

THE BAD BOY.

"Wish you a happy New Year, and I will take it in oranges," said the bad boy as he smiled on the groceryman, and began filling his pockets with the luscious tropical fruit.

"Just you hold on," said the groceryman, as he stopped the boy from taking any more. "Here's a herring. When anybody wishes another a happy New Year, he should allow the victim the privilege of selecting the weapon as they do in a duel. Now, oranges are liable to give you the winter cholera, and if they did, I would be liable for damages; but you take this smoked herring and eat it, and I will take the chances," and the groceryman unloaded the boy's pockets and handed him the herring.

"Dear me, what a free-hearted old fellow you are," said the boy, as he took off his mitten and began peeling the herring. "Here, you'd better take back the head and skin of this herring and give me a cracker, and then I will tell you what a brave man pa is."

"Tell me about your pa. I haven't heard anything from him for a long time," said the groceryman as he handed the boy the cracker, and sat down on a half-bushel measure by the stove.

"Well, you see, last night we got to talking about haunted houses, and pa said there was no such thing as a haunted house. He said whenever any unusual noise was heard in a house, instead of investigating it, people got scared and went around talking about the house being haunted, and before long everybody believed it, the reputation of the house was ruined, and everybody was nervous. Pa said that haunted houses was on a par with spiritualism, and people of sense never took any stock in either. He said if I ever heard of a haunted house, to let him know and he would go through it and investigate it in the dark. I thought to myself, 'boss, you can't fool Henney' and I laid for pa. That evening my chum's cat came over to visit our cat, and when it was time to go to bed the two cats were sleeping by the stove, and pa told me I better put the cats outdoors and go to bed. So I took the cats up carefully and raised up the cover to the piano, and laid the cats down in the back side of the instrument, among the strings, and petted them, and they went to sleep, and I shut down the cover, and we all went to bed. Pa and ma sleep right over the parlor, and I sleep at the back of the house. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning, about the time cats usually get woke up and begin to pounce around, there was a faint scratching of toe-nails on the strings, and a yowl that sounded as though it came from the sewer. It was evidently music, such as you get at boarding-houses where a boarder practices on the piano for her board. I listened, and pretty soon there was two 'meows' and a 'spit,' and the strings acted as though they were being walked on the way a cat does when she puts her paws up in your lap and lets her toe-nails go through your pants. I got up and went to pa's room, and ma was setting up in bed with her nightcap off, her hair standing right up straight, and she was trying to get pa to raise up and listen, but it wasn't pa's night to listen, and he put his head under the bedclothes and tried to snore, but I knew pa was scared. I told pa that I wasn't afraid, but I wished he would let me sleep on the lounge in his room, and pa raised up and wanted to know what the row was, and just then the cats in the piano seemed to have come together for their regular evening fight, and of all the music you ever heard, that beat everything. Pa listened and said it was somebody next door trying to play opera, but my said something was in the house, and told pa the house was haunted, and for him to get up and investigate. Pa was kind of 'shamed' to be afraid, so he got up, and all was still, and he got his pants on and went out in the hall, and just then the cats got to fighting another round, and pa rushed into the bath-room and closed the door, and yelled for me to open the window and holler for the police. I got up and asked pa, through the door, if he was afraid, and he said no, he wasn't afraid, but he thought, seeing he was in the bathroom, he would take a bath, and I told him if he was afraid I would go down and investigate, because there was no haunted house that had any terror for Henney, and I went down and let the cats out, and they got on the back fence, and had a real sociable time, and after it was all still, pa came out with a towel in his hand and tried to make us believe he had taken a bath at 2 o'clock in the morning with cold water. I don't think it is right for a father to try to deceive his little boy in that way. Pa must have washed himself real hard, for he was pale as a ghost when he came out of the bathroom, but he was paler still in the morning, when he found the piano full of cat hair. He thinks the air from the register blew into the piano. But I am sorry for pa, as he has had trouble enough trying to keep from failing, but he had to go to the wall."

"What! You don't tell me your father has failed?" said the groceryman, as he took down the ledger. "Great heavens! he owes me seven dollars," and the man groaned.

"Yes, pa says that is the only way he can make a dollar. I don't know anything about the business of failing, but as near as I can get at it, by hearing pa and his attorney talk about it, there is money in it if it is worked right, and if I was in your place I would work an annual failure department into my business. The way to fail is to get credit for all you can, and sell for cash, and when you sell the best things, have somebody that you owe, a relative, or a fellow that you got confidence in, get on his ear and get out an attachment and close you up, or else make an assignment to a fellow that stands in with you, and let him offer the creditors 10 cents on a dollar in notes, payable in six, twelve, and eighteen months. By the time six months are up, you can buy the first note for 50 cents on a dollar, and you can fail again before the other note comes due. Pa says there is more money in it than in running a bank, and he is awful anxious to have the thing fixed up in time for him and ma to go to Florida for the winter, so they can get back in time to go

to Saratoga next summer. I asked pa if it was honest to fail, when ma had property enough in her name to pay all debts and have plenty left, and pa said he and ma was two different persons. Gosh, I thought a man and his wife were one. Well, a fellow learns something every day, don't he? Say, you would be a total failure on general principles, and if I was in your place I would have some style about me and bust. You can never amount to anything going along the way you do, and never getting ahead any. Let me tell pa's lawyer that I can get him a job putting you through bankruptcy, on shares."

"No, sir, never," said the groceryman. "I have always paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and I always will. It is true I cannot put on much style, not as much as some I know who have failed, but I can look everybody in the face and—say, Henney, you might tell your pa's lawyer to come in here this afternoon, and I will have a talk with him. If failing is going to be the style, and a man isn't going to amount to anything unless he has failed, and there is money in it, and your pay says it is honest and all right, I might conclude to fail once for luck, but keep it dark," and the groceryman began to look about the store at the old back number washboards, and wormy dried peaches, and things that were not salable, and wondered if it wouldn't be a good idea to fail and get rid of the old stock and buy a new one on trust, while Henney went out to break the news to his pa's lawyer at Petersburgh, for which outrage Charles Harvey was lynched.

Circus-Riders.

A little boy known as Leo Carlo was brought into court in Philadelphia, to testify to his brutal ill-treatment by the manager of a circus. The child—whose real name and parentage had been forgotten long ago—had been in the circus since his infancy, and was now in training for a bare-back rider.

He charged that his master, as he called the manager, compelled him to ride an unbroken horse, that frequently threw him. Whenever this happened he was beaten, kicked, and at last the sharp spike with which elephants are pricked was plunged into his body.

During the course of the trial, many noteworthy items with regard to circuses were brought to light. It was stated that to become an acrobat a child must be put in training as early as its third year. The master stands over the child with a whip during each lesson.

A few years ago a similar case gave the public a glimpse behind the curtain of the circus tent. The "woman with the iron jaw," who was noted for her enormous strength, had a child that she called her son, but had bought when he was a baby, and whom it was proved she systematically starved and drugged with gin to keep him below a certain weight.

Yet everywhere is heard the Republican watchword, "Don't reduce taxation!"

The Government is to be run on the high-pressure principle. The debt is to be paid on the high-pressure principle. The people are to be squeezed on the high-pressure principle.

To what end? In order that the special interests which have paid the Republican party for special protection may continue to enjoy it. In order that labor, which suffers from the increased cost of living, may continue to suffer, and that monopolies and corporations which have amassed immense fortunes through the pampering aid of Republicanism may continue to add to their wealth. In order that the party in power may have control of an enormous corruption fund as a means of bidding for the support of the greedy and unscrupulous.

Of course some use must be suggested for the surplus revenue. Establish government free schools, say some, and thus add to the Postoffice, Treasury and Judicial patronage, stretching into every township in the Union the patronage of school teachers and other school officers, reaching to every school district. Give the surplus away to the States, say others. Let the Federal Government act as Tax-Collector for the States is Mr. Blaine's proposition. Cut ditches all over the land and improve coast defenses, is Secretary Chandler's plan.

There is, perhaps, no trade which requires harder or more constant manual labor than that of the circus-rider. His days are taken up with rehearsals, he travels all night, and lodges in the lowest inns. The mistake of the fall at which he laughs and the clown jokes, will be punished behind the curtain with a whipping, if the rider is a boy, or, if he is a man, by the profane curse of his employer, or by the lessening of his miserable wages.

The white lead used in painting the face and head, in the case of two of the most celebrated of American clowns, brought on a softening of the brain and death, and almost inevitably produces some kind of cerebral disease.

Stick to your farm, boys, or your schools! There is no tempting Dead sea fruit so full of bitter ashes as the lives of these gaudy creatures whom you so much envy.—*Youth's Companion*.

India Rubber Trees.

The belt of land around the globe 500 miles south of the equator abounds in trees producing the gum of India rubber. They can be tapped for twenty successive seasons without injury; and the trees stand so close that one man can gather the sap of eight in a day, each tree yielding on an average three tablespooneful daily. Forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long and eight miles wide. There are in America and Europe more than 150 manufactorys of India rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 pounds of gum per year, and the business is considered to be in its infancy.

But to whatever extent it may increase, there will still be plenty of material to supply the demand.—*Floral World*.

Adulterants.

Glucose or corn-syrup has proved itself a great find for adulterators of foods, etc. It has found its way into beer, serves as a substitute for bottled honey and maple syrup, and is largely used as an adulterant in sugars and syrups. The Boston *Popular Science News* says a new field for its use has been found by the adulterators of milk, who are evidently delighted to find that glucose enables them to add water to milk without decreasing its specific gravity—thus escaping detection by the lactometer test, which is the usual and most ready test employed by inspectors.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly*.

Of the 162 members of the Illinois Constitutional convention of 1847, or, in other words, of the convention which framed the constitution of 1848, there are only thirty-six still living, not counting the three members of whom no traces can be found. The association of survivors, formed the other day, will soon be without a survivor.

Reducing Taxes.

The ordinary expenditures of the Federal Government for ten years, including the current fiscal year, exclusive of the interest on the public debt, exhibit a striking increase, as the following table will show:

1870. Ord. exp. &c.	\$164,491.307
1871. Ord. exp. &c.	165,863,971
1872. Ord. exp. &c.	153,201,855
1873. Ord. exp. &c.	180,488,637
1874. Ord. exp. &c.	178,618,743
1875. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	169,600,025
1876. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	170,920,292
1877. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	142,538,497
1878. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	134,463,452
1879. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	161,619,534
1880. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	169,090,062
1881. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	177,142,979
1882. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	206,218,006
1883. Ord. exp. (Rep. House)	205,729,015

The expenditures for the current year are thus \$41,154,419 more than in 1881, and \$31,393,066 more than in 1882.

The total appropriations, including the interest on the debt and all extraordinary expenditures, from the year ending June 30, 1872, up to and including 1883, exhibit a like increase.

1872. By Republican Congress	\$176,119,183
1873. By Republican Congress	173,490,015
1874. By Republican Congress	197,200,000
1875. By Republican Congress	152,105,200
1876. Dem. House of Representatives	174,553,639
1877. Dem. House of Representatives	174,492,143
1878. Dem. House of Representatives	174,743,006
1879. Dem. House of Representatives	192,188,000
1880. Dem. House of Representatives	189,358,979
1881. Dem. House of Representatives	216,465,197
1882. Dem. House of Representatives	205,729,015

Yet the Republicans with very rare exceptions unite in the shout, "Don't reduce appropriations!"

There is an unemployed surplus of more than \$100,000,000 now in the treasury. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates that the surplus revenue for the fiscal year ending next June will be \$85,000,000. From the decrease of the interest on the debt and the natural increase of business, this surplus is likely to be larger than smaller in succeeding years unless taxation is reduced. In seven years this annual surplus, even if not increased, will reach \$595,000,000, or over \$100,000,000 more than enough to redeem all the bonds then possibly redeemable without paying high premiums. The Secretary says the same annual surplus until July 1, 1897, with the \$100,000,000 left after paying the 4 per cents., would amount to about \$1,460,000,000, while the whole amount of debt then redeemable is less than \$749,000,000.

Yet the will is raised by the President and re-echoed generally by the Republican party, "Don't reduce the surplus!"

Prodigal expenditures, profligate appropriations, and a surplus beyond all our indebtedness necessitate unnatural and oppressive taxation. The people complain. Business is depressed. The cost of living is increased. Directly and indirectly money is squeezed out of the pockets of the people unnecessarily. Yet everywhere is heard the Republican watchword, "Don't reduce taxation!"

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To what end? In order that the special interests which have paid the Republican party for special protection may continue to enjoy it. In order that labor, which suffers from the increased cost of living, may continue to suffer, and that monopolies and corporations which have amassed immense fortunes through the pampering aid of Republicanism may continue to add to their wealth. In order that the party in power may have control of an enormous corruption fund as a means of bidding for the support of the greedy and unscrupulous.

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But with a few honorable exceptions no Republican voice is heard saying, reform taxation; reduce extravagant expenditures; discontinue corrupt subsidies and appropriations; do not be in undue haste to pay the debt; relieve the people and the business of the country by moderating taxation; give fair protection to American manufacturers; make the cost of living less than it is, and do not heap unnecessary burdens on the masses for the sole benefit of the favored few!

The Republican cry is of a different character. There are factions in the party—jealous, embittered, revengeful. But they are all ready to unite in the watchword, "Don't reduce taxation or appropriations."—*New York World*.

Political Notes.

The result of the Republican primaries in Philadelphia last week shows that the old Cameronian rings are still alive. They carried everything.

BREWSTER, Arthur's senile dude, wants to quit the Cabinet; but Arthur, it is said, will not let him go, but tells him he must remain at his post and dance to the investigation music when the bands begin to play.

MR. BLAINE is to be interviewed in regard to his views of the loyalty of Grant. In 1880 Blaine charged that Grant wanted to overthrow the Constitution and liberties of the people and declare himself dictator. There were "no" who stood by Grant. How do they stand now? Will Blaine please come to the front and explain?

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST, speaking of Henry B. Payne, says: "He is a man of high personal character and unblemished reputation in private life. His brief experience in public life has shown him to possess abilities which adapt him for valuable public service and there is reason for believing that he will make a most creditable Senator." No paper in the country could say that of John Sherman, the Republican Senator of Ohio.

PROBABLY a better plan to prevent mobs from breaking into jails than the election of brave Sheriffs, would be to provide every jail with a full-blooded Siberian bloodhound. We believe Marion county stands alone in the country for such a humane provision to protect its prisoners from all danger from mob violence.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

NEGOTIATIONS are pending for the removal of the Methodist College from Fort Wayne to Wabash.

ATTICA is endeavoring to erect a new opera house.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

ANDERSON expended \$200,000 in construction of new buildings in 1883.

THE BAUER libel suit against the Terre Haute Express, damages being laid at \$25,000, resulted in a verdict for plaintiff for \$100.

MRS. EPPS, of Huntington, convicted of the murder of her husband, has been refused a new trial and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

THE EDITOR of the Greenfield Jeffersonian thus acknowledges a courtesy extended: "Our thanks are due Mrs. S. W. Wray, of West Main street, for a liberal slice of a mammoth pumpkin."

REPRESENTATIVE STOCKSLAGER expects an early consideration of his bill now before the House Military committee, removing the charge of desertion from the army by Alexander Nugent, of Seymour.

THE HON. PLINY HOAGLAND, one of Fort Wayne's oldest and wealthiest citizens, died after a short illness of disease of the heart. Mr. Hoagland had for years been closely identified as a Director with the interests of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago and the Grand Rapids railways, and Vice President of the Fort Wayne National Bank. He had served in the State Senate.

BEN BATTLES, a noted Pike county desperado, was captured in