

A WHOLESALE manufactory of Swiss stamps of old issues has been discovered in Zurich. The forgers have gone about their work very thoroughly; they have collected scraps of old letters bearing postmarks with various dates from 1843 to 1860; and, the better to deceive the unwary, they have stuck the stamps on to these pieces of envelope.

Mr. P. T. BARNUM jammed one of his fingers in a door lately, which, together with the election going wrong, and other matters, has caused him to remark dejectedly to a reporter that he is feeling badly, and if the Lord calls him he is ready to go. Resignation to the divine will is an excellent thing, but perhaps Mr. Barnum has not fully considered the matter, or he would regard the prospect of occupying a humble back seat even in a heavily audience as less attractive than the proud position of manager of the greatest show on earth."

It remained for a Texas "professor" though of what does not appear—to arrange a plan of doing penance for a crime that has not been discovered, yet to torture the guilty one that the usual method of obtaining relief is to make confession and be duly tried and sentenced. Prof. Hatton—not Mulhallion of Crockett, Texas, has pleaded guilty of stealing a horse, and has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Those who know him assert that he has certainly done this to atone for some crime of his that the authorities have not suspected him of.

RATES for living were never higher in Washington than they are now. A senator, who has to live upon his salary, went to one of the up-town hotels and asked for rates for himself, wife, and daughter. He wanted a sitting-room and two bed-rooms. The amiable proprietor said he could accommodate him with the room and board desired upon the fifth floor for \$140 a week. But that is more than my salary." I can't help that," said the landlord. We have no trouble in getting these figures." This same Senator tried for rooms in a fashionable flat, and found that on the top floor he could get four small rooms for \$250 a month. This did not include board.

TWENTY-FIVE Senatorial terms expire with the present Congress. Fourteen of the retiring Senators are Democrats, eleven Republicans, as follows: Pugh (Dem.) of Alabama, Walker (Dem.) of Arkansas, Farley (Dem.) of California, Hill (Rep.) of Colorado, Platt (Rep.) of Connecticut, Call (Dem.) of Florida, Brown (Dem.) of Georgia, Logan (Rep.) of Illinois, Voorhees (Dem.) of Indiana, Illinois (Rep.) of Iowa, Ingalls (Rep.) of Kansas, Williams (Dem.) of Kentucky, Jonas (Dem.) of Louisiana, Groomer (Dem.) of Maryland, Vest (Dem.) of Missouri, Jones (Rep.) of Nevada, Blair (Rep.) of New Hampshire, Lapham (Rep.) of New York, Vance (Dem.) of North Carolina, Pendleton (Dem.) of Ohio, Slater (Dem.) of Oregon, Cameron (Rep.) of Pennsylvania, Hampton (Dem.) of South Carolina, Morrill (Rep.) of Vermont, Cameron (Rep.) of Wisconsin. The Democrats in California and Oregon will be succeeded by Republicans.

PHILADELPHIA has a children's aid society, the object of which is to provide for dependent and destitute little ones, who would otherwise become inmates of almshouses or orphan asylums. The main purpose is to keep children from getting "institutionized," and even the best of asylums or public homes" are not made use of by the society, except for temporary shelter or their charges. Great care is taken in investigating the character of the people with whom the children are placed. They are usually given for adoption, occasionally are indentured for service, but in either case are regarded as wards of the society, and are never lost sight of. It is claimed that the children thus taken direct from their own poor homes or even from the street adapt themselves more readily to their new surroundings and home atmosphere than do others taken from asylums.

THE rush to secure seats at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where President-elect Cleveland will worship, is something unprecedented. The membership of the society is very large, and vacant seats command a premium. Pews that could readily have been secured two months ago for \$150 per annum, are now eagerly snapped up at double that sum, although the occupants will not live here on an average six months in the year. Old moss-back Democrats, who have not seen the inside of a church in a generation, are among the most impudent of bidders.

It was so after Garfield's election. As by magic the humble little one-story name Christian Church on Vermont

avenue, whose very existence few people were aware of, suddenly became the Mecca to which crowds of fashionable people and politicians wended their way each Sunday. Upon the succession of President Arthur the current changed to the direction of St. John's. The incoming of the Cleveland administration diverts it again into a new and less fashionable channel.

CENTENARIANS: Mrs. Welch, aged 112 years, died recently in the Rutland, Vt., poorhouse. Darby Green, of Reading, Conn., recently celebrated his 101st birthday. His constitution is strong and his health excellent. Mrs. Phebe Briggs reached her 100th anniversary on Sunday last. She was born in New Milford, five miles distant from her present residence, and has never crossed the State line. Marvin Smith, of Montville, Conn., who performed gallant service in the war of 1812, recently celebrated his 100th birthday. Edmund R. Kidder, of Berlin, Mass., was born Aug. 17, 1784, and is still strong and healthy. Mrs. Clarissa D. Richmond, of Milton, Mass., is 102 years old, and has good prospects of living several years longer. Mrs. Sally Powers, who lives in the Augusta, Me., almshouse, is 106 years old. In Vermont, during the three years ending last January, sixteen centenarians died—a remarkable record. Luther Holden, of South Wallingford, died a few months ago, aged 102. Concerning the living, Miss White, of Newbury, is over 101. She is partially blind, but her hearing is good and her memory is excellent. She can repeat poetry—which she has committed to memory in the past—by the hour, has a good appetite, and converses freely.

MRS. GARFIELD, writes a Washington correspondent, did a very graceful and very sensible thing in asking John Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, to act as the guardian of her infant children during their legal minority. Graceful, because Tucker was one of Garfield's truest friends; sensible, because a better man could not have been found for that responsible position. When Tucker came up from his professorship in "the University," at the Virginians call it, a brilliant, scholarly, big-hearted, old-fashioned Virginia gentleman, to sit in the House of Representatives, he sought out the most cultivated among his associates and made them his friends. This was not difficult, for no one ever knew him long without loving him. Among them all he found no one so congenial as Garfield. Although they differed diametrically in most things, yet they had much in common. Garfield was a big-brained, big-hearted boy, his enthusiasm tempered only by his culture. Morally weak and unfitted by nature and by education for politics, he was socially a most charming companion, and intellectually a rarely well-cultivated man. Tucker was personally as delightful as Garfield, excelling him as to his ability to tell a good story, and was intellectually his peer in every respect. At the same time he was morally strong, as honest as he was fearless, although he was not better equipped for political life than Garfield. Of course, their political views differed in toto. Tucker was a State-right man; Garfield was a national. Tucker was a revenue-reformer; Garfield, though at heart he was a revenue-reformer, bowed to the will of the party bosses and avowed himself a protectionist. But one day, after their friendship had become a fixed fact, Garfield came over to Tucker's desk, on the Democratic side of the House, and said: "Tucker, you know I am a protectionist; but I want that there should be free trade hereafter between you and me in matters literary." "With all my heart," responded Tucker; and from that time to the day of Garfield's death they were the closest friends. They both loved literature—all letters, ancient and modern, but perhaps most all the Greek and Latin classics. Every day they managed to steal time from even the most engrossing of their legislative duties for an excursion into those ever-blooming fields. Sometimes they met in the library, sometimes in a committee-room, or again on the floor of the House itself. Rather an odd growth in such volcanic soil.

Banking Intelligence.

He wanted a position in an Austin bank. The President was satisfied with his credentials but, before engaging him, put him through a little civil-service cross-examination.

"Suppose, now, a man was to come in here to deposit \$20 in \$1 bills, how would you count them?"

"I'd wet my finger and lift up each bill until I got to the last one."

"Why would you not lift up the last one?"

"Because there might possibly be one more bill under it, and if the depositor was to see it he would want it back, but if the twentieth bill is not lifted up and there should be another bill in the pile the bank makes it. Don't you see?"

"You will do," said the Bank President. "You have been in the business before, but I didn't suppose you knew that trick."—*Texas Siftings*.

CATHOLIC journals advocate the discontinuance of preaching fulsome eulogies and the writing of fulsome obituaries respecting the dead.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

Jacob Cassel, Sr., who had resided in the vicinity of Vincennes since 1813, has passed away.

A letter addressed to a person at "Indianapolis, Ind." meant for Indiana, reached Indianapolis a few days ago, after having gone to India and back. It was mailed Aug. 12.

CHARLES Hale, of Montmorenci, recently fell and broke his leg. The sight of her husband being brought home on a litter so frightened Mrs. Hale that she fell in a faint, from which she never rallied.

Mrs. Mary Bassett Hussey, of Brazil, is one of the fortunate ones, whose story "Davie" is among the number chosen for publication by the *Youth's Companion*. The choice was made from seven thousand manuscripts offered in competition, \$3,000 being paid to the eight winners.

Mrs. Minerva Johnson, of Shelbyville, the other day placed \$30 in bills in the oven of her cook-stove for safe keeping over night, and in the morning got up and built a fire in the stove without thinking of the money, and when she did it was too late, the bills having been reduced to cinders.

In a quarrel at Hartford City, between schoolboys, Thos. Huggins, aged 11, was struck on the head with a piece of brick, thrown by a boy named Knight. Young Huggins reached his home and related the story of the altercation. He was soon after attacked with violent pains in his head, and died next evening.

Irvin Armstrong, Esq., ex-editor and publisher of the *Vevey Democrat*, died Sunday night. He graduated from the De Pauw University in 1864, and was a classmate of Hon. C. C. Matson, Congressman from the Fifth Indiana District. Deceased was forty-three years of age, and was a victim of consumption.

At Fort Wayne, the jury in the case of Thomas Ellison against the Nickel-Plate Railroad gave the plaintiff \$500 after being out twenty-eight hours. The suit was brought for \$10,000, to recover damages for the loss of Mrs. Ellison's life, who was hurt in an accident on the Grand Rapids Road caused by a Nickel-Plate engine. Soon after the accident the woman gave birth to a child and died. The case was stubbornly contested for eight weeks.

Joseph T. Nicholson, who resides at Ridgeville, is in the habit of carrying a revolver in his hip pocket. He went into a meat store and leaned against the counter in just such a way that the edge lifted the hammer of the pistol, and when he stepped away it fell and sent a ball into his thigh, ranging downward. While the wound is not dangerous, it will cause him much pain for several months, and may render him a cripple for life.

The *Lafayette Daily Courier*, the paper so long owned and edited by the late W. S. Lingle, Esq., has been sold by the widow and administratrix to M. M. Mayerstein, Miss Mabella Lingle, and Mrs. T. E. Scantlin, who will conduct the paper under the name of the *Courier Company*. The two ladies whose names appear among the purchasers are daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lingle. Mr. Mayerstein is to be business manager, and Mr. T. E. Scantlin, managing editor under the new organization.

Death has played sad havoc in the family of Mr. Joseph Belcher, a farmer living in Harrison Township, Knox County.

On Tuesday afternoon, Daniel, his 13-year-old son, died of measles, and at 2 o'clock next morning Richard, a 6-year-old boy, died of the same disease.

At 10 a. m. on the same day, Mr. Belcher's wife died of pneumonia.

Two other children, all that Mr. Belcher has left, are thought to be dying of the measles.

—Peru telegram: Jacob Ronnells, of Perryburg, two weeks ago suffered an \$11,000 fire, his net loss being several thousand dollars. Other losses of late put his business in bad condition. Last night he took a dose of strichnine and cut his throat with a penknife. He died at 2 o'clock this morning. He was an old resident, and had always been enterprising and successful, and was discouraged at his recent accumulated losses.

—There are some very surprising things to be learned from the study of the statistics of the State election. There are fifteen counties in which a smaller vote was polled than in 1880. There was a decrease in Boone of 41; Dearborn, 63; Franklin, 231; Hendricks, 110; Jefferson, 161; Morgan, 184; Owen, 68; Ripley, 153; Scott, 177; and Sullivan, 159. The largest decrease was in Franklin, where 233 were lost in 1880 from the number polled in 1876. In the eleven counties named Republican gains were made in all except Owen, Scott, and Sullivan. In the last named county there was a Democratic gain of nearly 600. The largest increase over the vote of 1880 was in Allen County, 1,533; Adams, 623; Elkhart, 882; Huntington, 1,014; Jay, 692; Lake, 832; Marion, 3,007; St. Joseph, 1,376; Tipton, 534; Vanderburg, 1,399; and Vigo, 979. Of these counties Democratic gains were made in Adams, Allen, Huntington, Marion, St. Joseph, and Tipton Counties. The gain in Marion County in 1880 over 1876 was 1,323, less than half the number of the increase over 1880, while in Vigo County the gain was 400 larger in 1880 than in 1876. The total increase in the number of votes between 1876 and 1880 was 36,729, and between 1880 and 1884 it was 24,352.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

President Smart's report of the management of Purdue University, Lafayette, for the year ending June 30, 1884 (the tenth in its history), shows that during the year there were 213 students in attendance, an increase of twenty-eight.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Geisendorff, wife of C. E. Geisendorff, formerly a wealthy woolen manufacturer, committed suicide by drowning herself in a cistern at Indianapolis.

—There are now 706 criminals in the Prison North.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Before Asking Papa.

Sighed the slim to the belle, "Aw, miss, can you Why I'm like that apple you plucked from the tree?" she coughed, "is remarkably soft?" "Aw, not; it needs paring by you," stammered he.

"Re-pairing, you mean, though because it is green, And rather insipid, might answer," laughed she.

"And it's fully grown." Said the dude, with a groan.

"Aw, I was I that apple, perhaps you'd have me."

"And quarter you, too. Oh, for 'sauce' you will do."

Spake the miss: "but now tell me, why you're like the tree?"

"Because—I've a heart," blushed the slim, growing smart,

"Because—trees are sappy and crooked," said she.

"Aw, you're," smiled the slim, "like the tree, for you're wood."

"You're better say 'bored,'" said the miss, "as I'm."

"But trees, you perceive, make a bough when they leave,

So you, to be like them, may leave with a bow."

Why He Did Not Hear the Sermon.

"Well, hubby, how did you enjoy the service this morning?" "To tell the truth, darling, I didn't take much interest in it. I could hardly hear a word of the sermon." "Why, I heard it perfectly. What was the matter?" "Well, I don't know. It may have been because your new bonnet was so loud." And then a silence fell on the dinner-table so intense that you could hear the ice-cream.—*Albany Journal*.

A Woman's Nature.

I think I have several times alluded to the very curious kind of thing woman is. I came across a French play which illustrates one phase of the female nature most amusingly. A young man has run away to escape a woman he has been flirting with. He is making love to a fresh flame, when the deserted one hunts him up. After a few bitter reproaches she says:

"Henry, darling, I love you. You know it. I have never hidden it from you. Perhaps you have not returned it. But mine is no selfish love. Tell me that you love another and I will say no more. Tell me frankly you do not love me, and I will leave you without a murmur."

"Well," says the youth, "frankly, I do not love you."

Then she proceeds immediately to tear all his hair out and leaves him on the floor a battered wreck.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Fast Girl.

The girl who is inclined to be fast is a very distinct type. There is certainly no place in America where a young woman can go to the devil at quite so high a speed as in New York. Men are not sentimental here. The majority of them graduate in vice at an early age, and the girls who give them any encouragement must travel at a break-neck pace to keep up with them. It's a thousand to one that the maiden who makes the slightest advance in a wicked way, goes under at lightning speed. The facilities for wrong-doing that are offered on every hand are enough to frighten the most worldly of women in New York. As high as is a girl in the air, carry their shoulders well back and move so briskly, who lunch with society men at Delmonico's, the Brunswick, and even the road houses in the middle of the day, while the majority of men are down town, will nearly always turn out to be young married women and not girls. When it is a girl how the scandals fly, and in what uncommonly short order the maiden is shipped to a convent, or sent abroad with a dragon or an aunt. Of course nothing is done to the man in these cases. The fathers and brothers are too well aware that they would have done likewise under the circumstances.—*New York letter*.

Padded Women.

A writer in the *California News-Letter* says: I remarked at the window that, after all, San Francisco women are the most stylish dressers anywhere to be seen—their figures so slim, and yet so round and perfectly in proportion, set off the exquisite toilet admirably:

"Every woman seems to have a pretty shape," I remarked, innocently, "therefore there is little credit to you for the perfect fits you make."

Madame looked at me with surprise. "Don't you know that we have more bother over these same figures than making a dozen dresses?" she went on. "A woman comes here as flat as a pancake—no busts, no hips, no anything. 'Here is velvet and brocade,' says my customer. 'Make me an elegantly fitting dress, and, of course, you will have to make my figure first.'

"Then I build up the figure; several sheets of padding are pinned over the hips, and it takes quite a time to make the proper shape. Then the bosom of the corset being perfectly empty is neatly packed with more padding. Padding is also laid in the hollow of the chest, where you may often bury an egg; and, having stuffed my block, I go to work to fit. The padding placed on the figure goes into the dress, and yards of stiff crinoline are packed into the drapery at the back."

"So, then, madame, most of your fine figures are thin."

"Skin and bone, you mean; and don't I turn them out well?" said the exultant dressmaker.

"Well, you certainly do; but what a disappointment they must be to their husbands when they marry," I say, reflectively.

"Well, I should rather think so; the men marry plump young partridges, and find them in the end simply bags of bones."

The American Type of Beauty.

The most perfectly fascinating creature which the Anglo-Saxon race ever produced was the typical belle of Baltimore, the representative of the whole South. In her grace, her tact and fascination one quite forgot that she would

have been quite the same thing if she had been unable to read. Perhaps she never did read, not even a novel. Even when she had a little culture, it all ran to "accomplishment," and its real use was only to charm the men a little more.

This type of girl, still common in America, and till of late common in England, is disappearing with incredible rapidity. It is going with the long hair, which was once the crowning glory of woman, and with it is going much that was once held to be essential to guard life and society from utter ruin. I have dwelt on this because it is becoming so common here that not to comment on it would be to ignore the most remarkable phenomenon of English life as it at present exists. As girls realize that it is becoming more difficult to marry with a certainty of being able to live as well as they did at home, as there is growing unwillingness to raise large families and be left as poor widows to support them, as, in fact, all the old ideals disappear, and new ones of being able to make a living and be "independent" and "bird-free" are developed, they are becoming careless as to beauty, indifferent as to being charmers.

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