

THE STATUE OF CLAY.

"Make me a statue," said the king.
"Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand;
The niche is waiting! Go!"

The sculptor heard the king's command,
And went upon his way;
He had no marble; but he went,
With willing mind and a high intent,
To mold his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heaven's brain,
But could not make the riddle plain—
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow;
To-morrow it stood still;
The third day it went well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He served his master's will.

At last his lifelong task was done;
It was a fearful day;
He took his statue to the king,
And trembled like a guilty thing
Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statue?" asked the king.
"Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble!" "True;
I had not that—what could I do
But mold in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unwearied go,
Since thou hast done thy best;
Thy statue shall acceptance win;
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel, pure as snow.

A NEMESIS.

"A bouquet, sir?"

Elmer Richards starts suddenly, and glances apprehensively at the speaker. Surely there is nothing to fear in the little pink-robed figure before him, with shyly drooping eyes, and white, dimpled hands that just now are engaged in wrapping a bit of silver leaf around the stems of a bunch of flowers.

"Bouquet, sir?" she repeats. "Here is one I am sure you will like, myrtle and tearos. Shall I arrange it for you?"

He bends forward that she may pin the blossoms on his coat-lapel. He notices how small and white her hands are, and wishes she would raise her fringed lids.

"There: don't you like it?" she says. "The price is a shilling."

Elmer draws a sovereign from his well-filled wallet, and lays it on the counter.

"Keep the remainder for the cause," he says.

The young girl smiles, and raises her eyes to his.

Beautiful eyes they are, large and black, with a yellow fire smoldering in their depths like the gleam of a topaz. They thrill Elmer Richards' heart with a strange emotion.

Can it be that he, a blase man of the world, who has been admired and sought by dozens of beautiful women, has fallen in love with a pretty flower-seller at a charity fair?

He moves away, and accosts an acquaintance moving around the brilliant apartment.

"Who is that young girl with the handsome black eyes—the flower-seller?"

George Ellis looks up at his companion with an amused smile.

"What, Richards, are you smitten?" he says. "Well, you are by no means the first one with whom those eyes have made sad havoc. Her name is Beatrice Irving."

Irving! Elmer gives an involuntary start. Irving! Ah, yes, that name is familiar to him! A sad, pale face rises before him, with wistful blue eyes and trembling lips.

It appeared to him once before this evening, when he first heard Beatrice Irving's voice; it haunts him all the evening, and when the fair is over, and he returns to his handsome apartments, he sees it still, and beside it glows the flower-seller's brilliant face.

He remembers the bright June evening when other white hands than hers had decked him with blossoms, and other eyes had smiled up into his. Ah! those little hands will gather flowers no more; those pretty blue eyes sparkle never again; they are closed in the deep slumber that knows no waking.

Elmer Richards starts like a guilty thing as this thought comes to him; he knows why the sweet life ended so early; why the little grave was made so soon for her whose last words were of him—pretty Millie Irving.

"Why indulge in these morbid fancies?" he thinks. "It is a thing of the past now, and as such should be forgotten."

So he dismisses the sad, unpleasant memories, and, leaning back in his chair, lights a cigarette, and, watching the curling smoke-wreaths as they float upward, he sees in their midst a dim vision of the rose-tinted face of Beatrice Irving, the flower-seller.

"What, Richards! are you going to snub your friends in this manner?"

"Jerry, old boy, is it you?" he exclaims. "Pon my honor I did not know you! Step up into my room and tell me the news."

"Nice place you've got here," says Jerry, as they enter the luxuriant apartment.

"When did you return?" Elmer asks.

"Only two days ago," is the reply.

"Been down to see the folks; lots of company there—a whole household. Oh, by-the-by, Richards, Esther sent you an invitation to come down and enjoy yourself! Nothing else on hand, have you? No? Then of course you'll accept. It will be a good chance for you. Almost a dozen girls, Esther says, and every one either a beauty or an heiress."

"What, are you married?" Elmer inquires.

"No, but engaged, and that amounts to about the same thing," Jerry replies. "Bessie Townsend—don't you remember her? Well, she's there too. But say, you haven't told me whether you are coming or not."

"Yes, I will come."

"Soon as possible, mind," says Jerry. "Esther will be looking for you. Au revoir!"

He goes out, and a few moments later Elmer, looking out of the window, sees his tall form striding up the street with the same careless, swinging gait he remembers of old.

A few days later Elmer Richards enters the train en route for the Trows' country residence. That evening he

makes a faultless toilet and descends to the lighted rooms.

Esther presents him to the other guests, and soon he is engaged in a lively conversation with Jerry's betrothed, Bessie Townsend. Then Esther comes and carries him off to the conservatory. As they enter a recumbent figure rises, and in the dim light Elmer sees the yellow flash of jewels.

"Are you here?" cries Esther. Then, "Miss Irving, Mr. Richards."

The figure takes a step forward, and a ray of light, streaming through the half-open door, falls upon her face, the brilliant face and lustrous black orbs of Beatrice Irving.

She bows, and her face dimples in a smile of recognition; she has not forgotten that evening at the charity fair.

Elmer gives an amused smile; he is thinking of the little bouquet, the roses and myrtle, and wondering what she would say if she knew of his fate.

Then Esther slips away, and they are left alone together.

Beatrice is a charming conversationalist, and Elmer thinks it is infinitely more agreeable to pass the time with her in the dimly lit conservatory than to chatter with this one and that in the illuminated room beyond.

At last they rise and join the company. As they emerge into the light, Elmer glances at his companion; she looks wonderfully fascinating to-night.

Early one morning, a few days later, Elmer, while strolling through the garden, sees Beatrice standing by a rose-bush, endeavoring to disentangle her scarf from the thorns upon which it is caught.

"I am a prisoner, you see," she says, with a smile, "and, like most prisoners, much against my will."

"Shall I release you?" asks Elmer; and, coming forward, he deftly disengages the delicate thing.

"Thanks. You should be rewarded for your handiness," Beatrice says, and plucks a white rosebud with a spray of dark green leaves for a background.

As she bends forward to fasten it in his button-hole, their eyes meet, and something in his causes the girl to blush slightly, and, making a hasty movement, a stray thorn pierces her finger. A tiny red drop falls on one of the petals and mars its whiteness.

"There!" Beatrice exclaims, in a vexed tone. "I have spoilt your flower. Let me get you another."

"Never mind," Elmer replies. "It does not show; and, besides, you may scratch your hand again."

"No; I hope I should not be so foolish another time," says Beatrice.

Then they stroll down the shady path together, and enjoy a pleasant chat, until the bell calls them in to breakfast.

The summer days pass quickly by, and some of Esther's guests take their departure. Beatrice Irving and Elmer Richards are among the last that linger; it has been a blissful summer for him—one he will never forget.

One morning Beatrice announces her intention of returning to her home on the morrow, and that day Elmer determined to know his fate. That evening Beatrice comes down stairs, arrayed in the amber dress that is so becoming, and for ornaments she wears her favorite topaz. Her oval cheeks are glowing with a warm rose hue, and her eyes scintillate like stars. As Elmer watches her, he thinks he has never seen her so beautiful, so fascinating.

During the evening he requests her to walk with him in the garden, and she complies; perhaps she has an intuition of what is coming. A few commonplace remarks passed between them; then Elmer Richards begins his passionate declaration of love, and Beatrice listens with clasped hands and downcast eyes. As he speaks, the whole scene passes from him, and he sees naught but the woman at his side.

Ardently he pleads, for he loves Beatrice with all the depth and fervor of his strong, manly nature, and if he loses her, he loses all.

As he ceases speaking, he ventures to glance into her half-averted face. It wears a fierce, triumphant expression, a strange look that one would not expect a girl to wear when listening to a lover's pleadings.

She turns and faces him, and in the moonlight he can see the yellow lights in her eyes flame like those irradiating from her jewels.

"Mr. Richards," she says, calmly, "I can never be your wife!"

He draws back, and his face grows white. He is not prepared for this. He had expected a doubtful, wavering answer, but this cold, flat refusal, never!

"Then why have you led me on all these weeks?" he asks, hoarsely. "Are you heartless, that you can so trample on a man's heart? Are you a coquette, a jilt? Oh, Beatrice, I cannot believe it. Tell me you love me."

"No, I do not," she replies, firmly.

"Listen, Mr. Richards. Five years ago there lived a young girl, a bright, happy girl whom all that knew her loved. One day a stranger came to the village, and—well, Elmer Richards, you know the story; it is needless for me to repeat it; you know of whom I am speaking—little Millie Irving. Where is she now? Who ruined her life, and broke her heart? You, Elmer Richards! Ah, you start and turn pale, and well you may, for you know you are guilty! At her death-bed I made a vow that if you ever crossed my path I would have my revenge. She was my sister."

"Your sister?" Elmer echoes.

"Yes. Did she never speak of me to you?" Beatrice says.

"Yes, yes," Elmer replies; "but she called you—"

"Tress," interrupts the girl. "Yes, that was her pet name for me."

There is a long silence; then Elmer raises his white, haggard face.

"Beatrice," he says, "I meant no harm to your sister. I did not dream of such a sad ending. I was young then, young and foolish. Can you not forgive me?" Will you—

But she interrupts him with a mocking laugh, and, turning, flits down the garden path. He sees her amber robe fluttering in the moonlight, and her jewels flash forth tiny flames of fire; then she is gone, and he is alone with his sorrow and despair.

They do not meet again, and the next

day Beatrice bids her hostess farewell, and returns to the city.

One year later, Elmer Richards goes to a second charity fair. He has been persuaded, much against his will, however, to attend, and now he saunters arm in arm with a friend, paying little attention to the gay scenes around him; they fail to interest and amuse him as they once did.

Only one year has passed since that night in the moonlit garden, yet there are deep lines on his handsome face, and his dark brown hair is streaked with gray. He has not outlived his sorrow; it has followed him and crushed him down, making him an old man long before his time.

Before a stand of flowers he pauses, and memory carries him back to the time when two white hands fashioned for him a fragrant bouquet, and two bright eyes flashed up into his. He hears the rustling of garments, and looking up, sees Beatrice Irving standing before him. She is attired in her favorite color, amber, and wears the old gleaming jewels.

Their eyes meet, and the yellow light in hers burns brighter. She leans over the counter, and her jewels flash in the gaslight.

"A bouquet, sir?" she asks, with a mocking smile.

Schoolboys' Code.

That little world in which school-boys live has its own code of honor. It is not a high-toned code, and it often ignores the distinction between right and wrong. Yet it is a despotic code, and few schoolboys dare violate it, because its penalty is banishment from the social life of the school.

Yet a boy in an Indiana school did have the moral courage to break one of his chief laws, being impelled to the violation by his regard for the purity of the school. The teacher of the school, who tells the story, says:

As I was going into my school-house one morning, I noticed two of my boys engaged in a loud dispute over something. One of them held a book in his hand, and the other was trying to get it away from him.

Just as they reached the door, the one who was struggling for the book succeeded in getting it, and to my surprise, he rushed into the school-room, opened the stove door, and threw the book into the fire.

I was more surprised at what seemed like an act of wanton destruction, because the boy was one of my most trusted and honored pupils. Such a thing could not pass unnoticed. So as soon as the school had been called to order, I called him to my desk and asked:

"Was that your book, John?"

"No, sir."

"Whose was it?"

"Handy's."

"Why did you take it away from him?"

"Because he had no business to have it."

"How's that? You said it was his."

"Yes, sir. But"—here he hesitated a little, "but it was an indecent book, sir, and I felt as if I had a right to destroy such a book wherever I found it."

"You did right!" I exclaimed, as I shook hands with him, heartily, and dismissed him to his seat.

A false idea of what is commonly called "schoolboy honor," would have prevented most boys from giving evidence against a schoolmate in a case like this. But I am thankful to say that this one brave example has already done a world of good in my own school, and cleared the ideas of some of my pupils on the vexed question of how far one boy may go in "telling on another."

Noisy Music.

Shakespeare asserted that no man should be trusted who "is not moved with concord of sweet sounds." His dictum would make Turks and Chinese objects of suspicion, for they delight in the clashing rather than in the harmony of sounds. A Turkish ambassador at the Court of St. James once attended a concert. On being asked which piece he preferred, he answered, "The first one." He meant the tuning of the instruments. According to an anecdote told by Mr. S. C. Hall, Scotch Highlanders share in the musical tastes of the Turk.

"I once heard," said Mr. Hall, "a Scotch Highlandman declare that the greatest enjoyment he ever had in his life was one night when sheltered from a storm in a bothie twenty feet square. There were eight pipers shut up with him, and, as each insisted on playing his own pibroch, all of them played together."

"Oigh!" ejaculated the Highlander, "that was music!"

Curious Case.

A class of medical students in Buffalo, N. Y., has had the good fortune to see a very rare case in which the action of the vocal cords in the interior of the larynx could be studied in the living subject. The subject himself may be considered fortunate in that he lives even with a cut throat. The story is, that in crossing mountains in Roumania he, with others, was attacked by robbers. His throat was cut, but they only severed the windpipe without cutting the important blood vessels, and, as he showed signs of life, he was hanged. Inasmuch, however, as the windpipe had already been cut across, he was able to breathe in spite of hanging, and thus he was saved from death by hanging by the fact that his throat had already been cut. This case reminds us of the laws of grammatical construction of a sentence by which two negatives make an affirmative—the double attempt to kill saving life.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Differences in faith are inevitable. Men cannot believe alike more than they can look alike or act alike. Their faith will vary with their temperament, with their education, with their habits of thought, with the influences around them. Some will be able to believe what others cannot possibly believe. Some will accept readily what others cannot be persuaded to accept.—*C. H. Brigham.*

EVERY ONE can master a grief but he that has it.—*Shakespeare*

HUMOR.

Taffy is one of the sweetest things of love.

Dis-tressing accident—losing your scalp.

COULD conjugal affection be more strictly displayed than it is in the subjoined? "And so, doctor, you think my wife will get well?" "I am sure of it, if you can persuade her to take this dose."

"Doctor, take it she shall, if I have to break every bone in her body."

THE "wishbone" wedding has become the correct thing. The couple stand beneath a floral wishbone. After the ceremony the bride and groom are given the wishbone to pull. The tug results in a break somewhere, and whoever holds the long piece is absolved from getting up to build fires in the morning.

A HOOSIER at dinner on a Mississippi palatial steamer was about to reach out for something before him, but the waiter, checking him, exclaimed: "That, sir, is a dessert." "O," said the Hoosier, "I don't care if it is a wilderness. I'm going to eat it all the same."—*Philadelphia Call.*

EPITAPH copied in a French cemetery:

"I AWAIT MY HUSBAND,
"10th October, 1820."

And below:

"HERE I AM!!
"7th February, 1830."

"How ARE you and your wife cummin' on?" asked a West Point man of a colored man. "She has run me off, boss. I is to blame, boss. I gave her a splendid white silk dress, and den she got so prond she had no use for me. She showed I was too dark to match de dress."

THE story is told in Paris of an American lady, who at an inn in Normandy was deputed as being the best French scholar in her party, to make the arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best—which was a long way short of perfection—but the clerk did not catch her meaning, and his remarks were jargon to her. Finally, in desperation, she said, slowly and with awful distinctness: "Do—you—speak—English?" "Wa'al, new you're jest talkin'," shouted the clerk. "Guess I'd order speak English. I was raised ten miles from Bang-or."

New Weather Predictions—Venor Improved.

An intensely blue sky indicates a temporary absence of clouds. Under other circumstances, again, an intensely blue sky indicates a tornado.

When a woman leaves a piece of soap upon the stairs where her husband will tread upon it, it is a dead sure sign of a storm.

When the sun rises behind a bank of clouds, and the clouds hang low all around the horizon, and all over the sky, and the air feels damp, and there is a fine drizzling mist blowing, the indications are there will be rain somewhere in the United States or Canada.

When it begins to thunder, look out for lightning.

When a man gets up in the night, and feel along the top pantry shelf in the dark, and knocks the big square bottle without any label down to the floor and breaks it, it is a sign there is going to be a dry spell until 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning.

When the cradle begins to vibrate with irregular, spasmodic motions about 1 o'clock in the morning, look out for signals, and try to remember where you put the paregoric the last time you used it.

When the youngest boy in the family comes home three hours after closing of school, with his hair wet and his shirt wring side out, look out for a spanking breeze.

To see the head of the family feeling in his right-hand pocket, then in his left-hand pocket, then in all his vest pockets, then in his hip pockets, then in his coat pockets, and then at the ceiling, indicates "no change."

If he suddenly stops whistling at the ceiling and expands his face into a broad grimace of delight, it means "unexpected change."

The weather during the whole of Thanksgiving week — * * *

If the corn husks are very thick, the winter will be colder than the summer.

If the corn husks are very thin, the summer will be warmer than the winter.

If the corn husks are neither too thin nor too thick, the summer will be warm and the winter will be cold.—*Hawkeye.*

High Art.

Obscurity, which is merely an affectation of art, is often regarded as a quality of high art in painting and poetry. A paragraphist thus ridicules the false conception:

"What do you call your last picture?"

"Sunset."

"But where is the sun?"

"Set, of course."

"Certainly, but there is no warm light in the sky!"

"No, it is a dull, cloudy evening."

"But there is absolutely nothing to show that it is evening any more than morning."

"How stupid of you! Don't you see those chickens near that tree? Well, the rooster is not crowing, is he? That shows it is not morning."—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*

To Detect Oleomargarine.

A waiter employed in a New York restaurant says: "Any housekeeper can prove the honesty of her grocer or her butter by melting it. Pure butter melted produces a pure, limpid, golden oil, and it retains the butter flavor. Melt oleomargarine and the oil smells like tallow and looks like tallow, and a seam rises to the surface. Butterine is a mixture of dairy butter and fats. Melt that and the butter oil will rise to the top. Pour this off and you will find the fats at the bottom, whitish in color, and giving off a disagreeable smell."

If the pressure of the times could be properly applied and used as a propelling power it could move all the machinery in fifty-three States.

ALL other knowledge is hurtful to one who has not the science of honesty and good-nature.—*Montaigne.*

THE BAD BOY.

"Say, what you got in your mouth, a base-ball?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he came into the store with both cheeks sticking out, and looking red. "I'll bet you have got your mouth full of benzine, or something, and you are going to play some joke on me, by squirting it on the stove."

"No, I ain't got nothing in my mouth," said the boy, in a voice that sounded as though he was trying to talk with a hot potato in his mouth. "This is my Sunday-school lesson. I was smote on one cheek and I turned the other, and nearly had my neck broke. Not any more turning the other cheek for Henry."

"O, go 'way," said the grocery man. "You wasn't such a blamed fool as to turn the other cheek when you got hit, was you?" And then, examining the boy's cheeks and finding them swelled up, he added: "By jingo, I believe you did. How was it, anyway?"

"Well, it was in the Sunday-school lesson," said the boy, "and my teacher said it was the greatest triumph in the world for a person to be able to turn the other cheek when smote on one cheek. I asked him if people ever did that, and he said our best citizens did. It required a great deal of patience, but a person should always turn the other cheek also. I asked pa about it, and pa said the teacher was right, and that it was the duty of every citizen to turn the other cheek when smote on one cheek, and he should always do so. Well, sir, I want to be good, and I just longed for some one to smite me on one cheek so I could turn the other also, but it seemed as though the smiters were not on the war path, and for two days I had to go around without being smote. But Wednesday afternoon I was down by the theater, where they were having a matinee, and there was a lot of boys sliding on a smooth piece of ice in the gutter, and I rushed on to slide, and I run against a boy, and he hauled off and lammed me on this cheek. Oh, gosh! but I did see stars. Um! But didn't he smite. I was going to pick up a froze cat that was in the street and hit him, when I happened to think of turning the other cheek, and I turned my face toward him, and he gave me another, right here. Oh, oh! But it was ten times bigger than the other smote, and I guess it made me crazy. Anyway, I shall plead insanity, to get out of it."

"Get out of what?" asked the grocery man. "You don't have to get out of anything. If he hit you a couple of times, and you stood it, you don't have to get out of anything."

"Yes, but I didn't stand it," said the boy, as he felt of his swelled cheek. "When he hit me that last rap, it knocked all the meekness and pious out of me, and I went at him, and we had a awful fight. He wouldn't turn his other cheek, cause I guess he was a heathen, that never went to Sunday school, so I turned his other cheek for him, and I warned him so he hollered enough. But I was sorry afterwards, and felt as though I would be ashamed to meet pa or my teacher. So I thought I would see how those good men would stand being smote, and I found a feller who wanted to earn two shillings, and I hired him to smote pa and the teacher, just to see how they would turn the other cheek. The teacher keeps books in a store, and goes to lunch in a restaurant, and when he came along the fellow I had hired went up to him and slapped him on the cheek not very hard, but just hard enough to make him feel as though he was hit. I looked for the teacher to turn the other cheek, but, gosh, he turned pale and run down the alley back of the store, and his coat-tails stuck out so you could play marbles on them. I yelled to him to turn the other cheek, but he run faster, and the next morning the paper told about a dastardly attempt at highway robbery and assassination on the street; in broad daylight, one of our most respected citizens being the victim, and only for his presence of mind the attempt would have been successful. Well, I thought I should die when I read that. Then I had my hired man try it on pa. I knew pa would turn his other cheek, because he said that was the right thing to do. But when the fellow hit pa, pa turned and lammed the fellow right in the ear, and then yelled for a policeman, but my hired man got out of the way. That night pa said he had a narrow escape from being sand-bagged, and I asked him if he turned the other cheek also, and he said not if he knewed it. I don't think this is the right kind of a climate for turning the other cheek when you are smote, do you?"

"Well," said the grocery man, as he looked at the boy's swelled cheeks, "it is hard to make a rule that will apply in all kinds of cases. The idea is a good one, to turn the other cheek, but we are apt to forget, especially if on a casual inspection of the smiter we think we can whip him, or if he is so small that his smiting does not hurt. But when a man deliberately belms me in the eye, and dislocates it, I immediately think that one jaw is enough to have fractured at once. I guess when that smiting business became the custom, and people turned the other cheek, they didn't strike from the shoulder the way they do now days. I think the best way is to put your arm and ward off the blow, and try to reason with the smiter, and if he insists on smiting, sort of accidentally cuff him in the nose. That brings a smiter to his senses about as quick as anything. And so your pa didn't practice what he preached, eh?"

"Not much. He got hot in a minute, and acted like a prize-fighter. I asked him about it this morning, and he said it was all right enough for boys to turn the other cheek, where they had plenty, but when a man got his growth, it was dangerous for anybody to try to smite him. Queer, ain't it?" and the boy went out as though he was trying to think of something real hard.—*Peck's Sun.*

It is impossible that an ill-natured man can have a public spirit; for how should he love 10,000 men who never loved one?—*Pope.*

NEW ZEALAND has two universities, both of which confer degrees.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

BERTEL M. TALBOT, an old and esteemed citizen of Lafayette, is dead.

THOMAS COLLINS, an old and esteemed citizen of New Albany, in early years associated with the press of that city, died, aged 72.

JOHN B. PUECKEL, a prominent farmer of Palmyra township, assigned to John Smith. Liabilities over \$6,000. His assets will pay dollar for dollar.

ROBERT WELCH, manufacturer of pork barrels at Angola, has made an assignment to Frank M. Powers. Liabilities, \$12,000; assets unknown.

A CHILD of John Bryant, of Connersville, bitten by a dog some time ago, is suffering with convulsions. It is believed to be a case of hydrophobia.

MISS MOLLIE SCHUDER, aged 16 years, of Edinburg, committed suicide because her father refused to allow her to keep company with a young man of that city, saying she "would rather die than be deprived of his company."

GEORGE EMERY, the engineer, was caught in a shaft at the Hoosier Flouring Mills at Indianapolis, and whirled around at a terrible pace, the floor underneath being broken by his feet striking it. The body, torn and mangled, was flung aside when the machinery stopped for want of steam.

THE clothes of the 11-year-old daughter of Valentine Dabeki caught fire at South Bend while she was standing about the stove at school, and she ran into the street. Nearly every thread of clothing was burned from her body, and the flesh sloughed off in great pieces. She lingered in great agony until midnight, when death relieved her.

MRS. T. LOOP and Mrs. Clara Zinn, wife and daughter of Dr. J. C. Loop, of Galveston, were poisoned by mistaking arsenic for cream of tartar. The dose taken by Mrs. Zinn, being large, produced nausea, followed by vomiting, which soon gave relief. Medical treatment has put them out of danger, but it was a close call.

JAMES GRAY, of Lafayette, killed himself accidentally, as is supposed. He had taken his cocked revolver from the table, threatening to shoot Amanda Cramer, who was in his room, the woman having hung some pictures in an unsatisfactory manner to him. When counseled to put it down, he pointed the weapon at his head. It is presumed he forgot it was cocked, as he fell dead when the pistol was fired.

A FEW days ago a family named Bishop, of Hope, Bartholomew County, were suffering with severe colds, and a neighbor woman made them a tea of some kind of moss. Soon after drinking it they became worse, and when finally a physician was summoned, he declared that they were suffering from poison. The wife has since died, the husband is in a critical condition, and the child is recovering. No criminal intention is imputed to the woman.

THE large grain elevator and warehouse of Fred Norton, at Jonesboro, twenty-five miles south of Wabash, caught fire from a defective flue in the office, and before an alarm was sounded the entire structure was enveloped in flames. The building was comparatively new, and contained 500 bushels of wheat and 1,000 bushels of corn, which, with a small quantity of other grain, were totally destroyed. The loss is supposed to be over \$12,000; insurance but \$1,000.

THE D. A. Goodin, a steamer plying up and down the Wabash in the interest of the Sarven Wheel Company, of Indianapolis, was wrecked on the railroad bridge at Vincennes. When just above the bridge one of the rudder chains broke, the boat became unmanageable, and all hands took to the skiffs at once. The barges parted from her and kept their course down the river, but were soon overhauled by the Belle of Fountain. No one was injured.

GEN. WILLIAM T. STICHEL, of Orleans, Orange County, died at the Franklin House, in New Albany, of paralysis, aged 63 years. Gen. Stichel was a gallant soldier in the Mexican war, holding the rank of captain. He was a colonel in the late war, and promoted to the rank of brigadier general for gallant conduct. He was in New Albany to be examined for a pension for wounds received in the service when he received the stroke that ended his life.

AT an early hour in the morning, the hardware store of Nichol & Makepeace, at Anderson, was entered by thieves, and a number of knives and revolvers were stolen. Colonel Doll, Johnny Lyst, and Charlie Doll, a trio of boys aged 12, 10, and 8 years, respectively, were arrested on suspicion, and acknowledged their guilt. They also profess to have been the perpetrators of the numerous petty thefts which have recently occurred in the business part of that city, and when arrested had in their possession a number of keys stolen from locks on the doors of business rooms. They have been carrying on their thieving for some time past, and heretofore have been unsuspected, the work being credited to older and more experienced parties.

THE drug store of J. W. Crawford, at Yorktown, six miles west of Muncie, was broken into by burglars. A number of men in passing the drug store noticed men within striking matches. Convinced themselves that these were burglars, they surrounded the house and ordered the men to surrender, whereupon they ran out of the building and one of them was knocked down. A general fight then ensued in which rocks and pistols were freely used. Dorr Williams, one of the burglars, and a resident of that place, was shot through the side and quite seriously wounded. After a considerable chase, his accomplice, Nelson Skinner, was also captured. Sheriff McKimmy was telegraphed, and at a late hour went to that place and returned to Muncie with the prisoners, and in default of \$2,000 bail they were remanded to jail to await the order of the Circuit Court for a free ride to Michigan City. Pocketbooks, razors, and jewelry were found upon their persons.

JUDGE JAMES C. DENNY, of Vincennes, has received from his brother-in-law, Admiral John Lee Davis, commanding the United States squadron now at Kamakura, Japan, a photograph of a bronze image at that place, which, for magnitude, is entitled to a place among the wonders of the world. The face is eight and one-half feet long, from knee to knee thirty-eight feet, and the whole height fifty feet. In the foreground of the photo are Admiral Davis and seven other American comrades.

THE ditch contract in Delaware County the past year amounted to \$100,000.