

THE BAD BOY.

"Come in, come in," said the grocery man, to the bad boy, as he stepped on the doorstep outside the grocery to go down into his pistol pocket for a little change for a tramp that had come out of the grocery just ahead of the grocery man's boy. "Come right in, and don't stand there talking with such a bad attitude," and the grocery man looked as mad as though he had left the spigot of the molasses barrel running.

"What's the matter with you?" said the bad boy, as he watched the tramp go into a bakery and come out with a loaf of bread, and go off chewing the end of it as though it was the sweetest morsel a white man ever put a tooth into, and the smile the tramp showed on one side of the bread as he saluted the bad boy through the window was worth a dollar to the boy. "You seem to have got out of the wrong end of the bed this morning. What's all you?"

"Oh, the tramps, and beggars, and subscriptions, and games to beat an honest man out of his hard-earned money," said the grocery man, as he threw a hatchet on the floor with which he had been splitting up a box, and kicked a market basket across the room. "There is not a day but some one comes in here after money. Why don't people that haven't got any money go to the poor-house? Why don't sick people go to the hospitals? Condemn it! I have had people come in here for help for the Old Ladies' home, and the Old Men's home, and to sell ball tickets to help people that have been sand-bagged, till I hope I may never see another person asking for help as long as I live."

"And you never would see another person asking for help, or coming to buy any of your decayed groceries, if they knew what kind of a hard-hearted old pirate you was. Why, blast your old vinegar countenance, you haven't got a heart bigger than a mustard seed," said the boy, as he picked up the hatchet for fear the grocery man would split him for kindling wood.

"Yes I have," said the grocery man, and he appeared a little ashamed of what he had said. "My heart is all right, but they play it on me. The other day I gave a tramp 5 cents to buy bread, and he went and bought a glass of beer at a free-lunch place. That made me mad."

"Well, bread, plain dry bread, is pretty hard eating. How would you like to go out on the sidewalk and gnaw a dinner off a loaf of dry bread? The tramp knew his business. He could go to a saloon with that nickel and buy a glass of beer as though he had a bushel of money, and while he was drinking it he could go to the lunch counter and get sausage and rye bread, and head cheese, and liver, and cold ham, all for nothing. If you had only a nickel left, and had a full-sized stomach, perfectly empty, which would you do, stand out in a cold corner and chew bread, with no water nearer than the lake, or would you go into a nice warm saloon, buy a glass of beer and have a big dinner thrown in for a crumb. By gosh, you would go to the saloon, and you would make the lunch counter look sick. Nobody else keeps a warm place for tramps to eat free lunches by buying 5 cents' worth of goods, and a tramp would be a fool if he didn't take advantage of such a chance, when the thermometer is 30 degrees below zero."

"I saw, I don't know but you are right, Henry," said the grocery man, with a forced smile. "I guess I would analyze that lunch. But a man has no business to be a tramp. Why don't they go to work?"

"Work? Why don't you give one of them work? Nobody has any work for a tramp. A tramp may be a son of a member of Congress, but if he has been on the turf until he has had to pawn his clothes, one article after another, to keep from starving, and looks hard, you don't want him. He may be more honest than you are, and better educated, but his clothes are thin, and he looks seedy, and cold, and hungry, and hasn't got any money. You do not stop to think that he may be a thoroughbred. You fire him out, and he gets so he thinks there isn't a man in the world with a soul. If he steals, it is to keep him from starving, and not to lay up money, like some goers."

"Hold on there, boy. I don't steal," said the grocery man. "But, ramps are all right enough. These old people's homes, where old men and women are kept in idleness, is what makes me tired. Why don't they go and live with their folks?"

"Well, you are a smart Aleck," said the boy. "Why don't they live with their folks? That is good. Do you suppose these old people would go to a charitable home if they had one of their own? They have outlived relatives and friends who would take care of them, and go to the home, where kind-hearted strangers make the last day of their lives as happy as possible, and they depend upon what they can get from people who have hearts, to pay the expenses, and it is not often that any person with a soul kicks at a little contribution towards banking up the stomachs of the old people who have been pioneers when the country was new. Many of these old people, whom you find fault with for being old and poor, were rich and respected when you were poor and ignorant, and it is possible you may be closed out by your creditors some day, and have to go to a poor-house, and then you can appreciate it when some other blasted skinkfin refuses to contribute to your support. But you will not be troubled any more by people calling for aid, for I shall have a sign painted and nailed up on the corner, saying there is no use of any person in need of aid to keep them from want and suffering coming to you, for you are down on poor people and consider them dead beats, and that you will kick any person out doors who comes in asking for anything, and that you growl and grumble more over giving away a nickel than some people would in giving \$5. I will fix you so that you can enjoy a quiet life. Let me take that box cover and a paint pot a minute, please."

"No, you don't," said the grocery man, pale with shame and excitement. "You don't put up no sign. What I said about giving to the poor was said

in a moment of passion, when I had a hot box, but you have showed me what a blasted old fool I am, and hereafter I will give freely to anybody that comes. Great Caesar, I wouldn't have such a sign put up for \$1,000. It would ruin my business."

"Well, don't ever say anything again about charity that you would be ashamed to see in print," and the bad boy went out whistling "The Dotlet on the Eye."—Peck's Sun.

THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

BY HENRY WALTER, JR.

When, on a bright midsummer's day, we stand in a portion of Nature's wide domain, and cast our eyes furtively over a field of wild flowers, and our thoughts wander forward in bright anticipation to the future, how quickly do we acknowledge the value of these gifts from our Creator, as an emblem of His presence and watchfulness. How exhilarating do the flowers then appear! How captivating to the eye! How infinitely predominating they seem! Like an oasis in a desert, at which a weary traveler may quench his thirst, they appear like fertile spots in our pathway; we may either stop and enjoy their fertility or pass on and be lost to it forever. Thus, we may live on entirely ignorant of our rich possessions without utilizing them, while, if they were, they would repay us a thousand fold. They would be our comfort in youth and middle age. They would be our comfort in old age. There are thousands of persons who yearly go sorrowing to the grave, while, if they had directed their thoughts in this direction, their lives might have been full of pleasure instead of sorrow. How quickly would they, too, have acknowledged the value and importance of the flowers. Accustomed to see them in every day life and benefited by their beauty and perfume when prostrated on beds of sickness, they might, indeed, have proved a blessing. So it is with men who work. After a hard day's work how pleasant and recreating is a visit to our flower-garden. Then the cool air of the evening, commingling with the perfume of the dainty blossoms, transports us, so to speak, from a state of weariness to one of comfort and satisfaction. The flowers that during the day drooped and faded under the sweltering rays of the sun, are now braced up by the cool air, and vie with each other in producing the most agreeable perfume.

Our garden is the threshold to beauty and purity. Within it we find an assemblage of merry faces, upturned to the sun to catch its last rays ere it sinks from view in the west. Within it we behold the beauty for which these merry faces are noted, and inhale the delicate perfume which is emitted from their lips. What a beautiful sight it is! How eagerly do we pause and take a second look! Wrapped up in these flowers is a secret that remains for each of us to unfold. What a study for the painter, and for the sculptor, and each of these in his turn has knelt at the shrine of Flora. Poets have vied with one another in portraying her charm in language of explicit sweetness. Likewise have artists striven to excel one another in paying homage to her beauty. But, seemingly, how vain and fruitless have been their efforts. Not that their productions were not meritorious, but that the original was so infinitely perfect that it was next to impossible to produce a perfect likeness. Each generation, in the march of time, is making rapid advancement in floriculture, and the flowers of to-day are far more numerous and varied in character than they were a hundred years ago, consequently our poets and artists have a greater work to accomplish; but, to meet this argument, it may be truly said that, in this enlightened age of ours, they, likewise have made rapid advancement in their chosen arts.

The influences to which we are subjected in the cultivation of flowers are alike numerous and beneficial. They give us pleasure and mental improvement here, and a bright insight into the future, where, we are told, light and sunshine are perpetual. They afford us ample employment for our spare moments, by which we not only accomplish good but are ourselves directly benefited. Our knowledge of the subject in question is thus increased; our thoughts are directed in that line; our judgment is rendered shrewder; and the mind, under these joint actions, is strengthened and rendered more competent to cope with subjects of greater depth. And, with the impetus thus gained in our given study, how bright and merry indeed appear our lives. And, if but for a brief period our knowledge forsook us, into what a sad predicament would we be thrown. But such a thing cannot be. As the flowers increase so also does our knowledge increase; and as years roll on, these little lessons in floriculture may be turned to advantage and our vivid thoughts advanced on the subject may have become so erroneous and fixed as to be shining lights.—Floral World.

Our Tobacco Growth.

(Newport, Ky., Key State Journal.)

The growing of tobacco in this country annually assumes vaster proportions, and is becoming more and more lucrative. Cuba begins to see a rival in the United States in the cultivation of tobacco, which it was supposed, twenty-five years ago, could not be produced anywhere in quantity and flavor equal to that grown and cured in the Gem of the Antilles. This fact cannot but have a powerful influence in Spain on the subject of the sale of Cuba to the United States. Once it is clearly demonstrated that the tobacco crop of Cuba can no longer be made a controlling produce in the markets of the world, and that the United States is producing a crop equal, if not superior, to the crop grown on that island, Spain will be ready to sell, and that at a price to suit the buyer. It is often in this way that diplomacy is suddenly arrested, and the best laid schemes of statesmen to acquire power or domain put to confusion.

TIME is the old justice that examines all offenders.—Shakspeare.

JOHN HELL is the principal ice dealer in Salt Lake City.

DANA, REID, AND APPLETON.

The Three-Cornered Quarrel Between These New Yorkers.

Whitelaw Reid and Charles A. Dana, after having despised and derided each other for ten years, have "made up," and are now as thick as two philanthropists. I know of no more touching scene than to behold these two great journalists salute each other on meeting any time during the last six months. All the suppressed energy accumulated during a decade of non-intercourse seems to increase the grip of their embrace.

But the kindred quarrel of the *Tribune* and the *Appletons* is not made up by any means; and I know of no reason why the true story of that quarrel, which is by no means a petty one as it stands, should not now be told.

Very well. Imprimis, Reid, and Dana were sworn enemies—or, at any rate, Dana was. After being removed from the managing editorship of the *Tribune* because he had clamored "Forward to Richmond," he nursed his wrath toward that paper and everybody connected with it. He regarded his successor, Sidney Howard Gay, with a mild contempt; Mr. Gay's successor, Young, he did his best to cover with odium, Mr. Greeley he hated royally; and when the comparatively unknown Mr. Reid came from Cincinnati and assumed his old desk, Mr. Dana lost his head entirely, and alluded to him habitually as the Young Man of the Tall Tower, and the Young Man of the Powerful Mind, and Jay Gould's Young Editor. Reid retaliated with silence. He directed that neither *Sun* nor Mr. Dana should ever be mentioned in the *Tribune*. Indeed, he went further. He directed that no interest of Mr. Dana should be mentioned.

Now, as long before as 1857, in the very midst of the panic, in which most all publishers, even Harper & Brothers, went under, Appleton & Co. began the American cyclopedia, and of that great work Ripley and Dana of the *Tribune* were made editors. As they could not properly review a work of which they were editors, Mr. Greeley was in the habit of reviewing each volume as it appeared, over his own initials. When he died Mr. Wm. H. Appleton saw Mr. Reid, and it was arranged that he should continue to do the same over his initials. The work was then being revised. Three or four volumes came out, and they received no notice in the *Tribune*. Mr. Appleton sent inquiries. "Will attend to it shortly," wrote Mr. Reid. Still months passed and more volumes appeared. No notice. More promises. More volumes. Then an interview brought out the fact that Mr. Reid would not notice a work one of whose editors was calling him a "Young Man of a Powerful Mind." He scorned the allegation and defied the alligator. Having an option he decided not to eat that sort of crow. He would not sully the columns of the daily, but he would publish in the semi-weekly *Tribune* as many extracts from other papers commending the work as the publishers wished. "Very well," said their agent, "that will satisfy us." So column after column of extracts appeared in the semi.

When William H. Appleton got home he was mad—in the excellent American sense of that word—long may it be retained! He said that wasn't the bargain. He wouldn't stand it. Dana as journalist had nothing to do with Dana as cyclopedist. So he hotly sent to the *Tribune* a bill for \$125 for the cyclopedist. To pay the bill Mr. Reid sent a counter-bill of \$513 for advertising in the same. With this offset bill Mr. Reid sent notice that no book of the *Appletons* should ever be noticed in the *Tribune*, and that their advertisements would no longer be received. This rule was carried out. No mention of Appleton & Co. has ever been made in the book notices of the *Tribune*. Their numerous and valuable works have been for ten years entirely ignored, and the readers of the literary columns of the *Tribune* are entirely ignorant of the issues of the largest publishing house in the country. Unless they have learned it elsewhere they do not even know that the new edition of the "American Cyclopedia" has ever been printed.

Meantime, the letter "R" was reached in due course, and the *Appletons* and other editors of the work wanted Reid's name inserted because place was given to other names of the same class. Mr. Dana peremptorily vetoed it.

When Mr. Reid was in Europe two years ago Appleton & Co. began to advertise some scientific books in the *Tribune*. The absentee saw it and cabled to the counting-room to collect the bills when the advertisements were presented, instead of monthly or quarterly, as to others. Appleton & Co. wouldn't stand that, and withdrew again. That was the last attempt at peace-making up to date.—New York letter.

She Caught On.

A woman who was hurrying along Catharine street was halted by an acquaintance, who inquired if anything had happened.

"I should think so!" she exclaimed in great excitement. "There's been thieves in my house!"

"No!"

"Yes, and I've been robbed!"

"Of what?"

"Well, all I miss are a pair of earrings and a hair-brush."

"And where are you going?"

"After an officer."

"Exactly. Now, let me give you a piece of advice. Make out that there were at least three thieves. They got away with all your jewelry, a lot of clothes, \$50 in money and some valuable papers. Make it out as big as you can."

"Oh, I was intending to do that, sir. Yes, indeed, I will."

"And if you meet with a reporter add to the rest that a fiendish attempt was made to set your house on fire and roast your children alive!"

"I'll do it, sir. I was already wondering whether I'd have 'em start the fire in a closet or on the bed. I'll make the neighbors jealous if I have to be knocked down with a club!"—Detroit Free Press.

PAYNE'S POSITION.

Speech of Ohio's New Senator at the Cleveland Banquet.

Gentlemen of the General Assembly:

You have seen fit to elect me to the highly honorable and responsible position of a member of the United States Senate. No doubt the compliment was mainly intended for the patiently waiting, long-suffering, ever faithful and true Democrats of Northern Ohio. For the first time in the history of the State they have been recognized and honored by their brethren. In their name I meet you to-night to thank you for the noble act of justice which has been so gracefully and generously done for me. For twenty years I have desired this social gathering that I might in person assure you of my sincere and lasting gratitude, and give you a frank expression of my views on some of the pressing issues of the day. For fifty years I have been a resident of the State and a collaborator in the Democratic field. In forty-nine consecutive State elections I have supported and voted none other than the Democratic ticket, and those votes have been cast in a Democratic way in the city of Cleveland. I have actively participated in twelve Presidential canvasses, in which, among other questions, the issues of the removal of the deposits by Gen. Jackson; the Independent Treasury; Van Buren's annexation of Texas; the war with Mexico; the popular sovereignty of Stephen A. Douglas; the Lecompton constitution of Buchanan; incipient secession at Charleston; the civil war under Lincoln; the abolition of slavery; the resumption and maintenance of specie payments; the great fraud of 1878—were by me discussed before the people without evasion or disguise; and I am proud to declare to-night, reviewing the past, that the advanced milestones in the journey of life there is not one of the opinions then expressed that I would recall, or change, or modify, if I had the power to do so. This is my vindication of the orthodoxy of my political faith or of my steadfast loyalty to the Democratic party.

Gentlemen, I am induced to accept this Senatorship to which you have elected me mainly by the hope and belief that in the discharge of its duties I may be useful to the State and the party. The last must be secondary and in harmony with the first, and both must have the approbation of my conscientious convictions. I will in no case violate the constitution or perpetrate a wrong. But to be useful the representative must be cordially sustained by his constituents, and that they may sustain him there must be between them and him a substantial agreement of views. As to the influence of the lobby I think you need have no apprehension. They have always deemed it expedient to give me a wide berth, and the increased rigidity that age imparts to the features will not be less repellent to their insidious approaches.

I will now proceed to some more important questions. And first, civil service. For twenty-three years the disposition of Federal patronage has been in the hands of the Republican party. Its members have all been made from the adherents of that party, and mostly from the class of active politicians. The Federal Judges (Supreme, Circuit and District), their Clerks, Marshals, Assistants, Deputies, Registrars, Master Commissioners, Assignees, have been and are Republicans. The heads of departments and their subordinates through all grades down to the messenger and porter, the sub-Treasurers, Collectors, and custom and internal revenue, Surveyors, Foresters, Inspectors, and numbering in the aggregate more than 100,000, have been supplied from the one party, while nine-tenths of that party and the entire Democratic party have been and are now excluded from public employment in the public service. During the period money by the thousands millions has been collected and disbursed and the books kept by these partisan agents, furnishing an opportunity and a temptation for fraud and embezzlement, and to which I should dread to expose, even the ironclad integrity of Democrats. Inevitably corruption and great abuses have crept in and have been covered up; favoritism, nepotism, nepotism, imbecility, and selfishness have obtained secure lodgment; demoralization has followed, and the public believe that a feild mass exists, permeated with rottenness and gangrene. Now, can this service be reformed, and by what process? I think it should be reformed, first, by electing a Democratic President, and that is assured the present year, unless unwieldy and madness from the gods are permitted to block the way; second, by a thorough and unflinching purging of the present service. An August stable cannot be cleaned with a tooth-brush. You must turn on the hose, ply the hickory broom and scrub-brush, disinfect the premises, and give them a wholesome atmosphere for honest incumbents. Then let care be taken that none but such as bear the Jeffersonian stamp of "honesty and capacity" be allowed to enter, and those only from the Democratic party, until its full rateable share enters to guide and protect the public interest. If public offices be a sacrificial burden, all citizens should be compelled (by conscription, if need be) to share their portion. If, on the other hand, as most believe, it is a privilege and a blessing, one-half or three-fourths of the whole population should not be excluded from enjoying their just share of it. By this means reform is practicable, and, until accomplished, no settled settlement of the question can be obtained.

One year ago I ventured to make public some opinions in regard to the tariff, recognizing the divergence of views in the Democratic party and declaring that such divergent views should be settled by the action of the party. At the State convention in June those opinions were considered, condensed and crystallized into what has since become well known as the "Ohio platform." It was unanimously approved by the convention. It distinctly rejects a "high tariff" or "protection for the sake" on the one hand, and the equally inadmissible doctrine of "free trade" or "tariff for revenue only," on the other. It aims to find a compromise basis intermediate between the two extremes, which being equitable and just, would challenge the assent and concurrence of all fair-minded men and measurably remove it from the arena of partisan politics. Let me illustrate the excellence by an application to the interests of Ohio. For several decades Ohio has held the third rank in the classification of States. Until the last her main dependence for growth was in the development of her agricultural wealth. There were public lands to be entered, improved, populated, and created into new counties. There was vast tracts of valuable timber, the building of canals, facilitating transportation and commerce, and later, a system of railroads increasing these facilities and expanding annually in their construction many millions of money. But now these aspects are greatly changed. There are now no more lands subject to entry; there are no more new counties to be created; the valuable timber has been marketed; the canals have ceased to be tributary; and the railroad system is practically completed. The soil has been considerably impoverished; the cereal crops are less bountiful, while the great improvement of agricultural implements, with the consolidation of small farms, has greatly reduced the demand for farm-hands. Even her wool staple is in peril of severe and injurious attack. Is it the duty of statesmanship to revise the sources of strength and growth that shall enable her to maintain the grand rank which she has hitherto held? The last census shows where these germs of strength are to be found. We have already more than 20,000 manufacturing and mechanical industries in which—included in great part by Congressional statutes—\$200,000,000 of capital are invested, 160,000 hands are employed, receiving annually in wages \$60,000,000. Two hundred and fifty million articles are used, and the manufactured product is \$348,000,000 in value. More than 20 per cent. of her population find their employment and livelihood in these industries. Iron ore and coal, and other raw materials are simply inexhaustible; her people are educated, industrious, and enterprising; and there is no reason why a thousand other home industries should not spring up and flourish in our towns and villages as they have sprung up and are flourishing in the towns and villages of New England. This will assuredly be the result if only Congress will let us alone. We

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

JUDGE SAYLER, of Huntington, charged the Grand Jury to indict any person found transgressing the law in handling publications of an immoral character.

In the Circuit Court, at Huntington, Judge Sayler overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Charlotte Epps, who was convicted at the last term of the murder of her husband, and sentenced her to imprisonment for life. The case will be taken to the Supreme Court, but no hopes are entertained of a reversal.

The oldest resident of Indiana lives in Ridgeville. His name is John Thompson. He came to Indiana when it had territorial government—1809. He saw the old whipping law, when criminals got forty lashes instead of imprisonment. Mr. Thompson is 75 years old, has had but little sickness in all his life, is as straight as a bean pole, and can walk four miles in forty minutes.

Mr. J. G. SHANKLIN, editor of the Evansville Courier, has been compelled to cease his journalistic labors again and consult the highest surgical skill in New York with reference to his eyes. For several years Mr. Shanklin, who is well known in Indiana, has been threatened with the loss of his sight, and it is to be hoped he will come out of this critical operation with his vision restored.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. LAURA MERRITT, of Madison, came unpleasantly near being the victim of a curious accident. A loaded pistol-cartridge had been left on the mantel, and fell off into a coal bucket. In due course of time it was thrown with the coal into the grate. An explosion followed and the ball just grazed the top of her head, passed over the head of her brother, struck the headpost and fell to the floor.

WALTER E. KIDDER, recently brought to Peru upon a requisition on the charge of bigamy, has married four wives, and recently came near adding a fifth to the list at Harold, D. T. One of his spouses is dead, and the last one whom he married—Miss Eva Todd, of Peru—secured the arrest of the culprit. Kidder is about twenty-five years of age and not over five feet in height. He is not handsome, but is somewhat of a dude.

The excitement at Nashville, over the killing of Eli Frank by Elsie and Jacob Block has broken out afresh. The trial of the men will come up at the next term of court, at Greensburg. It will be remembered that the Blocks are father and son, and that the three men were rival clothing merchants. The murder was the outgrowth of a jealousy in business.

A FATAL shooting affray occurred at Monroe City. Thomas Scott, a local pugilist, called the boys up to the bar to have something to drink. Rufus Steffey, the proprietor, asked who was to pay for it, when Scott grabbed him and fired him through a window. The other inmates followed Steffey, when Jimmy Doen, a small man, resisted Scott. In the melee Doen shot Scott through the left lung, with fatal results. Scott died from the effects of the shot next day.

The Foster-Shaeffer scandal case at Goshen, which attracted so much attention on account of the prominence of both parties, is ended. Foster pays \$100 fine and goes to the penitentiary for four years. Miss Schaeffer is the daughter of a city official at Goshen, and Foster was her Sunday-school teacher. It was charged that improper relations existed between them, and that Foster had procured criminal malpractice.

Mrs. McDONALD, wife of ex-Senator Joseph R. McDonald, the proposed Democratic candidate for the Presidency, is described as a remarkably beautiful woman. She has white hair, large brown eyes, and a complexion like peaches and cream. She got a divorce a few years ago from her first husband, Jehiel A. Barnard, who was the Secretary of the Indianapolis Board of Trade, and married the Senator. She had been married to Mr. Barnard for over twenty years, and her son is the husband of one of Senator Sherman's nieces. Mr. McDonald was a widower when he married her.

The acquittal of Loomis for killing William Stauffer at Middlebury, last August, caused a big excitement in that village, and the citizens, coming together, drafted resolutions ordering him to leave that vicinity at once and that, although they were opposed to taking the law in their own hands, yet they would not permit him to dwell among them. Shortly after this he got into a quarrel with Mr. Schrock, whom he attempted to shoot, snapping his revolver at him twice. Schrock, however, got away from him, and getting a gun, started to hunt him up, but he had fled the town. It is safe to say that if he puts in an appearance the now fully aroused citizens will make short work of him.

The Bates House building, at Indianapolis, has been purchased from Harry Bates by E. F. Claypool. The consideration of the transfer is \$160,000. It is one of the most valuable hotel buildings in the West. Mr. Louis Rebold, the lessee of the building, will continue in the management of the hotel. The property was once owned by Mr. Claypool's father, who purchased it from the State in 1835. Some months ago Mr. W. C. DePaw was negotiating for the purchase of the hotel, and the terms of the sale had been agreed upon, but the transfer was not made because Mr. DePaw refused to permit the sale of honors on the hotel premises, which the lessee of the property would not accede to.

ONE of these cases which show how tenacious some men are of their rights, as they understand them, has been filed in the Clerk's office at Shelbyville, on a change of venue from the Circuit Court of Johnson county. The title of the case is Alexander Pruitt vs. John A. Thompson, and is a suit to determine the ownership of a fat hog, worth probably \$25. The case was first tried before a Johnson county Justice of the Peace, then appealed to the Circuit Court, and from thence brought to Shelby county. There are fifty-eight witnesses in the case, and the costs so far, not including attorneys' fees, are \$290.42. Both parties to this suit are wealthy men, and will fight the case to the bitter end.

JACOB YAW, foreman of the Grand Jury at Terre Haute, playfully slipped on a pair of handcuffs and locked them. When it was known that the only man who had the keys to them was the Sheriff and he was out of town, Mr. Yaw did not feel so playful, and when he was pointed out to strangers as a daring and bloodthirsty burglar, and was compelled to listen to their comments, the situation became painful. After three hours' martyrdom the Sheriff returned and he was released.

DAVID CHRISTOPHER died at Elkhart, of a lockjaw, caused by a cut foot.