

I WAS ONLY TEAZING.

BY ALMA M'KEE.

In a sunny sylvan bower
Overhung with roses
Half reclines a maiden fair;
Dreaming the repose.

Curtains white, with fringes brown
Hide from view the azure;
Golden curls rebellious play
Round her brow at leisure.

Stealing toward the enchanted spot
Cautiously, unfairly,
Comes a youth with bold brown eyes,
Sometimes seen, but rarely.

Cupid's arrow grazed her cheek;
A laugh he cannot smother.
The blue orbs flash while red lips say,
"Sir, I'll call my mother."

Indignation reigns supreme
In those depths of azure;
Saucy Will with dauntless mien
Drops down just beside her.

"Maise, why this cold reserve!
Do you love another?
Tell me truly, is it so?"
"Sir, I'll call my mother."

"Maise, will you wed with me?
Am I not your lover?
Do you love me, Maise, dear?"
"Sir, I'll call my mother."

"False and fair one, then, adieu,
I'll no longer woo thee;
Fly to him who has thy heart,
Farwell! now I leave thee."

"Oh, Will, dear, you must not go!
I love thee as none other.
There is no need to hurry so,
I would not call my mother."

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

A ponderous step sounded in the
arrow hallway and a succession of
rattling knocks made my door rattle
on its hinges. I recognized that
heavy step, so like the tread of an en-
gaged elephant, and wondered what
advent had brought Maj. Philpot
to my humble lodgings. Before I
could answer the raps, the door was
burst violently open, disclosing the
glossy figure of the choleric Major,
who, evidently in a towering rage,
talked across the floor, and seated
himself in the only safe chair the place
afforded. I am far from being a rich
man, you understand.

"Hope I see you well," I began, po-
tently, scarcely knowing just how to
like him, for his uncertain temper was
subject for comment by all who
new or had ever heard of him.

"Hope you do, sir; yes, sir," roared
he, bringing his cane down on the floor
with a bang. "You're old George
Green, ain't you?"

"I am George Green, at your service,
sir," said I, smothering my indignation
in his brusque manner, "and, as to my
age—"

"To the d—l with your age, man!"
interrupted the Major, with a grunt.
"Who the deuce cares how old you are?
Keep that as a choice morsel for tea-
inking women. I came to see you to-
day because I have heard about you,
and am told you are the very man I
want to do business with."

"You do me proud!" said I, as the
Major paused for want of breath.
"I shall be happy to serve you in my
mortal way, if—"

"Lord save us!" ejaculated the Ma-
jor, growing alarmingly red in the face
at his efforts to make himself heard
to full length of the block. "Why on
earth don't you keep still and let me
speak. Only one man may talk when
I am around, and I'm that man! Dye
ear that?"

"Anybody can hear you that chooses
to listen, if he isn't as deaf as a door-
post!"

The Major is a rich man and I am
not, but there the difference in favor of
the Major ends; and perhaps nobody
ever had talked to him like this be-
fore. Any way he calmed down a trifle.
"I'm told you are a detective," he
growled, in a deep bass that had all the
effect of pent-up thunder in my little
room.

"I am."

I flattered myself that if, as they say,
this, "brevity is the soul of wit," my re-
ply must absolutely have had a paralyz-
ing effect on the doughty Major. But
nothing of the sort. On the contrary,
he actually seemed to be pleased to
think I had said so little.

"I'll tell you what it is, Green," he
roared out, presently, in a stentorian
voice, "I'm in a dreadful fix, and I want
your help. Understand?"

"Perfectly."

"There's my daughter. You've heard
of my daughter, haven't you?"

"Often."

"And she's got no end of beaux and
such like fol-de-rols. They all swear
by the crook of her little finger that
she's the one object in the world worth
serving."

"To be sure."

"And what with the fifty thousand
dollars that her grandmother left her,
fifty thousand gold dollars! think of
it!—I don't feel inclined to dispute the
fact. By ardent young men most la-
dies with fifty thousand dollar bank
accounts are objects to be desired, and
my Arabella seems to be no exception.
But, sir, and the irate father brought
his mighty fist down with a resounding
thump on his ponderous leg that
threatened to split the broadcloth, and
saying to his full height, fairly belov-
ed, if my daughter Arabella's judgment
is blinded by the little gold called Cu-
pid, Arabella's dad, sir, is up and com-
ing, and feels himself able to cope with
a thousand fortune-hunting lovers; let
them come singly or in pairs—or in
attalions, even!"

"I've no doubt about that," as the
Major paused to gather in a little wind
and glared wickedly at me from the
corner of his one eye; "and, if I un-
derstand it, you want my assistance in
unriddling the rascals."

"That's the very thing!" roared he,
in a tone that made the windows rattle.
"That's just it, exactly! You've hit the
nail slap on the head! It's this way:
My Arabella has actually lost her
senses, and gone head over heels in
love with young Pilkins—know him?"

"Intimately."

"Fooler than a church mouse, prouder
than Lucifer, and a demented Democrat
in politics!" By the Lord Harry! Ara-
bella doesn't think for a minute that
he can foist young Pilkins on her old
dad as his son-in-law. No, sirree. I
hate his poverty. I hate his pride. I
hate his demitien politics. I hate his
very name—Pilkins—paff!"

Pilkins was a lawyer, and once upon

a time had been a rival of my own. He
was proud; he was poor; and, more-
over, he was my sworn enemy. If I
could spoil his prospects of marriage
with the Major's heiress, I determined
to do so. Here was my revenge, and
revenge is sweet. That is, those who
have had an opportunity to know say
it is, and I believe them.

"Pilkins knows what I think of his
trying to marry my daughter. I've
told him. Not only have I told him in
plain words that he is a fortune-hunter,
but I enforced it by kicking him off the
front piazza no longer ago than this
morning," went on the Major.

"And what did he say to that?"

"Say," roared Philpot, prancing an-
grily about the room. "Good Lord!
He just got up, bowed politely, lifted
his hat, if you'll believe me! the im-
pudent dog! and, says he, 'Since you
adopt heroic treatment, my dear Ma-
jah, I shall feel obliged to follow your
example and prosecute this court-
ship in a heroic manner. I'll have
your daughter, or I'll die trying to
win her. Remember that. But he's
mistaken; no Pilkins will ever wed a
Philpot—perish the thought. I over-
heard them planning an elopement,
and I intercepted a note from him not
two hours ago, in which he gave her the
details, and set the time, even to the
hour. It is to take place to-night. We
give a grand party, you know, and she
is to slip away after supper, when the
carriages are drawn up in line before
the pavement and the guests are taking
their departure. She is to put on a
long dark wrap, and carry a tuberose
in her hand, by which he is to recog-
nize her. There is to be a carriage
handy. She is to enter it, and the
driver is to go to the—devil. But,
unknown to Mr. Pilkins, Arabella's
old dad is to put in his appearance just
at this opportune time and stop the
performance, and Arabella herself is to
be yanked upstairs and sent to bed."

"And what am I to do?"

"You are to come to the ball as a
guest. I will introduce you to my
daughter, and you must shadow her
during the whole evening. She must
not be allowed to evade us. I
would go home now and lock her up
and have an end to it all but for the
party. It would never do for her to
be absent when our guests arrive. I've
spent a small fortune on this party, and
I want it to be a success, and I am de-
termined not to give up the entertain-
ment, nor to allow Pilkins to run away
with Arabella."

"I'll be there early," said I, eagerly.

"Do. I'll give you a hundred dollars
to help me outwit the rascally Pilkins.
He's entirely too smart in his own es-
timation. And if he thinks he will ever
'feather his nest'—figuratively speak-
ing, of course—with Arabella's \$50,000,
why, then, he'll do it through old Phi-
lot's mistake—that's all."

"You can depend upon me, and I
never expect to earn a hundred dollars
more easily than I will to-night, my
dear Major. Let me see: tuberoses—
dark wraps—waiting carriage at about
8 o'clock in the morning. I give you
my word, Maj. Philpot, that if Pilkins
gets away with Arabella to-night you
may use my head for a football."

"Good. I'll expect you early," and
with that he tore himself away.

I hired an elaborate evening suit and
took my way to the Philpot mansion.
The Major lived in elegant style in a
big brown-stone house on Schuyler
avenue. He had given me a card,
which I sent up by the servant. In-
stantly the Major came into the study
where the servant had conducted me to
wait a moment.

"Gad!" says he, "you look like a
dandy."

"I am a dandy," says I, "for to-night,
any way. How goes it?"

"Lovely. Arabella suspects nothing.
She is rather more affectionate than
common, but, in view of her intended
flight, perhaps not more so than is
natural."

A heavy velvet curtain that concealed
a doorway trembled slightly and caught
my attention for a moment. What if
somebody should overhear us; but no,
that was impossible. I stepped toward
the curtain, but at that moment the
beautiful Arabella herself appeared in
the farther recess.

"My daughter, this is Mr. Sidesinger,
of Columbus. Miss Philpot, Mr. Sides-
inger," says the Major, introducing us.

The Major and I had agreed that I
should be known that evening as Mr.
Sidesinger from Ohio—a particular
friend of his, whom he had not met
with in a long time.

"As an old friend of her father's, I
hope Miss Philpot will reserve me a
few of the dances on her tablet," says I
to the young lady.

"As many as you like," said she,
affably, and I marked as many as I
dared.

She was called away just then by a
lot of fresh arrivals; but I managed
soon to make my way through the
crowd into the ball-room. I knew she
would not attempt to leave the house
before supper, so there was nothing
to worry myself about. You know it
isn't often that a poor detective gets a
chance to mingle with the fashionable
swells as an equal, and I wanted to
make the most of it.

Whenever I thought of Pilkins—
and it was often enough to keep me in
good humor—I could not help but
laugh in my sleeve at the trick we
were going to play on him. To earn a
hundred dollars and be revenged on
your enemy at the same time is enough
to make anybody cheerful, and Miss
Philpot had no occasion to complain
of inattention on my part, when in the
course of the evening I claimed her as
a partner. I danced her and I fed her
and I walked her four thousand
miles, I firmly believe, around the big
conservatory. I frequently caught the
Major's eye, but he smiled the broad-
est kind of approval, and long before
supper-time I had earned the undying
hatred of a score of young fel-
lows who envied me my good luck
in putting the rest of her adorers in the
shade—so to speak. As the hour grew
later I noticed Miss Philpot began to
cast furtive glances toward the little
study. The Major, busy with his
guests, still took time to send me two
lines by a servant, bidding me to be on
my guard. I determined not to take

my eyes off his wayward daughter, and
though it was impossible to be con-
stantly at her side, still I hovered near
enough to see every motion on her part.
What puzzled me most was the fact
that, contrary to our expectation, she
made no motion to leave the parlors.
It was long past 2 o'clock. The dancers
had tired themselves out and were now
scattered here and there in the dressing
rooms, or stood wrapped and ready to
make their adieus. The time had come,
if at all, when the elopement would be
attempted. I gradually approached
Miss Philpot, but a crowd of people
were around her.

"Carriage for the Misses Fenton,"
"carriage for Col. Bellairs," "carriage
for Mr. Parkinson and ladies," cried a
number of voices at once, and a stream
of people drifted down the broad steps.
Miss Philpot languidly advanced into
the hall. I followed closely. She was
without the prescribed dark wrap and
the tuberoses. She seemed not to have
the slightest idea of running away with
Mr. Pilkins. Was it all a mistake of
the Major's excited fancy after all? I
could not help but think so. Still, I
waited. Miss Philpot lifted her head
and glanced casually in my direction.
The stream of people melted away be-
fore her. As I pushed my way
through the crowd that surged
into the broad hall, she stepped
quickly near the wide open door.
A roll of carpeting had been laid
down the steps and across the pave-
ment. I worked my way toward her,
determined to keep her within reaching
distance. At that moment a barouche
dashed up, and halted suddenly oppo-
site Miss Philpot.

"Carriage for Catherwood," cried the
driver. The door opened, as if by
magic—a tall form sprang out.
Miss Philpot glided forward. At that
instant I recognized Mr. Pilkins.

"No, you don't," said I, clutching at
Miss Philpot's flowing robe, as she flew
toward him. The filmy dress gave way
in my hand; the carriage door closed
upon her white figure and the driver
put whip to the horses. A hack stood
next in line.

"Fifty dollars to you if you follow and
overtake that carriage," I yelled to the
driver and jumped into the vehicle.

We tore down the street like mad,
leaving Maj. Philpot standing at his
deserted home filling the night air with
imprecations. The flight and the pur-
suit had taken place in much less time
than it takes me to tell it now. It had
been almost instantaneous in its quick-
ness, and I did not like to balked
at this stage in the game. Where now
was my revenge, and where too were
my hundred dollars? Come what would
I determined at all hazards to overtake
the runaway.

"Lay on the whip," I cried to my
driver.

"The horses are in a dead run," he
answered back. "We ain't more than
half a block behind Mr. Pilkins."

"Then you recognized Pilkins?"

"Oh, yes."

"Keep 'em in sight, and if they stop
at any place, increase your speed and
catch up with them."

We raced down Broad street, turned
the corner of Fourth, and headed for
the river.

"Where can that infernal fellow be
going?" I thought, watching anxiously
the carriage as it dashed over the road
in advance of us. We chased them for
nearly an hour, when I perceived that
we were gaining perceptibly. The
driver of the barouche noticed it, and
pulled up suddenly in the middle of
the road.

"I'd like to know what in the deuce
you fellows are racing me for at this
time of night," cried he.

"I want Miss Philpot," I retorted,
jumping down and opening the door of
the barouche.

The driver laughed sardonically.

"You won't find her here."

The night was nearly as light as day.
The moon shining so brightly that one
might almost have read print without
glasses, precluded the idea of her hav-
ing escaped from the carriage without
my knowledge.

"Miss Philpot," says I, putting my
head inside the carriage, "you must re-
turn to your father."

The carriage was empty; Miss Phil-
pot, either.

I was confounded.

"What hocus-pocus work is this?" I
cried, angrily. "She was here, for I
saw her enter this very vehicle an hour
ago."

The driver laughed again; a quizz-
ing, hateful laugh that made me long
to knock him down.

"Oh, yes, to be sure she was here.
She just got in at one side of this here
coach, and she immediately jumped out
at the other side, as per arrange-
ment. And that there Pilkins had a
big water-proof that he slipped over
her white ball dress and slipped her into
a gig as was waiting for 'em at the cor-
ner. And they're man and wife by this
time, in spite of all the detectives in
Illinois. Pilkins give me twenty dol-
lars to race off here and lead you a
wild-goose chase, and I'm darned if I
haven't been the best joke in the busi-
ness to see you smart Alecks fooled so
neatly. Hooray for Pilkins."

It was enough to make any man
swear, and I swore curses not only loud
but deep.

Both the drivers laughed.

"I'll take my fifty dollars, Mr.
Green," said the fellow I had em-
ployed; "and if it's all the same, I'd
like it now."

In a dejected and surly mood I re-
turned home.

It was a week afterward that Maj.
Philpot thundered down my little hall-
way, and, thundering at my door once
more, thundered himself into my small
room, and filled up my best chair with
his rotund figure.

"It's a damned fine little game they
played us, eh, Green, isn't it?" said he,
blandly, as he pulled out his big
pocket-book, and unrolled some bills.
"By George! You know my Arabella
had Pilkins hidden behind the curtains
in the library that night of the party,
and they overheard every blamed word
we said, and laid their plans to outwit
us," and he roared with laughter.

I was amazed.

"But you don't mean to say, do you,
Major, that you've taken that scamp

into your friendship after such a trick
as he served you?"

The Major only laughed the louder.
"All's fair in love and war, Green,
and here's your money. I ain't giving
it to you, you know, because you suc-
ceeded in keeping my Arabella from
eloping, but just for the reason that
you failed to do so. Pilkins is a brick
—a perfect brick—do you hear that?"
And the Major slapped his legs with
immense satisfaction.

"He's poor, I know, but he's sharper
than lightning, and as to his politics,
while I don't vote as he does, yet they
do say that the Democrats are going to
run him for the Legislature this fall;
and if he pulls in at the head of the
race—and I'll bet my bottom dollar he
will—why Arabella's dad, sir, will stand
in with him to the last cent of his pile."

"What about Arabella herself?" says
I, completely dumfounded at this
turn of affairs.

"By gad, sir! Arabella is actually
worth fifty thousand dollars more, in
my opinion, than before she eloped
with Pilkins. Sharp girl is Arabella—
just like her old dad, sir, for all the
world. Bless you! they both came
home next morning bold as lions, and
my Arabella plumped herself down on
my left leg, and, handing me her mar-
riage certificate, says, as smilingly as
you please: 'We're married in spite of
you Mr. Green, papa; and here we are,
and what are you going to do about it?'"

"And what will you do about it?"
says I.

"By the Lord Harry!" roars the Ma-
jor, "there was only one thing I could
do—and that was to forgive me; and I
did it right on the spot."

So this was the kind of revenge I
was getting on Pilkins. Married to the
girl of his choice in spite of me, and
taken into favor by her father in the
bargain, his punishment was entire-
ly too vague to be a pleasure to me.

"It's all over town," went on Maj.
Philpot, "how they got ahead of us,
and here's your money, Green. I'm
going to give you fifty dollars extra, so
you can 'set 'em up' to the boys, for
there'll be no end of the chaffing you'll
get in the next ten days. There's your
money, Green, and much obliged to
you."

And Pilkins?

Well, Pilkins actually did go to the
Legislature, and is quoted as one of
the big guns in his party. He literally
rolls in clover, and lives on the fat of
the land, and to this day is referred to
with pride by Maj. Philpot as "my son-
in-law."

And as for me, before I ever attempt
again to "head off" a runaway couple,
may somebody come along and kindly
kick me higher than Gilderoy's cele-
brated kite.

Burial Customs in China.

How far the American version of the
Chinese funeral differs from the Cele-
stial original may be judged from the
following account, which is kindly fur-
nished by Mr. Frederick Carman, of
the State Board of Health, and for
many years a resident of the Flowery
Kingdom. On the death of a China
man the relatives are notified of the sad
event, and repair to the house to con-
dole with the bereaved. The eldest
son immediately proceeds to bowl in
hand, to the nearest well or river, to
procure water with which to wash
the remains of his father. Some money
is carried in the bowl, and thrown into
the well, or river, so that it may ap-
pear that the water is purchased, and
not the gift of charity. The body is
then attired in the most costly robes
possible, to produce the impression of
respectability in the spirit world, and
is placed in the coffin with a fan in one
hand and a piece of paper in the other,
upon which a Chinese prayer is writ-
ten. The coffin, which is called the
"longevity boards," is constructed of
stout planks, three or four inches thick,
rounded on the top, and resembling,
when finished, the trunk of a tree.
Into this the body is laid, resting upon
a lining of lime. The edges are closed
with mortar to guard against the escape
of any offensive odor. It is thus an
hermetically sealed casket. This home
for the dead is sometimes a costly in-
vestment, ranging all the way from
\$5 to \$2,000. When sufficient means
are collected to defray the expenses of
interment (which may not occur for
two or three years after death), a pro-
cession is formed, headed by a band of
sacred musicians, with a coolly sent a
long way in advance to scatter paper
money by the road, so that the devils
can be occupied picking it up long
enough to give the body a chance to
slip by. The ancestral tablet is then
sent along carefully inclosed in a Sedan
chair and carried on the shoulders of
two stout bearers, and accompanied by
sign bands, showing the rank and
greatness of the deceased. The coffin
comes next, after which the mourners
follow dressed in white, with white
bands around their heads. These
usually occupy wheelbarrows or chairs,
or are supported upon the arms of
strong men, and give expression to
their grief *secundum artem* in the
most vociferous strains. On arrival at
the grave crackers are fired off, liba-
tions poured out, prayers recited, and
all the needs of the deceased supplied
by burning paper money, servants'
clothes, and furniture, which are im-
mediately converted by the fire into the
identical articles used in the spirit
land.

The grave is a mound of conical
shape. A lucky place is selected, where
water cannot reach or white ants at-
tack the coffin. The chief mourners
approach and kneel before the coffin,
knock their heads, and scatter their li-
bations freely, and amid a volley of
fire-crackers the bereaved party take
leave of their beloved, and leave him
to pursue his own sweet pleasure
"wandering among the geni."—*Albany
Argus*.

A Word to Parents.

See that your child never leaves any
task half done or slovenly finished;
and, therefore, give not too many tasks.
Thoroughness is the corner stone of
success. There is no place in the world
now for smatterers, who know a little,
and only a little, of everything under
the sun. There is always an honorable
place for those who can do any kind of
honest work in the best manner.—*Rev.
E. P. Koe*.

HUMOR.

It was a Massachusetts jury that
rendered the verdict: "Died by the
hereditary visitation of God." The
man had broken his neck when drunk,
and a similar mishap had befallen his
grandfather.

GIMLET—"By the way, I was mis-
taken about Oleson." Anger—"In what
particular?" Gimlet—"You recollect I
said he was a Swedenborgian." Anger
—"Yes." Gimlet—"Well, he's a Nor-
wegian."

MRS. CLASSICAL, who has experienced
the pleasures of the sea, wonders if
they are ever seasick when crossing the
Styx. If they are, she says she would
rather live forever than attempt the
passage.

PASSENGER—"Here, porter, take this
thing away." Sleeping-car Porter—
"Why, sah, that's a pillow." "A pil-
low! This little thing?" "Why, yes,
sah. What did you 'spect it was?" "I
thought it was a poultice."

THE young man from the country and
his girl were drifting slowly into an ice-
cream saloon when the following met
his eye: "Vanilla, chocolate, lemon,
and strawberry ice-cream, \$1.50 per
gal." He turned and fled.

WIFE (anxiously)—"What did that
young lady observe who passed us just
now?" Husband (with a smile of calm
delight)—"Why, my love, she observed
rather a good-looking man walking
with quite an elderly female; that's all.
Ahem!"

"MARY," said Mrs. Sharply to her
maid, "you really must put some sort
of a dish out on the step to hold the
ice, so there won't be a puddle of water
left there every morning." "What dish
shall I use, mum?" "Anything would
do. Suppose you use a teacup."

"No," said the housemaid. "I don't
apologize to a man when I throw a
bucket of water down the front steps to
wash 'em, and he comes along and gets
drenched. I've tried apologizing, but
I've found there's nothing you can say
to a man will satisfy him."

WIFE—"What are you dreaming of,
John?" John (a New York cashier)—
"I was not dreaming, I guess." "O,
yes, you were in a regular day dream.
Were you thinking of your castles in
Spain?" "Well, no! The fact is, I was
wondering about the price of castles in
Canada."

SHE—"You say he couldn't straddle
the blind?" He—"Yes." She—"What
was the matter? Was the blind too
wide for him?" He—"No." She—
"Was it a defect in his legs?" He—
"No. I believe the defect was in his
hand."—*New York Graphic*.

At the club: Young de Philltoddle
(to friend)—"Do you know that poor
Gabbleton has lost his mind?" Friend
—"Indeed! He is to be congratulated."
Young de Philltoddle—"Congratulated!
How so?" Friend—"It was the general
impression that he had none to lose;
but now he has corrected that error."

"GEORGE," said a South Side girl to
her beau the other night, "here is a
piece in the paper headed 'Kismet.'
What does kismet mean?" "The word
must be pronounced with the t silent,
Nettie," replied George. "Why, that
would be kiss me," said Nettie. "With
the greatest pleasure," replied George.
And he did.

INQUISITIVE BOY—What do editors
have posts for, pa? Do they have to
be hitched up like horses? Pa—Posts?
They don't have posts, my son, although
some of them ought to be hitched up
undoubtedly. What makes you ask
such a queer question. I. B.—Why, I
have seen in lots of papers where it
said the editor of this paper is absent
from his post. Pa—A mere figure of
speech, my boy, meaning his office or
desk.

The Chinese Way.

A Japanese girl went to the Maloo
market to make some purchases, when
a Chinese fish-dealer, who was discuss-
ing his breakfast after having disposed
of his wares, and who was probably
inspired by national ill-feeling, brutally
spat in her face. The woman resented
this outrage and a disturbance followed,
in the course of which she got severely
handled by the fishmonger and lost a
hand-bag which she had brought with
her as a receptacle for her purchases.
At this stage the police arrived on the
scene and the fishmonger decamped,
leaving behind him, however, the sum
of 7,000 cash. This the police took
charge of, but in the afternoon the fish-
dealer made his appearance at the
police station and demanded his money,
whereupon he was taken into custody
on the charge of having assaulted the
Japanese woman. The fishmonger was
brought up at the mixed court and sen-
tenced to receive 100 blows for the as-
sault. It was then suggested by the
police that the 7,000 cash, the fish-
monger's earnings of the previous
morning, should be given to the Japa-
nese woman as compensation for her lost
hand-bag, and Mr. Giles, who was sit-
ting as assessor, readily concurred in
the suggestion, remarking that the
prisoner would be all the more likely
to duly receive his hundred blows if he
had no money. His worship also
agreed to the suggestion, but on the
money being inquired for it was found
that the fishmonger had handed it to a
friend, who had made off with it with
all dispatch. Eventually, however, the
police obtained possession of the cash
and handed it over to the injured
woman.—*North China Daily News*.

PROF. THOMSON, in a recent lecture
informed his audience that the mag-
netic pole is now near Boothia Felix,
or more than 1,000 miles west of the
geographical pole. In 1657 the mag-
netic pole was due north, it having
been eastward before that year. Then
it began to move westward until 1816,
when the maximum was reached. This
is now being steadily diminished, and
in 1976 it will again point due north.
Prof. Thomson says that the changes
which will have been observed, not
only in the direction but in the strength
of the earth's magnetism, will show
that the same causes which originally
magnetized the earth are still at work.

TO BUILD up that strength of mind
which apprehends and clings to the
great universal truth is the highest in-
tellectual culture.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Apples are a good crop in Howard and
Wabash Counties.

—About fifty new students have been
enrolled at Hanover College.

—President Smart has ordered two
microscopes for Purdue University, to cost
\$250.

—Work on the Insane Asylum building
at Logansport is being pushed rapidly for-
ward.

—While being shaved at Terre Haute,
Samuel S. Early, a wealthy citizen, died in
the chair.

—Storm's tile factory and a large ware-
house at Stockwell were destroyed by fire,
the loss being \$7,000.

—John Minton, while racing with a
companion near Fairmount, was thrown
from his horse and killed.

—John Overmyer, a farmer residing near
Winamac, was killed by the stroke of a
plowshare in the hands of his insane son.

—The De Pauw glass-works at New
Albany are not running the full number of
furnaces, owing to inability to secure glass-
blowers.

—At Martinsville John Thurman was in-
stantly beheaded by falling on the circular
saw at Connor's mills. Both legs were also
cut off.

—A boiler explosion nearly demolished
the flouring mill of Empton & Callender, at
Vincennes, and fatally injured Thomas
Childrus, the engineer.

—Mr. John G. Dreimen, of Vincennes,
has on exhibition a chicken with only one
head but two perfectly formed bodies, four
wings, four legs, and four feet.

—William Flick, of Orange County, while
waiting for a train on the L. N. A. & C.,
at Crawfordsville, laid down upon the plat-
form, and braced one foot against the rail.
The train came along and cut off the foot.

—The matters in dispute between the
heirs of Gustavus H. Voss, deceased, were
compromised at Indianapolis. The real
estate will be portioned upon the basis of
equality among the four children. This
will give them about \$60,000 apiece.

—John F. Donham was killed in an alterca-
tion by John Stoops, near Cory.
Both were farmers. Their quar-
rel was the result of an old feud. During
the shooting a man named Gardner inter-
fered, and was shot in the arm and neck.

—John T. Briggs, cashier of the Louis-
ville and Nashville freight depot at Evans-
ville, has absconded, leaving the company
\$3,000 short. Briggs has been living a fast
life of late and his downfall was caused by
his sporting propensities of all kinds. He
is 25 years old, and has been in the employ
of the road eleven years.

—Rev. Joseph Tarkington, of Greens-
burg, was in attendance at the meeting of
the Southeast Indiana Conference at Sey-
mour. This was Mr. Tarkington's sixtieth
conference, he having entered the ministry
in 1824. He is 84 years old, and in vigor-
ous health.

—Reed E. Beard has been admitted to
practice in the Tippecanoe courts. Mr. B.
is blind, and has acquired his legal infor-
mation by having the law, as laid down in
the books, read to him. It is thought to be
the only case on record where a blind man
has been educated for the law.

—A "Macreme Lace Company" consist-
ing of three men and two women have been
working Vincennes. Fearing exposure
they fled, having swindled twenty-three
young ladies for \$3 each. Their plan is to
collect that sum in advance from girls for
teaching them a new style of lace work.

—John Decker, living a few miles below
Vincennes, obtained two kinds of medicine
from a physician—morphine for himself,
and something else for a year-old baby.
During the night a dose was administered
to the child, and, as it happened to be the
morphine, it caused death in a short time.

—Secretary Teller says there is no truth
in the report that Col. Dudley's resignation
of the Pensions Commissionership was re-
quested. The resignation was entirely
voluntary on the part of Col. Dudley. It
will not go into effect until Nov. 10. No
appointment will be made before that date.

—Elder George E. Flower, pastor of the
Christian Church at Paducah, Ky., died at
Evansville recently, aged 37. He was edu-
cated at Butler University, and began
preaching in Evansville in 1868. He was a
great-grandson of Richard Flower, who
headed the English colony that settled at
Albion, Ill., in 1818.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Hancock, of In-
dianapolis, who had been married two
months, retired to bed and imbibed four
ounces of laudanum and chloroform each,
soon becoming unconscious. Friends hap-
pened to call at their house and discovered
their condition, when medical help was in-
voked, and both were saved from death.

—The case of the Supreme Lodge of the
Knights of Pythias vs. Clara Schmidt,
affirmed in the Supreme Court, establishes
the principle that certificates of member-
ship in the insurance department of be-
nevolent associations must be liberally
construed in favor of the beneficiaries, and
that no admission of the member himself
can be received in evidence to invalidate
the claim of the beneficiaries under the cer-
tificate, since they have a vested right in
the certificate from the time it is issued.

—Eight men employed at a brick-yard
near Hammond started a row in a saloon.
One man was killed with a shot-gun,
another was stabbed in the breast with a
pitchfork, and two others received serious
wounds.

—John J. Sample, one of the bondsmen
of the late Postmaster, has been appointed
Postmaster at Lafayette, for four years.

—Peru has twenty-one lawyers, fourteen
of whom are under 30 years of age.