

## SOME THOUGHTS.

BY LILLY M. CUREY.

How will I look when I am dead?  
I've wondered a hundred times and more—  
When the sheet is drawn up over my head  
And craps disfigure the outer door.  
Will my cheeks seem thin and my lips turn blue,  
And a general strangeness shadow my face?  
Will they dress me in white, with a ribbon or  
two,  
And fasten a rose in the folds of lace?  
What will they say when I am dead?  
"Poor thing, poor thing, she is better off!"  
"The stoop in her shoulders"—"The hectic red!"  
"We knew that horrible, hacking cough!"  
"How natural," and "How waken-pure!"  
"But passing sad that the young should die."  
If they say this last, and I hear, I am sure  
I shall long to rise and give them the lie.

## ETHEL'S TEST.

BY JENNIE S. JUDSON.

"Cyril, you stupid old book-worm, get up this instant! Here it is 4 o'clock; the Henrys are expected in half an hour, and you have made no move to meet them. Auntie is depending on me to see that you are ready, and she will be so provoked."

"When 'auntie' assigned you that commission, my dear, did it possible magnitude occur to you?" asked Cyril, provokingly, as he turned a pair of handsome eyes on the sweet young face at his side. "You know even a woman will turn at last. What then if I should boldly declare my independence and assert that I will not prepare to meet the Henrys?"

"Oh! Cyril, how utterly provoking you can be," cried Ethel, as the young man coolly resumed his reading. "Now, do be good, won't you?" she asked, coaxingly. "Auntie is sure you'll like Miss Henry, she is so altogether nice."

"What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?" he answered, lazily. "I'm very well satisfied with the company I now have."

"Does that remark apply to the book or to me?"

"I will be good, Ethel," was the irrelevant reply, as he left the swinging hammock and took a seat at her side, "provided my concession meets with due reward."

"Virtue is always its own reward. What more can you wish?"

"Something you've never given me yet," gazing down intently into the beautiful, upturned eyes. "Something I ask not only as a reward, but that you must give me as good-by."

"Good-by!" in a startled voice, "why good-by?"

"Because the coming of all these gay young people will mean nothing but separation for us, Ethel. There will be no more quiet strolls by the brook, no more readings in the afternoons, no more home music in the twilight."

"I know," said Ethel, quietly; "but I thought it would be so much pleasanter for you that I tried not to care."

"Oh! don't you wish," she added, impulsively, "that auntie had no school friends whose children might come to visit her?"

"Hardly," was the terse reply, given with a quizzical glance.

"How stupid of me!" she laughed, "for I should not have had this lovely home myself, nor my dear brother Cyril, if mamma and auntie had not been such friends at school."

"Now, brother mine," she continued, never noting the young man's paling lips nor darkened brow, "what is the reward you wish?"

"Only a few of those violets at your throat," he answered, in a repressed tone. "But, Ethel," mastered at last by some strange excitement, "I beg of you never again to call me brother. I cannot bear that title from you."

"Forgive me. It was a liberty. I had no right."

"No. You have no right. I—"

And then he now pressed his lips as though no other word should pass them.

"Would you not be willing to have me for your sister, Cyril?" she asked, raising lovely, deprecating eyes to his. She little knew the wild thrill her beauty and innocence gave him, nor with what an effort he turned away.

"No," he answered, almost sternly. "I would never regard you as a sister."

A glance of honest pain was his answer, and Ethel rose and walked away.

"The struggle is a sore one," he cried, as she disappeared among the shrubbery, "but I am conqueror yet. I dared not ask the kiss she would in her childish innocence have given. My heart would have lingered on my lips and told the story I have so long suppressed, that I have vowed she shall not hear until her heart has stood some test. She shall see the gay world about her first this summer, and when she knows better what to choose, I will lay my heart at her feet."

Gayety reigned supreme at "High Oaks" in the days that followed, for Mrs. Grafton, Ethel's guardian, was endeavoring to make her young ward's first experience in society a happy one.

And Ethel's bright face gave no betrayal but that her attempt was a success.

"Where is Miss Ethel?" asked Clarence Henry one morning, as he stepped on the piazza, where his sister and Cyril were holding an animated conversation.

"You will find her in the shrubbery likely," was Cyril's careless reply. And yet he felt a jealous thrill that Clarence had supplanted him in seeking her.

He noted Ethel's blush and swift upward glance as Mr. Henry spoke, and the fate that had caused him to meet Miss Henry on the piazza.

Two weeks had passed without one quiet talk between the two who, previous to the coming of their guests, had been almost inseparable, and Cyril chafed at the constant separation.

"How jolly May and Mr. Grayton are together," observed Clarence as his sister's merry laugh broke on the air. "The old family arrangement may be happily consummated yet; who knows?"

"Was there an arrangement?" asked Ethel, quietly.

"Yes; made years ago when they were children. They were very congenial even then, but Cyril went away five years ago to Germany, and May has never seen him since until now. The course of true love will run smooth in this case, I imagine."

"It certainly seems to run smooth

now," said Ethel, hiding her trembling lips in the heart of a dewy rose.

"Another link to draw us nearer to each other, Ethel," whispered the enamored young man.

"Oh! I have torn my hand on this mischievous thorn," cried Ethel, glad to listen no longer.

"Cruel, cruel thorn to wound so charming a little hand," exclaimed Clarence as he raised the injured member to his lips.

"There is the luncheon bell, Mr. Henry. Let us surprise auntie by being on time," and Ethel started hastily toward the house. She stooped, however, as she passed the library window to pick up a piece of paper that fluttered to her feet.

A little later, when about to don her riding-habit, this same piece of paper fell from her pocket, and she looked to see what it might contain.

The handwriting was Cyril's, and she read, "I may as well confess Fred, that my heart is my own no longer. I have met one this summer to whom even you would yield homage. I'll not weary you with rhapsodies upon her beauty, winsomeness and intelligence; for it is enough to say that she is the one woman of the world for me, and—"

Here the letter closed abruptly, and Ethel, lifting sad eyes from its perusal, looked hopelessly into the summer radiance that mocked her from the window.

"Cyril told me once," she cried, "that I had woman's deepest lesson yet to learn, and this is it; it must be it."

"Why have you deserted me so entirely since the arrival of our guests, Ethel?" asked Cyril, reproachfully, as the two chanced to ride side by side in the gay equestrian party.

"Have I deserted you? I didn't consider it in that light. I supposed we were both happier as things were," she returned, indifferently.

The look of pain in Cyril's face would the day before have brought quick, remorseful words to her lips, but the letter had done its work, and she only thought with scorn, "Cyril's vanity requires more to feed upon than I had supposed. One acknowledged captive seems to afford it insufficient gratification."

Chance threw the two together again that night in the changes of a waltz-quadrille, and they danced together for the first time. Cyril forgetting as he clasped the pliant, lissome figure in his arms, her cruel words of the morning, forgetting all save that the sad, languishing music was carrying them on and on in a blissful dream of delight.

His eyes almost told the secret his pale lips refused to betray, as he looked down at her when the dance was done.

"Rather stupid for us to be thrown so long together, wasn't it?" laughed Ethel, carelessly, "but I must say that you are a splendid waltzer, Cyril."

"And that is all it was to her!" thought Cyril, as with a pale face he turned away.

"Fool that I have been," he muttered vehemently, "to let matters drift. I might have won her love if I had bound her with a vow, but now it is too late, too late."

"Grafton, may I see you a moment in private?" asked Clarence Henry next morning, as he stepped into the library.

"You may," was the stiff reply. "Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"A great deal, if you see fit. You know my character, Grafton, my prospects, my situation in life, and so forth. Now, with boyish impetuosity, 'have have you anything to say against them? Or, in other words, is there any valid reason why I may not pay my addresses to your mother's ward, Miss Wheaton?'"

"Why do you come to me?" asked Cyril, haughtily. "You must be aware that my mother is the proper person to address."

"Your mother has given her consent?" was the eager reply. "In coming to you I only desired to make matters agreeable all around."

"Miss Ethel has expressed a wish for your happiness," he continued, "why should you be reluctant to do the same for her?"

"Ethel's happiness!" exclaimed Cyril in a low, hoarse voice; "does Ethel's happiness depend upon my consent to your suit? If so, Mr. Henry—" after a moment's bitter struggle, "be assured that her happiness is so dear to me I shall place no obstacle in the way."

And with a hurried "Excuse me," he left the room.

"What a strange method of procedure!" commented Clarence; "if we were not so infatuated with May, I might think he was in love with Ethel himself."

"Ah, well!" straightening up his stalwart young figure, "I will no longer delay, but put it to the touch, and win or lose it all."

Two hours later, as Cyril strayed alone and wretched, through the distant shrubbery, a suppressed sob drew his attention, and, cast down on the green sward in an abandon of sorrow, who should he see but Ethel, dear little, sunshiny Ethel, who was never known to shed a tear.

"Ethel!" he cried, in quick surprise, "what is it? Why are you here alone?" She sprang suddenly to her feet, exclaiming, with startled vehemence, "You, Cyril! Is it you?"

"Yes, Ethel, it is I. Is my presence so very unwelcome?"

"Not at all," with an attempt at proud unconcern; "I had intended soon to see you of my own accord."

"Well," he answered, coldly, "I am at your service; what is it you desire?"

For a moment she paused, then, flushed and trembling, she said, "I am very sorry, Cyril, that I cannot accede to your and auntie's wishes. I have never opposed you before, have I?" with a forlorn attempt at a smile; "but indeed in so vital a matter to me I cannot yield entirely to your choice." How the pale lips quivered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," passionately, "that much as you and auntie wish it I cannot engage myself to Clarence Henry. I know you will think me blind and wayward, but after all, Cyril, falteringly, 'my heart is my own, and cannot be made to obey the dictates of another.'"

"Is your heart your own, my darling," he whispered with passionate tenderness as he drew her suddenly toward him.

One startled glance she gave into the

love-illumined face above her, then hid her happy eyes upon his breast.

"Oh! Ethel," he cried, "how could you for one moment fancy that I wanted you to marry Clarence Henry? My heart was broken at the thought. Has nothing whispered to you the torture I have endured in the past two weeks in seeing him, as I feared, slowly but surely winning your heart from me?"

"I was suffering, too, Cyril," she answered, in a low, sweet voice. "I thought you cared far more for Miss May than for me. Are you sure," she added, wistfully, "that you do not?"

"Am I sure?" he mocked her, with a happy laugh. "Look up, my Ethel, my flower, my little queen; take one long look into my eyes, and read there whom the love is for."

So Ethel did as she was bid, read, and was satisfied.

## The Egyptian Peasantry.

The agricultural fellah is an admirable style of man. With good cerebral development and much aptitude and intelligence, with an agile and muscular frame, he is a typical farm laborer, and as he patiently works his shadow of the water he has raised, or diligently weeds or hoes his crops, he presents an example of untiring industry and quaint yet ingenious contrivance. He has also a love of education, and desires that his children should learn all that can be taught in the schools to which he has access. He will often pay the village teacher what for him is a very large sum in exchange for a village education, and he is anxious when he can to take advantage of European schools. He reads, too, when he can get books, and loves to know something of the great world beyond him. The dweller in a mud hut, almost roofless and destitute of furniture, is often for his circumstances a somewhat intelligent and even learned man, and he is quick of apprehension, and readily acquires or imitates anything brought under his notice by strangers. His family affections are strong, and his cheerfulness and good-nature are almost invincible. He is, it is true, deficient in some of the harder virtues of more northern climates, and is less self-reliant and less truthful than he should be, but it must be remembered that his race has suffered oppression from a period long antecedent to the rise of our modern nations. The Egyptian must not be supposed to be represented by the rabble that howl for backsheesh at places frequented by travelers. Vagrants and beggars exist more or less everywhere, and in Egypt the observant tourist can easily see the difference between these and the men and boys diligently watering and weeding their crops from morning to night, and the women busily employed in household work. Too often, however, all are treated alike by strangers and their employees, and it is frequently painful to see decent and orderly people plying some humble trade or offering some legitimate service, involved in the same hard treatment which falls on idle beggars.—*Leisure Hours.*

## Flemish Social Life.

Our visit to this seaport of Belgium was more socially successful than falls to the lot of summer travelers. Flemish life differs from the German in that it is more permeated with French customs. Women of the higher classes have a certain *chic* which gives them a presence, a more definite personality than falls to the fate of their well-born German sisters. They converse more spiritedly, and do not open their eyes and look confounded if a woman smokes a cigarette in their presence, as sometimes happens when a Russian or Moldavian countess enters their social world. At the Cercle d'Harmonie garden concerts, to which one is admitted by card of invitation from the members, they are not seen drinking beer at the furious rate German *hausfrauen* swallow that beverage in Munich and Vienna. They go to promenade in the pretty, shadowy pathways, and show their pretty Parisian toilets in the "round point," where the orchestra kiosks stands. They receive gracefully at their private receptions, converse intelligently, and are graceful, gay, and womanly. They belong to the heavy artillery order of humanity—and it takes a Clydesdale team of brain power to move them; but they can be moved to love or anger with equal force, so that, on the whole, it is best to leave them alone and admire their tall forms, and fascinating mustaches at a distance.—*Cologne, Germany, Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

## Jews Free from Disease.

One noticeable feature about Jewish cemeteries in the South is the scarcity of newly made graves after an epidemic of cholera or yellow fever. Statistics show that fewer of them die than of any other race from these or kindred diseases. During the late cholera scourge in Toulon only two orthodox Jews died of it, while in numbers they equaled fully 20 per cent. of the population. Their immunity from the disease, and the certainty with which they recover when attacked by it, is accounted for by the simplicity of their diet. They are very strict about following the dietary prescribed by Moses. Many tables have been formulated by wise men since then, but none that can compare with it in promoting health and vigor. Isn't it a little strange that Moses, if he was only a common historian, should have possessed knowledge superior to that of the wisest and best physicians of the present day? He evidently believed in preventing disease rather than curing it.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

The arctic regions are not without their pleasures. The Esquimaux girls are very pretty, dance, sing, and do not care for ice cream. Hot drinks and walrus blubber are their peculiar vanities, and sealskin saques are sold at two iron hoops and a tenpenny nail.

The memory ought to be a store-room; many turn theirs, rather, to a lumber-room. Even stores grow moldy, and spoil, unless aired and used betimes, and then they, too, become lumber.—*J. C. Hare.*

## AT A GEORGIA CROSS-ROADS STORE.

"It Takes All Kind of Folks to Make a World."

To-day day me and maw walked over to the cross-roads store to do a little tradin', and as we come in sight and seed the gang that was gathered 'round the door, maw she lowed:

"Betsy, it's just as your pap says; it takes a heap of different sort of folks to make a world."

It was Saddy, and they was a waitin' for the mail; it don't come but once a week, and they inginnerly waits tel then to come to the store. The women folks comes, too, and fetches their babies and little fice dogs, and sometimes they fetch aigs and ingon buttons and dried fruit to swap for cotton cards and factory thread and snuff.

They comes soon of a mornin' and sets about all day long and dip snuff and smoke and lugs their babies, and if anybody kicks the little fice it makes 'em as mad as if you'd a slap the baby.

There is allers a gang of half-grown boys a pitchin' horseshoes and a playin' marvells under them trees back of the store; they sound like they are quarrellin' all the time, but they are havin' a power of fun. "Vench your roundance."

"Look at Bill, he's a fudgin'." "Fat and stick it." "Thar now, Jim's dead." "That's not far; Jake he fudged; it's not far, so it haint. Jim's not dead, kase Jake he fudged." "Taws on the middle." "Vench your backs."

"Knucks." "Roundance, no losance." "Kicks." "Vench your taws." "Fat and go last." "With all of this some of 'em can't keep from mixin' in a few oaths. Some boys think they can't be a man tel they larn how to cuss."

The men folks inginnerly sets on them goods boxes 'fore the store door and chaws tobacco and smokes their pipes and whistles sticks and talks religion, and politics, and the craps, and the weather, and waits for the mail. Some of 'em never got a letter in their lives; I know in reason old Wigginsoker never, and if he did he couldn't read it; but he takes the county papers, "Our Mountain Home" and "The Reporter and Watchtower." They had his name in one of 'em once, and he has been talkin' of it ever sense. His old 'oman raised a terrible big beet in her garden, and he took it to town, and the paper said it was a beet that beat all the beets in that beat, and sense then he's been a havin' the papers read to him and a listenin' for his name. He can't write and he don't git no letters, but reglar as a Saddy comes he pokes his head and creens his neck over the rail-in' at the postoffice and axes: "Air thar any dockment for me?"—A. J. Wigginsoker, Esq., or Jim Wigginsoker, as it wair; air one? will gemme my paper ef thar haint no dockment."

Squire Roberson inginnerly reads the paper, and they all gether round him to hear the news, and if he haint thar to read it old man Simpson tries to spell it out for 'em, and they know about as much when he quits as when he sot in, but they 'pear to go home satisfied. Sometimes a fancy-dressed drummer will be thar, and they'll git him to read, though some of 'em had sooner listen at him talk as read. He tells the news from everwhars; and as he talks old Wigginsoker and old man Simpson listens with their under jaws drapt, and believes every word of it, whether thar's air bit of truth in it or no. They've got confidence in Squire Roberson. Some of 'em never gives their opinion on nothin' tel they hear what Squire Roberson thinks on the subject. Old man Simpson will go with the Squire in politics every time, but when it comes to religion nobody can't turn his head. He reads the Bible, and puts his own meaning on what he reads, and Mr. N. body needn't try to tell him different. He knows what he reads, and sees with his own eyes better'n anybody else can tell him.

He will set and argy his pint half a day, or as long as anybody has got the time or keers to listen, and he don't think nobody can git to heaven less'n they believe his way. But he is ignorant, and don't know no better.—*Betsy Hamilton, in Atlanta Constitution.*

## A Scene on the Plains.

One of the most startling and romantic features of border life occurred recently on the Wild Horse prairie, thirty miles north of Los Angeles, when a band of wild horses, under the lead of a noble sorrel stallion, came galloping over the plain to reconnoiter a company of surveyors engaged in making a survey of the track. The band dashed toward Capt. Keller, and his party of surveyors till within about 500 feet, when the leader halted in a grandly proud and defiant manner, with neck curved, nostrils distended, erect, and tail on dress parade, and all the band ranged themselves on each side of him like a squad of cavalry in a battle charge. After surveying the scene for a few moments, the leader galloped proudly away, followed by the band in the most graceful and dignified manner. The scene was most romantic, and the picture of the lordly leader, with his most obedient subjects, in their fleet and graceful motions, was worthy of an artist's pencil. There was another band of wild horses on the same prairie, under the leadership of a dark mahogany bay stallion, with black mane, tail, and knees. In this band there are two white horses, while the rest are bay and sorrel mainly. Few people are aware that at the northern base of Sierra Madre, only thirty miles from this city, wild horses roam in their native beauty, and crop the rich grasses that grow on Wild Horse prairie. Yet such is the fact, and their sleek appearance and graceful motions are the admiration of all beholders.—*Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.*

MAN, according to Mr. W. J. Knowles, must have taken up his residence in Ireland at a very early stage in the history of the world. Mr. Knowles has discovered flints at Lane and other places on the northeast coast of that country, some of which he believes show evident traces of human workmanship. One large chipped implement was found in what appeared to be true undisturbed bowlder clay. There are other tools which Mr. Knowles has in his possession which seem to indicate that man has lived in Ireland long before the paleolithic period, during, in fact, the glacial epoch.

## HUMOR.

WHILE they are raising the Tallapoosa wouldn't it be a good thing to raise the rest of the navy just a little?—*Merchant Traveler.*

A MAN near Santa Rosa, Cal., sheared 110 sheep in one day. The same day a Wall street man sheared one lamb. It is safe to state the Wall street man got the biggest fleece.

SINCE they got in the habit out West of going down cellar to escape a cyclone it is remarkable how often a man with a barrel of hard cider in the cellar thinks he sees a cyclone coming.

SINGLED all the same: First small boy—"Hello, Bill! Bin gittin' yer head shingled?" Second s. b., weeping—"No; 'twan't my head!" First s. b. howls in a derisive and taunting manner.—*Burdette.*

They now fill teeth with electricity. A woman with a tooth full of electricity and an eye full of fire will be a balmy object for a man to meet on the landing when he comes home from balancing the books at 2 a. m.

"When do you think of celebrating your wooden wedding?" asked a Burlington citizen of another. "Shh!" was the cautious reply; "don't mention it. There are altogether too many broomsticks and rolling-pins in the house already."

"I say, Jones, dine with me at the house to-night, will you?" "Certainly—with pleasure. Will your wife expect me?" "No; that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning about the sea-shore business, and I want to make her mad."

Reckless dude (to burglar, whom he has discovered in closet): "O, you nasty, saucy thing, to hide in my bedroom! There! I'll break your umbrella, so can't go out without getting soaked, for it's raining like anything outside." Burglar faints.

VERY Big Boy—"Please, Miss Blank, I don't think father would like to have me 'kept in' after school." Pretty Young Teacher—"Why not, if he knows it is for breaking the rules?" Big Boy—"This is leap year, you know. She let him off.—*Philadelphia Call.*

TRUTH crushed to earth: "Would you say," asked the professor, "I would rather walk, or I had rather walk?" "Nary," replied the new boy, "I should say I'd rather ride." He did, too; he rode all around the big recitation-room to the lascivious pleasing of a slate-frame.—*Burdette.*

COMING THRO' THE FOG. When a steamer meets another, Coming thro' the fog, Which should turn out for the other?—Coming thro' the fog, This question is quite hard to wrestle, Until we read the log, Which clears from blame the lucky vessel That has come thro' the fog!

"WEAR'd yer git dat hatchet?" asked an old negro of his son. "Foun' it in Mr. Johnson's yard on er stump." "Dat's all right, den, chile; I was afeard dat yer'd stold it. Allus be keeful how yer pick up things what doan' long ter yer, but when yer finds er thing, lessen de owner is er lookin' at yer, it's your'n."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"WHAT is the breed of your calf?" said a would-be-buyer to a farmer. "Well," said the farmer, "all I know about it is that his father gored a Justice of the Peace to death, tossed a county agent into the fence corner, and stood a lightning-rod man on his head, and his mother chased a female lecturer two miles, and if that ain't breed enough to ask \$4 on you needn't take him!"—*New York Tribune.*

If there is an impression that negroes are laying aside the habits of singing quaint melodies a visit to a negro camp-meeting will destroy the theory. At a large meeting held lately the singing was notable. One hymn began:

If onct I get inside the door,  
You'll never fin' me yere no more.  
And another verse ran—  
When I am dead an' gone  
I don't want no one to grieve over me.  
One melancholy refrain, though musical for all that, was—  
Daniel's got in the lion's den,  
I r'ay do believ.

The Polite Stranger and the Architect. "Ah, good morning," said the polite stranger. "I hope I do not interrupt you, but I would like to call your attention for just a mo—"

"Haven't time to look at you a minute," said the young architect, snappishly; "this is my busy day. Good morning."

"Haven't time; haven't a dollar; haven't a cent in the office; don't want any book, pencil-holder, knife-sharpener, pen-wiper—don't want nothing—won't buy it if you talked to me for a week. Get out!"

"But," persisted the stranger, pleasantly; "I don't want you to buy it; I don't want to sell it; I—"

"Tell you I won't look at it," roared the architect, "and I won't be bothered; I'm carrying all the insurance I can, and want to get rid of that; I don't want to get in on the ground floor with any land company in America. I don't want a chance in the Blacklog Equitable Distribution, and I don't want you around here any longer. Slide off!"

"But you see," said the stranger, smiling, "I only want a moment of your time to show you—"

"Don't want to see it, and I won't see it," shrieked the exasperated architect. "I don't want any perpetual calendar. For I don't expect to live more than a thousand years; don't want any ready interest reckoner, because the other man reckons the interest and I pay it; don't want any patent sleeve-buttons, necktie-fasteners, blotting-pads, letter-books, bill-files, binders, or eyelet-punches. You fly down them stairs or I'll punch your head!"

Then the stranger got mad. "Look here," he said, "I've had enough of your lip. I've got a little capias on you right here that I wanted to show you—Miss! Wrinkle, fashionable tailors, \$119.27—now you come right over to Squire Holdfast's office and look at it or you'll get into grief."

The busy architect said he could spare him about an hour and a half if he had such a useful novelty as that to show him. Why didn't he say so before. And so they went over to look at it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—Thieves robbed Rosewood Postoffice, Harrison County, of \$10 and all the postage stamps.

—There was an original homestead entry of forty acres in Indiana in the year ending June 30 last.

—Thus far this year 228 building permits, aggregating \$199,745, have been taken out in Evansville.

—Salem colitic limestone is to be used in the new Georgia State House at Atlanta, which is to cost \$862,756.

—Mrs. John Baltorff, at Speed's Mills, apparently in good health, was seized with a chill and died in a few minutes.

—At Monroe City, Joseph Barnett shot his father-in-law, William R. Johnson, inflicting what is deemed a fatal wound.

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

—Indications are that the attendance at De Pauw University this year will reach 655. The senior class is the largest in the history of the University.

—The Citizens' National Bank of Indianapolis, which has never passed a dividend, has allowed its charter to expire, and will next month go out of business.

—Miss Emma Wagner, daughter of a hotel proprietor at Terre Haute, eloped to the West with a turfman named Jacob Ayres, after several unsuccessful attempts.

—Dr. W. A. Burney, the well-known colored physician of New Albany, has been appointed assistant honorary commissioner of the department of exhibits by colored people at the World's Fair in New Orleans.

—One of the preachers who have been conducting the Holiness camp meetings throughout Pike and Daviess Counties in the last few months, who has