

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEEN, PUBLISHER.

In North Branch, Sullivan county, N. Y., everything was ready for the wedding but the bride backed out. Thereupon the groom went off and got drunk. A few days later the girl made up her mind she would go to the altar, but then the groom refused. Then she went on a drunk.

The Secretary of a London bank recently got away with £100,000 of the funds of the institution, and the Directors, in a circular to the shareholders, say: "The Board can only regret that just at the close of what would otherwise have been a prosperous year this incident should so sadly prejudice the result."

WILLIAM ANDREWS, an old farmer living in the suburbs of Saco, Me., has in his cellar nearly fifty barrels of wine. He will not drink it, sell it, give it away, or throw it away. As he made it all himself, its sale would not only conflict with the State laws, but with national ones, and the property keeps improving in quality every year, to the exasperation of Mr. Andrews' fellow-citizens. Some of it is already more than twenty years old.

NEW YORK and Brooklyn boys, armed with brickbats and hickory broom-handles, are to be seen dodging about the alleys. They are cat and kitten catchers, and they sell the pelts and heads to furriers and milliners. The prices paid for skins from first hands are 3 cents for common yellow and black cats, 4 cents for large kittens of the same variety, and from 5 to 7 cents for Maltese. Nights and Sundays, experts say, are the best times to go out catting.

A COURT-MARTIAL has just convicted an army officer of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced him to be dismissed for marrying a woman with whom he had been living without marriage. Up to that point his conduct as an officer and a gentleman seems to have been fully up to the standard army morality; but an attempt to repair a wrong and to live decently is intolerable. The court-martials say, with Hamlet: "We will have no more marriages. Those that are married already shall live. The rest shall keep as they are."

GEORGE Q. CANNON told to a reporter in Washington that he feared the Mormons "would be compelled to give up polygamy." This remark was intended exclusively for the ears of the Eastern people. Cannon preaches an entirely different doctrine in Utah, and most of his addresses there are urgent appeals to the members of the church to take more wives so that they can have "a higher place in glory." Mr. Cannon also denies that he is a candidate for the office of President of the church. Everybody who knows anything about Mormon affairs now is aware that Cannon is the actual *de facto* head of the church to-day, and that Taylor is only an automaton in his hands.

DR. CHARLES C. BEATY, of Steubenville, Ohio, had a peculiar method of disposing of his wealth. At first he prayerfully set apart one-tenth of his income for the cause of Christianity; but when the financial revulsion of 1897 wrought widespread distress he resolved that one-fourth should go to religion and charity. After this, in view of the fact that, as he says in the written pledge found since his recent death, the Lord had blessed him pecuniarily "beyond what he had ever expected or desired," he made a covenant never to allow the principal of his fortune to exceed \$70,000, and that all above this should be given away. Accordingly, the value of his estate is \$65,000, and the aggregate gifts amounted to \$500,300.

THE *Chronicle*, of San Francisco, finds fault with the recent local census returns for that city, and says that the population is nearer to 300,000 than 250,000. It bases its calculation on the fact that the returns show that the average number of inhabitants to each dwelling is 6.86. It is preposterous, it says, that San Francisco, with 30,000 Chinese huddled together by hundreds, a city filled with large hotels and boarding-houses, and where comparatively few large dwellings are occupied by a single family, should only have an average of 6.86 persons to a dwelling, while cities like St. Louis, Brooklyn and Cincinnati are represented to have respectively averages of 8.15, 9.11, and 9.11 persons to the dwelling. San Francisco should try the St. Louis plan to increase its population. Let it take a school census and "see" the directory-men.

SENATOR LOGAN says of his recent interview with Sitting Bull and his fellow-Indians: "Why, I saw the whiskers of one of our massacred soldiers which had been cut, flesh and all, from his face, dangling to the pipe of one of

those Indians, and this pipe was passed around as the pipe of peace. I say to you that I don't want to talk about any policy which—but I won't say it." Many thousands of people are like Gen. Logan. When, for instance, they see such a Chief as Benita, who killed Judge McComas, outraged and murdered his wife, killed their daughter and probably killed their son, strutting up and down on a Government reservation big as a bird, fed by the Government, protected by the Government and armed by the Government, they are not disposed to accept the broad view of the Indian question.

TOM THUM'S little widow was exhibiting recently in Cincinnati. She was interviewed and said: "I was so lonely at home I could not remain there. The General and I lived together twenty years, and in that time were constantly together. He never left me except for a few minutes at a time. With us it was not like it is with most married people, where they are often separated for long periods, and thus become in a measure accustomed to being alone. I could not be alone, and, as I feel more at home when I am before the public, I thought it would be better for me to appear in public again. Some people think it is strange that I appear again, and especially upon the stage, but they do not understand how it is with one who has been before the public as long as I have. To remain at home after such an active life, and especially without the General, was too much for me."

THE Chicago Daily News says: Just why the author of the story called the "Bread-Winners" should want to maintain his incognito is not plain, but this is a fancy which quite often takes possession of story-writers. In this case, however, the effort at secrecy is very ineffective, it being about as clear that John Hay is the author as if his name were attached to every chapter. Mr. Hay was the private secretary of President Lincoln, and gained a certain insight into social life which is of service to him in this work. Later he married the daughter of a great iron manufacturer in Cleveland, and through this connection has become very familiar with the details of the iron trade and the lives of iron-workers, which he uses to marked advantage in his story. Always more or less interested in politics and thrown in the company of public men, here and there, his pictures of the local politician are strong, if exaggerated, and he makes this knowledge count with the rest.

NEW YORK Herald: The great tidal-wave caused by the Java earthquake was propagated to the Pacific coast of South America. At Talcahuano, Chili, the ocean rose, Aug. 28, two feet above high-water mark, and the day after earthquakes were felt in San Salvador, Colombia and Ecuador. Alarming detonations about the same time were heard in all the towns of the Bogota plateau, while at Manabi, Ecuador, troops were turned out to meet the supposed enemy. This record will enable seismologists to ascertain the extent of the disturbance caused by the Java earthquake. Almost simultaneously with the Andean earth-shocks and the Chilean tidal-wave the ocean rose on the California coast, as reported by Prof. Davidson, Aug. 29. In the West Indies an extraordinary tide rose in the harbor of St. Thomas, at 7:30 p. m., Aug. 27. As the tides at St. Thomas seldom go above twelve inches, and that of Aug. 27 rose three and one-half feet, and was followed on the 30th by a heavy earthquake shock, there can be but little doubt that this disturbance was the result of the terrible commotion in the Sunda straits. If to the same agency be attributed the destructive tidal-wave which visited our Jersey coast, Aug. 28 and 29, it would seem that the agitation extended to all the oceanic area around the globe, forty degrees on both sides of the equator.

Chinese Finger Nails. The Chinese are very inconsistent in their talk about the dignity of labor. Once a year the Emperor and chief noblemen at his court go into a field and plow up a few furrows, while the Empress raises cocoanuts of her own to set a good example to their subjects. At the same time they allow the finger nails to grow to an extent that incapacitates them for labor of any description. It is considered a sign of great gentility, and a remarkable amount of time and talent is expended in polishing and sharpening them. When they have reached a few inches in length, they are inclosed in silver or gold sheaths, and turned backward to the elbow for protection. One gentleman in Shanghai has grown his nails to the length of eighteen inches. The women, as is well known, have their feet bound from the time they are born, and when they are grown the exceedingly fine ladies have to be helped around by their maids, so useless have they become! I have seen women whose feet were only three inches and a half in length.—*Shanghai letter.*

PAPER is now made in Sweden from the bleached and blanchied remains of mosses that lived centuries ago, and are now found in enormous quantities. The paper is turned out in all degrees of excellence, from tissue to sheets three-fourths of an inch thick.

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, how is my little angel without wings, to-day?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came in with red paint sticking to his ears, and blue paint around his eyes and nose, which looked as though a feeble attempt had been made to wash it off, while a rooster feather stuck through his hat, and a head moccasin was on one foot and a rubber shoe on the other.

"Oh, I am all bushoo. Bushoo, that is Indian. I am on the war-path, and I am no angel this week. This is my week off. It beats all, don't it, how different a fellow feels at different times. For the last two weeks I have been so good that it made me fairly ache, and since that Buffalo Bill show was here, with the Indians, and buffaloes, and cow-boys, and steers, I am all broke up. We have had the worst time over to our house that ever was. You see, all of us boys in the neighborhood wanted to have a Buffalo Bill show, and pa gave us permission to use the back yard, and he said he would come out and help us. You know that Boston girl that was visiting at our house, with the glasses on? Well, she went home the next day. She says this climate is too wild for her. You see, we boys all fixed as Indians, and we laid for some one to come out of the house, to scalp, the way they do in the show. We heard a rustle of female garments, and we all hid, and when the Boston girl came out to pick some pansies in ma's flower-bed, we captured her. You never see a girl so astonished as she was. We yelled 'yip-yip' and I took hold of one of her hands and my chum took hold of the other, and her bangs raised right up, and her glasses fell off and she said 'Oh, you howd things.' We took her to our lair in the hen house, and tied her to a tin rain water conductor that came down by the corner of the barn, and then we danced a war dance around her, and yelled 'ki-yi,' until she perspired. I took my tomahawk and lifted her hair and hung it on the chicken roost, and then I made a speech to her in Indian. I said, 'The pale faced maiden from the rising sun is in the hands of the Apaches, and they yearn for gore. Her brothers and fathers and uncles, the Indian agents, have robbed the children of the forest of their army blankets and canned lobster, and the red man must be avenged. But we will not harm the pretty white maiden except to burn her to the stake. What has she to say? Will she give the red men taffy, or will she burn?' Just then pa came out with a cistern pole, and he rescened the white maiden, and said we mustn't be so rough. Then the girl said she would give us all the taffy we wanted, and she went in and she and ma watched us from the back window. Pa he watched us rob a coach and he said it was first rate. The man that collects the ashes from the alley, with a horse and wagon, he had just loaded up, and got on the wagon, when two of my Indians took the horse by the bits, and four of us mounted the wagon and robbed the driver of a clay pipe and a pocket comb, and a knife, but he saved his ashes by promising never to reveal the names of the robbers. Pa just laughed, when we gave the ash man back his knife and things, and said he hadn't had so much fun in a long time. Then we were going to lasso a wild Texas steer, and ride it, the way they did in the show, and pa said that was where he came in handy. He said he could throw a lasso just like a cowboy. We got my chum's pa's cow out of the barn, and drove her up the alley, and pa stood there with a clothes line, with a big noose in the end, and he headed off the cow and threw the lasso. Well, you'd a dide to see pa sweep things out of the alley with his pants. The cow was sort of scared when we drove her up the alley, cause I guess she thought it was time she was milked, and when pa stepped out from behind the barrel and throwed the rope around her neck, I guess she thought it was all day with her, for she turned and galloped, and kicked up and bellered, and pa did not know enough to let go of the rope. First pa followed the cow down the alley sitting down, and about a bushel of ashes got up his trousers legs, and the tomato cans, and old oyster cans flew around like a cyclone was blowing. Us Injuns climbed up on the fence to get out of the way, and that scared the cow more, and she snatched pa along too quick. I yelled to pa to let go of the rope, and just as the cow drew him under a wagon he let go, and the cow took the clothes line home. Pa got up and shook the ashes out of his trousers legs and picked up a piece of board and started back. You never saw a tribe of Indians get scared so quick as we did. As I went in the hen coop and got under a barrel I heard pa say 'That busts up the Buffalo Bill business. No more wild Western steer lassoing for your Uncle Ike.' Well, no one was to blame but pa. He thinks he can do everything, and when he tries and gets tangled, he lays it to me. We went out on the street with our tomahawks, when pa went in to brush himself, and dis-banded, and went on to our reservation, and peace reigns, and the Boston girl has gone home with an idea that we are all heathen out West.

"I should think your pa would learn, after a while, that he was too old to fool around as he did when he was a boy," said the grocery man, as he got away from the boy for fear he would be scalped.

"That's what I told him when he wanted to try my bicycle," said the boy, as he broke out laughing. "He saw me riding the bicycle, and he said he could do it as well as I could, if he could once get on, but he couldn't spring upon it quite as spry as he used to, and wanted me and my chum to hold it while he got on. I told him he would get hurt, but he said there couldn't any boy tell him anything about riding, and so we got the bicycle up against a shade tree, and he put his feet on the treadles and told us to turn her loose. Well, honest, I shut my eyes 'cause I didn't want to see pa tied up in a knot. But he did. He pushed with one foot, and the bicycle turned sideways then he pushed with the other foot, and it began to wiggle, and then he pushed with both feet, and pulled on the handles, and the front wheel struck an iron fence, and as pa went on top of the fence the hind wheel seemed to

rear up and kick him, and pa hung to the fence and the bicycle hung to him, and they both went down on the sidewalk, the big wheel on pa's stomach, one handle up his trouser's leg, the other handle down his coat-collar, and the other wheel rolling around back and forth over his fingers, and he yelling to us to take it off. I never saw two people tangled up the way pa and the bicycle was, and we had to take it apart, and take pa's coat off and roll up his pants to get him out. And when he got up and shook himself to see if he was all there, and looked at it as though he didn't know it was loaded, and looked at me and then at my chum in a sort of a nervous way, and looked around and sgrined as though he expected the bicycle was going to sneak up behind him and kick him again, he wanted me to go and get the ax to break the bicycle up with, and when I laughed he was going to take me by the neck and maul the bicycle, but I reasoned him out of it. I wasn't to blame for his trying to gallop over an iron picket fence with a bicycle, 'cause I told him he better keep off of it. I think if men would take advice from boys oftener they wouldn't be so apt to get their suspenders caught on an iron picket fence and have to be picked up in a basket. But there is no use of us boys telling a grown person anything, and by keeping still and letting them break their bones, we save getting kicked. It would do some men good to be boys all their lives, then they wouldn't have to imitate. Hello, there goes the police patrol wagon, and I am going to see how it rides on the back step," and the boy went out and jumped on the hind end of the wagon, and then picked himself up out of the mud and felt of his head where the policeman's club dropped on it.—*Peck's Sun.*

Useless Questions.

A dark cloud hung in the West, the wind roared in the distance and the leaves trembled in that settled stillness which precedes a storm, as a horseman dashed up to the fence surrounding a small cabin in the great pine woods of Arkansas.

"How are you, my friend?" called the rider.

"Ain't 'zackly yo' friend," said the man who sat in the doorway greasing his shoes, "case I never seed yo' afore; but I'm so, how is it with ye self?"

"I am about to be overtaken by a cyclone and I want shelter."

"Cyclone," repeated the squatter. "I've been in this country some time an' I never seed one yit. Cyclone," and he rubbed his red hands over his cow-hide shoes. "Believe I did hear of one over in the lick Branch settlement. Feller caught him in a bear trap."

"My kind sir, you misunderstand me."

"Ain't a kind sir. Daddy-in-law says 'm the wust in the pot.'"

"I've got no time to fool—"

"Oh, yes, act natchul."

"What did you say?"

"Said make yo' self easy," and dipping up a handful of melted tallow he spread it over his shoes.

"There's a terrible storm coming up, and I want you to give me shelter."

"Ain't nary'un. Had a shelter whar Jake hung his terbacker, but I tuck it down an' kivered the beans with the boards to keep the frost offen 'em."

"I see there's no use in fooling with you," said the stranger, when the rain drops began to fall. "Under your roof I could remain dry, but—"

"Bet yo'd be dry, fur I ain't had a drap to drink in a week."

"How far is it to the next town?"

"In what direction?"

"This way," pointing.

"It's furdur den it is the other way."

"Well, how far is it?"

"Dinged if I know. In late years this land's got into the habit of stretchin', so that a man can't tell half the time what he is."

"Come, I'll get wet."

"That's all right, but I reckon I won't come."

"Look here, — your fool soul, I don't want to get wet."

"Cause you don't wanten git wet don't give you a right to — something that don't b'long to yo'. I own about a mile squar' here, an' ef yo' don't like the lay of the lan', travel."

"I only ask you to let me stay in your house till the rain is over."

"How can you stay in my house when you ain't in thar?"

"You're the — fool I ever saw."

"Bleeged to you fer the compliment."

"May I go into your house and stay there until the rain is over?"

"Yes, sir; jes' git down an' make y'self at home. Ef yo' had axed me that question at fust, yo' coulder been in thar all the time. Way with yo' fellers. Ax a thousan' questions all around a p'int, an' never hit the spot. Have a seat, while I scuffle around an' git a bite to eat fer you. Wife's gone from home, but I reckon we ken make out. Don't mind that dog, fer he can't bite. So old his teeth's all out. Don't git skeered; he'll only pinch a little." —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Thackeray and His Insane Wife. The best years of Thackeray's life were given to the affectionate care of his insane wife. Her disease was that of a violent type, except at intervals, but she required constant oversight and attendance. To secure this Thackeray bought a house in the country near London, in which the invalid was surrounded with every comfort that love and sympathy could devise. As she still craved his presence, and seemed unhappy when he was out of her sight, Thackeray made frequent visits to her in retirement. These were the hours which his enemies declared were spent in the midst of all kinds of follies and excesses. They were devoted, instead, to soothing the invalid repinings and quieting the unreasonable suspicions of a wife dearly beloved, but hopelessly insane. It is not to be wondered at that Thackeray's views of life were tinged with a profound melancholy. The cross was never lifted during his lifetime. But his fortitude, his loving kindness and his care for his afflicted wife ceased only with his death.

THE young husband of the ancient Baroness Burdett-Coutts owns seventy fishing snacks.

The National Game.

With the champion base ball nine, an oarsman with the fastest three-mile record, a slugger who can mop the floor with any man in the universe, and a cock-eyed Governor who is a national issue—like X, an unknown quantity—who would not be proud to claim a local habitation and a name in Massachusetts? The champion ball nine, and the champion poor-house! The one offsets the other, and both must go thundering down the ages hand in hand. Hand in hand walk catcher, pitcher, short-stop, fielders, basemen and the skinniest ghosts of Tewksbury! Hand in hand walk Butler and the Slugger of the Hub! Hand in hand come groups of pale-faced, cultured maidens with gig-lamps before their lustrous orbs, and strewing flowers and Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" beneath the champions' feet! King out wild bells to a wild and untamed sky, or sundry epithets to that effect. *Encore* the carnival, dyspeptic savants of the Concord school! Shades of the departed Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Hawthorne, behold the champion base ball nine of Boston! Count the compound fractures on the coarse and bulging knuckles. Now, mark you, here a foul tip mashed that Grecian nose, and spread it like a poultice upon the catcher's face. That puffey ear, caught up with a lock stitch, and held in place on the pitcher's head by a silver link, was loosened from its base by an awkward batter, whose weapon slipped and hurtled on its deadly mission toward the pitcher's box. Mark you that limp which emphasizes every step the weary short-stop takes? A brutal baseman felled him to the ground and danced a can-can on his prostrate body in his long spiked shoes. Observe that eye worn by the center fielder, now closed forever to the gladsome light of day. The umpire struck him in the heat of quick debate, and the eye went out, to gleam no more athwart the diamond field.

And so they limp, these Boston cripples, toiling homeward from the fields of glory. Let Shamut avenue and Beacon street sing peace to their triumph. Let the big organ roll forth a deep, impressive symphony of praise. Let Wendell Phillips wake the echoes with a welcoming speech, and Butler cap the climax with a comic song and dance. Let Tewksbury's horrors all forgotten be, and naught but Boston's triumph on the diamond field be treasured in the memory of man.—*Texas Siftings.*

Easy Road To Wealth.

With a million to begin with, anybody might soon get as wealthy as Vanderbilt. So says a correspondent. He describes a building in Forsyth street: It is on a lot twenty-five feet wide by 100 deep. An alleyway of five feet runs down on one side, and on this the tenements face. The whole house, consequently, is twenty feet wide and 100 deep. It is five stories high, and is divided into five sections, or houses, each twenty feet square. The apartments for a family consist of a living room, thirteen feet square, a dark 5x10 bedroom in the rear, and two closets barely large enough to contain two coats for children. There is only one window, and it looks out upon the narrow, filthy alley, so that light and ventilation are both scant. There is no water in these houses, the tenants lowering buckets from the windows by ropes, and filling them at a hydrant which is surrounded by foul pools. A drain is choked with rotten vegetables and other refuse. But the uncleanness is not essential to the success of the writer's proposed enterprise. What he wishes to call particular attention to is the smallness of the homes and the relative largeness of the rentals. The prices range from \$8 a month on the ground floor to \$5 on the top, or an average of \$7 from each of twenty-four families. There is a groggery in the tenement opening on the street, and this raises the gross income to \$10,500 a year. By covering a block with these compact and cheaply constructed houses, about 15 per cent. clear could be realized on the investment. But that is not all. "I would reserve the exclusive privilege of selling supplies to the tenants," says the schemer; "no other groceries or saloons than mine should be opened in the territory covered by the houses. I went into a Forsyth street store and saw women buying coal at 11 cents a bucketful or about \$10 a ton. Flour was retailing in small quantities at a rate equal to \$14 a barrel. For all of their eatables these poor devils pay on the whole 50 per cent. more than can be got from rich folks. Counting in drinkables, could be made out of an acre or two of tenements full of wretchedness." —*New York Sun.*

A Sum in Cancellation.

A hard-looking tramp was recently driven up before an Austin Recorder's court, and the presiding officer thus addressed him:

"I shall fine you \$5 for drunkenness, and \$5 for fighting on the street."

"Judge," said the tramp, "I think you should throw off the \$5 for drunkenness."

"Why," inquired the Recorder, "should I throw off the fine for drunkenness?"

"Be-ause, Judge, I have the instincts of a gentleman, and, before I enter into a fight, it always becomes necessary for me to get drunk in order to reduce my self to the level of my opponent. And that I maintain, Judge, is sufficient punishment. To get drunk enough to fight, is, indeed, a terrible thing. Judge, did you ever get drunk and wallow around all night in a gutter?"

"No, sir," answered the Judge, severely. "I never did."

"Then, sir, it will be utterly impossible to realize the horrible retribution which follows a spree—a fighting drunk. I think, Judge, that you had better let the punishment of the drunk cancel the fight. If you'll throw off the fine for drunkenness, I'll throw off the one for fighting."

But stern, relentless justice had its sway, and the tramp supped on bean soup and salt-rising bread.—*Texas Siftings.*

MARRIAGE is a lottery in which men stake their happiness.—*Mmc. DeStael.*

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

TERRE HAUTE young ladies are wearing a silver sugar spoon as a neck ornament.

The ladies of Kokomo are trying to raise money with which to erect an industrial school building.

A ROME firm has manufactured 5,000 gallons of peach and apple brandy during the last two months.

THE McKeen cadets and the Dick Thompson zouaves, of Terre Haute, will participate in a prize drill Nov. 18.

MORRIS RANGER, the great Liverpool cotton broker, who has just failed for \$3,000,000, formerly lived at Evansville.

COL. CYRUS M. ALLEN, well-known throughout Indiana, who had great influence with President Lincoln, died at Vincennes.

TERRE HAUTE boasts of having Sullivan and Anna Dickinson the same week. One wore a belt and the other the breeches.

GEORGE A. E. RUGGLES and Sarah Ruggles, son and daughter of George C. Ruggles, Terre Haute, were drowned in the old Wabash and Erie canal by driving off the bridge.

THE first newspaper form in Lafayette was set up in 1829 by A. M. G. Hawes, M. D., who also read the first proof-sheet. He is now 73 years of age, and a resident of Georgetown, Ill.

WILLARD CARPENTER, who died in Evansville, was the richest citizen of that section of Indiana. He secured the construction of the Wabash and Erie canal, and gave a free library to the city.

ANDREW C. BEAL, who was awarded the gold medal in the telegraphers' contest, held in Louisville, resides in Jeffersonville. Mr. Beal is now the acknowledged champion telegraph operator of the West.

THE Commissioners of Pike county report that ex-Treasurer J. W. Richardson is indebted to the county to the extent of nearly \$9,000. Mr. Richardson says he never got the money and claims that there must be a mistake. An expert will examine the books.

THE banks at Madison are supplied with time-locks upon their vaults. Last week that on the vault of the First National refused to work one morning, and the bank had to borrow from the National branch for the day. The first part of this week the National branch was in the same fix. The trouble in both cases arose from mistakes in setting the locks.

STATE AUDITOR RICE has about completed his annual report, and, with the close of the State fiscal year, will be ready to make the footings and comparisons required by law. When published his report will include a discussion of the means by which the State institutions can be run without the aid of an appropriation bill, and will cite each section of the statutes under which the several departments, officials and institutions are proposed to be paid out of the State treasury. This compilation will be most convenient for references should any similar emergency hereafter arise.

A MILD case of hazing has been developed at Purdue university. A new student from the interior of the State had intimated to his room-mate an apprehension that he might be hanged. The boys got hold of it, and a party of four or five entered his room, pretending to be drunk. They personated the frightful example perfectly—not in any violence or profanity, but in wild feigned drunken stupidity. There was no smashing things—no knocking the piano off the mantelpiece, or anything of that sort, but a limber-legged, stupid attempt to hold each other up. But the new student was half scared to death. He momentarily expected to be held out of the window head downward, or lifted through the skylight. He fled to the city that night, and went home to tell his ma.

HON. W. A. PEELE, Chief of the Indiana Bureau of Statistics, has compiled a report which gives the agricultural products of the State in 1888 as follows, the figures being as nearly correct as it is possible to get them: Wheat acreage, 3,033,833; corn acreage, 3,071,220; oats, 665,198; barley, 2,163; rye, 28,804; buckwheat, 470; Irish potatoes, 87,070; sweet potatoes, 2,288; tobacco, 13,060; flax, 31,153; hemp, 1,382; castor beans, 3,907; navy or bunch beans, 4,303; melons, 6,280; cabbage, 1,564; onions, 844; timothy hay, 1,175,497; blue grass and other wild grasses, 1,778,232; unused plow land, 585,419; number of stock hogs, 1,911,820; fatted hogs, 1,526,442; cattle, 1,057,298; sheep, 1,064,763. The product of butter for the year was 29,691,956 pounds, and 3,000,000 pounds of oleomargarine were manufactured.

COINER, alias Faulkner, alias ever so many other names, has been captured in Frenchtown, Harrison county. He was the chief and leading spirit of the counterfeiters of that district, and lived near Frenchtown in a log house built much like a fort. It had one chiming out all around, and, while Faulkner worked on the coin, his wife stood guard. Immediately after the arrest of the Pikeville gang R. D. Hobbs, the detective known as "Doc Henderson," went to the house of Faulkner, whom he told about the raid, and said that he (Hobbs) was the only man to escape. He wanted to hide for a few days. Faulkner readily took him in and explained all his process to Hobbs, who pretended to be an experienced counterfeiter. Faulkner went to Frenchtown to get some Evansville papers to find out the extent of the raid. Hobbs, pretending that he was going for a bottle of whisky, followed him, and, dodging behind fences and trees, saw him enter a store. Hobbs ran in, and, presenting a revolver at Faulkner's head, ordered him to throw up his hands. The irons were put on the counterfeiter, and a Deputy Marshal took him in charge. Hobbs hurried back to the house and called to Mrs. Faulkner to bring the shot-gun. She, thinking her husband was in danger, did as she was bid, and, when she reached Hobbs, gave him the weapon. He clapped the handcuffs on her before she knew what he was up to, and in the morning took the couple to Indianapolis. Faulkner made coins from 10 cents in silver to \$20 in gold so perfectly that he said that he himself was not afraid to go into a bank with them.

BRAXTON CASEY, an employe in a sawmill, four miles south of Shelbyville, while saving lumber, slipped and fell on the saw, which struck him on the right shoulder and inflicted a gash over a foot long across his breast, exposing his vital organs. His right wrist was also almost cut off.

GEORGE P. NOBLE, an aged brother of a former Governor of Indiana, fell dead in a railway coach on the Jeffersonville road.

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN children are attending the Greenfield schools this year.