

The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. McEWEN, PUBLISHER.

EXPERIMENTS are in progress in Ohio for turning palm-leaf into paper for news print. It was the material used for Bank of England notes with such success for years.

THE most important and valuable stamp collection in the world belongs to a son of the Duchess of Galliera. Though it is yet incomplete, the stamp alone have cost \$300,000.

A CINCINNATI street-car company has just given eleven conductors, who have acted as such for one year, \$100 each as a reward for faithful and efficient services, in accordance with a contract made between them and the company.

THE Secretary of a London bank recently got away with \$110,000 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 badly prejudice the result."

IN New England alone last year there were 221 persons killed by railroad trains and 535 wounded. There were many important battles during the late war in which the casualties were less. The principal causes of such a large number of accidents are single lines of track crossing at grade and track-walking by careless people.

IT is told of a prominent Wall street broker that in his office he is found "stretched at his ease on a silken couch, listening in a dreamy way to an entertaining magazine article being read to him by his lady amanuensis, while a second lady clerk, rooks softly to and fro in a willow chair by the window, and the mild sunlight casts fitful shadows upon the richly decorated walls."

COUNTESS DE LA TORRE was recently arraigned in a London court for maintaining a cat nuisance, which, it was charged, was injurious to health and of many years standing. The Countess confessed she had five cats, and fed some stray ones, and had also two dogs. The Sanitary Inspector reported that when the lady was summoned on the last occasion she had eighteen cats and nine dogs. The court dismissed the complaint.

INCREASING dissatisfaction shows itself in London at the supine conduct of the great landlords. It is complained that they do absolutely nothing for the town from which they draw their millions, and the same men, who are liberal and public-spirited enough in their country homes, seem to think that their London property has no claims on them. The Duke of Westminster is by far the best of them, but his property happens to be that which least of all needs much doing to it.

JOHN SWINTON speaks as follows of Henry Villard: "I met him first during the war, in front of Richmond. He was then a newspaper correspondent. He was a slender, bright-faced, long-legged, scientific young fellow then, with a light purple as the other members of his craft, but now, I believe, though I have not seen him since then, he is a solid man, over middle age, richer than Croesus, and up to the neck in huge undertakings. Poor Villard! bare-foot boy of Germany, Golden Spike of America."

MR. LEWIS DAVID COHEN, a Jewish tradesman in London, declined to serve on a Coroners' jury, on the ground that he was forbidden to do so by the Jewish law. As regards the descendants of Aaron, the High Priest, the twenty-fourth chapter of Leviticus says: "Neither shall he enter into any house where there is a dead body," and Mr. Cohen said he was a direct descendant of Aaron. He was fined by the Coroner, but appealed to the Court of Quarter Sessions, where Mr. Cohen's objection was defended by his chief rabbi, who had himself declined to attend a thanksgiving in St. Paul's over the recovery of the Prince of Wales, on the ground that dead bodies were interred there. The Court remitted the fine and excused the plaintiff from future service on Coroners' juries.

DR. HENRY SCHLEIMANN, the digger for the ruins of Troy, is a naturalized American, but has not been in this country for fourteen years. "My wife is a Greek," he said lately to a caller in Paris, "and I now consider Athens my home. I have built a house there, and, though I retain my nationality as an American, I do not contemplate a return to the United States. My family accompanied me to the Troad. I built half a dozen frame houses for myself and workmen. Our way of living at this time was not at all different from our way of living in Athens, and that is the same as everywhere else in

Europe. We did not get fresh beef every day, as there was no butchers handy. I had to purchase my beef, mutton and veal alive, and have it slaughtered by one of my men. We had also to bake our own bread, but on the whole our life was European."

BILLIARD parlor proprietors will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that a Western genius has perfected a device for registering the time and price of billiards. It is in the form of a clock and begins to work automatically as soon as the balls are put on the table and stops when they are removed. The most conspicuous merit of the invention is that it can register \$25 worth of billiards for every table. It can be adapted to 50 or 60 cents an hour, or any other price. By this device the proprietor of the room can tell to a cent what his tables earn during a given time. The clock has not yet been placed on the market.

SEDONIA P. WAGNER, widow of Peter K. Wagner and sister of Gen. John L. Lewis, died in New Orleans a few days ago at the age of 85 years. She was a remarkable woman and had a remarkable career. A native of Louisiana while it was a Spanish province, she was a spectator of many interesting events. Her father was a Magistrate of the colony, and she knew all the prominent men of Orleans for the first half of the century. She met Wilkinson and Burr at her father's table, and was one of the maidens that strewed carnations and jasmynes in Jackson's pathway through the Place d'Armes to the cathedral on his victorious return from Chalmette. She danced with Lafayette when he came here in 1825, and was for years a queen of New Orleans society. She married Peter K. Wagner, who edited the *Delta*, and was the earnest friend of Jackson and held, while Jackson was President, the naval office of the port. He was for years the chieftain of the Louisiana Democracy, and died just after the war.

LORD COLERIDGE talked in an easy but sympathetic and serious way to the students of Haverford college, near Philadelphia, upon the authors they should read. Putting Milton next to Shakespeare, he told them that John Bright said that he had built himself up on Milton. He then named Wordsworth, and said: "If I have any fault to find with America, it is that I fear you do not do Wordsworth quite the honor which he deserves." Gray, Shelley and Keats followed in the order named. Coming to American poets, he said: "You may be surprised at the name I shall select from your American poets, when I tell you to learn Bryant. I do not say Longfellow, because, although he is a sweet and noble and delightful poet, he is not American—I mean that his poetry might just as well have been written in England, or Italy, or Germany, or France, as in America—but Mr. Bryant's poetry is full of the characteristics of his own country, as well as noble, natural and invigorating." Among prose writers he named Lord Bolingbroke as a writer of the most perfect English; next, "the greatest advocate since Cicero—and I say this, even remembering your own Webster—Lord Erskine," then Burke, Hooker—not to be read as a whole, "except by the theological students"—Lord Bacon and Cardinal Newman. Among American writers he named Daniel Webster, and "your greatest writer, the master of an exquisite and absolutely perfect style—Nathaniel Hawthorne." The appreciation which the little talk manifested of the aspirations of youth, and the vital importance of the formative period of life, made it a delightful and winning address.

THE National Drink of the Mexicans. The stranger in Mexico is struck by the prevalence on the tables of bottles of milky-looking fluid, resembling at sight the absinthe and water common to the Parisian boulevards. It is, however, whiter looking than that. This is the pulque, the national drink, which is to Mexico what lager beer is to Germany and the United States. The stranger usually begins by expressing the greatest disgust at the drink, and winds up by becoming very fond of it in the course of two or three weeks. I had acquired a liking for gorse, the peculiar local beer of Leipzig, during a long stay in that city, and as pulque resembles it very much in taste, though not very much in appearance, I took to it at once. Both have the same sourish, mousy and cucumber taste, but pulque is sappy and slippery. It is a very innocent-tasting beverage, and one would think it no more intoxicating than so much milk, but in reality it is fully as strong as the same quantity of lager beer. It is the favorite noonday drink, but it will not keep until night. For this reason it is a blessing to Mexico, for the lower classes, who drink nothing else, cannot carouse after nightfall, when they might become disorderly and dangerous.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

CHICAGO has a Chinese portrait painter. He has made such rapid strides in his art since his arrival in this country that he can now paint a portrait of one of Chicago's leading citizens so that it will quite as much resemble the original as it will the artist's grandfather. All that is necessary to prevent it being mistaken for a Chinese Mandarin, is to put the leading citizen's name under the portrait.

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, mister," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in buying his face in a California pear, "it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it."

"What's that," said the grocery man turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. "Get away from there," and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was printed, "Take one." "I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chronos of a new clothes-wringer, for people to take one, and, by gum, the wind has blown that sign over on the basket of pears, and I suppose that every darned fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business." "Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?" and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

"No, sir-ee," said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same, though," and the boy put up his hands like a prize-fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.

"Oh, say," said the grocery man, confidentially, "there is a rumor that our minister is a reformed prize-fighter, and an old maid that has been in here yesterday says that he has been fighting with your pa. Do you know anything about it?"

"Know anything about it? I know all about it. It was me that brought about the meeting between them," and the boy dodged away from an imaginary opponent in a prize ring, and tipped over a barrel of apples. "You see, me and my chum have a set of boxing gloves, and we go down in the laundry in the basement and box with each other, evenings. Since I got the Irish boy to box with pa, last summer, and he passed pa in the nose, pa has not visited the laundry to see us box, but last night the minister called to talk with pa about raising money to pay the church debt, and they heard us down stairs warning each other with the gloves, and the minister asked pa what it was, and pa said the boys were having a little innocent amusement with boxing-gloves, and he asked the minister if he thought there was any harm in it; and the minister said when he was in college the students used to box in the gymnasium every day, and he enjoyed it very much, and got so he didn't take a back seat for any of them. He said the only student that ever got the best of him in boxing was one who is now preaching in Chicago, and he was the hardest hitter in the college. Pa asked the minister if he wouldn't like to go down cellar and see the boys box, and he said he didn't mind, and so they came down where we were. I felt really ashamed when the minister came down, and was going to apologize, but the minister said he considered boxing the healthiest exercise there was, and if our people would practice more with boxing-gloves and dumb-bells there would be less liver complaint and less need of summer vacations. Me and my chum boxed a couple of rounds, and the minister told us where we made several mistakes, and then pa got excited and wanted the minister to put on the gloves with him, but he said he was out of practice, and he did not know but it would cause talk in the church if it should get out that he had been boxing with one of the members, but pa told him nobody would ever know it, and it would do them both good, and so the minister took off his coat, let his suspenders hang down, rolled up his sleeves, and they put on the gloves. I tell you it was fun for us boys, and I enjoyed it better than a circus. Pa is a pretty hard hitter, but he hasn't got the wind that the minister has. Pa pranced around, and the minister kept his face guarded, cause he didn't want to have to preach with a black eye, but pretty soon pa made a pass at the preacher and took him 'biff' right on the nose, but he rallied and landed one on pa's stomach, and made pa grunt. The blow on the nose made the minister perspire, and he was more excited than I ever saw him when he was preaching, and he danced around pa until he got a good chance and then he landed one on pa's eye, and the other under pa's ear, and pa gave him one on the eye, and they clinched, and the minister got pa's head under his arm and was giving it to pa real hard, just as me and three of the sisters of the church came down cellar to see ma's canned fruit, and the minister got pa's leg tangled and threw him against ma and they both went into a clothes basket of wet clothes, and ma yelled 'police,' and she scratched pa on the side of the face, and the minister turned suddenly and one glove hit a deacon's wife on the bangs and knocked the hair off, and the minister was excited and he said, 'Whoop! I'm a bad man. This makes me think of when I was on the turf, and the woman yelled murder. Ma picked pa out of the clothes basket, and held his head, and wiped his bloody nose on a pillow case, and pa was mad at the minister for striking so hard, and the minister said he shouldn't have struck hard only pa pasted him on the nose, and pa said it was no such thing, and referred to my chum, who was referee, and the women all said it was a perfect shame to see a minister descend to become a slugger, and I guess they are going to bring the minister up before the committee and bounce him. We all got on our coats and went up stairs, and finally ma furnished some court plaster for the minister's nose, and he went home with two of the sisters, though they insisted that he should wear soft gloves, so if he got on a boxing tantrum on the way home he couldn't hurt them. The minister felt real bad about hurting pa, and pa says that he will never attend that church again, as he should feel all the time as though the minister would be liable to escape from the pulpit and knock him out in one round. If the women had kept out of the cellar

nobody would ever have known anything about it, but it is all over town now. Say, do you think it is right for a minister to hide his talents under a bushel, or should he put on the gloves when members of his church want him to?"

"By gum, I don't know," said the grocery man. "But if I was a minister, and could box, and anybody went to put on any scollaps over me, I would, at least I think I would, from the light I have before me now, knock his two eyes into one. What's the use of learning to box, and then allow folks to boss you around. I have seen some ministers go around in a meek and lowly manner, taking slack from every Deacon in church, and being made to feel as though he was an object of charity, who could whip the whole congregation in a fair, stand-up fight, and I sometimes think if such a minister would get on his ear and knock a few of his persecutors down a couple of pair of stairs, they would have more respect for him. But it is fashionable for ministers to seem to be dependent sort of people, and I suppose it always will be."

"Well, I must go and get a couple of oysters to put on pa's eyes to take out the black," and the boy went out and put the sign 'take one' on a pile of dressed chickens.—*Peck's Sun.*

Important Society Hints.

It is no longer considered *en regle* to kiss a bride at a wedding. Take it out on the bridesmaids.

Both dress and demeanor should always be appropriate to the occasion. Even a full suit of the deepest black will not excuse joking with the sexton at a funeral.

When making a morning call carry your hat with you to the parlor and hold it in your hand until you depart. The city is full of sneak-thieves, and hats are their favorite prey.

At dinner do not throw the bones under the table. This rule may be relied on, for it was one of those made by no less a personage than Queen Elizabeth for the government of her court.

When invited to dinner accept or reject the invitation the same day. It is no longer considered good form to sneak around and ask your host's cook what the bill of fare is to be before replying.

If you use tobacco do not put a fresh quid in your mouth just before entering a strange house. Some parlors are not furnished with cuspidors, and frequently raising the window interrupts conversation.

Never call upon a lady simply because she asks you to "come again." Wait for a more urgent hint. "Come again" is a mere superfluous conventionalism, like the word "obey" in the marriage service.

A presentation to a lady at a ball does not authorize you to claim her acquaintance afterward unless she first shows some desire to renew the intercourse. Such presentations are like summer resort engagements, mere formalities.

At an evening party carefully note the location and size of the house and the probable value of the furniture and bric-a-brac. If there are evidences of wealth and refinement on every side, devote your attention to your host's unmarried daughter.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Examining a Witness.

Tact is an admirable quality, and its value is never more clearly shown than in the examination of witnesses in courts of law. Here is an instance.

A Scotch lawyer, Henry Cockburn, and Jeffrey were acting together in a case which turned upon the sanity or insanity of one of the parties.

"Is the defendant," asked Jeffrey of a witness, "perfectly sane, in your opinion?" The witness, bewildered by the word "sane," of whose meaning he was ignorant, gazed vacantly at the lawyer and gave no answer.

"Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" asked Jeffrey, changing the form of his question.

The witness gazed more vacantly. "I ask you," continued Jeffrey, "do you consider the man rational?"

The witness scratched his head. "Let me tackle him," said Cockburn, seeing that his associate was making a failure of the examination.

"Hae ye your mull (snuff-box) wi' ye?" he asked, in the broadest of Scotch.

"Oo, ay," answered the awkward fellow, being put at his case by the simple request, and, handing his snuff-horn to the lawyer, who, taking a pinch, said: "Noo, hoo lang hae ye kent John Sampson?"

"Ever since he was that height," answered the witness, indicating by a gesture the height.

"An' dae ye think noo, atween you and me," asked Cockburn, in his most insinuating brogue, "that there's anything intill the creature?"

"I would not lippen (trust) him with a bull calf," was the instant reply, amid the laughter of the court, delighted with Cockburn's tact in extracting the fact from the thick-headed fellow.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Pretty Sight.

The piazza of St. Mark in Venice, a broad, open square, is the great resort of Venetians in the evening for conversation, ice-cream eating, coffee drinking and music. In the daytime it is the resort of myriads of pigeons which are fed at the expense of the state, and which have been held sacred ever since the day rendered by one of them at the taking of Tyre, 700 years ago.

They are very tame, and a lady traveler writing home says that one of the most beautiful sights she saw in Venice was a little girl of 3 years, daughter of an officer of the United States frigate *Commodore*, seated on the ground surrounded by pigeons. Her attendant had scattered corn all over her, the pigeons were struggling one over another on her lap, on her shoulders, piled up on her head, and out of this fluttering mass of soft plumage peeped the child's sweet, half-surprised baby face.—*Good Cheer.*

NO STREET in the world, perhaps, possesses more value to the square foot than Fifth avenue, New York, the abode of so many millionaires.

Peter the Great at Zardam.

Having reached Emmerich, the impetuous and youthful monarch left the embassy, and proceeded down the Rhine, not halting until he reached Amsterdam, "through which," says one authority, "he flew like lightning, and never once stopped till he arrived at Zardam, fifteen days before the embassy reached Amsterdam." One of his small party in the boat happened to recognize a man there who was fishing in a boat as one Kist, who had worked for some time in Russia. He was called to them, and his astonishment may be conceived at seeing the Czar of all the Russias in a little boat, dressed like a Dutch Skipper, in a red jacket and white trousers. Peter told Kist, that he should like to lodge with him; the poor man did not know what to do, but, finding the Czar in earnest, procured him a cottage behind his own, consisting of two small rooms and a loft. Kist was instructed not to let any one know who the new lodger was. A crowd collected to stare at the strangers; and the questions put to them Peter used to answer in Dutch that they were all carpenters and hard up for a job. But the crowd did not believe it, for the dresses of some of his companions belied these statements. The Czar, shortly after arriving at Zardam, paid visits to a number of the families of Dutch seamen and carpenters whom he was employing at Archangel, and elsewhere representing himself as a brother workman. Among others he called upon a poor widow whose deceased husband had once been a skipper in his employ, and to whom he had some time before sent a present of 500 guilders. The poor woman begged him to tell the Czar how "she never could be sufficiently thankful" for his great kindness, little dreaming that the rough-looking young man before her was that monarch. He assured her that the Czar should most certainly be acquainted with her message. Peter proceeded to purchase a quantity of carpenter's tools, and his companions were ordered to clothe themselves in the common garb worn in the dockyards. Next day was Sunday, and it became evident that some one had let the cat more or less out of the bag, for crowds of sailors and dockhands assembled before Peter's lodgings, which annoyed him terribly. But the fact is that a Dutch resident of Archangel had written home to his friends, informing them of the projected voyage and inclosing his portrait and description of the Czar. Among the crowd a garrulous barber, who believed he had recognized him, shouted out, "Dat is der Tzar!" and all poor Peter's little stratagems could not save him from the curiosity of the populace. A Hollander had left a description of him, which would indicate that he was too noticeable to be mistaken by any who had once seen him. He was very tall and robust, quick and nimble of foot, and dexterous and rapid in his actions; his face was plump and round, fierce in his look, with brown eyebrows, and short curling hair of a brownish color. His gait was quick, and he had a habit of swinging his arms violently, while he always carried a cane, which he occasionally used very freely over the shoulders of those who had offended him.—*The Sea: Its Stirring Story of Adventure, Peril and Heroism.*

The Mormon Tabernacle.

The tabernacle is really a wonderful building in several respects. With a weary automatic sort of action the guide began to rattle off the dimensions and qualities of the building. I was not specially interested until he said:

"This room is the most wonderful whispering gallery in the world. When everybody is quiet the faintest whisper is audible in the remotest part of the house. You can literally hear a pin fall. Try it once."

So I went to the further end of the room, 250 feet away, and, standing on the speaker's platform, he addressed me in a whisper. I had no difficulty in understanding, and replied also in a whisper. Then he took a pin and dropped it into his straw hat. I was going to say the report was like that produced when a crowbar falls over a washboiler. Certainly the noise was very distinct. It was a matter of keen regret to me that I could not hear the great organ played upon, knowing that it was inferior only to the Cincinnati and Boston instruments. Suddenly the guide turned and observed in a doubtful sort of way:

"But you have not asked how great a seating capacity the building has."

"No," I answered, fervently. "I do not profess to be perfect, but I will never tempt a man to lie in that way."

He thanked me warmly, and then remarked:

"Since you will excuse me from the customary lies to the effect that this will seat 20,000 people and is full every Sunday, I don't mind saying that there are about 8,000 seats in the house, and that the galleries are only thrown open in times of conferences. There is no method of heating the building or lighting it save by the introduction of electric lights, which was done in the case of Theodore Thomas last season. In winter, Mormon general services are held in the assembly room, which will seat about one-third as many people as the tabernacle. I can hold up my head and boldly announce that this is the largest self-supporting roof ever constructed by human ingenuity, and you will doubtless assent to that proposition. This festooning has been here some of it eight and some ten years."

I was interested in these decorations that have stood the test of time so remarkably. The elaborate center-piece over the fountain must have occupied a good deal of time in its construction.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Plain Mr. Is Good Enough.

That titles have their inconveniences is often clearly shown, as conspicuously happened when a man who has gained high honor in his special field in a well-known college was accosted by a friend who met him on the public street. "Ah! Professor," cried this animated individual, grasping him by the hand, "I am glad to see you." "Hush," said the educator, looking around warily; "not so loud, if you please. People may think that I am the proprietor of a book-black establishment."—*Boston Journal.*

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

VINCENNES has 890 pupils in her public schools.

Eight of the churches in New Albany have pipe organs.

Two postoffices at Rockland, Henry county, have been discontinued.

The dairymen of Lafayette have advanced the price of milk to 10 cents a quart.

Revival meetings are now in progress in many of the churches of Southern Indiana.

NEW ALBANY won in every competitive display her manufacturers entered into at the Louisville exposition.

DURING the past year 2,000,000 bricks have been manufactured by the brick-yards in Jeffersonville.

In the past thirty years 227 persons have been sent to the State Insane Asylum from Floyd county.

It is said that the hair of Mr. Coleman Hicks, of Jeffersonville, which has been gray twenty years, is turning to its natural color.

GEORGE DANBER, a man 35 years of age, fell from the head of the Terre Haute opera-house gallery stairs to the first floor, sustaining probably fatal injuries.

LOGANSPORT is to have electric lights, the City Council having contracted for fifty lights of 2,000 candles each, to be placed in all the most prominent parts of the city.

ACCORDING to the new city directory, the population of Lafayette is 24,748, an increase of 1,754 over the estimated population from the directory of two years ago.

BUT little more than half the children of Vigo county attend the public schools, and Terre Haute makes a worse showing than the rural districts. The number of school children has increased nearly 15 per cent. in the last year.

MAYOR ZOLLINGER, of Fort Wayne, receives an annual salary of \$1,600. In addition, he derives an income of \$2,200 from the fees of the office, making the total receipts of the position \$4,000. In Lafayette the Mayor's salary and fees amount to about \$1,600.

A MISS KEMP, a milliner, tells a strange story of the Woodmansee murder in Seymour. She says she occupied a room next to his on the night of the murder, and heard him beg for his life; heard some one say "Kill him, Sam," and heard the blow. As the murder was committed seventeen years ago, she has been a long time in telling it.

MR. ANTON KLEESPIE, of Jeffersonville, has an idea that he can do the surrounding country a valuable service by establishing a fish pond in the vicinity of Utica. It is his intention to have a pond covering an area of about four acres well stocked with German carp. In about three years he hopes to be able to supply the market with fine fish of the carp variety.

ALTON, a small town on the Ohio river, in Perry county, is going through the excitement of a crusade against liquor-sellers. A strong organization of women, backed by men, has been formed in the town, and they opened the war by calling at the saloon of John Atwood, and requesting him to sell out to them his stock of liquors and sign a contract to sell no more in the town, or take the consequences. He sold out to the women and signed the contract, and they poured the liquors into the river—four barrels in all.

RECENTLY William Barlow, in opening a gravel pit about five miles southeast of Tip-top, made some rather interesting discoveries. Besides a number of relics he found six human skeletons, fairly preserved, and the skeleton of a dog. There were no indications of coffins or anything that was buried with them, except some earthenware made of powdered shells and sunburnt mud. The remains were evidently those of large and powerful men, probably Indians.

The Secretary of the State Board of Health has completed table No. 3, comprising local diseases and being the largest of the tables to be made out and submitted as part of his report. The following comprises totals of these classes: Diseases of the nervous system, 1,637; of the circulatory system, 470; of the respiratory system, 1,997; of the digestive system, 887; of the urinary system, 285; of the generative organs, 50; osseous and locomotory, 13; integumentary, 21; making a total of 5,391 under class 3. Last year the mortality tables under this head aggregated 5,014. While this comparison would show a result favorable to the health of 1893, it must be taken into account that the reports are much fuller than last year, and that the present has really been one of less mortality.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The Fort Wayne *Gazette* is responsible for the following snake story. The story is the more remarkable because Fort Wayne is several hundred miles distant from Kentucky: "At intervals for the past six months a serpent, has been seen in Pleasant Lake. It is at least, forty feet long, and swims with its head four feet above the water. Its horrid head is as large as a half bushel measure. On Monday morning it was seen by Redley Moore, Will Miller, Sam Majors, Job McGrew and Rollin Snurr, all reputable citizens of Pleasant Lake. A well-known citizen, William Spriggles, who resides on the bank of the lake, saw the snake a few days ago, and says it is a tremendous serpent, large around as a barrel. Mr. Charley Gaskill saw it last summer when it was swimming with some six feet of its body above the water. Gaskill had his shot-gun with him and fired at the snake, with what effect he could not ascertain, as the reptile plunged beneath the surface and he saw it no more. When the snake approaches the shore the path its body makes through the bushes shows its body to be as big around as a barrel. Several plans have been suggested to trap his snakehood, and a determined effort will be made in a few days. So many have seen this terror of the lake that it will not do to laugh or cavil. In this connection it may be mentioned that blue racers twelve feet long are frequently seen near the lake."

Mrs. LIZZIE JOHNSTON, of Norristown, Shelby county, was granted a divorce from her husband, and was immediately married to Mr. Thomas J. McCain. Mrs. Johnston will be better remembered as Mrs. Lizzie Arnold, the lady who married an assumed German Count some three years ago. The "Count," after securing a good sum of money from his wife, mysteriously disappeared, and has not been heard of since. The lady in question is handsome, rich and, stands high in the community.

The authorities of New Albany have ordered all the saloons closed on Sunday.