

SPANISH DAGGER.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

"Oh! glistening spike of snow-white bells,
Standing out pure where the moonbeams fall,
You teach my heart a lesson to-night,
As I see you from this dim old hall.

Your beauty springs from a bed of spikes
Which rudely bristle about your feet;
Your home is but the rough roadside,
Yet how could you be more fair, more sweet?

My path, too, lies in a thorny way,
Its stones, its dust are about me now;
You tell me to illumine its course
With bright, brave thoughts and a cheerful brow.

Paris, Ill.

MAUD FLEMING'S REVENGE.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.

Percy Hamilton was by all odds the handsomest and most dashing man in Aylesville, a fellow something like Ouida's hero, Granville de Vigne, somewhat proud and somewhat vain, with a touch of the old noblesse oblige about him that accorded well with his tall, statuesque figure and his leonine type of beauty. He was 28 years old, and rich, so rich, that he could follow his profession—the law—or let it alone as he chose; and for the most part he chose to let it alone.

Percy had lately returned from a three years' travel in the old world, bearded and browned as an Arab, and with the air of a grand prince. The pale, sickly gallants of Aylesville fell back in sad discomfiture at the advent of the gay and brilliant fellow, full of his reminiscences of Egypt and the Golden Horn, and of talk of Parisian soirées and of nights at Baden-Baden. He had always had his way in this old suburban town, and it was quite natural that he should fall into the leadership again.

The young fellow had excellent parts, but he had never used them, and did not know what work was. He had been left an orphan at a tender age, and adopted by a miserly old uncle who alternately petted him and swore at him, which made him a little reckless and desperate. When he grew up—handsome as a young Adonis—all the women went to work and spoiled him, as they generally do a handsome man. Then his uncle died and left him a fortune, and so there was nothing for the young man but to enjoy himself.

He had a wonderful capacity for flirtations, and more than one woman's happiness was sacrificed to his vanity and recklessness. Against one fair girl he had committed the very blackest of deadly wrongs, and Maud Fleming was glad to hide herself in obscurity from the scorn and reproaches of that consistent world which never forgives in a woman the sin it winks at in a man. From that hour she had never been heard from.

But Percy Hamilton held up his head and went on his way, and beautiful women, virtuous women they called themselves, smiled on him as sweetly as ever. Three years had gone by since that sad event, and many had forgotten it had ever happened. The fair beauties of Aylesville were completely fascinated by the face and manners of the dashing fellow; in fact, were mad over him—all but one.

And she, Agnes Harcourt, was the most beautiful of them, and the one whom Percy was the most desirous to interest. Indeed, any man would have been charmed with Miss Harcourt.

They called her a flirt, but she was not one exactly, though she was much too haughty to deny the charge. Hearts and fortunes innumerable had been laid at her feet, but she quietly rejected them all, and passed on in her quietly way, her gracious and charming, but as unconquerable as ever. To do her justice, she never appeared to seek admiration.

She had been but a short time in Aylesville. Where she came from nobody could ever ascertain. The first they knew of her, she had come into their midst one gorgeous June morning, as if dropped from the clouds, herself more gorgeous in her magnificent dress and glorious beauty than the brilliant sky above her. The next they heard she had purchased a handsome residence in the outskirts of the town and was refitting and furnishing it magnificently enough for a princess' villa. She seemed the possessor of marvelous wealth, and wealth everywhere has its adorers.

Of course Miss Harcourt soon met Mr. Hamilton. At the very first meeting he appeared to be completely fascinated, and soon became her most devoted admirer. It went on for three months in the usual way. Parties, sleighrides, operas, etc., and Hamilton everywhere Miss Harcourt attended. It was evident that Percy had more than his vanity aroused; that his heart was touched and that he was in deadly earnest. As for Miss Harcourt no one could tell.

In February there was a fete at Harcourt Lodge. All upper tendom was present. The hostess was magnificent in a dress of black velvet, with diamonds on her neck and arms. No one had ever seen her so graceful and queenly. There was a flush on her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes, and there was a resonant ring in her voice like the echo of silver bells. Some of her old lovers felt the flame stirring anew, and looked daggers at Hamilton, who seemed the hero of the hour. A few others did not regard him with envy at all.

"By Jove!" said young Bob Alcott, whom she had jilted some six months previously. "Miss Harcourt is on her high horse to-night, but there's breakers ahead. Do you see how spoony Percy is?"

"Oh, I'll risk Hamilton," answered Fred Cleveland. "He's got his eye teeth long ago, and Miss Harcourt knows it."

"I don't care," said Alcott; "there's fun ahead, and don't you forget it. Look at him now while she is talking to him. Why, man, there's a flush on his cheek like a girl's blush at her lover's first kiss. And she—I rather think I know the meaning of the steady gleam in those eyes of hers. Well, I rather guess I do."

His companion laughed, for most people did not give Hamilton the credit of having any heart, although they regarded Miss Harcourt as a scientific coquette.

Two hours afterward, if any one had been in the conservatory they might

have heard that which showed plainly that Percy Hamilton had a heart and that it all belonged to this woman. They stood face to face in the dim, soft light, amid the perfume of the flowers, her face very calm and even cold, his full of earnestness and concentrated passion.

"Why will you not answer me, Agnes?" holding her hands in a fierce clutch. "For three interminable weeks you have kept me in agony; a week more like this would kill me."

"I think that is exaggeration, Mr. Hamilton," she answered, in a low, sweet voice, that stung him as a harder tone would have not; "people do not die so easily."

"Agnes, I love you," he cried. "I love you passionately."

"I am sure that is very kind, but is it just wise in you?" She said this very languidly, and looked at him with a quiet smile that he thought had mockery in it.

"Do you mean to drive me mad, Agnes Harcourt? I tell you this is the love of my life. My whole heart and soul are yours. You must be my wife, my own, to hold against the world. Do you understand me; do you believe me?"

He flung out his arms to her, but she retreated a pace or two and raised her face to his. Every word she spoke was clear and distinct as the ring of a trumpet, and yet her voice was lifted scarcely above a whisper. And as she stood there in her haughty triumph, it almost seemed to the man who loved her that she was larger by one-half in stature than ever before.

"Mr. Hamilton, I understand you and I will answer you. You say that you love me. So you told me once before, years ago, and you were recreant to your vows. How can I believe you now? Ha, you start! I see you do not know me, but do you not remember Maud Fleming? You never thought you were making love to her a second time. You thought your crime would go unpunished. It was fortunate for you, coward and hypocrite, that I loved you as I did, else I should have killed you. But I swore to be revenged, and I have taken my own way to keep my oath. Percy, I loved you once better than my God, but that love has long since turned to hate. Sooner than wed you I would make myself the wife of the lowest brute in the universe who could be called a man. There, you have my answer. Go!"

She lifted her white hand with all the imperious grace of an empress, and pointed to the door. He obeyed her without a word. His face was pale as death, and his eyes had in them a sort of stony desperation like those of a man going to his doom.

The next morning society was startled by the announcement that Percy Hamilton had shot himself and was not expected to live. A physician was summoned, who found him conscious but very feeble.

"Doctor," said Hamilton, as he bent over him to probe and bandage his wound, "I meant to have done the job without bungling, but I failed miserably. I am sorry to trouble you, but I do not wish to live."

"No man has a right to throw his life away," answered the Doctor, solemnly. "Life is a holy trust—"

"You do not know the reason why I judged it better to die than to live. I ought to die, I deserve to die; yet she might have changed the whole tenor of my life. I do not blame her; she was just; but, oh, I love her so, Doctor. I must see her before I die. I must see Maud—Miss Harcourt. She must forgive me. Oh, will not the sacrifice of my worthless life atone in part for the wrong I did her?"

There was no need of sending, for only a few moments after Miss Harcourt—Maud Fleming—herself came in. She went straight to the bedside, knelt down, and lifted Hamilton's head against her bosom.

"My darling!" she said, in a tone whose wondrous tenderness made his weakened blood thrill like wine, "will you forgive me? I had no right to take vengeance out of God's own hands. I had no right to spurn you as I did. And yet only heaven knows what it cost me, for, Percy, I love you as I have never loved any earthly thing. I have never ceased to love you. In all my sorrows and in all my triumphs you have been the dear one of my heart. And you must live to bless me—to be mine. Oh, my darling, my darling!" and, bowing her face on his, she gave way to a fit of sobbing which shook her from head to foot.

Old Dr. Amesley stole out of the room and left them together. When he went back there was a new and beautiful peace on both faces.

"Doctor, I am going to live, and you must help me," said Hamilton, with a smile that lighted up his pale, handsome features. "I have something to live for now, and, God helping, I will retrieve the past."

And Percy Hamilton did live, and through Maud Fleming's love, became a happy, prosperous, honored man. The past they never recalled.

A Quiet Man in Mexico.

A prominent citizen of Mexico returned from a trip into South America last week. He had been gone three months.

"Elected a new President since I've been gone?" he asked of a friend.

"Oh, yes."

"How many?"

"Only one."

"Any revolutions?"

"Only three."

"What's become of Miaz?"

"Oh, he was shot last week."

"And Zagual?"

"Transported."

"And St. Badier?"

"The same as when you left."

"Is that so? I'm surprised that he should be on one thing so long. He was a very enterprising sort of a man. Where is he?"

"Dead."—*New York Times.*

NO MATTER how hazardous the employment, men can always be found to do the work. Whether it is to labor in a powder-mill, or to encounter the perils of the arctic region, it is all the same. Enough men love excitement to enlist in any occupation.

SOMETHING ABOUT COFFEE.

Perhaps the most important individual of the Cinchona tribe is the coffee plant. Coffee is the produce of an evergreen shrub, a native of Abyssinia and Arabia. The fruit is a berry about the size of a cherry, covered with a pulp sweet in taste and not very thick. Inside this pulp are two seeds, separated from each other by a parchment-like membrane. These seeds are the well-known coffee. The coffee-seed has been frequently analyzed; chemists have found in it several oily gums and albuminous matters, but the valuable principle is crystalline, and denominated *caffeine*. Every person knows that coffee is rendered fit for culinary purposes by the process of roasting, but the precise agency of this roasting process is not understood.

It is supposed that it was only in the fifteenth century that coffee was transported from Abyssinia to Arabia Felix. But if Arabia be not the native land of coffee, it is at least its most prosperous adopted home. Nowhere else does the plant flourish better, nowhere is the resulting coffee so delicious in flavor, especially that raised in the country of Yemen, in the environs of Mocha. The Orientals, it is well known, first introduced the use of coffee into Europe; but when they, the Orientals, first became acquainted with the beverage is still uncertain. An Arabian author of the fifteenth century, named Shehabeddin, states that the Mufti of Aden, in the ninth century, was the first who used coffee as a beverage; but it is certain that at this period the use of the infusion was known in Persia. According to vulgar tradition, the discovery of coffee is due to the Mollah Chadelly, whose memory is held in reverence by all true Mussulmans. This pious man, afflicted with sorrow at the thought that he could not keep awake for the performance of his nocturnal devotions, besought Mohammed to indicate some means by which sleep might be chased away. Mohammed, touched with pity, as well he might, seeing that his own honor was concerned, so brought matters about that a herdsman came to acquaint Mollah Chadelly of the curious fact that his (the herdsman's) goats could not go to sleep after they had partaken of coffee berries, but kept frisking about all night long. The Mollah, taking the hint, at once prepared a good strong dose of coffee. He drank it, and was delighted beyond measure at the result. Not a wink of sleep did he get; delicious sensations crowded on the brain; and his midnight devotions were so fervent that he at once communicated the precious secret to some dervises, who, imitating his example, beleaguering the prophet, now in the seventh heaven of bliss, with unceasing prayers.

According to another tale, the discovery was made by the prior of a convent at Maronites, who, on receiving the report of a camel-driver to the effect that his beasts could get no sleep after having browsed on the coffee plant, at once bethought himself what a good thing coffee would be for his monks, who, like the Mollah Chadelly, appear to have been torpid, sleepy fellows, and had acquired the disreputable habit—not quite obsolete now—of going to sleep in church. The practice, we are told, was quite successful.

But coffee, like many other good things, had its enemies, and, strange to say, the very Mohammedan priests who were the first to patronize it became its most rancorous foes. The fact was this: So generally was coffee approved of by the Arabian populace that people, instead of going to the mosque, spent their days in coffee-shops; and as there does not appear to have been any act of Parliament to enforce the closing of coffee-houses during church—or rather mosque—hours, the priests had an audience of empty benches. Forthwith the mollahs anathematized the seductive berry and those who used it. Coffee, they said, was as bad as wine or spirituous liquors, if not worse. Its employment was interdicted throughout every part of the Turkish Empire. Religious anathemas, however, being insufficient to check the growing evil, at length an appeal was made to physical force. "In the year of the Hegira 945" (A. D. 1538), says an Arabian historian, "while large numbers were assembled in the month of Rhamadan, employed in drinking coffee, the captain of the guard surprised them, hunted them ignominiously from the shops, locked them up all night in the Pasha's house, and the next morning administered to each individual, by way of a salutary admonition, seventeen stripes."

Persecution, as usual, accomplished a result the very opposite of that intended. Coffee speedily became universally popular. In the first half of the seventeenth century there numbered in Cairo no less than 2,000 coffee shops. At the present time coffee is among Eastern Mussulmans one of the first necessities of life. When a Turk adds a new wife to his associated beauties he formally contracts with her friends that she is always to have plenty of coffee. If certain modern accounts, however, are to be trusted, Turkish ladies have got into the habit of drinking brandy. According to Mohammed, they have no souls to lose; hence they may drink spirituous liquor with impunity.

Before the seventeenth century coffee was scarcely known in France, even by name. At length certain travelers returning from the East brought a little coffee with them for their own private use. In the year 1647, Thevenot invited some friends to a party, and gave them coffee to drink; but he had been preceded by a Levantine, who, three years before, had established at Paris a coffee shop; his speculation, however, did not succeed. It was in the *beau monde* that coffee first became popularized. The Turkish Ambassador at the French Court, Soliman Aga, was in the habit of offering coffee, after the manner of his country, to those who attended his levees. The ladies of the French Court no sooner heard of this custom than they expressed their desire of tasting the seductive liquor; whereupon the Turk, being a polite man, as all Turks are, invited the ladies to his house, and gave them coffee to their hearts' content. Madame de Sevigne was opposed to this fashion; she did not approve of coffee; said it was only a short-lived taste; that it

would pass away and be forgotten, like Racine. Well, the lady was right, after all, though not after the fashion she intended; coffee has passed away and been forgotten "like Racine!" About the same time it was that coffee first came into favor at Vienna. The Turks, driven from before the walls of that city by Sobieski, left their camp in the hands of the conqueror. In this camp here was abundance of coffee and at retinue of slaves whose office was to prepare it. Coffee had already been introduced among the Londoners in the following manner: An English merchant, named Edwards, returning from Smyrna, brought with him a Greek servant, Pasquet by name, who opened a coffee-shop in Newman's Court, Cornhill, in 1652. Other coffee-shops speedily arose; but Cromwell, then in power, set himself against them, and closed them, fearing lest they might injure the taverns. Another account says that the first coffee shop in England was opened by a Jew named Jacobs, at Oxford, in 1650.

All the supplies of coffee imported for a long time into Europe were obtained from Arabia. It was brought by way of Alexandria and the Levant; but the Pashas of Egypt and Syria imposed enormous taxes upon it. Europeans then began to obtain it by the channel of the Red Sea. Holland took the lead in this commerce; next followed France; and, lastly, England. In 1699, the Dutch, under the direction of Van Horne, first President of the Dutch East India colonies, having procured certain coffee plants, sent them to Batavia, where they flourished well. The French next introduced coffee into Martinique; and the English following their example, planted the coffee shrub in many of their tropical colonies.

In the United States coffee is consumed to the amount of about sixteen million dollars annually, and is constantly increasing, not in strength, but in importation.

Literary Women and Cooking.

In a majority of the girls' seminaries to-day the curriculum includes demonstration lessons in cookery, dressmaking, millinery, and mending—a practice quite as absurd as it would be for Harvard or Yale to insist upon their students learning to shoe a horse, or make a pair of boots, or learn the tailor's trade, and the secret of manufacturing straw hats. If there are good reasons why an educated and intelligent young woman should learn dressmaking, then the same reasons apply to prove that the intelligent young man should learn tailoring. There's no knowing what may happen, and he may some time have his bank robbed, or his ship may be wrecked and his cargo lost, or he may lose his clerkship and need to earn his living in some other way. Besides, a man should know how to make all his apparel, any way. If he never needs to do it the knowledge will not hurt him. If he does need to, it will be well that he learned in his youth. Ergo, every father should see to it that his son learns the tailor's trade. This is a fair sample of the stuff and nonsense that is poured out about a girl's education.

Now there will never be any very general or leading improvement in the intellectual condition of women, nor will there ever be evolved the ideal home, until society in general accepts the advanced position of Mr. Savage. A home should imply something more than merely a place to put into for repairs. One can get food and service from his hotel. His home should mean to him something more.

Mrs. Stowe discovered long since that the barrier to high life of women in America was their mania for doing the impossible. It is a natural result, indeed an inevitable result, from the current state of public opinion. No woman who has a spark of delicate feeling, or of sensibility, fancies the role of exceptional ability, and as being considered, in some vague way, as not quite womanly, because she chances to prefer painting to pickles. No, not she, and she will do the pickles also, though she die in the attempt, rather than put herself out of the pale of the truly feminine. In her heart she may be unable to divine why puddings should be considered more womanly than poetry, but all the same she defers to popular tradition, and lives a fragmentary, spasmodic life, with a constant and bewildering sense of its incompleteness. If social opinion had supported her in living for poetry alone, or whatever other special endowment God had given her, she could have afforded to employ a champion maker of preserves, pickles, and puddings.—*Lillian Whiting, in Inter Ocean.*

Other People's Houses.

Why should you go and stay in other people's houses? Another person's house is hardly better than a hotel; indeed very often it is worse. If you don't like the dinner hour you cannot change it; if you are given slow horses, you cannot complain; if you dislike your rooms, you cannot alter them; if you think the chef is a bad one, you cannot say so; if you find all the house party bore you, you cannot get rid of them. You must pretend to eat all day long; you must pretend to feel amiable from noon to midnight; you must have all kinds of plans made for you and submit to them; you can never read but in your own room, and, generally speaking, there is nothing in the library—if it be an English library—except Tiltottson, Wordsworth and Darwin. I cannot imagine how any reasonable being subjects herself to such a martyrdom only because somebody else finds their country place dull without people.—*Ouida's New Novel.*

In company it is a very great fault to be more forward in setting one's self off and talking to show one's parts than to learn the worth and to be truly acquainted with the abilities of other men. He that makes it his business not to know, but to be known, is like a foolish tradesman who makes all the haste he can to sell off his old stock, but takes no thought of laying in any new.—*Charron.*

NO MAN'S pen should attempt to write a wrong.

HUMOR.

"I AM to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance, "and you are probably the worst shot in America."

G— is very proud of his ancestry, and was exhibiting his gallery to his friends one day. "This warrior is one of your ancestors?" asks one, pointing to a mail-clad figure before him. "Yes," he was in the crusades. "In which one of them?" "In all."

STOREKEEPER—"This piece is counterfeit." Customer—"I know it, I got it here." Storekeeper—"That cannot be. We never take bad money." Customer—"I am aware that it is your rule to give bad money, not to take it; but I trust you will make an exception this time."

"WHAT are you slowing up for?" yelled a freight conductor to an engineer on one of our Vermont roads. "Why, we've run over a book agent." "Drat it all, then, why don't you keep on? We can't kill him unless the whole train runs over him."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"CHARMING Lucy," said an Austin gilded youth to the apple barrel of his expectation, "a kiss from your lips is heaven on earth." "O, give us a rest," "Have I offended thee, dearest one?" "No, but you bore me with your lack of originality. Hundreds of men have told me that same old story until I am tired of hearing it."—*Texas Siftings.*

A PHILOSOPHER who had borrowed some money to pay for his night's lodgings at a hotel woke up in the night and saw a person climbing through the window. With admirable nonchalance he said to the intruder, "Look here, my friend, you'll get into debt if you rob me; for you won't find anything but unrecipited tailors' bills in my pockets."

A NEW baby recently arrived in the family of a Louisville journalist, and papa was excessively proud of the event. Turning to the old black nurse, "Aunt," said he, stroking the little pate, "this boy seems to have a journalistic head." "Oh," cried the untutored old aunt, soothingly, "never you mind 'bout dat; dat'll come all right in time."—*Courier-Journal.*

"WAKE UP!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulberry in a loud whisper, as she punched the slumbering Mulberry in the short ribs with her elbow the other night; "wake up; I'm sure I hear burglars down in the dining-room." "Don't disturb them, then," said the drowsy Mulberry, turning over on the other side. "Be just as quiet as you can, and maybe they will eat some of that fruit-cake you have in the pantry."

A SCIENTIST has discovered that codfish have germs that are liable to develop into form more terrible than trichine, and in the toothsome mackerel are hidden microci which cooking fails to kill. This is becoming serious. The microscope reveals terrible wriggling monsters in our drinking-water; poison lurks in the ice-cream can; canned fruits and meats are sending their victims to the grave; and pretty soon the only article of food and drink that will be safe to indulge in are early strawberries and whisky—which we don't like.—*Norristown Herald.*

Introducing the Chaplain.

"Speaking of troopers swearing," put in an officer of Van Cleve's old division of the Army of the Cumberland, "old Gen. Fred Kneifer, of the Seventy-ninth Indiana, illustrated the idea to a nicety. He always made a full hand without raising the perspiration. He swore easily, earnestly, and eloquently, in season and out of season. When Gov. Morton sent a chaplain to Kneifer's regiment the boys looked for rare fun. Kneifer received the chaplain very cordially, and asked him to mark out his programme, and he would see that it was carried out."

"The next morning (Sunday) he ordered his regiment to muster for religious services. He formed the companies in column at half distance, doubled on center, in front of a stand which he had erected the day before, and then he proceeded in his own way to introduce the chaplain. He told the men that he proposed to stand by the chaplain; the chaplain was going to preach whenever he felt so inclined, and every blanked man in the regiment had to listen. He wanted his men to show proper respect to the chaplain and to religion, and if they didn't, so help him blazes, if he didn't send every blanked one of them to the guard-house."

"The General warmed up to his work and in the course of his introductory remarks swore probably twenty times. The whole thing was so funny that the regiment, thinking it over, burst into a roar in the midst of the prayer. The General put the officers under arrest, but made the men stand through the service. In the end the chaplain did great good. Kneifer quit swearing and the men kept a good line of conduct."—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

The "Black Hole" of Calcutta.

The reader is familiar with the story of the "Black Hole" outrage, or can, at least, look it up in any comprehensive English history. It may be of interest, however, to state that all traces of this tragedy are now covered up, so that the scene where it was enacted is the heart now of this busy metropolitan city; so complete has been the triumph of Western civilization. The Post-office is a huge building, surmounted with a splendid dome, and the other buildings that mark the site of the old fort are lofty and substantial structures. Dalhousie Square, opposite, where the ravin once held its ghastly victims, is now one of the fairest spots in Calcutta, where every evening men and women walk or play lawn tennis upon the green sward.—*Cor. Inter Ocean.*

AN observant negro says: "De man who takes up de mos' sidewalk am not allus de pusson ub de mos' consequence. A 15-cent drunkard wants de room in dis world dan de Judge of de Supreme Court."

BARNES, the mountain evangelist, claims to have converted 31,000 people in seven years.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Ten prisoners escaped from jail at South Bend by sawing the bars of a furnace register in the floor.

—Mr. A. C. Rockwell, an old citizen of Owen County, died at the residence of John M. Stewart, in Spencer, aged 81 years.

—The Johnson House, at Mount Jackson, four miles west of Indianapolis, one of the oldest hotels in the State, burned the other night. Loss, \$6,000.

—A colored citizen of Logansport, named Noah Wilson, who recently participated in a prize-fight, was killed by Policeman Griffin for threatening the officer's life on being placed in jail.

—James Howell, a grape-grower near Indianapolis, fired a shot-gun toward some lads whom he saw among his vines, and soon afterward found one of the thieves nearly dead on the roadway.

—Jacob Velton, of Lafayette, attempted to jump from a baggage car, and a large ring on his right hand caught on the door, and his weight falling on the finger it was literally pulled in twain and jerked off. His sufferings were terrible.

—The golden wedding of Mr. Ambrose Phelps and wife took place at their pioneer home in Pittsburgh, Carroll County. Many distinguished guests from distant States were present, and the aged twain were the recipients of marked attention.

—William Dunn, formerly deputy prosecutor of Delaware County, deserted his newly married wife at Muncie recently. The lady is now recovering her jewelry, placed in pawn by her runaway husband, and says that he took with him \$1,000 of her money.

—Dr. John Charles Waters, at one time intimately connected with the Irish revolutionary movement in Ireland, died recently at Indianapolis. He was a man of some literary attainments, and had a quasi-connection with journalism in Dublin and Indianapolis.

—The city of Wabash has sold bonds of the face value of \$13,800 to N. W. Harris & Co., formerly of Cincinnati, but now of Chicago. The firm took them at 97. The debt of the city is now \$35,000, nearly all of which has been expended in real estate during the past two years.

—Andrew Robinson, who came to Decatur County in 1823, and has lived on the same farm, near Kingston, ever since, died recently. Although he was 92 years old, his mind was unimpaired until the last week. He was a soldier of 1812, and for the past eight years had been blind, but always cheerful.

—Hardy Scott and James Trimble, farmers residing in Union Township, Madison County, indulged in a shooting affray, in which the former received two shots, one in the face and the other a shot in the back, none of which, however, is dangerous. The affair grew out of a debt which Scott alleges is due him.

—At Peru, Edward Williams and William Stark have been bound over to the Circuit Court for highway robbery, their bond being \$1,000. Their victim was William Yurd, a citizen of Clinton County. They were employees of a concert saloon, where they are alleged to have succeeded in working themselves into the graces of the old gentleman, and enticing him into an isolated place, knocked him down and relieved him of \$163.

—The town of Delany, in Warrick County, was almost destroyed by fire. The buildings destroyed were as follows: Large frame wagon and plow factory and blacksmith shop, owned by Corley Ketcham; loss, \$1,500. General store, owned by Gresham Linn; loss, about \$600. Post-office building, together with all the mail matter for the week, which had arrived the previous day. Building owned by Corley Ketcham; loss, about \$400. Several small buildings were also burned. The total loss is about \$3,000, with not a dollar of insurance.

—A special from Greencastle says: A west-bound freight-train on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railroad caught fire this morning, about 6 o'clock, a few miles east of this city. In the train were several Union oil tanks, one of which ignited, and a terrible explosion followed, scattering the oil on the adjoining cars and setting fire to them instantly. An emigrant named H. Clark, of Anderson, Ind., on his way to Kansas, perished in the flames. He occupied one of the cars, with three horses, a cow, and household goods, all of which were destroyed, together with two oil and six freight cars. His body was brought here to be forwarded to his friends.

—An unusual sensation was caused at Monticello by the arrest of Sol Spencer, a wealthy farmer of the county, and Thomas Keever and wife, living six miles east of that place, on an indictment for the murder of Alva Spencer, a brother of the first named, who died at the house of Keever, who was then a tenant on Spencer's place—two years ago last spring. Spencer's death occurred suddenly after the attending physician had left him as convalescent, and a growing suspicion of foul play resulted in the present investigation. The body was exhumed two weeks ago, and found to be in a perfect state of preservation. The stomach was analyzed, and the presence of arsenic discovered in quantities sufficient to have caused death. Spencer was unmarried, and left considerable property at his death.

—Hon. Robert Miller, one of the pioneers of Indiana, died at his home, ten miles northwest of Wabash, recently. He served several terms in the Indiana Legislature, and was well known throughout the State. He was 61 years old.

—C. C. Hopping, whose desertion of his wife at a hotel in Muncie, last fall, was the subject of much remark, has turned up in the regular army.

—A Board of Pension Examiners has been established at Martinsville.