

HUMILITY.

BY D.

In fairest lands along the Tiber's shore
The silence deepens with advancing night;
Pale shadows dip and fill the place with awe;
And now a loopy-hole in the firmament
Reveals the crescent moon in heaven's arch.
The ceaseless play of waters on the strand
Attunes its music to the fitful winds;
That, in molten numbers low and sweet,
Repeat a nightly vesper to the earth.
A youth alone, disquiet and oppressed,
Walking with feet pale along the sands,
Is filled with visions of the silent past.
He sees the tiny eddies at his feet
In future efforts dip, and plunge, and climb
Along the margin of the stream, as if
Impelled with human sense and will
To gain the near yet distant banks beyond;
But soon, with sudden, unobserved way,
Receding waters sporting with the wave
Exulting bear it backward to the rushing tide,
And on, and on, and on to meet the sea.
How dost thou mock the course of mortal hope,
That haply for a time is left to play
Along the river's brink—perchance to steal
The fragrant breath of some sweet, fragile
Flower.
Till wildly seized and straightway borne upon
The headlong tide, and lost forever in
The boundless sea!
Thus mused the youth in counsel with his soul.
"Ambition is the whirl-pool of unrest.
The sacred flames of honor, and of fame,
Are oft-times quenched ere yet they fairly
burned.
Renown is but the bubble of an hour,
That, ere it resolves to air before the clasp,
And love itself inconstant and unkind,
And sympathy a phantom of the mind.
Alas! should man be summoned to fulfill
A law like this? Surely, one tiny drop
From out the sea can never change its depth!"
And the waters softly ceased a refrain,
But to praise the wisdom of the thought.
More soothing far is now their gentle flow;
And cooling to his burning heart and brain—
And they are very near.
O, sweet is life 'ere in the hour when man
Would spurn it most; and sweet the message
from
The better world inclining hearts that break,
And souls that mourn to try the older, safer
Way which, though it lead through toil and
pain,
Is ever surer means of bliss than that
Too oft devised by man.
As dawn is never distant from the night,
So faith is ever in advance of scorn.
Now flow the waters gently as before,
Now sigh the fragrant winds, and musical
The sound of pebbles on the lonely shore;
But the human form receding slow his steps
Along the silent strand bears naught of this;
Hears naught of nature's teaching heard before.
O, tiny potent watchman of the soul!
Whether thou be, of faith, or hope, or trust,
Or likeness of the Great Unknown, implanted
In the human breast, be thou with me
Till tides and billows of this turbulent sea
Bear one burden safely to eternity!

TINSEL AND GOLD.

BY SARA B. ROSE.

The wide, large kitchen of the Brevoort farmhouse was adorned with a profusion of pink-tinted apple blossoms, pearly cherry blossoms, and the bright pink flowers of the peach, while a large blue pitcher stood on the mantel filled with rose-scented peonies, yellow daffodils, and all the garden flowers of that loveliest of all seasons, perfect May.
Myrtle Brevoort had been busy for more than an hour at the work of adornment, and now that she had finished and the 5 o'clock supper was being discussed, every one must have a word to say about the handiwork of the 16-year-old maiden.
"There is a bushel of my Genesee Flower apples, the same amount of cherries, and at least a crate of Early York peaches sacrificed to the caprices of this wasteful dandy," said Farmer Brevoort, stroking fondly the golden curls of his much-loved only daughter.
"Harley Martine is expected, I guess," laughed the 13-year-old son of the house. "Mert is always prinked up when he is coming."
Myrtle colored slightly and glanced slyly across the table, where sat a young exquisite from Lockhart, the young city near. He was her aunt's stepson, Alvin Audly, and, although almost affianced to Harley Martine, she wished to see how Tommy's words affected him.
They did not seem to move him so much as they did her Aunt Augusta, who sat next him. She smiled a little superciliously, and said, half scornfully:
"So Myrtle is about to take up with a farmer. I had higher aims for her."
"I only hope she may do as well as to take up with Harley Martine," replied Mr. Brevoort, bluntly. "There is not a finer young man in the State."
"And there is nothing in the world between them the warrant such silly jests as yours, Tommy," said Mrs. Brevoort, sharply, to her hopeful son, for she secretly sympathized with what she believed her sister's higher aims for her daughter.
The kind farmer smiled at his ruffled spouse, and then said, laughing:
"There, there, Sarah, don't look so vexed, Harley will not trouble you. He started for New York this morning, upon some business for his father, and will not be back in some time."
Myrtle looked up quickly. She felt a little guilty, for she had allowed herself to be a little dazzled by the glitter and tinsel of her stylish aunt and her dainty cousin.
Mr. Brevoort noticed his daughter's glance, and said, in answer to the question in her eyes:
"He stopped at the field where I was working and told me about it, and he also sent his respects to Mrs. and Miss Brevoort."
"Ah," replied Mrs. Brevoort, but her daughter turned whiter than the dress she wore.
Myrtle did not imagine how deeply Harley Martine had been hurt by the change in his little sweetheart since the advent of the stylish Alvin Audly; while she thought he could not care much for her, since he could leave the neighborhood without even bidding her "good-by."
A mist dimmed the deep, blue eyes for a few minutes, and then she turned a more attentive ear to the blandishments of her aunt and the attentions of the carefully attired Alvin.
Harley Martine little thought what that little act of omission was to cost him, or the fearful sorrow he might have spared sweet, confiding little Myrtle by remaining by her side.
When they returned to the parlor Myrtle sat down on a low stool at her aunt's feet, and listened, as she told her of the grandeur of her home in the city, where Myrtle had never been, until her childish brain was almost fascinated by the tale.
"Sarah, why may not Myrtle accompany us home? We should really love to have her, and I assure you Alvin would do everything to make her visit pleasant, for he thinks the world of her."
Mrs. Brevoort, to whom the words were addressed, did not reply for a moment, but then she said:
"It would please me much to have

her go, for it is hardly the place for a young lady here; but I do not know what her father would say, and, besides, her wardrobe would need replenishing."
"What of that?" exclaimed Mrs. Audly. "Town is the place to purchase new frocks, and it would but be pastime for me to go shopping for her."
"I know," replied her sister. "But I will have to see what Mr. Brevoort says; and surely you are not thinking of drawing your visit to a close?"
"I do not know; it will be altogether as Alvin decides. He may wish to return any day."
"I will speak to Mr. Brevoort this evening, then, Augusta."
"That is a sensible woman," ejaculated Mrs. Audly. "You can not wish your modest and lovely Myrtle to marry a common farmer."
Sarah Brevoort knew exactly what was in her sister's mind, and she herself would not object to an alliance for her daughter with one so seemingly influential and rich as Alvin Audly.
But Farmer Brevoort was of a different stamp, and had frequently expressed a very unfavorable opinion of Alvin Audly, which, however, Mrs. Brevoort carefully kept to herself; and, if the truth must be told, he had a much truer insight into the character of his visitors than did his wife, although a sister of the wealthy Mrs. Audly.
Did you ever meet a person who, if he became possessed of a thing, believed that article instantly doubled in value? Did you ever know a woman who, if she had a 6-cent calico wash dress, would always speak of it as her "navy-blue suit"? If you ever did, then you have witnessed one of the most innocent traits of Augusta Audly's character.
And it never entered into the simple head of Sarah Brevoort that there might be an object hidden somewhere under all this sweetness.
Myrtle and her mother had to plead a long time before Mr. Brevoort would give his consent to a visit to the city; but, unfortunately, he did give it, and Myrtle went to spend some months in the city of Lockhart with her aunt.
Her aunt also had the privilege of making any additions to Myrtle's wardrobe she thought necessary, and Mr. Brevoort was to foot the bills.
It must be confessed Myrtle did not find everything quite as she had fancied it. Her aunt's elegant house upon the avenue turned into a parlor and two bedrooms in a boarding-house.
"We rented our house, you know, dear; for when we went down to your place we intended to stay the summer," Mrs. Audly did not add that the reason for her change of plan was owing to Mr. Brevoort's sharp eye, which he feared would spy out and frustrate her designs were they could be accomplished.
Myrtle, however, did not question her aunt's sincerity, and entered with all the zest of girlhood into the flutter of dressmaking which Mrs. Audly inaugurated.
"I believe I shall make your dresses myself," she said. "I used to cut and fit when I was a girl."
Myrtle made no reply, and from thin and glossy satins, and rusty cotton velvets, with the cheapest of cheap lace, sprang dresses which Mrs. Audly described on the bill to be sent to Mr. Brevoort:
To one velvet dress trimmed with point lace.....\$150.00
To one wine-colored satin and lace.....100.00
And so on throughout the lengthy bill until the sum total would have horrified unsophisticated Myrtle, had her eyes rested upon that document. But it did not, and she simple soul thought how kind it was of her aunt to get her such high-named dresses so cheaply, and to make them herself so that her father might be spared the cost.
In the meanwhile Alvin pressed his suit with vigor, and thinking that Harley had left her forever she gave at last a reluctant consent, provided her parents were willing.
To be sure, she could not quite convince herself that she loved Alvin, but her aunt told her that was an exploded notion, and pictured to her in brilliant colors the life she would lead when she was mistress of the mansion upon the avenue.
Frequent walks were made past this brown stone palace, with Alvin by her side, and at length, when her new frocks were all completed, her aunt proposed an immediate marriage.
Myrtle started back in dismay, saying:
"Oh, no, Aunt Augusta; papa would never forgive me."
"What a child you are," laughed Mrs. Audly. "Of course he would forgive you, and it would be such a romantic surprise for them, you could take them in on your wedding trip; how pleased they would be."
Myrtle had not thought of it in that light, and her aunt continued her flowery description until she gave a reluctant consent, all the while thinking how she would like to see her father, and tell him of her happiness.
"What an elegant bridal dress your white tulle will make, and you must have some orange blossoms for your hair."
The white tulle was only the coarsest of tarlatan and the soiled orange blossoms came from an old bonnet of Mrs. Audly's. Nevertheless they were put on the bill at \$5; but what mattered it as long as the happy bride knew nothing of all that?
And so Farmer Brevoort's little sunshine, as he so fondly called her, was privately married one morning, and set off with a feeling of uneasiness upon her bridal trip to her father's house.
As it happened, Mr. Brevoort was away when they arrived, but the mother took it much as her sister had prophesied, and with a feeling of relief Myrtle whispered:
"I'm afraid papa will be angry."
"Oh, no, he will not," returned the proud mother. "I never saw him angry but once in my life."
But fate willed it that she was to see him angry the second time. Mr. Brevoort drove around to the Postoffice on his way home, and there received a letter from his affectionate sister-in-law, which informed him that she had prepared Myrtle's bridal trousseau at the least possible expense consistent with Alvin's position in society, together with the to him exorbitant bill of \$1,000.

The result of this masterly stroke of Mrs. Audly's was that, after immediately sending her a check, the farmer drove home in a white heat of anger.
The first person he met was his promising son-in-law, idling upon the piazza, and Mr. Brevoort strode up to him with lightning flashing from his eyes.
"Is it true, you infernal hound, that you have married my daughter?"
Alvin stammered out something, but the enraged father waited for no lengthy reply.
"Take your wife and baggage, sir, and begone from my house in ten minutes, or I will thrash the ground with your cowardly carcass."
Alvin turned as white as a sheet, but he made no reply, and Mr. Brevoort walked into the parlor where sat his trembling daughter, who had heard all that had been said. He picked her up in his arms as if she had been a child, and the strong man wept aloud.
"My precious sunshine," he sobbed, "How could you be married without your father's consent? But I will say no more. I was more to blame than yourself; but I never, never dreamed of this."
And then thoughts of Mrs. Audly's course came to his mind, and he burst out again.
"Myrtle," said he, "you always have a home in your father's house, but I will never have the son of that woman under my roof, and you must now decide whether you will stay with me or go with him."
He put her into the chair once more, and, through her tears, Myrtle at last gasped out:
"I will go with my husband."
At this moment Mrs. Brevoort and Alvin appeared at the door.
"Well, are you going, or will you stay?" asked Alvin, who was all prepared to depart.
"Spoken like the villain I believe you to be," said Mr. Brevoort. "Myrtle, my child, when that man deserts you, come home to your father."
There was another scene when they returned to Mrs. Audly.
"What! turned you into the street and never gave you a single cent?" she screamed. "That little idiot will not live upon me."
"That's what I thought," said Alvin, turning half-angrily upon Myrtle. "You had better have stayed at home than to have come back here."
"She shan't stay here," shrieked Mrs. Audly, vehemently.
"Where will she stay, then? I haven't got a cent, and you coaxed me into this scrape. I never wanted to marry her."
Myrtle sank down upon the floor at these cruel words, sobbing wildly.
"Oh, father and mother, if I had never left you!"
And then she sank into a deep unconsciousness.
When she awakened, Mrs. Audly sat by the bedside, and spoke a little more decently to poor Myrtle, who was half stunned.
"Your father will probably relent after a time, and I can get you a place to work until he sends for you to come home."
"But I thought Alvin owned that magnificent place on the avenue, and was so very wealthy."
"You must not believe everything you hear. Why, that is Gov. Munroe's house."
Myrtle spoke no more; but as the shades of night fell over the city on this, her bridal day, Alvin rushed in, saying, "A lot of us fellows are going down the river in the tug; don't look for me before morning."
But he came before morning, brought home, four men carrying him, cold in death. It seems that he had been drinking heavily, and in some manner had fallen overboard, and when he was taken from the water he was dead.
Mr. Brevoort came at his widowed daughter's summons, and he took her back to her old home as soon as decency would permit.
The shock had been a terrible one, and it was a long time before she rallied; but youth was upon her side, and at length she was as blithe as merry as before.
Three years later she was again a bride, this time with the full consent of her parents. Harley Martine was the bridegroom, and Myrtle had learned to distinguish between tinsel and gold.

Prevention of Pneumonia.

Oxygen is the agent by which food is fitted to repair the waste of the system, and is equally the agent whereby the effete matter is fitted to be removed by the lungs and kidneys. This agent, so doubly essential to life and health, is taken up by the lungs from the in-breathed air. The amount necessary is about equal to the amount of food.
In pneumonia, at its second stage, there is an exudation into some portion of the lungs. This speedily solidifies and completely fills up the air cells. So rapidly may this take place, that two pounds of such solid matter may be deposited in twelve hours, or less. Hence the reason why pneumonia is sometimes so quickly fatal. In case of recovery, this matter softens, is absorbed into the circulation, and eliminated by the proper organs, leaving the lungs unharmed.
If the worn-out material of the system is more than the inhaled oxygen can prepare for removal, it accumulates, giving rise to various ailments, and is often deposited in the lungs when irritated by a cold; but no cold can cause pneumonia unless there is undue amount of effete matter in the blood.
The old are predisposed to it from the changes which age effects in the lungs and chest walls; and so are the very young, from the undeveloped condition of their breathing powers. But the ease-loving, high-living, middle-aged gentlemen are liable to it from their habits of life; and so are the sedentary, from very different habits, but which equally keep the in-breathed oxygen unequal to the bodily waste.
A few minutes spent daily in exercise adapted to expand the chest would permanently enlarge its capacity, and enable the lungs to take in a corresponding increase of air—an increase, say, from twenty to sixty cubic feet a day.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BAD BOY.

"Give me small bills for a five," said the alleged bad boy, as he went into the grocery, followed by two meek-looking, pleasant-faced Sisters of Charity. The grocery man gave him the change, he handed one of the darkly dressed ladies \$2, received thanks and the Sisters bowed and went out, while the boy rolled up his \$3 in a piece of tissue paper and put it in his pistol pocket, and watched the grocery man, who seemed to be mad.
"Well, you are the darndest fool I ever saw," said the grocery man. "You haven't got sense enough to go in when it rains," and he brushed some crumbs of crackers, sugar, and tea from off the counter into a barrel of ground coffee.
"What's the matter with me now?" said the boy. "Have I got to take my regular weekly blowing up?"
"Matter? Matter enough," said the grocery man, as he sneered at the boy. "You go and earn \$5, and the first person that asks you for money, you give it to them. Now, them Sisters of Charity could buy and sell you, every day in the week, and yet they knoodle you out of \$2. They don't belong to your church, and yet you contribute to their enterprises. I would not give them a condemned cent. What are they going to do with that money? How do you know but that they will spend it for clothes? I heard once that these Sisters of Charity had a high old time when they were inside the walls of the place they stay in, and that they laugh right out loud. They couldn't fool me with any of their stories."
"Well, for a mean old grumbler, you take the whole bakery," said the boy, as he picked up a rolling pin as though he wanted to maul the groceryman. "You have got about as much charity about you as a goat. You ought to be put on exhibition at a museum as the champion mean man of the nineteenth century. I could excuse you for finding fault with anything I have ever done, but this; but when you abuse poor Sisters of Charity, meek angels of mercy, you are beneath even the contempt of a bad boy. Those ladies are the purest of their sex, devoting their lives to doing good, with no hope of reward except when they die. Those ladies are two of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and they care tenderly for old people who have no homes, no money, and no friends. They are getting money to put on an addition to their building, and gave them \$10, and I told you I would like to take a little stock in that scheme myself, and he said I could if I wanted to, and so I happened to meet them and told them I had rather have \$2 stock in their mine than to buy pools in a base-ball match, as you did last Saturday, and they said they were not canvassing among children, but if I wanted to aid them and could afford it, they could see no objections, so I took \$2 stock. What do I care if their religion is different from our folks', and what does my pa care? They feed and clothe poor old folks, regardless of their religion. If I had gone in company with you last Saturday and bought \$2 worth of pools in the base-ball match, and had won a dollar, you would have given me credit for being awful smart. You would have said I had a head on me like a chief justice, and yet I would have been only a plain, common gambler, like yourself. I would have felt mean as you do now. You lost your money on the base-ball match, and feel mad at everybody, and abuse Sisters of Charity, ladies who are always the first to appear at any scene of accident or calamity, to soothe the last hours of the sick or afflicted. Your investment in base-ball pools makes you a dyspeptic grumbler, who looks upon the whole world as a colossal swindle. My investment in stock in the enterprise of caring for old people that are homeless makes me happy, and all the world seems to me bright on this pleasant morning. I may never get a dividend on my stock that will show up at the bank, but if you and I should start for heaven this afternoon, and you should present your base-ball pool ticket to St. Peter at the gate, and I should have nothing with me but the reflection of the heavenly smile of that Sister of Charity that I gave the two dollars to, which of us do you think St. Peter would take the most stock in? He would fire you out, and if he didn't let me in, he would at least steer me on to some place where there was a hole in the fence about my size. And if the pool-seller that you invested your money with, had sent up his books to St. Peter, to be looked over, and the Little Sisters of the Poor had sent their books, which book had you rather your name would be found in. Now, I guess you are about as ashamed of yourself as you ever will be, and if you want to chip in toward the Sisters of Charity, and want to give a few dollars, not only to help along the scheme but as a sort of apology for your unkind remarks about the good Sisters, I think I could catch up with them down there by the Postoffice somewhere, and give it to them, and say that the nice old gentleman who keeps the grocery had sent it."
"All right; here's \$5," said the grocery man, as he pulled out a leather wallet and began to unroll it, spilling some old pool tickets on the counter. "Give it to them as coming from the blindest old fool in Wisconsin, but don't say anything about the conversation." And the grocery man handed the money to the bad boy, who went out on a run looking for the Sisters, while the grocery man took his pool tickets and tore them up and threw them out the back door, and said: "Well, that boy beats 'em all!"—*Peck's Sun.*

"THE boy I am looking at," said the cross-eyed schoolmarm, "will come here to me and get the whipping he deserves." Every boy in the room starts forward. The schoolmarm's postures are the matinee.

THAT noble Indian, Horse-Eating-All-Over-the-Ground, is under arrest for stealing. Horsey was doubtless driven to crime by reverses in Wall street.

HUMOR.

CASH shear—the coupon scissors.
REMARKABLY fine board—sawdust.
SUPERIOR court—sparking a rich girl.
THE coming man—the procrastinator.
PRESSED for money—a suit of clothes.
A MAN and his wife had a little difficulty in the kitchen the other day, and presently matters became so quiet that one could hear a rolling-pin drop.
"Kiss Me as I Fall Asleep" is the title of a new song. It might work all right with some men, but it would wake us right up.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*
A PANTERING acquaintance of the other sex remarked to a woman, "I never heard of seven devils being cast out of a man." "No," was the reply, "they've got 'em yet."
A GOOD country priest said to a dying drunkard: "My son, you must be reconciled with your enemies." "Then," groaned the poor wretch, "give me a glass of water."
IF some of the politicians of the present decade would "blow out the gas" on retiring, instead of turning it off, their obituary notices would be much longer and more truthful.—*Carl Pretze's Weekly.*
PETER KREPS, a veteran of an Ohio regiment, drowned himself in a canal, and it cost \$50 to fish him out. This should teach parties wishing to commit suicide to save trouble and expense by stepping into a printing-office and stabbing themselves with the office towel.—*Paris Beacon.*
THE sidewalks of Salt Lake City are twenty feet wide. Isn't that rather narrow for a Simon-pure-died-in-the-wool-Mormon to go out walking with the whole of his wife at once? It may be, though, that a Mormon's wife goes out in the order of a procession.—*Peck's Sun.*
DIPHTHERIA is a terrible thing to have in the family, but since it has been discovered that it is fatal to cats it is expected that there will be quite a demand for it. A chunk of diphtheria laid out in the back yard at night will kill off more cats and make less noise than forty boot-jacks.—*Peck's Sun.*
Early Newspaper Organs.
Newspaper "organs" formed an important feature of the early political machinery at Washington. Railroads as well as the magnetic telegraph were then unknown, and it took two days or more for the transmission of intelligence between the Federal metropolis and New York, while it was a week or two in reaching Portland, St. Louis, New Orleans or Savannah. This made it advisable for each successive administration to have a newspaper published at Washington, which would reliably inform the subordinate officials what was being done, and keep alive a sympathy between them and the Presidents. The "outs" and prominent aspirants for the Presidency also had their organs to keep the partisans advised of what was going on, and to secure uniformity of action. The *National Intelligencer* was never devoted to Mr. Adams, as its proprietor had a kind regard for Mr. Clay, but it was always hostile to the election of Gen. Jackson. Joseph Gales, its editor, wrote ponderous leaders on the political questions of the day, and occasionally reported, in short hand, the speeches of Congressional magnates. His partner, W. W. Seaton, attended to the business of the establishment, and by hospitable attention to Congressmen secured the public printing and several lucrative typographical jobs. During Mr. Adams' administration these matters were investigated by a committee of the House of Representatives, but there was no evidence of any intention to defraud the Government.
The *National Journal* had been established as a Calhoun organ, with John Agg, an Englishman of great ability, as its editor, and Richard Houghton, afterward the popular editor of the Boston *Atlas*, as its Congressional reporter. In 1825 the paper was purchased by Peter Force (afterward noted as a bibliologist), and became the "hand-organ" of all the elements of opposition to Gen. Jackson. Such abusive articles and scurrilous remarks as the dignified *National Intelligencer* would not publish appeared in the columns of the *National Journal*. Some of these articles—which reflected upon the character of Mrs. Jackson—gave great offense to her husband, who was persuaded that they were inspired by President Adams. Mr. Houghton was succeeded as Congressional reporter for the *National Journal* by Eliab Kingman, a graduate of Brown University, who inaugurated Washington correspondence with the press. Others had written letters to some one paper, but Mr. Kingman was the first to write to several journals in different places, sending to all the same items of news in different forms. He died here last spring, having amassed a handsome property. Among the other newspaper men in Washington were William Hayden, Congressional reporter for the *National Intelligencer*, who afterward succeeded Mr. Houghton as editor of the Boston *Atlas*; Lund Washington, equally famed as a performer on the violin and a writer of short-hand; James Gordon Bennett, afterward the founder of the New York *Herald*, who wrote spicy political letters for the New York press; S. L. Knapp, a graduate of Dartmouth, who abandoned the law for journalism, and corresponded with the Boston *Gazette*; and James Brooks, a graduate of Waterville, afterward the founder of the New York *Express* and a Representative in Congress, who was the correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser*.—*Ben: Perley Poore's Reminiscences.*
It is just as well to sit down in the office and write up an interview with a leading politician as it is to hunt him up. He'll deny seven-eighths of the article any way after seeing it in print.
As HUMANITY progresses in intellectuality and goodness the teaching of sects become unreasonable and mythical.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Henry Phillips, of Wabash County, who recently attempted to kill his father, has been declared insane.
—E. G. McCollum, a prominent lawyer of Mishawaka, died suddenly of neuralgia of the heart.
—Princeton voted on the subject of incorporating as a city, and carried it by a majority of 14.
—Because of the non-payment of wages, 250 employes of the Wabash Road at Peru struck the other day.
—A chicken which was hatched at Spencer has four legs, four wings, two tails, and only one head.
—A 3-year-old girl of Martin Walsh, who resides three miles out of Tipton, fell into a well and was drowned.
—The Indiana Sunday-school Union will hold its twentieth annual convention at Franklin, on June 24, 25, and 26.
—The first big catfish of the season has been caught near New Albany, by Washington Atkins. It weighed sixty-nine pounds.
—The Methodist ministers of Indianapolis have repudiated the action of camp-meeting in opening the gates and running trains on Sunday.
—Sam Hutchison has been sentenced, at Vincennes, to two years in the penitentiary for trying to shoot a woman named Elizabeth Bryce, last March.
—Etta Harpole, a girl 14 years old, living with her grandfather, John B. Harpole, at Boonville, is missing, having run away after robbing her relative of \$150.
—John C. Akers, an attorney, of Cloverdale, has been found guilty of robbing Foster's store at that place, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.
—Lucius C. Winn, of Indianapolis, has brought suit against the "Big Four" Railroad Company for \$10,000 damage for being ejected from a train several days ago.
—J. W. Holcombe, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has made the regular May apportionment of school revenue. The total enumeration of children of school age in Indiana is 722,430, and the amount allotted per capita is \$1.44, making the total distribution \$1,040,299.
—Burglars entered the store of Emmert & Hite, at Clarksburg, blew the iron safe to pieces, and took \$60 from it. They then went to Kingston, half way to Greensburg, and entered the store of Stewart & Son, in which the postoffice is kept, and carried off about \$25 in stamps.
—The jury, after four hours deliberation, at Greensburg, found Elsie Block guilty of manslaughter, and he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. His father, jointly indicted with him for the murder of Eli Frank, received a life sentence last term.
—A partridge-cochin hen belonging to Mr. B. Hole, of Bridgeport, got in behind a pile of tile and remained there ten days before she was discovered, during which time she had nothing to eat or drink. Biddy, though much emaciated, is alive, and will soon be able to cackle as usual.
—William Miles and Preston Bush, colored, engaged in a game of "oontz," at New Albany, and Preston took up the pot, of two nickels, and walked off. Miles thereupon struck Preston in the head with a hatchet, cutting a deep gash. Miles was sent to jail in default of fine and costs.
—Hon. Peter Kiser, a prominent citizen of Fort Wayne and a former member of the Legislature, has applied for a divorce, on the ground of cruelty and neglect, after having lived with his present wife forty-two years. He is now 78 years of age, and the estrangement has only taken place within the last two years.
—The safe of J. J. Dunham, a country merchant at Dale, a small town about twenty miles above Boonville, was blown open at 3 o'clock in the morning and robbed of \$150 in money and two county orders—one on Warrick County to the amount of \$631, and the other on Spencer County, amounting to \$171. The door of the safe was entirely blown off.
—In the Circuit Court at New Albany the jury in the case of Ignatz Bruder against the New Albany Street Railroad Company brought in a verdict of \$111 in favor of the plaintiff, being the amount of expenses attached to the care of the child while it was suffering from the effects of its injuries. The child was crossing the street and was run over by a car, and its father claimed \$5,000, alleging that the child was ruined for life. The counsel for the company argued that nature was compensating the child by making it perfect again, and the damages should not exceed the expenses of caring for it. The jury seemed to be of the same opinion.
—Tricky Tatero, a bigamist with five discovered wives and many aliases, has been sentenced to a term in the State Prison for pension frauds. His real name is Peter Tarero, and he is about fifty years old. He has swindled hundreds of people in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and Illinois. His most successful schemes were to pass himself off as a special examiner, as the Commissioner of Pensions, and also as a pension detective. One of his wives was a Miss Mason, of South Bend, whom he married as H. C. Pomeroy. Another was Miss M. C. Stewart, of Wabash, where he gave his name as J. W. Jenks.
—The City Council of Wabash has determined to fund the indebtedness of the city, amounting to \$20,000. One hundred bonds of the denomination of \$200, each, and bearing 6 per cent. interest, will be issued.
—Quite a number of women were delegates to the National Greenback Convention at Indianapolis.
—Reuben Taylor, of Vincennes, was killed at Grayville by a Wabash train.