

THE BAD BOY.

"Well, Henery, I am sorry to find you in this fix," said the grocery man as he tiptoed into the darkened room at the house of the bad boy, where he found him in bed, propped up with pillows, a pallor on his face that was frightful, and a general look of gloominess. "Your pa tells me you have been sick nearly a week. I thought things at the grocery were going along in a solemn sort of a manner. Don't hurt you to talk to you, does it?" and the grocery man looked for a chair to sit down in.

"Naw, it don't hurt," said the bad boy, as he motioned to a chair, and the grocery man sat down. "If talking would kill me I would have been dead long ago. By the way, I wish you would hand me that mustard plaster. You will find it in the chair you are setting on," and the boy smiled a sickly smile, while the grocery man got up as though he was in a hurry, and apologized for sitting on the plaster. "No apology necessary," said the bad boy. "When anybody comes to see me they are welcome to the best we have got. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and a mustard plaster covereth a multitude of pneumonia," and Henery applied the plaster to his chest, and asked the grocery man to hand him a box of pills on the table. The grocery man handed the boy a box of pills and a glass of water, and he took a small handful of pills and a swallow of water, smacked his lips and said:

"Ah! A nectar fit for the gods. Do you know there is something about being sick that takes the cake? You can lay and sleep, or raise up and cough. And then, the beautiful medicine the doctor leaves! I take it because it pleases the doctor. He is a nice man, but I don't think a man can feel of your pulse and listen to the mocking bird in your heart by holding his ear on your shirt, and tell what is the matter with you. Gimme a drink. Now I want you to do some things for me, as I may not pull through, and pa is so busy in politics that he can't attend to anything. Are you there, Moriarity?"

"Yes, yes," said the grocery man, as he saw the boy had something he wanted to say, "out with it, now, and I will do anything you ask me to."

"Well, you know that man without any legs, that plays the hand-organ down on the corner. I want you to take my skates to him and tell him—"

"Great heavens," said the grocery man, "what do you want to send a pair of skates to a man that hasn't got any legs, for?"

"Don't interrupt the speaker," said the bad boy, as he took a pill for a change. "Take the skates to him, and tell him I lend them to him till I get well. He has got three boys, and they are too poor to buy skates, and I shall not miss them, for if I live the skating will be all gone before I get outdoors, and if I die, there will be no skating where I am going."

"O, say, hush up now," said the grocery man. "You are not half as sick as you think you are, and there is no hurry about your dividing up your worldly goods. In a day or two you will be out as good as new, making it interesting for all of us. What was the hired girl laughing at when she let me in? She said something about your sneering the folks out of seven year's growth, just before you were taken sick," and the grocery man thought if he could get the sick boy talking about something funny it would cure him.

"Well," said the boy, as he laughed so the skin was drawn across his pinched face, "It was awful mean, but ma wanted to know what time pa got home nights since he has got to working the ward for alderman. You see, he comes in at all times of the night, and tries to keep still so as not to wake ma up. He comes in and undresses in the dark, and retires, and ma don't wake up. I have got a friend working in a jewelry store, and I got him to lend me some of these little alarm clocks, and I wound them all up and placed them around the house where I could touch them off when pa came in. I put one on the hat-rack, and when pa came in just after midnight I touched it off just as he put his hat on the hat-rack, and I crept half way up stairs in the dim light. Pa was trying to be quiet, and when that alarm went off he looked sick. He didn't know what it was, but he just stood still, with his overcoat half off, and waited for the thing to run down, and he was listening all the time to see if ma woke up. I had told ma to pretend to be asleep until the last one went off, which I had placed on the foot of the bed, and then for her to get up and begin to throw chairs. Pa started up stairs as soon as the clock stopped, in his stocking feet, and just as he got half way up stairs I touched off the second alarm, and pa stopped and I went up to the head of the stairs to get another one ready. Pa got hold of the clock and tried to stop its noise by holding it under his coat, and he listened for ma some more, but ma didn't show up. When the clock got through sputtering pa came on up stairs, and at the top the third one went off, and then he was mad. He thought that would wake ma sure, but she snored right along through it all, and pa breathed hard and said some political words. When the clock stopped I slipped into the bedroom and whispered to ma that I was going, to let all three of the others off at once, and she said all right, so I waited till pa got part of his clothes off, when I turned on all three of them, and I slipped out in the hall, and then I began to hear chairs tumble around, and pa began to beg. I guess he thought there was a caucus. When the chairs had all been thrown I turned up the gas in the hall and came in just as though I had been frightened out of bed, and there stood ma laughing just as hard as she could and pa had crawled under the bed with only his feet sticking out, and I think he was saying his now I lay me down to sleep." Ma coaxed him out, and maybe she did not read the riot act to him. She made him promise to keep away from politics and try to be a man and I guess he will. But I had to pay for one of the clocks, 'cause pa fell on it and busted the works flatter than a tin plate. But we had fun, and I guess

my staying up in the hall waiting for pa gave me the cold that made me sick, but I feel better now, and I will be out to-morrow. Don't you know, that when a sick person lays and thinks of dying it makes them worse, when if they get to talking about something interesting it braces them up? Come in again, boss, and when I get well I will come over to the grocery and talk to you till you are sick," and the bad boy rolled over to go to sleep, while the grocery man went out believing that nothing less than a cannon ball would kill the bad boy.—Peck's Sun.

The English Daisy.

The daisy is one of the most popular of spring flowers, well known as the emblem of fidelity and constancy. It is the latest blossom of the year, and the first to reappear with the approach of spring. It is connected with the earlier traditions of England, of which we give the following pretty legend: While the Romans persecuted and put to death the Christians of this country, Saint Druon one day said to his sister, Saint Olle, "Sister, the days of the Inquisition are upon us. I, a priest, must die at my post, and without fear or murmuring await the death of a martyr. But thou, my child, canst not with thy sisters incur the dangers that I see lie before us. Thou must leave me, and with them seek a refuge where thou canst pray to God in safety." Saint Olle refused at first, then yielded to her brother's wishes, and left the country. At the end of a year the persecution had ceased, and the good Bishop thought he might with safety urge his sister's return. This was not easy at first, as he did not know where she had found a refuge. Full of confidence in the Almighty, he went in search of her, and took the first straight path that lay before him. Although it was now the end of autumn, it struck him that, as he pursued his way, little tufts of flowers showing yellow centers, surrounded by a crown of white rays appeared to spring up out of the earth before him, shining even as stars to dispel the darkness of his night. He followed the way shown him by these star-shaped flowers, and after nine days' wandering reached a desert spot, with many hiding-places, where at length he found his sister. Since then the daisies are said to be seen on the earth at all seasons.—Exchange.

The Lily Penitent.

The Liliun Byzantium was brought to England from Constantinople more than three hundred years ago, and is well known in this country. The story is that the lily, now of a dark flesh color sheathed with bluish, was originally white and very erect upon its stem. It stood in Gethsemane, and was a favorite with One who frequented that garden in the days of His earthly life. The legend says that when He walked there at sunset the flowers all knew Him, and bowed their sweet heads in loving adoration, all but the lily! It kept its white crown proudly erect, and would not bend its crest at any presence! The Lord stood still and looked full into the face of the beautiful bells. Each silvery cup began to bend beneath that touching look, and deep blushes came upon them all. Still the gaze was fixed, and glittering drops followed the glowing suffusion. The Master passed on, and when morning came all the other flowers in the garden tossed their gay heads in the sunny light. But the lily still bent its head, and each little bell was full of penitent tears. Those "fair Orient pearls," as the poet calls them, remain to this day. They are six in number in each of the bells, and wipe them away as often as we may, they are evermore replaced until the flower decays. The bluish, too, has never faded from the lily cheeks, and hence, according to the legend, the Crown Imperial (so called because the flowers grow at the top of the stalk and surround it in the shape of a coronet) carries for all time the acknowledgment of its one moment of irreverent pride.—Floral World.

The Antigonal Leptopus.

The Antigonal Leptopus is a beautiful climber, native of Nicaragua, and belongs to the natural order Polygonaceae; it is a splendid greenhouse plant, rivaling the Bougainvillea in the abundance and color of its blossoms. It is of slender and elegant habit, the leaves are from three to five inches long, deep-lobed at base. The flowers are rose-colored, produced in large terminal or auxiliary clusters, and in such profusion that there is scarcely a leaf to be seen. The chief attraction of the flowers is afforded by the sepals, which are half an inch long, of a bright rose color. As the flowers are produced in such abundance, the plant, in its season of flowering, presents a brilliant and extremely cheerful appearance. Of this plant Dr. Seeman, its discoverer, says: "I am well acquainted with the contents of our gardens and the vegetation of most parts of the world, but I have no hesitation in giving it as my deliberate opinion that there is no more graceful or beautiful climber than the Antigonal Leptopus."—Floral World.

Love the Flowers.

"Love the flowers, my darling! always love the flowers," said little Pierre's mother, as she held the child in her arms to wave good-by to the lady who had been to see them, and had brought a bunch of flowers and a rosy apple for the little boy.

Pierre's mother lived in a country village in France, and she dearly loved to surround the cottage with the gayest flowers she could. The little garden was full of them, and you found them on the window-sill and on the chimney-piece, and wherever there was room for a bunch of flowers to be placed.

They took up a good deal of room, those flowers—some hours almost every day had to be given to them; but, then, they made the cottage so bright that the good woman never grumbled the time. And she hoped that some day Pierre would grow up to help her, and, perhaps, be a great gardener himself. Who could tell?—Exchange.

In France nearly all the railroad ticket and signal clerks are women, who are paid as much as men. They are preferred because of their sobriety.

THE REVENUES.

Who Pay Them—An Interesting Exhibit. St. Louis Republican: The imports to the United States for the calendar year 1883 free of duty were to the value of \$205,114,304, against \$214,036,390 for the year 1882—a falling off of \$8,922,086. This large amount of imports free of duty came under about sixty headings, but is made up mainly of the following:

Articles, the growth of manufacture of the United States, returned.....	5,874,410
Crude tallow or tallow dust.....	2,830,227
In lard.....	3,337,047
Nitrate of soda.....	2,409,013
Sulphur or brimstone.....	2,177,242
Oil.....	43,714,048
Eggs.....	2,826,844
Undressed furs and fur skins.....	2,215,092
Hides and skins, other than furs.....	2,140,522
Crude India rubber and gutta percha.....	14,786,329
Rags, other than wool.....	3,780,464
Raw silk, or as reeled from cocoons.....	15,122,019
Yarn.....	18,346,059
Tin in many forms.....	6,165,351
Wool, unmanufactured.....	4,683,423
Brown sugar.....	7,054,309
Total.....	\$153,392,837

The sixteen headings embrace three-fourths in value of the goods brought into the country free of duty.

The amount of dutiable imports for the calendar year 1883 was \$481,960,362, against \$538,807,117 in 1882—a falling off of \$56,846,755. The total decrease of free and dutiable imports for the year was \$65,768,831, comparison being with 1882. The dutiable articles imported came under 129 headings, of which the following are the principal:

Live animals.....	3,513,629
Barley.....	6,388,341
Batons and cotton materials.....	2,976,814
Crude opium.....	3,031,278
Watches and watch materials.....	2,221,703
Coal, bituminous.....	2,240,260
Cotton cloth.....	2,338,871
Cotton knit goods.....	7,911,381
Clothing and other cotton goods.....	23,808,390
Teatons and cotton materials.....	3,969,923
Fancy articles, perfumery, etc.....	7,402,854
Hemp and substitutes for.....	4,376,324
Jute and sisal grass.....	5,730,995
Manufactures of flax, jute, etc.....	24,132,992
Fruits and nuts.....	17,407,607
Furs dressed on skins.....	5,325,133
Iron.....	5,745,929
Tin plate or tinware.....	1,745,814
Various manufactures of tin.....	18,875,693
Precious stones.....	5,850,818
Leather.....	13,346,059
Gloves, kid and leather.....	3,583,653
Silk, dress and piece goods.....	16,921,441
Silk, hosiery, lace, ribbons, etc.....	16,280,474
Brandy.....	2,345,820
Molasses.....	6,980,240
Sugar, Dutch standard in color.....	87,774,898
Leaf tobacco.....	8,312,812
Cigars, cigarettes, and cheroots.....	3,065,770
Wine in casks.....	3,012,977
Wine in bottles.....	5,207,345
Lumber.....	7,433,980
Wool, manufactured.....	11,843,625
Woolen cloth.....	19,922,521
Women's and children's woolen goods.....	17,985,209
Woolen goods unspecified.....	8,430,555
Total.....	\$396,150,721

These thirty-three headings embrace more than three-fourths of the dutiable commodities brought into this country. It will be observed that by far the greater portion are articles of prime necessity. Sugar, cotton goods and cotton clothing, woolen goods and woolen clothing, manufactures of flax, tin, and manufactures of tin, iron, and manufactures of iron make up much the larger part of the goods upon which duties are imposed. These are articles indispensable in every household in the land. These enter into the life of every human creature. The duty on these articles is from 40 to 50 per cent. It is not stating the case too strongly to say that on the six articles we have just named the laboring classes pay annually over \$100,000,000 tax to the Government, or \$2 to each person, and \$10 to each average family. This, of course, takes no account of the amount they pay to protect home industries which does not go into the Treasury. This amount is indefinite, but is variously estimated to reach three times the sum, or more than is paid to the Government (more nearly five times, or \$50 per family); that is to say, \$6 to each person, and \$30 to each family in the United States. If this tax were levied direct on the people the present tariff would not stand a month. It falls on them none the less surely, and is much less equitably distributed than are direct taxes, but so disguised as to excite no general protest. It is only by discussion that the truth can be brought home to the people who bear the burdens.

Garfield Knew.

One very interesting fact appeared in the testimony heard by the Springer Committee. When the tabulated summary of the expedited Star Routes, showing just where the plunder went, was exhibited to Gen. Garfield at the White House, he expressed surprise. It was in April or May, 1881, that Gen. Garfield was astonished by the revelation of Dorsey's wickedness. Yet that same tabulated statement had been seen and examined by Gen. Garfield a year earlier, while he was still a member of the House of Representatives and before his election as President.

It seems, then, that Gen. Garfield knew all about Dorsey's wickedness when he was leaning on Dorsey for support during the canvass of 1880, when he was looking to Dorsey for help in closing the breach between the two wings of the party, and when he was turning to Dorsey for advice as to the make-up of his Cabinet.

The late President was already in the possession of the facts about the Star Route plunder when he telegraphed from Mentor to Dorsey, at Cleveland, in 1880:

"Call on me whenever you can without interfering with your campaign work."

He had already seen and studied the table of the ninety-three expedited routes when he wrote, later in the same month:

"I rely greatly on your calm equipoise, which has shown itself so often and so well hitherto."

Garfield already knew the exact extent of the operations of the Dorsey combination when he wrote to the Senator in October, 1880, just after the Indiana election:

"I especially congratulate you upon your masterly management of the campaign, and the thoroughness with which you have watched all the details and incidents of the fight. Let me counsel you to take some much needed rest, and as a yourself for the final struggle soon to come on. We shall need all our powers for the last two weeks of the contest; but just now, as to bed and sleep two or three days and when you are sufficiently rested come here and make me a visit, or better still, come here and sleep. Swain joins me in kindest regards."

Garfield already had read in cold figures the story of the star route plunder when he wrote to Senator Dorsey:

"I want you to know how absolutely I rely

on your earnest desire to do the best for the cause, and how eager I am to aid your efforts."

He knew all about the expedited routes when he wrote, in January, 1881, regretting that he could not attend the Dorsey banquet at Delmonico's:

"DEAR SENATOR: I am glad you are to be complimented by such gentlemen. I wish it were possible for me to be present, but I cannot."

Finally, when Garfield and Dorsey parted company on March 5, 1881, with expressions of mutual esteem, the President was not less well-informed on the subject of Dorsey's connection with the Star Route business than he was a few weeks later when he announced his heroic resolve to probe the ulcer to the bottom. The parting was on the morning of the day when the names of the new Cabinet were sent to the Senate. The incident has been described by Dorsey himself. He had been advising Garfield not to nominate James and MacVeagh:

"General," I said to him, "is there no way to prevent this mistake—a mistake that I know will wreck you?"

"Steve," he said, and the honest, kindly heart beat, I know, with emotion—"Steve, my mind is made up. I've got to do it. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but I must. I cannot help myself."

There was something in his wearied face that touched me, and I said, putting him on the back: "Go ahead, old man. I know you believe you are right. God bless you and your work."

There is one man living who, in all probability, could go upon the stand and give to the Springer Committee the secret of the Star Route prosecutions. He was a member of Garfield's Cabinet, but he was not Postmaster General nor Attorney General. Nor is he likely to present himself before the committee in order to communicate the information which he possesses.—New York Sun.

GOOD ENOUGH.

Nine Reasons Why Young Men Should Vote the Democratic Ticket.

1. Because the leaders of the Republican party in the campaign of 1880 were composed of Star Route thieves, and received the money, knowing it to be stolen to buy poor men's votes with.
2. Because every man who has stolen from the United States in the past twenty-five years is a Republican.
3. Because every man who cries down with a solid South is a stay-at-home Republican, and dare not face cannon in the hour of our country's needs, but now cries out "Solid South."
4. Because every man who fights the giving of a disabled soldier a pension is a Republican.
5. Because every man who bought Government bonds when gold was worth \$2.90, and voted ever since not to pay the soldier in the front the full value of his contract, but to pay him in a depreciated currency, is a Republican.
6. Because the man who assassinated President Garfield was a Republican—a "Stalwart of the Stalwarts."
7. Because the man who would destroy the religion of our forefathers by denying there is a God is a leader of g. m. p. and a Republican.
8. Because the men who are supposed to be honorable and whose position is such as to inspire the people that a claim before them would be decided according to law and evidence, and who voted in every contested electoral vote in 1876, no difference what the evidence was, to seat his fraudulency, Hayes, as President, were Republicans.
9. Because every one who votes for protection is a Republican.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Picturesque View of Logan.

It appears that the District of Columbia will send two Logan delegates to the Republican Convention. This is another demonstration of the wrong-headed politics which prevails at the seat of government. Logan's candidacy is absurd, provided the Republicans propose to succeed. In the eastern belt of States, New York included, he would want an affidavit after election to know that he had been running. Outside of Logan's masterly conflicts with Lindley Murray, the Illinois Senator is one of the few surviving Republican politicians who rest their chief prospects of success upon the "machine." All his giant intellectual force is devoted to attacking Fitz-John Porter, one of the most gallant and faithful officers of the Union army, and devising schemes to obtain the soldier vote at the cost to the National Treasury of tens of millions of dollars. Logan can do one thing. So sure as he is a candidate for the Presidency the members of Porter's old corps, still alive, with all their friends, will fight him to the bitter end. And many of these are influential citizens in several States. What sort of a platform could be built upon which to place Logan? Any civil-service reform plank in it would excite universal derision. How does he stand on tariff reductions, and what should the platform say to represent him on that subject? We do know, as before mentioned, how savagely Logan persecutes Porter, and how liberal he is with the public money for pension agents. These would be two taking planks for the purpose of increasing the number of Democratic ballots. Somebody should whisper in the ear of Logan that the people have sufficient regard for State rights to tolerate him as a Senator from Illinois, but when he aspires to be the head of the Nation, with a great N, his really diminutive qualities as a public man make his presumption so ridiculous that it is hard to believe he is not playing upon his friends, or his friends playing upon him.—Boston Transcript.

The Chicago Journal says: "The more free trade we have for all sorts of grain the worse it is for the American farmer." That is to say, the smaller customers a man has and the smaller the demand for his products the more he gets for them. Why, then, all this fuss about the European prohibition of American pork? The American farmer is not the fool this Chicago paper proclaims him.—Detroit Free Press.

BLOODY SHIRT manufacturers are now running on full time. They will soon be able to fill orders by the wholesale.—Omaha Herald.

Sunken Irish Cities.

There are numerous legends of sunken cities scattered throughout Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The dark spirit of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed, and the city reappear once more in all its by-gone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water. With this legend we may compare one told by Burton in his "History of Ireland." In Ulster is a lake 30,000 paces long and 15,000 broad, out of which ariseth the noble northern river called Bann. It is believed by the inhabitants that they were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was a prophecy in every one's mouth that whenever a wall which was therein, and was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water would issue therefrom as would soon overflow the whole adjacent country. It happened that an old beldam coming to fetch water heard her child cry; upon which, running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring, and coming back to do so, the land was so overrun that it was past her help, and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused this pool that remains.—Blackwood's Magazine.

An Eccentric Family.

Twenty years ago there lived in Belgrade a large family, the father of which was a very eccentric individual. There were nineteen children. They lived in a big house, but one room of which was plastered. The head of the family daily dealt out in stated amounts the food required by the family. The wife was an invalid. Many of the children took peculiar eccentric turns. They nearly all had remarkably retentive memories. Several were carried away entirely with reading. One would sit for twenty-four hours at a time, neither eating nor sleeping, pursuing history and sacred writings. Although appearing idiotic he could talk intelligently on almost any subject. Another child was fascinated with literature of the dime novel character. Three of the boys were drowned at once in a lake in Belgrade, while gunning. One of the daughters, a little, puny girl, died, and her father procured a coffin for her of dimensions suitable for a man. One of the girls, now a woman past the prime of life, is in the insane asylum. Not long since, an Augusta lady, who, twenty years ago, was 5 years of age, and lived a neighbor to the above family, visited the asylum. While moving about among the female patients, she was astonished to hear her name spoken by one of the unfortunate. "That is you," said the patient. "I should have known you by your father." Thus, this woman, broken in intellect and shattered in health, recognized the lady whom she had not seen for twenty years, and then only as a 5-year-old girl. But two children of this large family now remain alive.—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Poverty and Fame.

In the last century, some of the most distinguished of English writers were familiar with poor lodgings and scanty fare. Even such masters of the pen as Johnson and Goldsmith had to struggle hard to keep the wolf out of doors.

In our day popular writers are better paid, and some of them have acquired wealth and lived in luxury. Yet not a few of those whose productions delight thousands have been forced to practice a stern economy in order to live free from debt.

Lord Macaulay, during the early part of his famous career in Parliament, when his speeches crowded the House of Commons, and his essays were craved by the *Edinburgh Review*, was so poor that he was compelled to sell the gold prize medals he had taken at Cambridge. He had no income save what was received from his articles in the *Edinburgh*, and a small amount as a college fellow.

But he never whimpered. He would sit all night in Parliament, and walk home in the early morning to his chambers, and make a supper on a cheese which was a present from one of his Wiltshire constituents, and a glass of the audit ale which reminded him that he was still a fellow of Trinity. He had his reward in later life when his publisher presented him with a check for \$100,000, as his percentage on the sale of his history, the largest sum ever received by a single literary man for a single work.—Youth's Companion.

Saw His Way Clear.

An old chap who lived up in Vermont, in the years gone by, was left a piece of land containing about twenty acres, by the death of some relative. It was valued at about \$200, and about the first thing the old man did was to raise \$25 on a mortgage. When this money was gone he put on a second for the same amount, and by-and-by he found a third individual willing to lend him \$15 and take a mortgage. The last of this money had just disappeared when the old man fell and broke his leg. The person who first reached him called out:

"Poor Uncle Billy! What will you do now?"

"Is my leg broke?"

"Certain it is."

"And I'm a cripple?"

"You are."

"Well," said the old man, as a look of resignation came to his face, "I reckon I'd best slap on another mortgage."

There are several railroads in this country which are practicing the Uncle Billy theory.—Wall Street News.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

NEAR Lafayette, Michael Borick, a wealthy farmer, was killed by lightning.

The Martin County Democrat has been launched at Logansport. It is published and edited by C. M. Mears.

NEAR Mt. Vernon, Wm. Oeth, a young man about 21 years old, perhaps fatally shot John Thompson in the abdomen.

There has been a net increase of 100 in the membership of Trinity Church, Lafayette, in the past eighteen months.

PETER MITCHELL was long noted at Charlestown for keeping his expenditures rigidly within fifty cents a day. He has left \$10,000.

HON. W. J. HILLIGASS, of the Huntington Democrat, has arranged to start a Democratic paper at Wabash, to supply the place of the Courier.

JOHN PITROFF and his son Joseph, coal merchants, of Madison, have both disappeared. Creditors, it is said, will lose \$7,000 to \$8,000.

JOSEPH JOHNSON, of Franklin, employed as a section hand on the J. M. & I. Railroad, while on his way to work, on a hand-car, died suddenly of heart disease.

Two Mormon apostles are holding meetings in Scott County, and endeavoring to convert the good citizens to polygamy. Three conversions have already been made, and the converts forwarded to Utah.

EDWARD L. COOPER, who forged the names of three prominent citizens of New Amsterdam, Harrison County, a short time since, has been found guilty and sentenced to two years in the State Prison South.

CLINT McLAUGHLIN, who committed an assault on Mrs. Trout, near Middletown, has been removed from Newcastle to Richmond for safe-keeping. The people of Henry County were much excited and a lynching was feared.

The coal traffic of the Torre Haute and Indianapolis Road, which usually averages seventy-five car-loads into Indianapolis daily, is now averaging ten cars per day. The strike in the Clay County mines is the cause of the light movement.

At a revival at New Haven, Fenton Warren, a young man laboring under great excitement, arose and shouted out, "God has blessed me!" and whipped out a revolver and shot four bullets through the palm of his left hand, which he held up and shot at.

GEORGE DAVIS, of New Albany, killed his stepfather, Oscar Gallagher, by striking him on the head with a bowlder. Gallagher succeeded in making his way to the jail, where he informed the Sheriff of the assault. Davis was arrested, and is now in jail.

A ROCKPOINT girl named Shylcock got married during the high water on the Ohio. It was a tied in her affairs that she seemed to think should be taken at the flood and the bridal party took the ferry for the other shore. After crossing an overflowed field they reached a clump of trees on the river bank, when a sudden squall caught the frail craft in which they journeyed and overturned it. The bride and her companions all succeeded in reaching places of safety in the branches of the trees and were rescued by the neighbors two hours later. But the wet bridal robes were frozen stiff upon the wearers when they were taken from the trees.

CHAUNCEY G. MOORE died at the country residence of Mr. Haughey, near Mapleton, Madison County, in his ninetieth year. He was born in Vermont in 1793, and served in the war of 1812, participating in the noted battle of Plattsburg. His father was a Revolutionary soldier, and his grandfather a member of the Continental Congress. In 1832 he came West and settled in Licking County, Ohio, where he remained until 1854 he came to Indianapolis, where he has since resided. For several years he was engaged in farming and afterward held a clerkship in the office of Assistant of Internal Revenue. He lived a sublime life, and for more than sixty years was a devoted member of the Methodist Church.