

THE TALISMAN AND THE LEECH: A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely lady that on her sick-bed lay;
It was her lovely lover that spurred for the leech
away.
And met upon the highway, crouched on the
cold hard stone,
A withered white-haired beggar that made for
him the moan.

The lovely lover cast his purse from saddle-
bow.
"My love, is lying dying, and for the leech I go.
In yonder our physician and a many are, I know:
Would that the skillfullest of all among them I
could know."

"Take this," the crouching, upstarting, placed on
his hand a ring.
Of dull and tarnished copper, a mean and bat-
ter'd thing.
"Wear this, and when thou ridest up to the
leech's door,
See for thyself what company of guests doth
stand before."

And be on the knight could thank her she van-
ished quite away.
And there was naught but a wee brown bird
sitting, then the gray:
And the light-hearted lover onward he spurred
his courser away.
And kissed the battered talisman, and blessed
the kindly lay.

Up the ringing street he darted to the chief
physician's door—
Heaven! what ghastly company was standing in
before!
The souls of all the slain were there, ten thou-
sand souls, I know:
Like witch-fires in a pallid night, a-wavering to
and fro.

On passed the knight to another leech, but be-
fore the door perdie,
Was quite as ghastly if not so great a com-
pany:
And up and down the burg he rode, but every-
where he went,
Watched the spirit of each patient under a
monument.

"Alack! doth never a leech have skill?" was his
despairing cry:
"And must the lady Cunningham in her youth
and beauty die?
There is but one physician left, and yonder at
his door—
Oh, heavens! there floats a single ghost—a single
ghost, no more!"

"Oh, a blessing on the talisman and on the kind-
ly lay!
Here is the surgeon skilled shall charm my
lady's hurt away:
Ho! bursk ye, bursk ye, Master Leech, and ride
away with me,
And thou shalt save a precious life, and win a
priceless fee."

Up sprang the good physician then behind the
gallant knight,
And swiftly on the sounding road clattered the
courser wight;
And merrily the knight he sang and shouted in
his glee,
"A blessing on the kindly lay that guided me to
thee!"

"Now, by our good Saint Anthony, what is it
thou dost say?
Dost thou not know, Sir Knight, there is no
goblin, neither fay?
But tell me truly, how it was to me thy steps
did guide,
For how should a poor leech be known through-
out the country-side?"

"Oh, trust me, trust me, Master Leech, thy fame
spreads far and near;
On every side of thy healing skill what miracles
we hear!
For though thy cheek doth lightly bear the rosy
hue of youth,
There is no doctor so renowned in all the land,
good sooth."

"Sir Knight, it'll becom thee thy rank to mock a
simple man,
One who doth practice Galen's art with all the
skill he can;
But only yesterday I hung my shingle out at
door,
And I have had but a single call—one patient,
and no more."

"Now by Saint Anthony!" exclaimed the knight
The remainder of this interesting ballad has
been lost.—Harper's Magazine

High Up in a Balloon.

Late on a clear autumn afternoon of
188— the well-known "Woodard's Gar-
dens," in the city of San Francisco,
could scarcely contain a surging crowd
come together from all quarters of the
city to witness the ascent of a monster
balloon. In that ascent our artist and
the faithful reporter were directly in-
terested; nor was the flight into ether
which they and the Captain (an experi-
enced aeronaut) of the undertaking
proposed by any means a common-place
affair, being no less than an attempt to
cross in mid-air the mighty range of the
Sierra Nevada, and land far on the
other side of that tremendous palisade,
in Salt Lake City itself.

It is hardly necessary to state that
this aeronautic feat had never been ac-
complished. Undertaken, the truthful
writer regrets to confess, it had been,
and by the same venturesome trio, who,
sitting in shame on the roof of the cov-
shed where they had collapsed at the
very outset of their trip, railed at the
brick chimney which had wrecked their
air ship, endured the jeers of the throng
below with humility, and vowed to re-
peat the attempt within a week. A
charity picnic afforded an excellent op-
portunity. The balloon had been
patched, the temper of the trio re-
stored, and once again the immense
swollen bag toppled in air, pulling up-
ward with all of its 34,000 cubic feet of
gas.

Our party were fairly prompt. We
took our places amid the cheers of the
crowd. Everything was looked to
quickly. "Are you ready?" rang out
the question. "Ready; let go!" assent-
ed the Captain. The cables were
jerked off; with the sweep of the hurri-
cane our aerostat shot up into space.
The ground, the crowd, the buildings
surrounding the gardens, the tallest
treetops outlying us, dropped like en-
chantment below—still further below—
far beneath. Our undertaking was
well begun.

So much has been said of the impres-
sions which the air voyager derives
during the first half hour of his ascent
that space may be saved here. The
thrill of intense excitement as all con-
nection with earth seems sundered; the
up-turned faces and black coats in the
concourse of spectators becoming black
and white dots; the universal "fore-
shortening" of all creation as one looks
down upon it—all combine to produce
a feeling that can never pall. The fas-
cination of floating at so vast an alti-
tude as a balloon can soon attain is
delicious. Few persons are troubled by
giddiness. Confused sounds rise lull-
ingly to the ear, one scarcely distin-
guishable from the rest. A kind of in-
toxication steals over the navigator. To
live and move thus seems a rapture.
Small wonder that the man who "bal-
loons" once will "balloon" again and
again, each time becoming more in-
fatuated in tempting fate.

Our evening was perfectly serene and
cloudless. A gentle breeze wafted us
northward. The earth became a pale
green and gray map as we reached the
level of 2,000 feet above the Bay of San
Francisco, which stretched out glim-
mering toward the horizon. We could
discern the city, the Golden Gate, the
Farallone Islands. On the east rose

Mount Diablo and the Coast Range
summits. Northward rippled Sacra-
mento Bay, with a golden dust of cloud
hanging over it. The prospect invigor-
ated us and soda water was appro-
priately absorbed by all present,
stronger beverages being interdicted.
Sunset came on. We had been
gradually reaching the speed of ninety
miles an hour. Not that it was possible
to perceive the fact without scientific
help. Even if a hurricane be blowing,
there is still the endless sensation of
floating, floating, for the air-current
and the air-ship keep exact pace.
Thanks to the pieces of tissue paper
which were flung out lavishly from
time to time, and to the gauze stream-
ers fluttering from our cordage, we
could ascertain the direction of the
wind. Even a few handfuls of sand
thrown out from the ballast bags hang-
ing over the rail caused us to rise
perceptibly, for the best and most deli-
cate scales in the chemist's laboratory
cannot register the fractions of an
ounce as does the balloon. The sun
went down. Dusk advanced. "We
must descend and put up for the night,
friends," said our Captain. With the
vault above turning to a deep indigo,
we sank gently, and skirted along the
country from which the Coast Range
rises.

We were just in time to attract the
attention of a number of farm hands
returning from work through the fields.
With much shouting back and forth,
our dragging ropes were caught and
made fast. "Tie it to anything, from a
gate-post to a steeple," suggested our
artist, in a series of whoops worthy of
a callopie. After a stiff battle, in
which some of our kind assistants were
pretty severely pulled about, we found
ourselves on terra firma, and on the
way to a neighboring farm-house.
There we made light of a famous sup-
per, washed down gayly with superb
California wine. Our first stage
was accomplished, and we slept
the sleep which it would be a great
pity for only the just to enjoy.

"Daylight already?" was the common
exclamation when our vigilant Captain
administered sundry shakings to each
one of us. In an hour breakfast was
over, and we were retracing our steps
through the fields. The anchors were
loosed after hearty handshakes with
our hospitable hosts; once more the de-
lightful sensation of boundless freedom
and buoyancy. "Isn't this rising early
in the morning with a vengeance?"
queried one of the fraternity, as the
Captain announced us to be overtopping
16,000 feet.

"The man who will make a joke of
that character under such material
circumstances, deserves to be thrown
out of this conveyance," responded the
Captain, grimly. But our atmospheric
conditions were not long favorable to
joking. The cold grew intense. Our
voices seemed mysteriously muffled, and
it was necessary to shout instead of
chat. Ears tingled, and the rush of
blood to the forehead foreshadowed the
sudden nose-bleedings that followed.
Our Captain, prudent sailor, thorough-
ly approved of husbanding the ascen-
sional powers of his craft. We
dropped apace to a warmer and more
normal level, where life was livable at
lower pressure.

By this time our second day was well
begun. The morning mists evaporated
around, above, and below us. The west
wind spun us toward the gigantic peaks
of the Sierra Nevada, which finally
mounted the eastern sky in full sight.
We greeted them with cheers.

"Ah, old fellows, we will be on the other
side of you soon!" cried one of the
party.

"Take care," responded the Captain,
smilingly; "you are by no means there
yet."

Beautifully penciled in green and
black, the forest slopes extended to our
view. "Look over there," ejaculated
the Captain. "Do you make out the
track of the Central Pacific? See!
There is a train climbing up that
grade!" Our artist did make out rail-
road and train, and contrived to sketch
the same. In a little time we passed
nearly over both, and caught the rumble
and roar of wheels and the sight of a
flurry of handkerchiefs from the car
windows. But our mighty air ship
could not delay for courtesies; the
lightning express fell far behind. Stead-
ily, wind and all else favorable, we rose
and swept forward. With a fresh cheer
we saw the highest peak of the lofty
mountain wilderness lying 3,000 feet
beneath us.

"At this rate we shall be on the other
side, and asleep in Salt Lake City to-
night," cried two of us.

Alas! this boast was scarcely uttered
before its punishment came upon us.
Streaks of cloud suddenly appeared
above the great Nevada table lands.
The wind veered to the north. Its
speed and ours increased. Our Cap-
tain's uneasiness grew evident. A
misture like dew began to freeze over
us. We began to sink rapidly. Clearly
we were in train for experiences of a
most unexpected sort.

"Throw out the ballast!" called our
Captain. Rising once more, we darted
into a dense cloud, and there drifted
with lightning speed still northward.
Water froze upon our cordage. There
was only one thing now to do. "Over
with all the ballast!" commanded our
leader. It was in vain. We shot down
perpendicularly with the speed of a
bullet—1,500 feet in each second.
Presently the whizzing of the gale in
the tree tops of the mountain summit
became terribly audible. To land
under such circumstances was impos-
sible. Everything we possessed was
tossed overboard—our spare clothing,
our provisions—still to no purpose.

A moment or two later, with a series
of crashes, and bounds, and leaps that
made us hold on like grim death itself,
our basket was dragging through the
thick-set pine tops. Who could fitly
describe the frightful sensations that
ensued? With all visions dissipated of
success in our expedition, and possibly
reaching Salt Lake City on any where
else alive, we crouched with clinched
head and set teeth in the basket. Oc-
casionally, as we were borne across some
depression in the mountain sides, we
were free from collisions, and were
swept somewhat upward. I well re-
member that during one of these
intervals our Captain, finding the rope
of the escape valve had become
entangled above, with masterly

address clambered the network
of the bounding globe, and,
clinging tightly to what slender hold
he found, adjusted it. It was a feat to
tremble at in recollecting. In less than
ten minutes after it had been accom-
plished we struck the tree tops again,
and were hurled more mercilessly than
ever among their creaking branches,
until with one tremendous shock our
basket struck the strong limbs of a
mighty forest giant and held firm. To
pull the ripping rope was the work of a
second. With a crack a whole seam of
the balloon parted. The gas fell about
us in our wretched situation, nearly
choking us. Our late tyrant collapsed
and hung suspended from its colossal
peg, the pine tree. We were safe.

Upon the remaining adventures of
that luckless day neither reporter nor
artist is disposed to dilate. Our valiant
Captain, being injured to such untimely
ends to all the pomp and circumstance
of glorious ballooning, was subsequent-
ly seen to smile over the affair.

With vast difficulty we managed to
glide down the slippery trunk of the
pine, whose only branches, among
which we perched, grew eighty feet
from the ground. We had landed on
the summit of a spur of the Sierras.
By compass we took our bearings and
set out for shelter. Around us rose the
wilderness pure and simple. There was
no trace of road or habitation, and we
were forced to fight our way through
the dense undergrowth until nightfall.
Without provisions, and utterly ex-
hausted, our little party threw them-
selves down under the thicket's shelter,
and slept till the pallid dawn. A sec-
ond day of such fruitless wandering
meant something so nearly approaching
death that we hardly cared to contem-
plate it as we trudged onward.

By noon of the second day the
strength of one of the party had given
out entirely. The other two were
manfully preparing to carry him be-
tween them, when a roaring brook was
struck, and feebly followed with re-
viving hope. It was scarcely a quarter
of an hour before the expected flume
was discovered, at the foot of a steep
declivity. A solitary Chinaman stood
beside it plying a spade. We made our
way toward him. At first our haggard
appearance and scarcely understood
tongue made the suspicious Celestial
little disposed to listen to us or have
anything to do with us; but, speedily be-
coming convinced that we had no de-
signs upon his claim, he lent a won-
dering and compassionate ear to the
narrative which our Captain communi-
cated, and presently summoned all his
pig-tailed fellowship to harken and aid
us. We were, in truth, very kindly
cared for by our yellow-faced friends
during the two days which we found
we must pass in that lonely camp be-
fore mules and wagons and men could
be summoned from Nevada City, fifty
miles distant.

When they arrived the balloon was
looked up, and ripped apart, forwarded
to Reno. The overland train was finally
taken, and our trio speeded to San
Francisco, in defeat, but with thankful
souls.—Harper's Weekly.

Waxing Hard-Wood Floors.

"Yes, I deal in antique furniture, and
get up new furniture on antique models,
and repair things, and so on, but my
principal business is in waxing floors—
hard-wood floors, of course. This is
increasing all the time. I don't have
much to do with the floors of dancing
halls, because the men having charge
of them get into the way of waxing the
floors themselves. It is in private
houses that my services are in demand.
Three years ago there were very few
waxed floors in New York residences,
but they are all the rage now among
New Yorkers who live in good style.
Some have them because they are nice
for a German or a small social party;
but they are also popular among those
who do not dance, for they give an air
of richness, of well keeping, and are so
much cleaner than carpets ever can be.
When you sweep a carpet you send up
a cloud of dust and fibers from it, but
that cannot be the case with a waxed
floor, which gathers no dust, and the
more it is swept and brushed and pol-
ished the smoother and brighter it be-
comes. A hard-wood floor should be
waxed thoroughly three or four times a
year, besides rubbed occasionally by
the servants of the house.

"To wax a floor properly we first
clean it with turpentine, so that not a
speck of dirt is left either on the sur-
face or imbedded in the exposed pores
of the wood. If the wood is rough we
sometimes scrape it and give it a coat
of shellac, to fill the pores. When it
is perfectly hard, dry, and smoothed,
we apply the wax in one of two ways,
either hard or melted, with turpentine.
If the latter, it is laid on with a brush,
left to dry two or three hours, and is
then polished with brushes. The wax
used is common beeswax. Here is one
of the brushes, very large, flat, and
made with very stiff bristles. They
cost \$4 a pair, and are made large, so
that if desired one of them can be fixed
under the foot by means of a strap,
and the polishing done by waging the
leg to and fro. That way of brush-
ing is employed in dry waxing, which
is much the hardest, and requires most
vigorous polishing.

"Dry waxing costs about four times
as much as the other, and will last two
or three times as long. In either case
the wax has to be polished right into
the grain of the wood. It will not do
to put oil on a waxed floor, as it will
render the surface gummy and sticky
and nasty. If properly done, oiling
makes a floor nice, but is never so good
as waxing, and costs nearly as much.
Raw linseed oil, mixed with turpentine
for a drier, is used. Price? Well,
that depends upon the size of a floor,
and to some extent on its condition.
One say 14 feet by 16 feet will ordi-
narily cost \$5 for oiling, \$7 to \$10 for wax-
ing, and \$20 for dry waxing. There
are some floors here that I have waxed
regularly for eight years past."—New
York Sun.

Friendship Between the Great.

The friendship between great men is
rarely intimate or permanent. It is a
Boswell that most appreciates a John-
son. Genius has no brother, no com-
mate; the love it inspires is that of a
pupil or a son.—Bulwer Lytton.

The First Pass.

If a man never has a pass on a rail-
road he goes through life paying his
fare, and never thinks of its being a
hardship, but when once the free pass
enters the system he is no good to a
railroad forever after, and he looks
upon the paying of fare on a railroad
as a wicked scheme, an outrage, as it
were. Up to 1860 the writer had al-
ways paid fare on railroads, and prob-
ably had expended as much as \$7, all
told, in riding from one town to another
on the cars, and he never missed the
money, feeling that it was the duty of
every citizen to support the great high-
ways of commerce. In an evil hour the
writer became interested in a newspaper
at Jefferson, and one day there came in
the mail a pass for himself and his
partner, on the Northwestern Rail-
road. It was a great event in the his-
tory of that road. After the recipient
of the pass had recovered from his
astonishment, and had begun to realize
that he was entitled to ride free be-
tween Jefferson and Chicago, and had
shown the pass to nearly all the popu-
lace who were at the Postoffice wait-
ing for the mail to be distributed, he be-
gan to inquire of the depot agent what
time the first train passed the
station, going either way. It did
not make much difference to the
editor which way the train was
going, as long as it went. It was found
that a freight train would go along in
about five hours, bound south, and the
holder of the new pass was compelled
to put in those five hours waiting for
the train. It seemed a month, and the
pass seemed to burn a hole in the
pocket, and it was taken out a dozen
times to cool off, and to show to differ-
ent persons who had heard of its arrival
and had come down town to see it.
Finally, the train pulled up to the de-
pot, and the editor took his seat in the
caboose, and it seemed as though the
people on the depot-steps were talking
over the new era in railroading. It
seemed as though the train never would
start, and after it started it seemed as
though the conductor never would
come through to look at the pass. A
lady had a crying baby, and the editor
in his kind-heartedness attempted to
quiet the baby by showing it the pass,
and was nearly paralyzed when the
child put a corner of the pass in its
mouth and began to chew it. By
prompt measures of choking the in-
fant the pass was recovered, and the
conductor came along, and the editor
handed up his pass with an air of one
who always rode on a pass. The con-
ductor looked at the date of the pass,
and it did not take effect till the next
day, and he said the editor would have
to put up twenty cents, the fare be-
tween Jefferson and Fort Atkinson. It
was cruel, but no argument would con-
vince that freight conductor that the
pass ought to be good until the day af-
ter, and it was necessary to pay good
money for a ride down and back, forty
cents, a ride that was taken for no other
purpose on earth except to
try the pass. That night the
editor took a solemn obligation
to make that railroad sorry for the
outrage, and for a year afterward it
was a cold day when the railroad did
not have to carry the writer or his
partner somewhere. They divided them-
selves up into reliefs, and it was the
duty of one of them to go somewhere
every day. They were both too lazy
to work, and riding on the cars was
just about exercise enough. They
would go to Milton Junction, or James-
ville, and back, and conductors got so
that if one of the Jefferson editors did
not show up at the depot when the
train stopped they would hold the train.
The pass became so worn that it had
to be renewed the first six months. It
was a proud day for the writer when
his face became so well known to the
conductors that it was not necessary
to show the pass. The pleasure of
pulling out the pass before a carload of
passengers gradually wore off, and
there was more pleasure in having the
conductor come along and smile and
pass on, because passengers would
think the man so favored by the con-
ductor must be at least one of the own-
ers of the road. Since then the writer
has ridden on passes across the con-
tinent, and up and down it, and has
been offered a pass to Europe, but in
all the free rides of thousands of miles
he has never felt so much as though he
owned the earth, and had a fence
around it, as he did when he got that
first pass on the old Northwestern, and
put in a solid year trying to make the
pass pay for its keeping.—Pech's Sun

Scott Dictating "Ivanhoe."

Lockhart says that Sir Walter Scott
dictated the greater part of the "Bride
of Lammermoor," the "Legend of
Montrose," and "Ivanhoe" to William
Laidlaw and John Ballantyne. "Good-
Laidlaw," he adds, "entered with such
zeal into the story, as it flowed from
the author's lips, that he could not
suppress exclamations of surprise and
delight: 'Gude keep us!—the like of
that—eh, sirs! eh, sirs!'" Mr. Laid-
law used to shake his head at this pas-
sage of Lockhart: "I remember," he
said, "being so much interested in the
part of 'Ivanhoe' relating to Rebecca,
the Jewess, that I exclaimed: 'That is
fine, Mr. Scott! get on—get on!'" He
laughed, and replied, "Ay, Willie, but
recollect I have to make the story." I
have more than once heard Mr. Laid-
law relate this anecdote; adding, that
Sir Walter was highly pleased with his
character of Rebecca, saying, "I shall
make something of my Jewess!"

A Petulant Passenger.

"Kind sir," pleaded a fashionable
lady to a palace-car conductor, "won't
you please, please, please allow me to
take my pet poodle in the car?"
"No, ma'am, can't do it, ma'am. The
company permits only one car pet in
the coach, and that is on the floor now."
"Oh, you dear little angel!" sobbed
the lady, as she kissed the poodle's
nose, "the wicked man will make you
ride in the baggage-car, Pet!" and,
filled with anguish, she entered the
coach, sadly, sorrowfully and alone.—
The Hoosier.

PEOPLE are commonly so employed
in pointing out faults in those before
them as to forget that some behind
may at the same time be disanting on
their own.—Dilwyn.

HUMOR.

The dark coase—a dead darky.

An old gentleman who got tripped
up while trying to cross the ball-room,
remarked, as he slowly crawled to a
perpendicular, that it was always pleas-
ant to be thrown in the company of
young people.

"Are you near-sighted, miss?" said
an impatient fellow to a young lady
who did not choose to recognize him.
"Yes," she retorted; "at this distance I
can hardly tell whether you are an ape
or a puppy."

"Are you to take astronomy next
term, Elsie?" inquired a classmate of
her young friend. "Hardly. But Aug-
ustus is giving me splendid astronomi-
cal lessons during the vacation."
"Isn't that nice! Has he text-books
and an atlas?" "Oh, Louise, my dear,
he says I'm all the world to him, and
when I lean my head on his shoulder
he is my Atlas."

"I thought," said the senior Boggles,
as he produced a suspicious-looking flat
bottle from his son's valise, "that there
was nothing but your surgical instru-
ments in this bag. 'That's what I said,
dad.' 'Then, sir, what do you call
this?' 'That? Oh, that's my eye-
opener, dad; very useful instrument,
very useful; indispensable, I assure
you.'"

A boy was sent to milk the cow, and
after he had been gone something over
two hours his father started out to look
him up. He found him sitting patient-
ly on a three-legged stool in the corner
of a ten-acre lot. "What the mischief
are you sitting there for?" demanded
the irate father. "Why don't you do
your work and get back to the house?"
"Because," answered the boy, "the
teacher said to-day that all things come
to him who waits, and I am waiting for
the cow."

"Ought not to laugh at my own
jokes!" exclaimed Poots, whose wife
had just ventured to give him that
piece of advice; "I'd like to know why
not? Who knows as well when to
laugh as the man that makes the joke,
I'd like to know?" "That's so," resumed
Mrs. P.; "I didn't think of that, and,
come to think of it, I don't suppose
anybody would know anything about
your jokes if you didn't start 'em off
with a laugh." Then Poots, man-like,
got mad and went down town with his
hat on wrong end foremost.—Cincin-
nati Saturday Night.

UNSUCCESSFUL American—I don't
see what is to become of me; I have not
a dollar left. Friend—Have you tried
lecturing? U. A.—Yes, and nobody
came. F.—You paint well? U. A.—
Nobody will buy my pictures. F.—You
are also a remarkably fine actor? U. A.—
I can't get any engagement. F.—
Then, why don't you return to your
first love? U. A.—The magazines de-
cline anything I take them now. F.—
Ah! I see what the trouble is and how
to overcome it. U. A.—Well, tell
me, for I am becoming hopeless. F.—
You must trade the clothes you
have on for a second-hand English suit,
and learn to drop your h's.—Philadel-
phia Call.

Contesting Wills.

Unless it is quite manifest that the
heirs have been treated in a manner de-
fiant of equity and justice they seldom
contest a will. When the hand of the
dead has been laid too heavily on the
living public sentiment is in favor of
releasing the merciless grip. The will
is broken and the property equally dis-
tributed among the heirs. This fact is
full of significance. It indicates that
the wishes of deceased persons do not
command the respect that they once
did; that the will, when not based upon
an equal distribution of property, has,
in fact, become a decadent institution.
Democracy, with its concomitant of
equality, cannot tolerate anything
savoring of entailment and primogeni-
ture. It permits people to accumulate
large fortunes, but not to hand them
down intact to the eldest born or
nearest heir, or a favorite relative or
friend. The will which often attempts
to a greater or, less degree this sort of
thing is antagonistic to the spirit of the
age. Equal distribution, not concentra-
tion of wealth, is the demand of democ-
racy. Another fact has tended to loosen
the foundations of the will. Not infre-
quently the testator, failing during his
life to revenge himself upon some
hated relative, seeks to accomplish his
detestable object after death. He either
deprives that relative of a rightful share
in the estate, or makes conditions re-
pugnant to justice, often to decency and
self-respect. In such a case the will is
almost certain to be broken. The hand
of the dead must not be permitted to
strike the living. The conclusions to
which these considerations lead us is
plain. A will not based upon equity
and justice is almost certain to be
broken and the estate distributed
equally among the heirs. But if a will
in the first place makes the equal
distribution, it is simply superfluous
document. Had it not been drawn up
at all the laws would have made the
same disposition of the property.—
Rochester Democrat.

Misapprehensive Bravery.

A stout, able-bodied lady was aroused
the other night by a noise in the hall-
way, and on going down stairs she dis-
covered a man fumbling around in the
dark. The lady immediately assailed
him with the ferocity of a tigress, and
ejected him from the house in quite a
number of seconds less than no time at
all, and slammed the door after him.
As the man tumbled down the steps on
to the sidewalk, he was gobbled by a
policeman, and promptly marched off
to the cooler. The next morning sev-
eral of her friends called and congratu-
lated her upon the heroism displayed
in throwing a full-grown burglar out of
the house.
"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady,
growing pale and agitated, "was that a
burglar?"
"Why, certainly, didn't you know
it?"
"Know it! Heavens, no! I thought
it was only my husband home again late
from the lodge, or I wouldn't have done
what I did for the world."—Texas
Siftings.

FLORIDA is a good place for camphor
trees.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

This office of Chief of Police has been abol-
ished in Lafayette.

The wages paid Brazil miners will be re-
duced 15 cents per ton.

ALEX. JENKINS, a miner at Brazil, had his
back broken by falling stone.

ALPHEUS LEWIS' residence, near Fort
Wayne, was totally destroyed by fire. Loss,
\$5,000.

HARLAN B. HILL, of Shelbyville, wants
\$500 from the owner of a vicious dog for in-
juries received from the brute.

Mrs. GEORGE HODGES, of Muncie, fearing
starvation, as her husband was out of work,
committed suicide by poison.

Geo. LOFER, of Fayette County, under-
took to cross a defective bridge. He fell
through and was injured. He now sues for
damages.

The low temperature, in addition to the
water-soaked earth, is believed by Indians
farmers to have been a severe blow to the
growing wheat.

Ex-MAYOR KIMMEL, of Lafayette, at pres-
ent Government Agent for Alaska, now
home on leave, will probably not return to
his post, on account of ill health, but will re-
sign.

MAURICE EYINGER, a young farmer living
near Terre Haute, was waylaid by highway-
men and robbed of \$180. They dragged him
from his horse and out him severely before
ridding his pockets.

ONE of the reasons set forth by James F.
Hicks, of Evansville, in a petition asking for
a divorce from his wife, is that she prays to
God daily that he may die, and he is afraid,
it is said, that the prayer will be answered.

The Fair Ground Company, at Connersville,
known by the name of "The Eastern Indiana
Agricultural, Mechanical, and Trotting Park
Association," has surrendered its charter and
gone out of business.

JEFF SMITH, of Crawfordsville, had a
spasm, during the continuance of which he
suffered terrible agony. So great was his
suffering that the muscles of his leg con-
tracted sufficiently to break his thigh.

WILLIAM MANSFIELD, of New Albany, has
instituted suit against the Air-Line Railroad
for \$10,000 damages. He alleges that a con-
ductor of the train induced his son, James E.
Mansfield, to pass over a train of freight
cars to remove some tramps, and while so
doing, his son was thrown from the train and
killed.

SEVERAL destitute families of Indianapolis
subsist entirely upon the refuse of the city's
dumping ground. The spot is near the river
and covers a space of several acres, which is
filled with decayed vegetables and animal
matter, all kinds of cans, broken crockery,
glass, etc.

MR. PETER MITCHELL, who recently died in
Charlestown, left