kicking me yet. Sometimes I think it don't pay to be too darned good. For instance, now in this row, all the friend I have got is this blind woman, and she will not know me when she sees me. The two duds and the Italian will lay for me, and the policeman, will, very likely, be told by the dude that it was me who fired the lozenge in there, and I have got to wear this black eye for two weeks, just for having a heart in me. Do you think it pays to be good, or didn't you ever try it?"

"You bet it pays," said the grocery man, as he stuck the nozzle of the kerosene can into a potato, and ripped off the mosquito-bar and told the boy to help himself to peaches. "You have got a friend in me, and you can call on me for a certificate of character at any time. A boy that protects the poor and unfortunate is a thoroughbred, if he does get a black eye occasionally. But I don't see how it is that the minister is down on you so. He was in here this morning to get trusted for a number three mackerel, and he said he would walk around a block any time rather than meet you, because you asked so many questions that he couldn't answer. What have you been asking him lately?"

"Oh, I only wanted to get a little light on yachting. He is paid a salary to enlighten his congregation, and he always wants us to ask questions, but lately he has turned me away with a soft answer. I asked him if he didn't think Mount Ararat would have been a boss place to hunt, just after Capt. Noah had turned all the game loose, and the water was high so you could sneak right up on to the elephants, and tigers, and chipmunks, and fox-squirrels, and the minister, who had been telling pa what a boss time he had last winter hunting deer up in Michigan, got offended and told pa he had better dismiss me with a boot. I don't know as it would be any more harm to hunt deer on Mount Ararat along about 2,349 years B. C., than it would now, though they might have had a game law that would protect the game, on account of there being only a limited supply. But I suppose the game would have been very poor, cause it had been shut up in the ark a long time without any food, and the Captain of the ark full of bug juice."

"Hold on now, boy, don't be bearing false witness against thy neighbor," said the grocery man, horrified at the remarks of the boy. "There is no record that Noah had anything to drink on the ark. Give Noah his due, whatever you do."

"Well, maybe you are right, but as I understand it he had a terrible appetite for intoxicating fluid on shore, and one would suppose if he didn't have a bar on the yacht he would have strapped a couple of jugs on the mules when they went aboard, and he must have known it was going to be a long and tedious cruise, and very lonesome, and if he had anything stimulating on board he took a nip occasionally. And you couldn't blame him. Everybody's appetite is better when sailing, and Noah had to run the boat night and day, and it wouldn't be strange if he spiced the main brace. By Jingo, I should think that Noah would have got sick of a menagerie, and been mighty glad when he struck the top of the mountain and turned them loose, and when the water went down, and the animals were sliding down hill, falling over each other to find a good place to nibble grass, it must have been a picnic to Noah. But what do you suppose the lions found to eat? They live on meat, and as there were only two animals of a kind, they had to wait until some more small

animals could be raised before they could eat, 'cause if they eat any animal, that settled it, and there wouldn't never be any of those animals on earth. Say, don't you think those lions had pretty good control over their appetites not to make mince meat of the other animals? How do you account for the fact that all those animals lived without anything to eat?"

"Oh, I don't know. You make me tired. I don't wonder the minister can't get along with you. Maybe Noah took along fresh meat enough to last the lions a year, and baled hay for the elephants and giraffes and cattle. Fix it any way you want to. Darned if I know anything about it," said the grocery man as he took a piece of sand-paper and began rubbing the rust off the cheese knife.

"That's the way with all of you," said the boy, as he took the kerosene can and started for the door. "I think that flood was only a spring freshet, and that the world couldn't have been drowned. How did they know that America was overflowed when America was not discovered till 1492, 4,000 years afterward? I am going home and ask the hired girl about it. She is a Catholic, but she knows more about history than all of you, and she don't get mad when I ask her questions. By gosh! I would have liked to take a breech-loading shotgun and paddled along in a skiff up to Mount Ararat, just after Noah had run out the gang-plank and let the animals off. I could have got elephants and behemoths and rhinoceroses enough for a mess, I bet you," and the boy went out with his kerosene and a mind well stored with knowledge, as well as a pistol-pocket well stored with peaches. —Peck's Sun.

The Upper Berth.

One of the most difficult things in the world, next to swimming the whirlpool of Niagara, is to get into the upper berth of a sleeping-car. It is a moving and effecting spectacle to see the fat and habitually dignified head of a family laboriously acquire possession of an upper berth. The trouble usually begins by the old gentleman expostulating with the conductor for putting him so high up, and he begs that gilt-edged official to try and make a trade with some small-sized man who can easily climb up the side of the car and crawl inside with little or no difficulty. The commanding officer of the quarter-deck says he will see what he can do about it, and wanders off into the blue regions of the smoking-car and shakes dice with the train-boy for a cigar. Meanwhile the fat man waits and perspires and curses all the officials of the road, from the President down to the section bosses.

When the conductor saunters leisurely back he tells the fat man that nothing can be done; no one, he says, will exchange a lower berth for an upper—no, not even if the fat man will give something to boot. Then the dignified fat man glares at the other passengers, and waits until they have all retired before he tries to get into the upper berth.

There are several different ways of forcing an entrance into an upper berth. You can hire the porter for two bits to give you a leg up, but this method is liable to attract attention and excite ungenerous and sarcastic remarks. The dignified fat man has a regular circus. First swinging himself up by the curtain-bar he tries to go in feet first, but he can't let go the rail without tumbling back again into the aisle. The porter helps him out of this fix and the fat man tries a new deal. This time he steps on the ear of a sleeping beauty in the lower berth, and the sleeping beauty knocks the pins out from under him and the fat man retires to the wash-room to bathe his nose and abuse monopolies.

Then he gets the porter to bring a camp-stool, he gets on it, catches hold of the brass rod above, and is about to spring for the berth, when the camp-stool doubles up, and, in his efforts to save himself from coming down with a "dead thud" on the floor, he wildly grasps the bell-cord, and that stops the train, and the conductor comes in and uses language to him, and the passengers all wake up and use more language, and the dignified fat passenger even wishes he were dead or that he had more clothes on. Finally he manages to crawl into the upper berth, and he boils over with malicious thoughts and sinister desires for the bankruptcy of the railroad company. It is a full hour before he relapses into slumber, and then the conductor comes along and punches him and his ticket; and then a horrible suspicion flashes across him that the berth may become loosened in some way from its catch, and spring up against the ceiling of the car and smother him. He sleeps no more until daylight, and then he has to jump out and dress hurriedly, for the train is running into the city.

A good stretch on the longitudinal cushioned seats in the caboose of a freight train is many points ahead of the best upper berth ever invented for a palace sleeping-car, and we don't care who knows it. —Texas Siftings.

Disciplined for Not Attending Church.

He lived in a country town near Providence, R. I., and had not attended church for many months. At length, having a friend visiting him, he accompanied him, one Sunday, to meeting. Arriving in front of the edifice, one of deacons beckoned him to one side, and he expected a "talking" to for his delinquency. He was much relieved, however, by the denouement. Looking all around, to assure himself that he would not be overheard, the deacon said to him, "I heard you had a very fine calf you wanted to sell." —Elmira Advertiser.

THERE have been a great number of earthquakes in Great Britain from time to time. The last of note was that of 1816. It extended over a vast area of country, and in some localities its effects were scarcely felt. The lakes of Cumberland and Durham, and these of Scotland were visibly agitated, and the progressive motion of the shock was also felt in Ireland.

Gov. BEN BUTLER's stables are the finest in Lowell. He keeps nine thoroughbred horses.

FAILURE FIGURES.

Analysis of Commercial Disasters for the Third Quarter of 1883.

Failures of the Past Nine Months—Interesting Comparisons.

(New York Telegram.) The mercantile failures in the United States for the third quarter of 1883, as reported to Bradstreet's, number 2,082 against 1,688 for the corresponding quarter of 1882. The disasters reported for the first and second quarters of 1883 were respectively 3,189 and 2,107.

DISASTERS THE LAST NINE MONTHS.

The following table shows the total failures for each of the three quarters of 1883, with assets and liabilities, compared with the corresponding quarters of 1882:

	Number of Failures.	Assets.	Liabilities.	Percentage of Assets to Liabilities.
First quar. 1883.	3,189	\$23,763,000	\$42,235,000	56
Second quar. 1883.	2,107	15,333,000	29,010,000	49
Third quar. 1883.	2,082	16,120,000	31,560,000	48
First quar. 1882.	1,688	13,000,000	23,372,000	49
Second quar. 1882.	1,688	13,000,000	23,372,000	49
Third quar. 1882.	1,688	13,000,000	23,372,000	49
Total 9 months 1883.	7,378	\$55,216,000	\$103,255,000	53
Total 9 months 1882.	5,070	\$38,451,000	\$71,161,000	51

Geographical Distribution.

The following table shows the geographical distribution of the failures in the United States for the last quarter of 1883, compared with the corresponding period of 1882:

	No. failures.	Assets.	Liabilities.
Eastern States.	258	\$5,513,665	\$21,294,754
Middle States.	365	9,049,438	14,465,139
South States.	239	2,477,275	2,769,097
Western States.	632	5,729,469	8,883,097
Pacific States.	239	1,036,555	1,403,994
Territories.	25	128,540	894,160
Total U. S.	1,558	\$23,957,462	\$49,866,151

COMPARISONS WITH LAST YEAR.

The table below gives the failures for the nine months of 1883, compared with the same period of 1882:

	No. failures.	Assets.	Liabilities.
Eastern States.	1,122	\$12,690,710	\$29,369,077
Middle States.	1,210	24,545,889	42,996,231
South States.	1,058	1,451,451	1,396,274
West States.	1,605	16,633,809	30,169,581
Pacific States.	477	699,323	4,984,708
Territories.	71	191,694	2,903,467
Total.	5,507	\$71,162,749	\$123,064,336

SUMMING UP.

At the last quarter the average liabilities of each failing trade were \$53,086, and the percentage of assets to liabilities, 48. For the first quarter of 1883 the average liabilities of each trader were \$13,240, and for the second quarter there were \$14,979. The failures for the third quarter of this year were 1,127 less than for the first quarter, and 45 less than for the second quarter. In the first, second and third quarters of 1882 the average of liabilities to each failing trade was respectively \$13,244, \$10,232 and \$11,811. The distinctive feature of the quarter's return is the surprising increase of liabilities in Eastern and Middle States, caused largely by the disasters in the leather trade at Boston, and in the clothing trade in New York. These disasters, and those directly dependent thereupon, went far to bring up the weekly average of failures for the third quarter of the year. The immediate cause of this increase in mercantile failures exists in the overtrading made possible by the apparent ease with which the traffic in commercial paper is carried on. Its abuse is serious. To check it two things are needed to be done. 1. The organization of trade should in some way be carried further to the end that the sale and purchase of mercantile paper may be carried on more openly than now. 2. A general bankrupt law should be enacted speedily with severe penalties for such abuses as have been shown to exist.

LABOR CONGRESS.

A Declaration of Principles.

The Trade and Labor Federation, in session at St. Louis last week, issued a Declaration of Principles, the salient points of which are:

1. That those who labor and create wealth are the most important in society, and hence should enjoy the full benefit of their toil; that a just and equitable distribution of the fruits of labor is not possible under the present system of society; that the present tendency toward corporations is dangerous to people's liberty; and that the emancipation of labor should be effected by the people themselves.
2. A demand that railroad land-grants forfeited shall be reclaimed by the Government.
3. That election-days shall be legal holidays, and all wage-workers should have half of Saturday as a holiday.
4. Equal pay for equal work to both sexes, and the abolition of the convict contract-labor system.
5. Compulsory education, and the State to furnish books and other school material free.
6. Eight hours to constitute a legal day's work, and penalties for its violation.
7. Prohibiting child labor in factories and mines under 14 years of age.
8. The Commissioners of Labor of this State to belong to some labor organization.
9. Railroads and telegraphs to become the property of the State.
10. The repeal of all acts known as conspiracy acts, as applied to labor organizations.
11. A purely national circulating medium issued directly to the people.
12. An Employers' Liability act, holding corporations liable for injury received by persons who are in their employ.
13. That all trade and labor unions be incorporated by the Legislature, the same as other incorporated bodies.

MORE OR LESS STRANGE.

A MAMMOTH SEA MONSTER, supposed to be a turtle, weighing some 2,500 pounds, was captured off the coast of Nova Scotia by the schooner J. H. Higgins.

GEORGE H. WILLET, in jail in Caldwell, N. Y., made a miniature church and sent it to the Warren county fair for exhibition. But the managers would not exhibit it, as they feared it might create sympathy for him. He is supposed to be a murderer.

DR. NILES, of Jacksonville, Fla., does not understand his well. It is 300 feet above the high-water mark of the Florida coast, it is sixteen feet deep, yields a full supply of pure, cold, fresh water, and yet it rises and falls with the ocean tides. He wants it explained.

A SAN FRANCISCO old woman, who had been the wife of a man who had been a soldier in the war, had intended to sell the spoiled card at the postoffice to be exchanged for a clean one, and when the clerk refused she scratched his face and bit his finger.

In Kingston, Ontario, some gypsies drove to a minister's house and requested him to marry a young couple. When the young lady was asked whether she would accept the man, she stuttered and stammered, and finally ran out of the building. On being caught, she was horsewhipped by her father.

JOHN SHANKS, an aged Indian, is repairing the old Council House in Portage, N. Y. From the walls near by he gathers a peculiar dry moss and packs the interior space between the logs, and with a queer wooden trowel he plasters the outside cracks with trowel clay, making the walls impervious to wind and cold.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING can repeat the whole of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

JAMES BYRAN, of Bridgeport, was severely injured by being thrown from his buggy.

A FLOUR mill in Shelby county was "re-lieved" of 1,000 pounds of flour the other night by thieves.

A MAN named Eastridge and James Kern, at Vincennes, fired fifteen shots at each other without anybody getting hurt.

GEORGE EHRHART, a well-known grocer, of New Albany, has left that city without explaining his absence to the general public.

At Versailles John Brown was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the Southern penitentiary for the murder of David Allen in Milan, a month ago.

I. W. CAMPBELL, who attempted to shoot Sheriff William D. Shiefer, in the county jail at Fort Wayne has not been arrested, nor are his whereabouts known to the police.

At Fort Wayne, a heavy cut stone, weighing nearly two tons, fell upon the right leg of a young stone-cutter named George Koegel, inflicting injuries from which he will probably die.

GEORGE ANDREWS, the young man who was badly mangled in attempting to board a freight train on the Ohio and Mississippi road at Lawrenceburg, died from the effects of his injuries.

WILLIAM HUGHES, an early settler of Carroll county, has reached the great age of 101 years, and yet is hale. He was a soldier in the War of 1812, and has children almost 80 years old.

CLEM SCHLOSS, of Logansport, was swindled out of \$300 by sharpers. They sold him diamonds to that amount, one agreeing to take them off his hands at a big advance. The swindlers escaped.

CARL SOMERSET, the Poland, whose spine was recently trephined at the St. Joseph Hospital, Fort Wayne, is dead. The operation is so hazardous that its advisability is doubted by many excellent surgeons.

ARTHUR FAGIN, aged 34, the son of Mr. Fagin, of Watake, formerly of Lafayette, was murdered by his room-mate, a young man named Lewis, at Des Moines, Iowa. Young Fagin was in a frolic pulling the bed-clothes off him, when young Lewis stabbed him to the heart with a shoe-knife.

JOHN COBE, of Columbus, met with a peculiar accident a day or two ago. He was pulling a nail out of a wall; a wire was attached to the nail, and as he gave it a jerk the nail flew out and struck him on the right eye with such force as to drive the point through the lid into the ball.

JESSE COCKRALE, a well-known farmer of Tippecanoe county, while engaged in blowing up a stump with Hercules powder, unthinkingly lighted the fuse of a cartridge he was holding in his hand. When he discovered the fire burning he became paralyzed with fear, and held on to the cartridge until it exploded. His right arm was blown off at the elbow, and his left hand terribly mangled.

JAMES DEMPSEY, a prominent farmer of Cass county, received very serious injuries recently, while witnessing a mule-race at the fair-grounds. During the progress of the race, one