

DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?

How It Has Not Fostered Home Industries.

Keokuk (Iowa) Gate City: The Tariff Reform League has published a pamphlet volume by Mr. J. Schoenhof, of New York. We will summarize its contents. He affirms:

1. A tariff which taxes raw materials cannot be protective to manufacturing industries.
2. A tax making raw materials cost our manufacturers more than those of competing nations is practically a prohibition of the exportation of the surplus product of our manufacturers.
3. Protection fostering competition to unnatural fierceness becomes self-destructive on account of this exclusion from foreign outlets.
4. Foreign commerce and home manufactures must decay where raw materials are taxed.
5. The carrying trade of the world must cling to that country whose trade and manufacture bear the lightest burdens.
6. Wages are not gaged by tariffs, but by the general opportunities offered by the respective countries.
7. The standard of life of the working classes determines the rate of wages.
8. Where the standard of life is highest productive power and invention find highest development and production is cheapest.
9. Protection is the normal condition of countries whose standard of life is a low one.
10. Free-trade is the normal condition of countries whose standard of life is a high one.

It is asserted that protection is necessary to foster our home industries, and without protection our industries would decay.

If this be true, then the manufactures of free-trade countries should decay.

England changed from protection to free-trade in 1845. The following table shows the exports of some leading articles of English manufacture under free-trade. The amounts are in millions of dollars—thus, 125 in the table means so many millions:

Cottons and yarns..... 1845, 1865, 1885, 1891.
Woolens and yarns..... 125, 108, 274, 389.
Linen and yarns..... 42, 51, 122, 103.
Silks..... 20, 24, 55, 50.
Iron and steel..... 5, 8, 7, 13.
Lead, tin, copper and brass..... 17, 45, 64, 115.
Tools, cutlery and implements..... 16, 25, 45, 68.
Coal..... 5, 12, 20, 38.

The year 1881 was a year of unusual business depression in England, there having been a series of bad harvests, of which that was the worst.

England and France made a free-trade treaty in 1860. In that year French exports were \$450,000,000. In 1873 they were \$800,000,000. The total foreign trade of France in 1860 was \$800,000,000; in 1873 it was \$1,450,000,000.

In 1880 the United States produced of metal manufactures of all kinds to the value of \$672,078,000; they exported \$14,116,000; imported \$72,744,000. England exported of those goods in that year to the amount of \$237,500,000—more than fifteen times as much as this country.

Of textile goods of all sorts the United States produced \$521,000,000, sold abroad \$10,216,576, imported \$122,350,000. England sold abroad of the same goods \$534,500,000, or fifty-two times as much as this country.

The only reason why America sells no manufactured goods abroad as compared with England is because of walling itself in with protection. If it would tear down that wall it could be the foremost country in the world in both manufactures and shipping trade.

After twenty years of protection—and some very hard years were among them—our exports of articles of American manufacture were in 1880:

Agricultural implements, clocks, etc., \$3,500,000.
Cotton goods..... 10,000,000.
Iron and steel goods..... 12,000,000.
Leather goods..... 6,000,000.
Woolen goods..... 200,000.
All other manufactures..... 10,500,000.

A total of not quite \$43,000,000, half the fortune of Jay Gould, as the total of its manufactures that this country sells abroad after twenty years of protection. And England sold abroad in that year nearly \$1,000,000,000, or twenty-five times as much as this country.

In 1860, under a free-trade tariff, the United States sold abroad of its manufactures, \$23,900,000; in 1872, after years of protection, our foreign sales were \$20,600,000, or \$3,000,000 less than under free trade.

The facts show that protection does not exclude foreign manufactures from the United States, but it does exclude American manufactures from the markets of the world.

In 1860 our exports of industries now protected were nearly 7 per cent. of all our exports; in 1872 they were not quite 4 per cent.; in 1880 they were about 5 per cent. Take out sewing machines, which are patents, and patented agricultural implements, and our manufacturers would only furnish 3 per cent. of our exports, as against 7 per cent. in 1860, before we had protection.

On the other hand, the import of protected manufactured goods has increased despite protection. Here is a table of what we imported from abroad in 1860 and 1872:

1860..... 1872.....
Clothing..... \$2,000,000..... \$3,000,000.
Cotton goods..... 35,000,000..... 35,000,000.
Flax and manufactures..... 10,000,000..... 22,500,000.
Silk and manufactures..... 33,000,000..... 36,000,000.
Wool and manufactures..... 36,000,000..... 80,000,000.
Earthenware, fancy goods, etc., etc..... 10,900,000..... 34,200,000.
Copper, brass, tin, etc..... 8,500,000..... 17,200,000.
Iron and steel goods..... 21,000,000..... 55,000,000.

\$163,000,000..... \$282,900,000.

Thus under protection foreigners sold us 80 per cent. more of the very goods we were taxing ourselves more to protect than they did when we had a free-trade tariff, while we sold them 80 to 90 per cent. less of those products of those protected industries than we did in free-trade times.

This is a summary of Mr. Schoenhof's first chapter.

The Rascals that Must Go.

The editor who formulated this campaign shibboleth has provoked more intense and general indignation than he could possibly have anticipated. Why it is we do not know, but it seems to be a fact, nevertheless, that almost everybody in office finds marching orders in

the expression, "Turn the rascals out."

Who are the rascals who are to be turned out, and to insure whose exit the defeat of their party is necessary? There are about 105,000 men in executive offices. That a majority of these are honest and capable may be fairly assumed. But there are bad men in every department of the public service.

There are men in office, not only in Washington, but all over the country, who would not be trusted by their neighbors with half the responsibilities that the Government has placed in their hands. There are some thousands of men who hold offices that were given to them as payment for dirty work.

Among these are rascals that will be turned out and kept out, for the era of reform is here, and public offices will not much longer be used as currency to pay political debts.

Officials who act upon the theory that their first duty is to the party, and who give to the work marked out by the bosses the time for which the people pay, are getting money that they do not earn and never intended to earn. These are dishonest men. They must go.

Officials who get or try to get fees for services not rendered—as is the case with some hundreds under the Department of Justice—are among the rascals who are going to be put out.

Officials who use public funds to aid their party, whether in Virginia, as exposed by Dezenford, or in Michigan, as related by Jay Hubbell, or in any State or locality—these are some of the precious rascals who must join the procession.

Officials who, on any pretext, use public property for personal pleasure or profit, belong to the class whose exit is demanded. It is a numerous class, and it has flourished and grown bolder year after year. But—it must go.

Officials who conspire with outsiders to defraud the Government in purchasing supplies constitute a dangerous and, we have reason to believe, a numerous class of the rascals that are to be turned out.

All officials, of all departments and branches, who are dishonest or unfaithful, who will not give and who do not intend to give fair service to the Government, who look upon office as a personal perquisite rather than a public trust—all such should prepare for the exodus.—Washington Post.

Hygiene of the Brain.

The human brain is the most wonderful object in the world, and its power may be quadrupled by wise culture.

The first condition of a healthy brain is exercise. Hard work is necessary to bring it up to its best.

The brain is composed of flesh and blood, subject to physiological law, and is not a spiritual organ controlled by laws beyond our reach. Its first need is an abundance of good blood. It is fundamental in the physiology of the brain that the blood shall be pure. If we lessen the supply of blood to the brain, or send poor, thin, badly-oxygenated blood there, the organ will act feebly.

This brings up the question of the health of the stomach. The brain-worker must not abuse his digestive organs, either in quantity or quality of food. Attention has often been called to the necessity of phosphorus for brain-workers.

No thought without phosphorus is no more true than would be no thought without air, water, etc. A lion or tiger, well fed, consumes more phosphorus than a man, but does he think more? The beaver, noted as being one of the most thoughtful of animals, secretes very little phosphorus.

The most perfect diet for a thinking man or woman is not essentially different from the diet most proper for a growing boy or girl. There should be plenty of nourishment of a kind easily digested and assimilated, but not taken in sufficient quantities to overload the stomach. The brain does not work well when the stomach is filled with food, especially if indigestible. A few moments of rest before a meal, no brain-work at meal times, nor for a short space after, are important conditions.

I do not advise alcoholic stimulants to brain-workers. While in a few cases they apparently give greater power to the brain, yet, as a rule, their influence is only bad. If you take stimulants when you are tired, and need nourishment and sleep, in order that you may increase nervous exertion, you are drawing on your reserve of vital capital.

Muscular exercise is a most important means of brain hygiene, but should not be too severe or too long continued. Gentle exercise to keep the blood circulating and bring plenty of air into the lungs is sufficient. Very hard and long-continued physical labor dulls the brain and renders it less vigorous, for the reason that the muscles drain off too much of the blood, thus robbing the brain of its needed supply.

It is essential for the brain-worker to have frequent days of entire rest from mental labor. During these periods considerable physical exercise may be taken, and plenty of good nourishing food be eaten, to fill up the circulating vessels with new blood, with which new work may be done.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

Anecdote of Charles XV.

Soon after the death of the dowager Queen of Sweden, Desideria, the King, Charles XV., was met by one of the theatrical managers of the city, dressed in deep mourning. No sooner did the King see him than he said:

"Ah! Have you, also, been visited by a sorrow in your family?"

"Oh, your Majesty—"

"It must be some very near relative," said the King.

"Oh, your Majesty, it was a sad bereavement."

"Your wife, perhaps?"

"Ah, no, your Majesty. I mourn the most revered Queen Dowager, her Majesty, Desideria—"

"The d—!! I didn't know you were related to the old lady," laughingly exclaimed the King.—Texas Siftings.

According to an English statistician, who has been at pains to collect data on the subject, early risers live the longest.

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, how did you pull through Thanksgiving day?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the store looking as happy as though there was good skating the year round.

"Have any fun?"

"Fun is no name for it," said the boy, as he took a knife and scratched some beeswax off the bottom of his boots. "I thought I had seen fun before, but that Thanksgiving day made me tired of laughing. You see, we all went to Deacon Perkins' house to dinner. There is two kinds of people in our church. One kind believes that you must never have any fun, and always wear a long face, and sigh, and cry away, while the other faction believes in doing up religious chores and having a furlough. They believe that there is a time for praying, a time for dancing, and a time for all kinds of innocent fun. Deacon Perkins is the leader of the funny side, and he is the jolliest old dog you ever saw, except when he is serious, and then everybody lets up on any foolishness, and pays attention. The minister believes in Deacon Perkins' ideas, but he don't dare to take sides, though he winks at the fun, and enjoys it. The Deacon had our folks and about a dozen other families to dinner on Thanksgiving, and we had a boss dinner. The Deacon and the minister were just too happy, except when the Deacon asked the blessing, and talked about the poor people all around, that had no turkey stuffed with oysters, and then they were sad. But after they got to passing plates for more turkey and things, there was fun all around the board. But the most fun was after dinner. When it began to get dark the Deacon came to me and said they were going to have a dance in the big room up stairs. They had taken up the carpet, and he said the floor was not just right, and he wished I would get a cake of beeswax and wax the floor the way they have it waxed down at the dancing school, and so me and my chum went up stairs and waxed the floor. I guess maybe we put on too much wax, for the first half hour it stuck to people's shoes, and by the time they got warmed up, the floor was just like glass. The crowd was all up stairs except the minister and two old maids that couldn't dance. They were taking politics and things, but after while the minister said he didn't mind going up to the dancing room to look on, so he took the two women on his arms and went up. He came in the door just as a dance was over, and he started to walk across the floor to set the women down beside the fiddler, when his left foot slipped sideways and kicked the feet out from under one of the women, and she started to fall, and the other one pulled the other way, and both the minister's feet slipped, and the whole crowd of them went down, and I snorted right out. Ma looked at me kind of sassy, and I shut up, but pa was walking across the floor with a big woman to form on for a quadrille, and he said, 'the wicked stand in slippery places,' and just then one of the women, who was trying to get up, hit pa in the heel with her shoe, and his feet began to slide, and he grabbed the woman he was walking with, and they went down so the gas fixtures rattled. Pa struck on his hip, and one foot hit the minister near the watch pocket and he grunted, and pa was so heavy he kept going, and he plowed right through the two women that went down with the minister, and they called pa an old brute, and then Deacon Perkins and ma started to the rescue, and ma slipped and pulled the Deacon down, and I went to help ma and I met the fiddler and we both fell, and then everybody else laughed, and when the fiddler got up he found I had set down on the fiddle and it was all broke up. I have never seen pa cut as many flip-flops as he did trying to keep from falling, and the minister was so annoyed at the spectacle he presented that I dare not go to church for a week or two for fear I shall think about it when he is preaching, and snort right out in meeting. We finally got them all on their feet and the dance was broke up, but they didn't blame me and my chum, 'cause the Deacon told us to wax the floor. Some of the sober Deacons in the church heard about it and they say it was a judgment on the jolly folks for dancing. Do you think it was a judgment on us?"

"Judgment nothing," said the grocery man. "It was simply too much beeswax. Lots of things in this world that are laid to Providence is the result of too much beeswax. A man gets to living high and drinking hard and some day he is found dead, and the people say it is a dispensation of Providence. It is simply a case of too much beeswax. A man gets to doing an immense business on a small capital and he flies high, and people get to thinking if he didn't make the earth he had a controlling interest in the contract. He walks proud and looks over his old friends and seems to be seeking new worlds to conquer, and all of a sudden you hear something drop, and the Sheriff finds that he is flat on the ground. It is too much beeswax. The beeswax was there all the time, but had not got ready to be slippery until the high-flyer got too warm. It is just so in every case."

"Oh, say," says the boy, as he sees the grocery man was wound up for all day, "you make me weary. Did I tell you I was going into the show business?"

"No, you don't tell me," said the grocery man. "What is it? A circus?"

"No, not any circus. I have been looking the thing over, and I think there is more money in being a living skeleton than anything there is going, and I have got an offer from a museum of \$200 a week as soon as I can get lean enough, and I have quit eating since Thanksgiving. I have lost two pounds, and at that rate I will be ready to exhibit about Christmas. A living skeleton can lay up all his money, 'cause he don't have to eat, and his clothes don't cost much, and it is a regular picnic. They wanted me to be a man without legs, but I thought that would be bad if I should ever want to quit the show business, and then they wanted me to be a jorilla, but a jorilla

is only a nimal, and can't go in society. They offered to get a wax head for me if I would be a two-headed zulu, but I don't want to be a deception. I had rather be a freak of nature. Pa is encouraged since I have decided to be a living skeleton, and says I will mount to something yet. He thinks I better go and board at a cheap boarding-house, in order to become a skeleton by the time I have promised to show, but I guess I can find all the facilities I want at home. Say let's go in partnership, and you be a jorilla, or a wild pirate. Your head is flat enough on top, and your eyes look like gimlet holes in a boot heel."

The boy got out of the store just ahead of a hatchet, and he went into a candy-store and bought some chocolate caramels to become a skeleton on.—Peck's Sun.

The Childhood of a Poet.

The wind that goes blowing where it listeth, once, in the early beginning of this century, came sweeping through the garden of this old Lincolnshire rectory, and, as the wind blew, a sturdy child of 5 years old with shining locks stood opening his arms upon the blast and letting himself be blown along, and as he traveled on he made his first line of poetry and said, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and he tossed his arms, and the gust whirled on, sweeping into the great abyss of winds. One might perhaps still trace in the noble familiar face of our Poet Laureate the features of this child, one of many deep-eyed sons and daughters born in the quiet rectory among the elm trees.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his father's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tournaments to fight. Somersby was so far away from the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must have come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil things, and as it were hushed into pastoral silence), that though the early part of the century was stirring with the clang of legions, few of its rumors seem to have reached the children. They never heard at the time of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together playing their own games, living their own life; and where is such a life to be found as that of a happy, eager family of boys and girls before doubt, the steps of time, the shocks of chance, the blows of death, have come to shake their creed?

These handsome children had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which some people call imagination. The boys played great games like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the jousts deserted. When dinner-time came, and they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the potato bowl—long endless histories, chapter after chapter diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each sunrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like Clarissa Harlowe. Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called "The Old Horse."

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say, were written upon a slate which his brother Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the garden—and when he came back from church little Alfred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's "Seasons," the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and he gave Alfred back the slate.

I have also heard another story of his grandfather, later on, asking him to write an elegy on his grandmother, who had recently died, and, when it was written, putting 10 shillings into his hands and saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word for it, it will be the last."—Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie, in Harper's Magazine.

Plantation Philosophy.

Dar's some little truth eben in de biggest lie, eben ef it is no more den de fact dat it is lie.

Poverty o' body is bad, but poverty o' mine is wus. I doan feel as sorry fur a po' sensible man as I does fur a rich fool.

De wunst whuppin' dat a man eber gits is done by a coward. Pen up a snappin' cur an' he ken whup all de dogs on de plantation.

Wid me, de ole man is more 'tractive den de boy. De gol' dat's on a leaf jes' arter de dust frost is putter den de green on de leaf jes' arter spring opens.

De lack dat a man is useful ter de community doan make him a 'zirable member of s'ciety. We couldn't hardly git along widout de buzzard, yet I doan hanker arter 'sociatin' wid him.

De mourners' bench would do mo' good fur de nigger ef der was fewer groans an' mo' saft soap an' rain water. I see seed many a nigger too dirty ter go ter a fence, but I never seed one too dirty to 'dress 'ligion.

Dar's two kinds o' men what doan do business de right way: De man what ain't got time enough an' de man what's got too much; fur de man what ain't got time enough, rushes through wid de work, an' de man what's got too much time waits till it's too late.—Arkansas Traveler.

A half-sick man is the sickest kind of a man.

SAMBO'S PECULIARITIES.

His Love for Chickens, "Possum, Halls, of Justice and the Watermelon.

The love of the plantation hand for fried chicken has passed into history. It is no longer a dim tradition, but a well-proven fact.

It seems a little bit singular that any one race should have an abnormal appetite for any one thing, but the negro's devotion to chicken proves the sublime nature of his devotion.

If there are no chickens which he can take handy, he will spend his last cent in the purchase of one, but he will only do this as a last contingency, and always under protest.

To raise chickens anywhere near a colony of negroes is an impossibility; not even the feathers will remain to decrease the margin between profit and loss.

As an old sinner told me: "Dar's no use denyin' hit, ef Ize goin' home from de 'vival an' I hears a chicken whike like an' dar's nobody 'roun' Ize gwine climb dat fence suah."

How the negro does love a 'possum! That sly beast who loves the night rather than day, because its deeds are evil, is very dear to the African heart. An old colored friend of mine—an ex-member of the Legislature—says: "Take er nice fat 'possum, parbille him, roas him, sarb him up with sweet taters an' graby, and gentlemen, hit am good!"

All scenes of law have a great fascination for the negro.

The court-room even of a Justice of the Peace has a sort of sticking-plaster power over him, and the most trivial cases find him an eager spectator. When the United States court is in session he is in his glory.

He fills the seats with his dirty, greasy anatomy, listens open-mouthed to the lawyers, takes an occasional nap, and chews peanuts nearly all the time.

He is the first one in the court-room and the last one to leave it, and he regards the prisoner on trial with a huge grin of admiration as the center-piece of the legal entertainment.

He constitutes himself a part of the paraphernalia of justice, and when the prisoner is sentenced, he follows him to the door of the jail as a guard of honor.

The spectacle of law thus vindicated does not deter him in the slightest from the commission of a crime.

He rather has a vague longing to see himself occupying the principal role, and awaking like interest among his brethren.

Watermelon season opens up a long vista of delight unto the negro. Give him a forty-pound melon and a stinky nook and he will thank God for nothing else. He will devour it to the outer rind, seeds and all, and then lie down on the roadside, with a sun of unlimited power beating full upon him. He will eat melons ripe, half ripe or green, and they seem to have no ill effect upon him. Watermelon growers have to guard their melons at night with shot-guns to keep the exile from Africa's sunny fountains from eating up all the profit.

Sugar cane is another favorite in the domestic economy of the negro. When he has a nickel he will buy a stalk, but if he lives near a flourishing patch, he won't spend his money foolishly, but he will have the sugar cane all the same.

It is a funny sight to see a huge fellow of 40 years or so, sitting on the public corner with eight feet of sugar cane in one hand and a large knife in another, cutting and chewing as if his own salvation and the country depended on it. He is the happiest fellow in the world, a true child of nature, and nature takes the best care of him. When the watermelon season ends, comes the blackberry, then the sugar cane and the persimmon and the "gober" is always on hand.

Holidays he will have, and no one knows better how to employ them. Having but little regard for the interests of his employer, he has not the slightest care as to whether the holiday he enjoys affects that person injuriously or no, and money is no temptation to him to continue at work while the others are enjoying excursions, camp-meeting or a general loafing. Should a circus come to town, he will at once drop all work, no matter how pressing it may be, and walk twenty miles to where the vast canvas is spread, perfectly happy if he gain admittance to its awesome wonders by carrying water to the gyneciatists.

If he can't do this he will hang around all day, listening to the music, the oratory of the side show, the subdued roar of the wangoonde, and the braying of the educated jackass.

It is singular, but true, that the negro always has money for an excursion. No matter how dry and rusty the frypan may be, he always has money for a "ride on de keers." With a sublime faith in Providence, he will go 100 miles from home on an excursion, trusting to some unknown combination of circumstances to furnish him with eatables and drinkables while he is away.

He will take no "sass" from his employer, nor is he as a general thing willing to do anything not mentioned in the original agreement.

Should you speak sharply to him for any cause, the chances are that he will leave you at once, regardless of the fact that he may not have a penny in his pocket, or a meal of victuals in his house. He must be treated as if he were a spoiled child, coddled and flattered; a course which is mighty unpleasant to contemplate, but with the majority of them absolutely necessary.

The great dread of the negro is to be "conjured." He believes that the various aches and pains with which he may at times be afflicted are the results of conjuring him by some enemy.—Hamilton Jay, in Detroit Free Press.

Do not think that your learning and genius, your wit or sprightliness, are welcome everywhere. I was once told that my company was disagreeable because I appeared so uncommonly happy.—Zimmermann.

As in our lives, so in our studies, it is most becoming and most wise to temper gravity with cheerfulness, that the former may not imbue our minds with melancholy, nor the latter degenerate into licentiousness.—Pliny.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

A YOUNG woman named Cora Burk stole the horse and buggy of the Rev. Dr. Edson, of Indianapolis, and was captured on the road thirty-seven miles away.

The Warden of the penitentiary at Michigan City reports the institution self-supporting. There are 586 prisoners on hand, who are maintained at a cost of 38 cents per day.

INDIANAPOLIS may not get the National convention, but the base-ball club is admitted into the American association. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb.—Indianapolis Journal.

The body of A. P. Bates was found on the highway leading from Sullivan to New Letanon. Mr. Bates is believed to have been murdered and robbed, as he had just drawn a small sum of money from the bank and started home late at night.

The price of real estate in and about New Albany is advancing rapidly. A few months ago a speculator bought seventy acres of land just outside the city limits for less than \$300 per acre. The ground was platted into lots, and the owner is now realizing from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per acre.

WHILE James Robinson, a farmer of Allen county, was feeding a large drove of hogs, he slipped and fell down. The hogs at once surrounded and commenced eating him. His screams brought help, but before the hogs could be driven off he was insensible and horribly mangled, especially his face.

At Indianapolis, the other day, Willoughby Lewis Morrison, a son of the late Judge James Morrison, shot himself through the heart. For some years he had been a sufferer from insomnia and heart disease. He was about 40 years of age, and leaves a wife. He was one of the best musicians in the city.

GEORGE BOND, a young married man, living in Somerset, Wabash county, went to Wabash to testify in a criminal case in the Circuit court. He got drunk and returned home, and finding his wife out, took lodging in a barn, where he was found dead next morning, probably from apoplexy.

SOME weeks ago an old man named Andrew Steaver, having the appearance of a tramp, came to Columbus from some point in Ohio. He had some distant relatives there, but most of them did not appear desirous of acknowledging the relationship, and the old man sought lodgings in an obscure place and lived in the most indigent circumstances. He died rather suddenly, and, on preparing him for burial, \$3,723 in gold and bills was found secreted on his person.

STELLA BLAZER, of Anderson, is the handsome brunette daughter of George Blazer, a drayman. Albert Hercules ran the eating-house at the Union depot. They loved. They were engaged to be married. The day was set and invitations were issued. Hercules wrote to Blazer to prepare for the banquet and he would settle the bill. Blazer did it. When the day was come and the guests were met and Stella blushed in her bridal robes, Hercules came not. Then the bride wept and said it was necessary that she should become a wife, as she was soon to become a mother. A warrant was taken out for Hercules, but he had skipped.

The thirty-fifth annual report of the Superintendent of the Hospital for the Insane has been submitted to the Governor. There were at the beginning of the year, 1,085 patients—426 males and 659 females—in the hospital. During the year 394 males and 304 females were admitted. Six hundred and seventy patients were discharged and there were 108 deaths. The number treated was 1,783. There are now in the hospital 1,110 patients, and the average number daily is 1,112. The average expense per capita is \$104 per year. The Trustees of the hospital report that an inventory of the property shows an estimated value on real estate of \$1,359,150, and of personal property of \$110,464. The appropriation for maintenance was \$245,000, and of this amount \$215,478.05 was expended. Of the appropriation of \$7,500 for repairs there is an unexpended balance of \$94