

# TO A TERRAPIN.

O terrapin, terrapin, whither away,  
Thou slow-moving, evil-eyed tramp;  
What destiny tempts thee, old pilgrim, to stray  
So far from the terrapin camp?  
Why prowl at my garden, thou snuffling crust  
Of insectible canine, with a snarl  
And roil, like a snake, with an air of distrust,  
When a gentleman deigneth to speak?

Thou toothless, old, triple-lashed rover, what  
news  
Brinnest thou from the terrapin lale:  
And what of thy trip thro' the dusks and the  
dews  
O'er the pathless and perilous journey?  
What bloody bandits beleaguer thy way,  
And where dost thy lone journey trend?  
O prince of the turtles, make answer, I pray,  
To the querulous poet, thy friend!

Thou Wanderer Jew of the terrapin race,  
What marvellous mysteries lie  
Tormentously locked in thy tattered face,  
And forever unsealed in thine eye?  
For thee doth some terrapin mystic await  
Under portable palaces, I would  
For thee sits night after night at the gate,  
And sadly complains of her lot.

O terrapin, terrapin, whither away,  
Thro' the dews and the dapple of dawn?  
No longer, poor wretch, thy steps I will stay,  
But with thank comes off thy snarl:  
Thy road is as rugged, no doubt, as my own,  
Thy soul is as sunless and sore—  
So I wish thee good-morning, thou terrapin  
Joni,  
And bid thee godspeed from my door.  
—J. N. Matthews, in the Current.

## VAN DORN'S LESSON.

BY M. C. FARLEY.

"There's no use talking," said Van Dorn, carelessly, "no use whatever. If a woman had a hundred dollars a day given her for household and other necessary expenses, it wouldn't be half enough, and in a week's time she would be begging to have the allowance increased."

"Try it a little while, Dick," retorted Mrs. Van Dorn. "I won't ask for a hundred dollars a day; but give me a reasonable amount and see if you are asked to increase it."

"No use trying," returned Van Dorn, stuffing his hands deep into his breeches pockets, and staring approvingly at the reflection of his handsome self in the mirror opposite. "I tell you what, Maria, no woman on top of the ground is qualified to carry a purse of her own. The mania for spending money seems to be inherent in the female organization, for no sooner does a woman get hold of a dollar than it burns in her hands until it is spent. Giving my hard-earned ducats into your dear little paws would be exactly like pouring water into a sieve with the expectation of its staying there. No, no, my angel; ask me for anything but money and it shall be yours right from the word 'go.' But my money, like my life, is not to be parted with, unless in case of the most dire emergency."

Mrs. Van Dorn put her hand to her heart to conceal the tears that would come in spite of her efforts to keep them back. A line or two of the marriage service, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," persisted in ringing in her ears as her husband thus settled the vexed question of money matters to his satisfaction.

"Besides," went on Van Dorn, warming to the subject in hand, "I can't see what in the world a married woman wants with money. You are at no expense whatever. I provide everything for you that you would buy yourself if you had the handling of the pocket-book. You have your board and a good home without having to give a thought toward contributing to the necessary outlay to procure either, and yet there is hardly a week passes by but you want money. I'm afraid, Maria, that for a poor man's wife, you desire to buy too many fol-de-rols and expensive knock-knacks. Come, own up now, if it isn't so."

It wasn't so, but Mrs. Van Dorn said nothing. She wished fervently enough that she could have a dollar for every time during their five years of wedded life Dick had dwelt upon that same subject and used the language he now did she would be a rich woman. It was always the same old cry of home, and clothes, and board, coupled with the implied limit of woman's uselessness in the general economy of life. Dick did not mean to be unkind, but she was tired of it, the pinching, the saving, the trying to make one dollar do the duty of ten. She gave all her time and strength to the keeping of Dick's home, to the care of himself and his children, and she felt that no wage receiver worked harder for her money than Dick Van Dorn's wife did for her board and clothes; and when it came to the subject of clothes, Dick had really very little to boast of in the way of purchase. The gossips could have told Dick easily enough just how many times Mrs. Van Dorn's wedding silk had been made over, and that she had taken two old cashmeres to the dyer's in order to make one "new" gown from the "best parts" of both of them; that her new hats and equally new bonnets came from the sacred precincts of her bed chamber, and that her boots were never renewed save when the old ones were far gone in general decay. But there were the three little boys, the two twins, and the three months' old baby. Two pairs of restless little feet to be shod, two merry, mischievous bodies to be clad in warm jackets, two hungry mouths to be fed—and everything cost money; and such a lot of money, now that she had to ask Dick for every penny. Mr. Van Dorn lit a 15-cent cigar, preparatory to going out. He always smoked good cigars, and could not exist, he said, with less than three per day at the least calculation; still, he had insisted upon his wife's giving up her favorite magazine, because to pay \$4 a year for a magazine was a sheer extravagance and he could not afford it, and would not.

"I hope, Maria, that some day you will view this subject from my point of view," said he, carefully adjusting his hat before the mirror and admiring its natly appearance; "but I'll tell you what it is, dear few women, if any, realize the full value of money."

"I will never ask you again for money, Dick," never! said she as he strolled away.

Mrs. Van Dorn looked at her carelessly, good-natured husband with an expression that haunted him even among the ledgers in his counting-room.

"Can't think what the little woman means, I'm sure. Not ask me for money—gad! I only hope she won't

for a week or so, any way. Though I might have given her a trifle, perhaps—only a man does not like to encourage his wife in a habit of that sort. But never mind—she'll come round again without doubt—women always do."

A few days later, as Mr. Van Dorn went home to a late dinner, he was surprised to see a servant bring in the mail, and ring the bell for them to take their places at the table.

"What is the matter? Is Mrs. Van Dorn ill?" he asked, for a servant was one of the "articles of luxury" his wife had insisted upon getting along without. And, in fact, he had encouraged her to do so on the ground that "his mother never employed one."

"I am quite well," answered his wife herself at that moment, taking a seat; "but I am very busy now, and found it necessary to have help about the house-work."

Dick looked at her in surprise. She was quite pale, but there was a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there since their first year of married life. Still, he didn't quite like the idea of her hiring a servant without as much as asking his consent.

"I thought I told you, dear," said he, presently, "that we would be obliged to economize for a while. This Wall Street trouble has upset business all over the country, and I don't believe we can afford the additional expense of a servant."

"Perhaps, Dick, were you to cut down a few, a very few, of your own personal expenditures—such as wine suppers, for instance—you would find a considerable sum to your credit at the end of the month," said Mrs. Van Dorn, gently.

Dick blushed guiltily. He wondered who had told his wife about that wine supper. To be sure, it was a foolish bet made on the fall elections, and he had lost it; but what could one expect? A man must be a man, or lose standing with his fellows—one or the other. And really it was, after all, none of Maria's business. He earned the money, she did not, and he had a right to use it as he pleased. All she had to do was to sit there in the comfortable home he provided for her, and be supported. He was certain now that he didn't like it about the servant, and he rose from the table feeling that he had a grievance. What on earth did Maria need with a hired girl? She had told him often enough that Benny and Billy were just as good as they could be, and that the baby wasn't the least bit of trouble in the world. All she had to do was to see to them, and do the little house-work necessary for them all. Mr. Van Dorn would have been mightily offended if anybody had intimated to him that his wife was a drudge. Another week went by. Somehow there seemed to have come a great change in Maria. He was puzzled to account for it, whenever he had time to think about it. The servant was still in the house, and a nurse-girl had been engaged to care for the baby. Maria was certainly developing a peculiar method of retrenchment. At this rate he would be obliged to give up his elegant new fall overcoat, for his salary was not large enough to cover so many expenses. Maria didn't look well. She was too pale; but then she never had regained her bright color since the twins came. Still, with two girls in the house now, she ought to soon be as bright as ever. As the weeks dragged on Dick began to experience a feeling of loneliness. If he asked his wife to walk with him, she excused herself on the plea of not having the time to go. If he came home a trifle earlier in the evening, she was invariably poring over a lot of newspapers. She no longer welcomed him at the door. She never now came into the dining-room at meal-time until the bell rang. It was, at the least, a very unpleasant change; and it struck him suddenly one day that it had been a long time since Maria had asked him for a "little money." It was all of six weeks since he had given her a cent. When the first consciousness of this defection came to him, he was busy over his ledger.

"It can't be that she is running up bills!" he gasped; "she certainly wouldn't carry it that far!"

Filled with an undefinable terror—for, with all his careless selfishness, Van Dorn was strictly honest, and hated debt as he did the devil—he put on his hat and started for home. He had only turned the corner, when he saw his wife coming down the broad steps of the Bennett Building. Wondering what could have taken her to a newspaper office, he stopped and waited for her to overtake him. He looked curiously at her as she came nearer. There was a certain smartness in her apparel he had not seen in a long time. It struck him that her gown was of a fabric new to him, and there was a freshness about the delicately gloved hands and the pale-blue bonnet ties that he had not noticed before. A sudden fury took hold of him.

"Maria," said he, as she halted for a moment before him. "Maria, where have you been, and what have you been doing? Why is it that you have asked for no money during all those weeks? Have you been running up bills at the shops?"

"I have not," said she quietly. "And I deny your right to catechise me in this fashion on the public thoroughfare."

"You resist my authority."

"Let us walk on; people will observe us if we remain standing in this conspicuous place," returned his wife in a low tone.

In silence they reached their home.

"Now, Maria," cried Van Dorn, angrily, as they entered the little parlor, "I demand an explanation of your conduct. It has been fully six weeks since you have had a cent of housekeeping-money from me, and yet you have a new gown on, and have seen fit to employ two new servants. I confess that I don't understand it."

"The explanation is easy enough," returned Mrs. Van Dorn, pulling off her gloves. "I have gone back on the staff of the *Daily Advertiser*."

If she had struck him in the face Van Dorn could not have felt the blow more keenly.

"Without my knowledge or consent!" he ejaculated, trembling with rage.

"The time was, Dick," said Mrs. Van Dorn, gently, "when your wishes

were laws to me. If that time is now gone it is your fault—not mine. Five of the best years of my life I have willingly given to your exclusive service—all for the sake of being 'supported,' as you say. Six weeks ago I discovered that I would be happier by being self-supporting. The position of proof-reader on the *Daily Advertiser* has been a standing offer to me since the day I left the office to become your wife. They pay me now the same salary they paid me five years ago—that is, \$30 a week. If you remember, I used to be reckoned an expert and commanded the highest wages. I am much happier, dear, since I went to work for a salary than I ever was during these five terrible years I that I gave all my time just for my board and clothes. After all, I doubt if there is in life a sweeter feeling to a woman than that which comes with the knowledge that she can earn a little money of her own."

Van Dorn had always been desperately jealous of that newspaper office. He knew that the proprietors were unfriendly to him, and always had been. He knew, too, that the elder of the firm had attempted to dissuade Maria from marrying him in the first place, and he had only waited until his wedding ring had been legally placed on his bride's finger ere he sent in her resignation himself, and gloated over the act.

"Wifehood and motherhood cuts no figure, then in a woman's happiness in comparison with money," he cried, violently. He had rather have given her every cent of his salary than that she should have gone back to the office.

"This cry of wifehood and motherhood is a subject overdone by men," said Mrs. Van Dorn, calmly. "Speaking from a personal point, I can say that I fail to find an all-satisfying feeling in the fact that I am a wife and a mother, particularly when I remember that I am a moneyless wife and a moneyless mother. It is well enough for a woman to marry, but, speaking from experience again, I think it unjust to herself to assume such duties before she has become financially able to support herself in the position. It would be ridiculous to suppose that, because a man is a husband and a father, every other feeling or desire is swallowed up in that knowledge; and it is equally absurd to suppose, because a woman is a wife and a mother, that she ought not to have an idea beyond either. The result of my observation leads me to the conclusion that the very best wives and mothers have been those who were taken into full partnership with the husband, and had a hand in the spending of the money as well as the earning and the saving of it."

"I never knew you had such a mercenary spirit, Maria," said Van Dorn, slowly.

"It isn't a mercenary spirit, dear," smiled Maria, brightly. "It is only the spirit of independence. I became tired of working hard day after day, and realizing nothing for my labor. On the contrary, you made me feel that I was a perpetual expense to you, and that, though I labored hard, my toil was of no earthly consequence to you, and that, do what I would for your comfort, and to make your home cheerful, I was nothing after all but a toy that had to be supported. I am heartily sick of working for my 'board and clothes' in my husband's house. To be sure, I shall only get my board and clothes, now that I receive a salary, but there is this difference: when the *Advertiser* pays me my thirty dollars a week, the money is an acknowledgment of the worth of my services to the firm—not a gift."

"Your arguments are like the arguments of women the world over—one-sided and narrow. Have you no regard for my feelings, that you become a servant in some other man's office?" cried he stormily. "Is it true you have no self-respect in this matter? A man doesn't care to have his wife work for hire."

"Men must change their practices or pocket their pride. And it was to save my self-respect that I accepted the situation. I tell you, Dick, a man could not be self-respecting if he was forced to beg and plead for that which was rightfully his own. And a woman is as human as a man—and as sensitive. Besides I will not defraud you. I will bring my wages into the family, and offer the weekly stipend a cheerfully given sacrifice upon the household altar."

Dick glared at his wife, speechless with wrath.

"Madame, do you suppose I will permit you to spend a penny of your money in the house?" he burst out. "Have you lost all your regard for me—for your children—your home?"

"I have not," retorted she, airily, "else I would have left you all. For your sake, for my children's sake, for my home's sake, I am here. I only refuse to waste my life in baking, and boiling, and stewing, in practicing ignoble economies for one who can not appreciate the sacrifice I make in so doing. My time is worth as much in a pecuniary way as yours. I command and receive as high a salary as you do, and when I gave up a paying situation to be your wife, your housekeeper, and the mother of your children, I expected we would be equal partners in money matters. It seems that you thought differently, and, therefore, until you change your opinion, I shall keep my situation." And so the matter rested.

Six months had passed. Strangely enough, under the new regime Mrs. Van Dorn had recovered her old-time good looks and her old-time high spirits. Dick began once more to entertain his wife that feeling of admiration she had inspired him with in the days of their courtship. He admitted to himself that the change had benefited her; though he was far enough from owning the fact to her. Her health was better, but Dick could not but know that all that Maria gained by the change was just that much lost to him and his home. Maria had been an exquisitely nice housekeeper, and it grated on his feelings to come home to a tumbled parlor, where everything was at "sixes and sevens," and dust lay an inch deep on top of everything. Hired help, Dick confessed, did not take that interest in making a man's

home cozy and comfortable that a wife did. He wished Maria would seem so abominably delighted with her \$30 a week. He hated to hear the rattle of that money in her purse. It grated on his feelings to know she was earning in another man's office the money she ought to have received from him. And besides, as she improved in health and appearance, the old-time spasms of jealousy shook his breast with renewed vigor. Dick had been a very jealous lover, and he was now a jealous husband.

It was certainly very annoying for him to come up town in a shower and see his wife sailing down street just in advance of him with some other gentleman holding an umbrella over her, and, worse than all, to see her look so cheerful and even happy under the circumstances. A wife's place was at her husband's hearth. He wished Maria would consent to give up that ridiculous situation. It made him feel so unspeakably foolish to have his friends say, "Why, Mrs. Van Dorn has gone back on the paper, hasn't she?" or, "You must have strange taste, Van Dorn, to allow your wife to kill herself in the *Advertiser* office. Women ought not to be confined so closely indoors as that;" or, "It can't be, Van Dorn, that you let your wife work for money," until he washed they were all in the Red Sea.

He went home one evening with an idea.

"Maria," said he, quietly, "I have been promoted in the business—have been taken in as partner, in fact. What do you think of it?"

"Heartily glad to hear it, I'm sure," said she, calmly.

"And I have determined to give up this house, and take one of those cottages on the avenue."

"But we are doing well enough here, and rent is much cheaper. It is more convenient for me, because it is nearer the office."

"Pre-o-i-s-e-l-y," ejaculated Van Dorn, "and for that reason more than any other I am going to move."

"Now, Dick."

"And I propose now to take you in full partnership into the business—not only in financial matters but into housekeeping as well."

Maria did not seem overjoyed at this prospect.

"If you mean, Dick, that I am to go back again and work for my board and clothes, then I must decline," said Mrs. Van Dorn, firmly.

"Maria, if you will never repeat that horrid phrase 'board and clothes,' I'll make you the most elegant present you ever received," said Dick, hastily.

"I won't promise, and I don't care now for elegant presents. I am able to buy for myself all that I require."

"But, Maria, we must move, for father has purchased that cottage and given it to me—to us I mean," hastily correcting himself, "and I will set aside every week whatever sum you say is necessary for housekeeping. Since you seem to feel so about it, matters shall be so arranged that a specified amount shall be paid to you every week, to do with as you please. I only stipulate that you go no more to that abominable office."

Maria said she would think about it. But, a week later, the Van Dorns did go, bag, baggage, and babies, into the new house, it was agreed by her friends that Maria had closed with her husband's terms, and that Van Dorn had profited by his lesson.

### Punch Bowls.

A huge punch-bowl is to be found in almost every house in Washington, and punch-making has become a fine art. One of the most famous punch-makers was the late Charles Astor Bristed. His punches were neither too strong nor too weak. In other words, one glass would not make you drunk, neither were you obliged to drink several gallons in order to reach a point of exhilaration. This point of exhilaration is the place to stop drinking. Daniel Webster punch is a complicated drink that calls for whisky, rum, champagne, arrack, maraschino, green tea, lemons, sugar, and a very little water. A party of distinguished Scotch gentlemen, who were in the city not long ago, during their stay were invited to visit the private residence of a prominent gentleman. During the evening a light collation was served in the dining-room, and a huge punch-bowl was set out. The head of the party, a Scotchman, who at home occupies the position of provost in his native town, stepped up and tasted the punch, and, turning to an acquaintance, said: "That seems very light; I think it would take a man a long time to get drunk on that." This cool liquor glided very easily down the provost's throat, and a second glass followed. Pausing before beginning a third glass, he engaged in conversation for a moment, then he shook his head and said: "I don't see what is the matter with me." His eyes became half shut, and as he stepped forward he nearly lost his balance. Turning in the most surprised fashion, he looked at the punch-bowl, and said: "Do you know, I think that drink is very insidious. What is it made of?" His friend replied: "Whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar, and lemon, and a little water." The Scotchman understood at once what was the matter.—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

A SIMPLE apparatus for "measuring sunshine," shown in the grounds of the London Health Exhibition, and explained to numbers of the visitors, is as easy to understand as a thermometer. It consists simply of a strip of prepared card fixed under and in the focus of a globe of glass about three inches in diameter. The globe is placed in the open air, and the moment the sunlight falls upon it its rays are concentrated by the globe, which, acting like a burning glass, incinerates on cards the paper so as to trace a black line, the length of which shows accurately how many hours or parts of an hour there have been bright sunshine.

M. DE LESSEPS thinks that if a woman were once admitted to the French Academy, in ten years it would contain no men, because the immense superiority of women would be so plainly evident that masculine candidates would no longer be possible.

### HUMOR.

A COLD wave—waving the flag in the polar regions.

A VOTE in the ballot-box is worth two on the fence.

If you wish to keep your name untarnished, scour your door plate night and morning.—*Carl Pretze.*

Mrs. SCHELLING, nee Morosini, is going to sing on the stage. If she don't sing any better than she marries we earnestly hope she won't come West.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MANY persons have been thrown into spasms on being suddenly surprised. Still we are willing to take the chances on being surprised by some one coming in suddenly and paying his subscription.—*Paris Beacon.*

A SWARM of bees administered a stinging rebuke to a train-load of passengers in the neighborhood of Chicago the other day. The train went through the swarm and the swarm went through the train.—*Boston Post.*

DOCTORS are agreed that there is not only a suicidal wave sweeping over the country at certain seasons, but that it is always followed by a mania for writing poetry. Couldn't it be arranged to have the mania come first?

"Tis now the hunter takes his gun—  
The fields he rambles over,  
From early dawn to set of sun,  
In search of snipe and plover.  
A gloomy, disappointed wight,  
A bandage d hand carousing,  
Returns he sadly home at night,  
With several fingers missing.—  
—Somerville Journal.

"You are not looking well," "I'm not feeling well, either." "What's the matter?" "I had a fearful nightmare last night. You know that my wife owned a pug dog, and the cursed brute died." "Yes." "Well, I dreamed it had come to life again."—*Texas Siftings.*

"THERE'S something the matter with this lemonade; I guess your lemons must have been too ripe." "Oh, no, replied the waiter; 'the lemons are all right. It may be the ice; a little stale, perhaps.'" "Ice stale?" "Yes, sir; been kept since last winter, you know." Customer drinks in silence.

THE SHERIFFS in Arkansas have a very sad time of it. During the last six months no less than nine legally convicted murderers were taken from the hands of the Sheriff and hung by public-spirited mobs. As the Sheriff gets \$30 for each and every execution, they are naturally indignant at the competition of the mobs.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE BITTER BITTEN.

Big brown eyes and auburn hair,  
Of such was the farmer's daughter,  
How to flirt and use her eyes,  
No one had ever taught her.  
A soft mustache, and a handsome face,  
Of such was the banker's son,  
He thought he'd teach this child to flirt  
For the sake of a little fun.  
Alas! he found to his dismay  
Just when 'twas time to part,  
While he was teaching her to flirt,  
She'd robbed him of his heart.

—Life.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "do all wicked people go to the bad place?" "Yes, dear." "And all the good people go to heaven?" "Yes." "Ain't some people wicked than other people?" "Yes, I suppose they are." "Well, I think that the people who are not so very, very wicked ought to go to the bad place only in the winter-time."—*New London Day.*

"WHAT is the chief difference between the newspapers of to-day and those of the olden time?" recently asked a rising young journalist of a superannuated newspaper-man. "The apparent lack of fires to be reported," was the veteran's response. "Conflagrations there are in plenty, with holocausts, and to spare; but the plain, old-fashioned fire seems to have had its day."—*Buffalo Express.*

"My labors, so far, have only been partially successful," said a returned missionary. "Many of the poor heathen seemed disposed to accept the doctrines of Christianity, but are loath to give up the practice of cannibalism." "Rather difficult to reconcile the two," was a comment made. "Yes, they are somewhat antagonistic, but ultimately I hope to eradicate cannibalism entirely. Although I have been able to convert a large number to the extent of saying grace before meat."—*New York Sun.*

THE Thirty-first Congress.

When members of the Thirty-first Congress commenced their second session, the conservatives found themselves much stronger than when they had left Washington for the recess. The business interests of the North had decreed that anti-slavery doctrines should be banished from the pulpit, ignored on the political stump, excluded from newspapers, and not tolerated in lecture halls. But the "incendiary ideas" could not be extinguished, and the republic was slowly drifting toward the impending crisis, though the Missouri compromise had not been blotted out, and "bleeding Kansas" was unknown. Even Mr. Seward became somewhat conservative, and he showed no devotion to anti-slavery measures. "I am with you entirely," he declared to Rev. Mr. May, a pronounced abolitionist, "but prudence places me under restraint."—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

A Tough Boy.

"Your wickedness will bring down your father's gray hair in sorrow to the grave," said an Austin school teacher to the worst boy in the school.

"Oh, no; I guess not."

"Are you going to reform, then, and lead a new life?"

"Not much; but I am not going to bring the old man's gray hair in sorrow to the grave, for the old duffer wears a wig and belongs to a cremation society."—*Texas Siftings.*

PEOPLE down in Maine are exceedingly ingenious. It is said that they cut out the eye-holes of young cocoanuts, sealed out the interior, and fill it with the liquid which is unmentionable at that corner of the country. "The milk in the cocoanut" is a meaning expression in that State.

THERE is one people who may be called "a nation of rascals" without alander. In Morocco every man is regarded as a thief. The respectable elements of society are those who do not seek opportunities for pilfering, but merely improve casual chances.

### INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

Senate.  
(From the Indianapolis Journal.)

REPUBLICANS HOLDING OVER.  
DeLaware and Randolph—Mark C. Smith.  
Howard and Miami—Lewis A. Adkins.  
Johnson and Morgan—Gabriel Overstreet.  
McCabe and Porter—Julius W. Younce.  
Parks and Venable—John R. Lindsey.  
Stark and St. Joseph—Marvin Campbell.  
Wayne—William D. Foule.

DEMOCRATS ELECTED.  
DeKalb and Steuben—Nicholas Enslay.  
DeLaware, Henry and Randolph—J. W. Macey.  
Fayette, Rush, and Union—James N. Huston.  
Fountain and Warren—Edw. Marshall.  
Marion—Ferd Wintor.  
Carroll, Pulaski, and White—John T. Holst-lager.  
Elkhart—W. J. Davis.  
Hamilton and Tipton—Charles C. Duncan.  
Henrieville and Putnam—T. M. Campbell.  
Kosciusko and Wabash—George W. Moon.  
Lagrange and Noble—James L. Drake—15.  
Allen—DEMOCRATS HOLDING OVER.  
Adams, Blackford, and Jay—John M. Smith.  
Bartholomew, Brown, and Monroe—William C. Duncan.  
Beacon, Jasper, and Newton—Frederick Hoover.  
ASS—Rufus Macey.  
Clark and Adams—David McClure.  
Crawford, Harrison, and Orange—John Benz.  
Davies and Greene—Jacob P. McIntosh.  
Dearborn, Ohio, and Switzerland—Columbus Johnson.  
Luisio, Lawrence, and Martin—James H. Willard.  
Franklin and Ripley—Chester R. Faulkner.  
Gibson and Posey—James R. McClintock.  
Huntington and Wells—William J. Hulligass.  
Jefferson—James Hill.  
Knox and Sullivan—Johna Ernest.  
Perry and Spencer—Herbert J. May.  
Pike and Warrick—Edward P. Richardson.  
Tippecanoe—Francis Johnson.

DEMOCRATS ELECTED.  
Allen and Whitley—Ell W. Brown.  
Boone and Clinton—Dewitt C. Bryant.  
Clay and Owen—James K. Fowler.  
Decatur and Shelby—F. M. Howard.  
Floyd and Washington—John S. Day.  
Fulton and Marshall—Valentine Zimmerman.  
Grant and Madison—James S. Shelby.  
Hancock, Marion and Shelby—Leon O. Bailey.  
Hanock and Jennings—A. G. Smith.  
LaPorte—Morgan H. Wynn.  
Marion—W. C. Thompson.  
Montgomery—Silas Peterson.  
Vanderburgh and William Hamm, Jr.  
Vigo—Philip Schloss—2.

House.  
REPUBLICANS ELECTED.  
Benton and Warren—James H. McBroome.  
Benton and White—A. K. Sills.  
Boone—Francis M. Hurt.  
Benton—Erastus L. Floyd.  
DeKalb, Elkhart, and Noble—John E. Thompson.  
DeLaware—John Linnville.  
Elkhart—Cyrus F. Mosier.  
Fayette—Oscar B. Haworth.  
Grant—Arthur P. Twineham.  
Grant—Hiram Brownlee.  
Greene—A. R. Johnson.  
Hamilton—T. B. Boyd.  
Hancock, Henry, and Madison—Jos. Franklin.  
Henrieville—Jacob H. Flece.  
Henry—John A. DeLaware.  
Howard—Nathaniel R. Lindsey.  
Jasper and Newton—Isaac D. Dunn.  
Jefferson—William H. Zimmerman.  
Jennings—James M. Wynn.  
Kosciusko—John W. Wilson.  
Kosciusko and Wabash—Warren D. Sayre.  
Lagrange—Levi L. Windham.  
Lake—T. S. Fancher.  
LaPorte—J. E. Shultz.  
Lawrence—Robert Overman.  
Marion—Ovid H. Jameson.  
Montgomery—Hannibal Trout.  
Morgan—George A. Adams.  
Parks—William H. Adams.  
Porter—Marquis L. McClelland.  
Randolph—James S. Kane.  
Rush—Ephraim H. Tracer.  
Steuben—D. R. Best.  
Tippecanoe—B. Wilson Smith and Job Osborn.  
Vermillion—Robert B. Sears.  
Wabash—S. N. Hoke.  
Wayne—James M. Townsend and John R. Monk—38.

DEMOCRATS ELECTED.  
Adams, Jay, and Wells—H. C. McGovern.  
Adams and Jay—David Ely.  
Allen—J. D. McHenry, Albert W. Brooks, and Fred Hayden.  
Bartholomew—Jeff B. Reeves.  
Bartholomew, Marion, and Shelby—Louis Donahert.  
Blackford and Wells—Levi Mock.  
Brown and Monroe—William M. Browning.  
Clarke, Floyd, and Scott—Charles L. Jewett.  
Clarke—Ephraim H. Tracer.  
Crawford and Orange—Clark T. Cecrell.  
Carroll—John A. Cartwright.  
Cass—C. C. Loop.  
Clay—C. W. Bailey.  
Clay, Hendricks, and Putnam—Robertson.  
Clinton—E. H. Stanley.  
Davies—Samuel H. Schmitt.  
Dearborn—Hugh D. McCullen.  
Dearborn, Franklin, and Ripley—C. R. Cory.  
DeKalb—D. D. Moody.  
Dubois and Madison—Marmon Fisher.  
Dubois and Pike—Lemuel R. Hargrave.  
Floyd—Thomas Hanlon.  
Fountain—E. S. Boone.  
Franklin—S. S. Harrell.  
Fulton and Pulaski—Albert D. Toner.  
Greene, Knox, and Sullivan—Gerard Reiter.  
Hancock—David S. Gooding.  
Harrison—William D. Mauk.  
Huntington—John H. Barr.  
Johnson—William H. Rivers.  
Jackson—Geo. A. Robertson.  
Knox—S. W. Williams.  
LaPorte—Martin D. Krenzer.  
Marion—Edward J. Schmitt.  
Michael Farrell.  
R. C. J. Pendleton, John Schley.  
Marshall—Chas. Kollison.  
Miami—Henry V. Savage.  
Madison—C. N. Branch.  
Noble—O. N. Switzerland—George S. Pleasants.  
Owen—Wiley S. Harmon.  
Posey—James W. French.  
Perry—Philip Smith.  
Putnam—John R. Gordon.  
Ripley—Scott.  
Scott—Sullivan—James M. Patton.  
Shelby—Thomas Hobbs.  
Spencer—Cyrus W. Medcalf.  
Stark and St. Joseph—T. D. Glazebrook.  
St. Joseph—Wm. H. Vickrey.  
Tipton—Abner M. Vickrey.  
Vanderburgh—John M. Pruitt and Christopher J. Murphy.  
Vigo—Eugene Debe and Benben Dutz.  
Warrior—Thomas M. Smythe.  
Whitley—Martin D. Garrison.  
Washington—Erasmus W. Shanks—62.

State News.

—W. Eugene West, dealer in dry goods and millinery at Greensburg, has assigned to Henry W. Woolley.

—Thomas Ford, an employe at the distillery at Shelbyville, fell into the slop-tub and had his legs badly scalded.

—A New York man has recently lost his life from the bite or scratch of an ant-eater or ant-bear, and the cry goes up that the bite of that animal is as certain death as that of a rattlesnake. We don't believe it. Of the hundred or more thousand deaths that have occurred in Indiana probably not one was from the bite or scratch of the ant-eater, so that it is quite apparent that such deaths are very rare. We have not the statistics of fatalities from ant-bear bites at hand, but we feel quite sure that the proportion is enormously in favor of natural deaths or deaths from the bite of ants over bites from ant-bears. Still, if you have doubts concerning this, do not take our word for it, but go at once and chain up your ant-eater, or put a muzzle on him. Children that cry for ant-eaters must be kindly but firmly refused.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—The Madison Courier has issued an historical edition, giving quite a valuable list of the leading business interests and firms of the city. The paper was gotten out by Dr. Robbins, of Pennsylvania.

—August Kiffe, of Cincinnati, engaged in frescoing the new Presbyterian Church at Vincennes, fell from a scaffold and sustained fatal injuries.

—Wm. Jones, of Oremville, took strychnine at New Albany and died.