

THE GAME OF LIFE.

AN OLD POEM.

This life is but a game of cards,
Which mortals have to learn;
Each shuffle, cut, and deal the pack,
And each a trump doth turn.

Some bring a high card to the top,
And others bring a low;
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand,
And pack their cards with care,
So they may know, when they are dealt,
Where all the leaders are.

Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues,
While rogues each other cheat;
And he is very wise, indeed,
Who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace,
The counting cards to save;
Some play the deuce and some the ten,
But many play the knave.

Some play for money, some for fun,
And some for worldly fame;
But not until the game's played out
Can they count up their gain.

When hearts are trumps we play for love,
And pleasure rules the hour;
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's rosy bower.

We sing, we dance, sweet verses make,
Our cards at random play;
And while our trump remains at top
Our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the top
The players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old.

Intent on winning, each his game
Doth watch with eager eye,
How he may see his neighbors' cards,
And beat them on the sly.

When clubs are trumps look out for war
On ocean and on land;
For bloody horrors always come
When clubs are held in hand.

Last game of all is when the spade,
Is turned by hand of Time;
He always deals the closing game
In every age and clime.

No matter how much each man wins,
Or how much each may save,
The spade will finish up the game,
And dig the player's grave.

THE SURGEON'S COWARDICE.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

It was in a handsome stateroom of the steamer *Tenasserim* that a lovely girl was sitting, with her beautiful eyes of the deepest blue lifted to Capt. Harter's grisly face with a look of indignant sorrow.

She was Harrie Harter, the old Captain's only child, whose lightest wish had ever been a law to her father before; but now, in his daughter's estimation at least, he was not only unjust but unjust.

"The man's a coward," said Capt. Harter. "Why, he looked as pale as a sheet when Jack's limb was set, and his teeth fairly chattered with fear."

"But, papa, it might not have been fear. I'm sure my nerves would never allow me to stand by, even while a broken bone was set, much less set it."

"Why, you little ninny, the man pretends to be a surgeon, and a surgeon should delight in chopping and sawing into human beings just as if they were sausage meat."

"Why, papa! How horrible! For my part, I like Dr. Harrington all the better for being tender-hearted."

"Tender-hearted!" sniffed the old sailor; "I tell you the man is a coward, and you never shall marry him while I live. Why, if he gets into a quarrel or anything, he'll sneak off like a whipped hound. I never will trust my girl with a man who would not dare to defend her if danger should arise," said the old fellow, determinedly.

"But that's because he is a gentleman, father. Do you suppose he wishes to mix in all the low disputes with the sailors?"

"Upon my word, Harrie, you take the part of the young saw-bones finely. Now I can tell you who you are going to marry, and I don't want any more talk about it. You shall marry my first mate, Adams, as soon as we reach New York. He is a brave man, and will take care of you, and him you shall marry."

So saying the Captain hopped upon his feet and left the young lady to her own reflections.

"He'll see whether I will or not," said Harrie to herself, with a spirited toss of her pretty head. And then she looked off over the blue rolling water from the little window of her stateroom until she grew drowsy with the undulating motion, and sank down upon the blue satin divan in a sleep as calm and sweet as an infant's slumber. She made a beautiful picture as she slept, surrounded as she was by all that money could buy to make her home on the blue wave a pleasant one, and by all the beautiful shells and corals and curiosities that Capt. Harter had gathered in a lifetime of sailing on every sea upon the globe.

She had been with her father for the last ten years since she was a child of eight, and she knew almost as much of a ship as the Captain himself, and she was the pet of every man on board, from the egotistic first mate to the boy who blacked the passengers' boots. But Mr. Harrington, the young surgeon of the ship, alone had won her gentle heart, and it was a wonder to her that her father should so dislike the young man, and favor the addresses of his first mate, Mr. Adams, who, although a good sailor, was the most egotistic and sarcastic of men.

She was awakened from her sleep by the voice of Joanna, the young Irish damsel who kept the staterooms of herself and the other ladies in order, who came in saying:

"Shure an' the sailors said to tell Miss Harrie the land was in sight, and Master Harrington told me to ax were you coming up to see the sunset."

Harrie sprang to her feet and smoothed out the folds of her dress of dark, wavy blue blannel, arranged her tumbled hair, and the dainty coral ornaments among the soft white lace at her neck, seized her broaf hat, and followed Joanna to the deck.

There she found a group of ladies and gentlemen chatting pleasantly together, and the young surgeon came forward to meet her, regardless of the angry scowl with which the irate Mr. Adams regarded him.

"We shall be in the harbor of Madras a little after sunset," said he. "What a lovely landscape there is along the shore there."

"Yes, indeed," returned Harrie,

spiritedly. "And Madras itself is full of curiosities to one who has never been there before."

"I have never been in this port before," answered Mr. Harrington. "This is the first voyage I have made as ship's surgeon, you know."

"And will be the last on board the *Tenasserim*, I hope," thought the mate, Adams, who was lingering just within earshot; and then, with a half-concealed smile on his face, he turned and went below.

"I hear the Hindoos have temples very near to the outskirts of Madras," said Mrs. Atherton, a pretty young married lady who was one of the passengers. "How I should like to see one!"

"And you might see something you did not like; such as a boa constrictor or a lion," added her husband.

"Oh, there is no danger," said the Captain. "Harrie has always been wishing to go and see one of them, and I have almost a mind to gratify her with this time, and get up a party and go out."

"How splendidly nice that would be!" said Mrs. Atherton. "Don't forget to invite me, Captain."

Just then there was a loud report, at which everybody started, and Dr. Harrington sprang clear of the deck and his face became deathly white.

"What is the matter, Harrington? You look as if you were scared," said Mr. Adams, with a covert sneer, as he picked up the remains of a cartridge which had been thrown at Harrington's feet.

"What was that?" asked the Captain.

"Only a cartridge which I dropped," answered Adams.

"You must look out, Harrington, or people will think your nerves are out of order," said the old Captain, bluntly.

"I am a very nervous man," returned the surgeon, coloring deeply.

"I wouldn't own it," laughed the sarcastic voice of the mate. "We want only brave men on board ship."

"Nerves have nothing to do with bravery," said the surgeon, regarding the mate with a steady look.

Adams made no reply, for he saw the angry look in Harrie's blue eyes, and thought he had gone far enough; but he did not know that Harrie had watched him ever since he returned to the deck, and saw him throw the lighted cartridge at Dr. Harrington's feet, and knew that he did it with a purpose.

The ladies resumed their conversation about the excursion, and the captain agreed that if he could not go some of the others might, and Harrie waited until the sun had sunk behind the hills of Hindostan, and then she bade Jay Harrington good-night and returned to her stateroom.

Joanna removed the pretty coral ornaments from her mistress' neck and ears, and helped her into a dainty tuckered and embroidered wrapper and was combing out all Harrie's cloud of golden hair, when she burst out with, "My Jack tells me that docther is the devil's own coward."

"Why—for what reason?" asked Harrie, crimsoning.

"Bedad, an' he says the min are all the time playing tricks on him, and thyrin' to make him jump, as he did to-night upon deck."

"But that is no sign he is a coward," "Shure an' what sign is it, then?" asked the girl.

Harrie made no reply, for she felt she could not do the subject justice; but the conversation led her into a very unpleasant train of thought, and with the perversity of women she thought that she would marry him if he was the most arrogant coward upon the earth. Then she wished he was not so nervous—or something.

In the morning the good ship *Tenasserim* was at anchor among acres of great ships and smaller craft of every description, in the harbor of Madras, and the lady passengers were in a fever of expectation about the excursion, which was to take place in two or three days, after the unloading was finished, so that the Captain could spare some of the men to accompany them. The ladies employed themselves in shopping in the interval, and Harrie found both Dr. Harrington and Mr. Adams ready to act as her escort on any occasion, and it caused her not a little maneuvering to prevent collisions between the two gentlemen, and to avoid the irate Mr. Adams, who was horribly jealous of the handsome surgeon.

Harrie was obliged to listen to many reports of the surgeon's cowardice from her handmaid Joanna, whom she was almost certain was in the pay of Mr. Adams or her father, she did not know which; for the oldest people sometimes have the worst prejudices, and Capt. Harter often spoke out in the bluntest manner to his daughter upon the subject.

"Why, blast my eyes, the man is a coward. What any girl can want of such a milkop as that passes my comprehension entirely."

The sight would have been a novel one to our eyes could we have but seen the little party of excursionists that set out one pleasant morning over the hills and through the jungles of modern Hindostan, bound for the temple of Boodha, which was said to be about five miles from the outskirts of Madras.

The ladies were seated each in her palanquin, with her four native bearers, while beside her rode her attendant cavalier, mounted upon the strangely accoutered horse of the country. In Harrie's case the cavaliers were two, namely, Dr. Harrington and Mr. Adams.

"Adams, I want you to take care of my girl," said Capt. Harter, as the cavalcade started. But Dr. Harrington kept his place by his right of permission from the lady, and so it happened that there was a rider on each side of Harrie's palanquin.

The sights upon the outskirts of the city to foreign eyes were very interesting, but ere long they were traversing a more uninhabited country, where on each side of the pathway were large cinnamon gardens of the wealthy Hindoos, while tall palms and cocoanut trees bent their graceful branches above their heads. But at length they came to a place where all civilization seemed to cease, and they were in a thickly wooded country, with patches of thick jungle in every direction.

"Now look out for a white elephant," called out Harrie, merrily.

"If we can find one, our fortune is made," answered Mrs. Atherton, in the same voice. "The showmen are offering hundreds of thousands for a specimen."

But it was all so wild and new that the spirit of jest did not rule to any great extent, for every one was engaged in admiring the strangely beautiful plants and shrubs of this strange land, and gazing with wonder upon the exuberant vines that seemed to bind together clumps of bushes, of acres in extent. The path had grown very narrow through these bits of jungle when the bearers came to a steep hill, and there they stopped and dismounted.

"We shall walk the rest of the way," announced Mr. Adams, offering his hand to assist Harrie to dismount, but she was a little piqued at his attentions, offered, as they were, in the face of her accepted cavalier, and she quietly overlooked the outstretched hand, saying, "May I have the assistance of your strong arm, Doctor, in climbing this precipitous hill?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered the delighted Harrington, with a smile on his lips; but the angry Adams walked resolutely on the other side of the young lady.

"Mr. Adams has the tenacity of the 'Old Man of the Sea,'" said the amused Mrs. Atherton in a whisper to Harrie.

"Yes, but I may find means to dislodge him," returned Harrie, smiling in return.

When the top of the eminence was reached, the whole party paused and gazed around them at the beautiful scenery which met their gaze. The conical hills, the high and abrupt mountains, and the deep, dark valleys covered with the heaviest forests, and thick jungles almost impenetrable to the rays of the sun, made up a scene of great curiosity to American eyes. The guide informed them that these forests were inhabited by elephants, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and monkeys, besides, many venomous serpents were to be found everywhere.

This last assertion made little Mrs. Atherton shiver as she held up her white hand, saying, "No more, please; I declare, I am afraid to go back now!"

The sable guide showed his white teeth, and at a word from Mr. Adams proceeded on the way.

They found the temple situated on the south side of the eminence, in the midst of cocoanut trees. An old man went before them with a torch, and all were obliged to assume attitudes of reverence when they approached the hideous figure of Boodha. As he sat upon his pedestal he must have been eight feet in height, and was painted in many grotesque colors, and ornamented with almost priceless diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, which were about his neck and arms. Upon either side was a smaller statue, the one of Vishnu and the other of Siva, while upon every side were paintings of different gods, and at the doors were images of two giants and of two lions placed as guards.

The party lingered about the place viewing the curious structure from the outside, and the attractive scenery, until the guide approached Mr. Adams, saying:

"The sun hangs low in the heavens."

And then came the scramble down the steep hillside, and every one got into the conveyances, and the bearers began to retrace their steps. Mr. Adams still kept close by Harrie's side, and Dr. Harrington never left her, and despite the laughing glances of the rest of the party, started home in the manner they came.

"Do you suppose I am going to trust her to the care of that cowardly surgeon?" asked Mr. Adams, of one of the laughing gentlemen.

"But what if she likes his company best?" persisted the gentleman.

"You heard what her father said," was the reply of the angry sailor, and then he bore the amused looks of the company with a determined look laughable to behold.

They had lingered longer than they had thought, and the twilight was approaching before they had got out of the wooded country, and the half-frightened looks of the ladies made the gentlemen look to their fire-arms, which every man carried.

Dr. Harrington's face was very pale. "I guess the Doctor is scared," said Adams in a low voice, bending low toward Harrie as she sat in the open palanquin.

Harrie had been very indignant at Mr. Adams' actions during the day, and she would have given him a very angry answer had not the native bearers stopped at this moment, saying that a strap was broken by which the palanquin swung, and it would cause but a moment's delay to mend it.

Mr. Adams scowled fiercely at the Doctor as they sat waiting, but he kept his eyes fixed upon the moving cavalcade before him.

The rest of the company were a half mile in advance when they again started, and the shadows were beginning to fall around them. The bearers made an attempt to catch up with the others, and rushed along at a rapid rate; but they were obliged to go slower when going through the jungles, and they were about twenty rods behind the others when they heard a low growl, and a half-grown leopard sprang from one of the waving palms and alighted upon the pretty canopy over Harrie's head. The cowardly bearers instantly dropped the palanquin and started by the shortest path for the not far distant Madras, and the startled Mr. Adams, after seeing what the situation really was, put whip to his horse and was soon among the others of the company, shouting:

"The tiger, the tiger has devoured Miss Harrie, and killed that cursed surgeon."

"For heaven's sake," said the gentlemen, "we must go back at once."

"No! no! for God's sake keep away from there or he'll kill every one of you! To the ship! to the ship!" and the excited mate never again looked behind him until safe on board the *Tenasserim*.

Several of the men turned and hurried back to the little jungle, where they found Harrie still in her palanquin, laughing, with the white-faced surgeon by her side with revolver in

hand, while near by was a beautiful picture—a young Hindoo girl with her pet leopard, led by a silken cord, with the last faint light of day falling over her. The explanation was very simple: The Hindoo girl had been watching the strangers, with her tame leopard near her, and the beautiful animal had sprang upon the palanquin, perhaps mistaking Harrie for his gentle mistress, and, just as the Doctor had been about to send a bullet into his graceful side, the young girl had sprang forward and saved the life of her pet.

When they reached the *Tenasserim*, under the pale white light of the moon, they found a great commotion caused by Mr. Adams' excited story, and poor Capt. Harter was indulging his grief to the full, when the little boat came alongside, and Harrie and the surgeon came on board.

"Harrie, my girl, I thought the tiger had killed you. How did you escape?"

Mrs. Atherton told the whole story, including a graphic account of Mr. Adams' excitement.

"So you ran, did you?" asked the blunt old Captain. "I rather think you must be the coward, after all."

"Lying devil," said Joanna, carried away by the turn of the tide. "Faith, an' if it wasn't for him nobody'd said a word agin the Docther at all at all, an' nary cent will I take for my part of the bizness."

It was six months before Harrie became Mrs. Harrington, but during all this time Mr. Adams could not again accuse the Doctor of cowardice.

Benedict Arnold and John Andre.

The story of Arnold's treason and of the part played by Andre is too well known to need recital here. It will be remembered that Andre was tried by a numerous and very able board of officers Sept. 29, 1780, who made the unanimous report that Maj. Andre, Adjutant General of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and suffer death. The sentence was approved by Washington, and ordered to be carried into effect the next day. Sir Henry Clinton had already in a note to Washington asked Andre's release, as one who had been protected by a flag of truce and passports granted for his return. Washington replied by inclosing to the British commander-in-chief the report of the board of inquiry, and observed, "that Maj. Andre was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize." Bancroft then narrates as follows the events immediately subsequent: "At the request of Clinton, who promised to present 'a true state of facts,' the execution was delayed till the 2d day of October, and Gen. Robertson, attended by two civilians, came up the river for a conference. The civilians were not allowed to land, but Greene was deputed to meet the officer. Instead of presenting facts, Robertson, after compliments to the character of Greene, announced that he had come to treat with him. Greene answered: 'The case of an acknowledged spy admits of no official discussion.' Robertson then proposed to free Andre by an exchange. Greene answered: 'If Andre is set free, Arnold must be given up; for the liberation of Andre could not be asked for except in exchange for one who was equally implicated in the plot.' Robertson then forgot himself so far as to deliver an open letter from Arnold to Washington, in which, in the event Arnold should suffer the penalty of death, he used these threats: 'I shall think myself bound by every tie of duty and honor to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power. Forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives; Sir Henry Clinton cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer if Maj. Andre suffers.'—*Inter Ocean*.

In a Japanese Hotel.

At daybreak I was awakened by an unmistakable British voice crying aloud for a towel. Looking out at the courtyard I saw a gentleman whom we had passed on the road standing bare-throated and dripping wet by a bucket of water, in which he had been washing. He had only at this critical moment discovered that the Japanese do not regard the towel as an absolutely necessary appendage to a toilet set. "Towel!" roared the wet and angry Briton to the trembling Japanese who stood there ready and willing to go anywhere and do anything, if he only knew what. "Heich?" the Japanese said, aimlessly hovering about. "Towel! towel!" the Briton roared, trying all possible forms of accentuation in the hope that one might strike a chord of intelligence in the mind of this ineffably stupid man. The Japanese evidently began to think that whatever might be wanted, it would be safer for him to go and look for it inside, and not be in a hurry coming back. "Towel!" the Englishman roared again. "Heich!" said the Japanese, and ran nimbly into the house. But he did not come back again, and the Englishman, after stamping around, disappeared in his own room, partially dried in the wind. I learned from him later that he had had a good deal of trouble from the unpardonable and unaccountable ignorance of the English language among the Japanese in the interior. He had walked for fifty miles through glorious scenery, heading for Nikko—the only word he could pronounce in the Japanese tongue was Nikko—and by dint of repeating this he got along moderately well. His chief difficulty was the matter of food. He lived chiefly on rice and tea, and had arrived at the tea-house on the previous night half famished. I fancy that in the best of circumstances he was naturally of an irascible temperament. But after living on rice and tea for two days to reach Nikko and find no towel after he had trustfully washed himself was, he admitted, more than he could bear without protest.—*London News*.

The wife of a boarder at one of our hotels belted her husband over the head with a wash-bowl the other day. When his friends ask him what ails his head, he mutters, "Inflammatory roommate-ism," and adroitly guides the conversation into another channel.

HUMOR.

DUDES are injured by education.
Does false pride go before false hair?
A MAN may not be ate, but he can be drunk.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

It is said that the Prince of Wales would like to be an editor. What kind of a man is he, any way? Isn't he in debt enough already?—*Texas Siftings*.

It is claimed that Ireland has not had enough to eat in seven hundred years. The Irish people must certainly be country newspaper editors.—*Paris Beacon*.

A FIERY, untamed poet, singing of a milkmaid, says:
The lilacs blow to left, to right,
She sets her milk-pail down—
She pulls her one, all wet and white,
And puts it in her gown.
A SECRET.
A secret's a thing a woman can't keep;
You read this on page after page;
But tell me, kind friend, did you ever know this—
A woman to give 'way her own age?—
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

PARIS papers announce the arrival of a dude in that city. That is, they say a young man, whose head both in shape and color resembles that of a calf, has just arrived there.—*Norristown Herald*.

TEACHER—"Now boys, can you tell me how Jonah was punished for his disobedience?" Small Boy—"Just like I was yesterday." Teacher—"How was that?" Small Boy—"Please, ma'am, I was whaled."—*New York Journal*.

THERE are 193,000 physicians in this country, and about 1,356,000 persons die every year. This shows that the average doctor only kills about seven persons a year, though some of them kill as many as 279 persons without being overworked. Run for the doctor, and take your medicine now!—*Neuman Independent*.

As an evidence of the healthfulness of mountain climate the people of Denver point to a man who came there in '77 without flesh enough to bait a trap, and now he puts sleeves in an ordinary feather-bed and pulls it on over his head for a shirt. People in poor health who wish to communicate with the writer in relation to the facts above stated, are requested to inclose two unlicked postage stamps to insure a reply.—*Bill Nye*.

JUST TALL ENOUGH.
She took my coat—I'm rather tall,
And she is not so very;
The steps led upward from the hall;
She stood, the little fairy,
Just balanced on the second stair,
My great coat's burden holding;
And then her hands—the kindest pair—
The co-lar down were folding.
There never was an eye so clear,
Nor lips so red in moving,
"Just tall enough, now, ain't I, dear?"
—*See how I've grown from loving!*
Just tall enough! From eye to eye
Ran horizontal light.
"Just tall enough to—let me try?"
—*Yes, tall enough—Good night!*

TWO YOUNG women were talking a few days since, one of whom was married last fall, and the other was going to be married this summer. "One thing I would do, if I was in your place, before the engagement went any further," said the married one, "and that is to find out if your intended keeps a shot gun and likes to go shooting."

"What has that got to do with it?" asked the girl. "Well, don't marry a man that keeps dogs and guns, that is all, or you will never know where anything is. My husband is real good, but if he wants to clean his shotgun he will go right into my bureau and take the first white clothes he finds. He tore off one leg of one of my under-vests to clean his gun, and the black powder spoiled it, and only the other day I found one of my silk stockings tied around the neck of his setter dog, because the dog had a sore throat, and I wouldn't be surprised any day to see my husband strap my bustle or hoop skirt on for a game bag and go off shooting. O, it is awful. He breaks his pups to retrieve with my slippers, and he used my hat with feathers on out on the lawn, to learn a pup to come to a point. I don't want to marry any more hunters." The poor girl who was going to be married has about concluded that there are too many chances in matrimony.—*Peck's Sun*.

Vanderbilt and His Locomotives.
But to my story. When the new President, William H., first took hold of affairs, he ran up and down the road very frequently to get the hang of the thing. He always hankered for fast pulls. The engine named after himself was usually assigned to his special trains. She would make the distance from Albany to Syracuse in three hours or a few minutes better. But once or twice it so happened that some other locomotive fell to the task, and then it was shown that the William H. Vanderbilt was not so much of a runner any way. Better time was made by No. 110 and by the Major Priest. So the first thing the engineers knew was an order to have all the engines repainted. I guess I knew of the determination of the President sooner than any one, for he was a pretty mad man one day when I took his special; we made the distance in time that laid his machine in the shade. So one by one the name of Erastus Corning, Conrad Shuemaker, H. Chittenden, J. Tillinghast, and the rest were obliterated, the locomotives coming out of the shops painted that peculiar brown called "Black Crook." At last even the name of William H. Vanderbilt was rubbed off by the painters. It was the last to go. At the same time the brass work was also painted over—a godsend to the firemen who had to scour it, but a blow at the pride of the engineers. I don't believe the enthusiasm exists now among railroad men which used to bind us together in the old days. The duplex has not been the only innovation. In those days you would never catch one conductor playing the spy on another. Railroaders, to my thinking, has lost its respectability.—*Old Engineer, in Albany Journal*.

STATISTICS are being collected in France for the purpose of making an estimate as to whether the population will be increased over that of the present at the close of the century. Thus far the figures tend to show there will be a decrease. There are not more than two children in a family on an average. The rate of increase in the population has been constantly declining since the beginning of the nineteenth century.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

LOGANSPORT citizens object to El River trains plowing through their city at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

THE Commissioners of Delaware County have contracted for a new court house. It will cost about \$200,000.

THE life-saving crew of Madison saved Daniel Phillips, an old man of Shipshewer, whose boat upset in the Ohio, from death by drowning.

MR. CHARLES LETSINGER, a Rushville blacksmith, let a harrow fall on his foot, the tooth passing entirely through his foot and pinning him to the floor.

THE enumeration just completed shows the number of persons in Connorsville between the ages of 6 and 21 to be 1,220, indicating a total population of 5,000.

In order to expedite the pension business, Col. Dudley is sending out additional special examiners. Indiana's share is eight, and they have commenced operations.

STELLA WILLIAMS, an abandoned woman of Henderson, Ky., kidnapped her child, a boy who had been in his father's charge at Evansville, and escaped with him across the river.

THE druggists of Fort Wayne have organized an association for the purpose of upholding prices on patent medicines and prescriptions. W. H. Dreier has been elected President.

In 1856, Michael Craver, of Kokomo, took an oath never to shave until John C. Fremont was elected President. Mr. Craver has kept his oath and has an abundance of hair.

NEW ALBANY leads any city of its population in the number of its secret and other benevolent associations. There are in the city fifty-two such organizations, every one of which has a large membership.

A SUIT for \$15,000 against the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad has been brought in a Lafayette court by Miss Maggie F. Falvey, who claims to have been "permanently injured" in a collision which occurred near there last November.

MRS. NANCY BROWN, a widow, of Edinburg, took a large dose of solution of arsenic, and died a few hours later. It was prescribed by a physician for the bites. Being unable to read the directions, she took an overdose.

FARMERS of Knox County, which ranks high in the production of wheat, threaten to quit growing that cereal, on the ground that direct and indirect taxes are so great that it cannot be made to pay, and that farming has ceased to be remunerative except in rare instances.

THOMAS CLUNE, while down in an old well in Jeffersonville, came near losing his life while at work twenty feet below the surface. The sides of the well caved in, covering Clune up to his waist. His cries fortunately were heard, and he was released, though half dead.

JAMES M. REYNOLDS, of Lafayette, has purchased fifty Hereford heifers from Robert Sample, the great cattle king, and shipped them to his ranch in the Indian Territory. Dr. W. H. Armstrong purchased from the same party a bull and two Hereford cows for \$1,500. He also purchased two Hereford cows and a calf at Indianapolis, for \$1,000.

NEAR the Village of Marshfield, while John Wilson was burning brush in a field on his farm his wife ventured too near the burning brush and her clothes caught fire. Like a flash of powder it enveloped her in a blaze, almost literally burning her to a crisp. Her husband came nobly to the rescue. His hands were almost burned off by the fierce flames, and he is suffering terribly.

WILLIAM THOMAS, a flashily attired colored man, came to Jeffersonville from Louisville, and applied for a license to marry Alice Marsh, of the same city. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the woman was white. As the laws of this State do not permit of the intermarriage of the white and black races, the Clerk could not issue the license. Thomas says the woman is perfectly willing to marry him, and he loves her.

HORACE S. CASE, of White County, has sued Watson F. Blair, surviving partner of the commission firm of Blair & Blair, Chicago, in the United States Court to recover \$28,000. He alleges that he trusted large sums of money to their hands at different times to make deals in wheat, lard, etc., and that he lost through the firm's alleged failure to fulfill its agreements and obey his injunctions.

PETER SMITH, who has been an inmate of the Knox County Poor House for seven years, and who was bounced from that institution the other day, refused to leave, and, drawing a knife, was about to attack the Superintendent. He was afterward arrested and lodged in jail. Smith is able-bodied, but has an aversion to work, and previous superintendents have been afraid to discharge him. He is suspected of burning the Poor House three years ago.

CORYDON Republican: Several months ago a man, representing himself as from New York, came into Scott Township, this county, and began prospecting. On the farm of Joseph Lynch he discovered a vein of silver ore. The ore proved to be valuable, and would yield about \$40 to the ton. A few weeks ago the man returned and leased the land of Mr. Lynch and agreed to give him one-third of the profits realized. He will soon begin working the mine. The lands of several other parties in that vicinity have been leased, and the silver excitement is raging.

At 1 o'clock in the morning, at Montpelier, thirty-eight miles south of Fort Wayne, on the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville Railway, occurred the fatal shooting of Joseph Streets, a young farmer who was on his road home from town. A crowd gave an exhibition in the town the night before, at the close of which a noisy crowd gathered in the saloons. Streets beat off several antagonists, who afterward met him on his way home, but they fired a volley from pistols. A bullet struck him under the arm, and he fell to the ground.

WALTER WILLIAMS, cowhided at New Albany a few days ago by David W. Carpenter, who charged him with making remarks derogatory to the character of his daughter, has brought suit against Carpenter for damages in \$5,000.

CAPT. ED HOWARD, of Jeffersonville, has contracted to build a boat for a New Orleans firm. It is to be 235 feet long, 45 feet beam, and 8 feet in the hold, with 5,000 cotton bales capacity.

WHEAT in Miami County is looking exceedingly well, and the farmers are pleased.