

# The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. MCEWEN, PUBLISHER.

LILAC postal notes, which have been turned out at the rate of about two million a month, and will be increased hereafter 40 per cent., are handled by thirty-five persons and are counted forty times.

There is an incubating establishment in Albany, N. Y., which has turned out 4,000 chickens since October, when it began running. About 125 dozen eggs are used weekly. When the chickens arrive at a weight of one and a half pounds they are sent to market.

THE Current: Kansas City's trade grows rapidly. She is now doing a third more business than she did last year. The wholesale trade of Indianapolis increased \$4,000,000 in 1884. Duluth has had a year bright with both hope and realization, the Northern Pacific Railroad having contributed greatly to the prosperity of the Zenith City.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS was asked in Washington the other day when he expected to resign his position of Recorder of Deeds. "Oh," he replied, "I shall wait until my resignation is asked for." "What will you do then?" he was asked. "Oh, I shall retire on a competence," he responded. "I have enough to keep the wolf from the door." Douglass is believed to be worth \$150,000.

To rid himself of a bore who was importuning him for an opinion on some passing subject, the late Henry Smith, of Albany, gave him some haphazard reply. Shortly afterward he was again approached by the individual, who said: "Mr. Smith, you have told me so and so, and nothing has come of it." "What did I charge you for my advice?" queried the counsel. "Nothing," replied the client. "Ah, I see, my advice was equal to my fee."

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, a nephew of Cyrus W. Field and Stephen J. Field, died a few days ago at Phoenix, A. T., under the assumed name of Donald McKenzie. He was implicated in the Boss Tweed affair, and family troubles caused him to leave his home in Westbrook, Me., some five or six years ago. As Phoenix young Field, whose last days were spent in poverty, was respected as an upright man.

THE students of a Western theological seminary are reported to have discussed the question whether, in case of a prayer having been read from a printed slip, on a formal occasion, and there having been a typographical error entirely reversing the meaning of a passage, the petition was received by Providence as uttered or as originally written. The debaters spent a whole evening over the point, and then had a tie vote.

RAILWAY superintendents as a class are as intelligent men as live, says the Current. Those of America are as sincerely attached to the principles of liberty as is the humblest section hand. It is not probable, therefore, that a scheme of black-listing (by which the discharged employe of one Superintendent shall be ostracized by all) will ever be adopted by any great number of officers. The idea is repugnant to the present form of society, and would tend to break down industrial pursuits.

For several years past Stanley Day, a machinist employed in the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad shops at Holsterville, Pa., had been complaining of excessive pains in the stomach. Physicians' prescriptions did him no good, and some time ago he was compelled to quit work, and since that he has been confined to the house. As a last resort he took a dose of warm medicine. Directly afterward he was relieved of twenty-five crabs of the water species and a milk snake thirteen inches in length. He is improving rapidly, and the doctors are discussing the crabs and the situation. Day says that about two years ago he drank from a well in the dark, and probably swallowed the crabs and snake then.

The old yellow postal notes, by an order about to be issued by the Postmaster General, will soon be a thing of the past. They have been a source of great annoyance and trouble. The paper on which they were printed was not safety paper, but a sort of water-proof material, from which castile soap and water would remove the writing ink. This permitted shrewd counterfeiters to "raise" them, which was done to some extent in the West. The discovery of several cases created much excitement last month, probably more than the facts warranted. Since May last the new notes, printed on lilac paper, have been in use by the order of the Postmaster General, at all the principal offices, and no more of the old yellow ones were put out. There have remained, however, about 2,000 offices which were using the old yellow notes

originally furnished them.—New York Tribune.

An Englishman residing in Paris has appealed to the law to support his claim for 20,000 francs damages for the loss of his hair. The gentleman, whose head is at the present moment described as perfectly bald, went to a hairdresser's establishment some months ago to have his hair cut. A few days afterward he became conscious of an unpleasant irritation about the roots of his hair, which increased, and caused him so much annoyance that he consulted a doctor. The latter, after a careful examination, told his client that he had unquestionably caught a peculiar disease of a contagious nature, which circumstances appeared to indicate had been communicated by the brushes or comb used by the hairdresser. Frictions and powerful remedies were employed, but to no effect. The hair gradually fell off, and at the expiration of a couple of months after that unfortunate visit to the coiffeur's the patient's head has perfectly bald.

THE Current: It is astonishing that the tax-payers, whose property is exposed to the cupidity of disaffected and indolent men, should often abandon to the liberality and public spirit of mere lads the business of guarding the whole fabric of society, and paying the full cost of that expensive vigil. The law in Michigan, for instance, is such that when the Governor calls out the militia the young men have to advance the money for both rations and transportation, and the home county is dunned for the bill at some subsequent time, payable, probably, in county orders. The selfishness of men finds few more striking examples than are afforded in the present status of the militia in States like Illinois and Michigan, where no one can deny the utility of armed organization in the interest both of property rights and of protection to unarmed men and women and children.

MICHAEL DAVITT has written a pathetic description of the liberation of a pet blackbird which had shared with him his prison life. For many months the feathered companion had relieved the tedium of his solitude, but he felt at last that he owed his little friend the right of liberty. He says: "It was a day which would fill one's whole being with a yearning to be liberated—a day of sunshine, and warmth, and beauty, and the moment had arrived when my resolution to give freedom to my little feathered 'chum' could no longer be selfishly postponed. I opened his door with a trembling hand, when quick as a flash of lightning he rushed from the cage with a wild scream of delight, and in a moment was beyond the walls of the prison! The instinct of freedom was too powerful to be resisted, though I had indulged the fond hope that he would have remained with me. But he taught me the lesson which can never be unlearned by either country, prison, or bird—that nature will not be denied, and that liberty is more to be desired than fetters of gold."

JUSTIN S. MORRILL, of Vermont, is the oldest United States Senator, says a Washington correspondent. He will be 75 years of age next April. He has had as long continuous service in Congress as either Clay or Benton, and longer than any one at present in public life. He has been in Congress since 1855. He was a member of the House from that period until 1867. He has been in the Senate ever since. He has been recently re-elected for another Senatorial term. If he should live to the end of that term he would be 81 years old. This would give him a record of thirty-five years in Congress. This is a longer record of continuous service than any one has yet made in our history. There is no reason why he should not live to the end of his term and even longer. The Senator is in most excellent health, and looks fully as young to-day as many men in the Senate fifteen years younger than he. He appears to have a better lease of life than his colleague, who is nearly twenty years younger than he. A stranger would not think that there was much difference between the ages of the Vermont Senators.

Growth of an Old World City. It is not, we believe, generally known that Admiral Sir William Dowell, Commander-in-Chief of the English fleet on the China station, is the officer who, as Midshipman Dowell, first planted the English flag on the Island of Hong Kong forty-three years ago. It is almost impossible to believe that, in less than fifty years, a virtually desert island should have been converted into such a place as Hong Kong now is. The present Governor of the Colony, Sir George Bowen, in a speech which he made shortly after his arrival in China, drew attention to the remarkable fact that after London, Liverpool and Glasgow, the tonnage of the shipping which visits Victoria Harbor every year is larger than the figure for any other harbor in her Majesty's dominions. We hear a great deal of wonderful growth of cities and the development of resources in the New World, but we doubt whether the record of Hong Kong can be surpassed anywhere. Japan Mail.

## GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

His Love.

My love is a rose, a red, red rose,  
Whose beauty all may see;  
A smile and blush for each she hath,  
But only a thorn for me.

My love is a violet, tender and true,  
Whose fragrance, pure and free,  
Perfumes the air like the breath of prayer,  
Yet never a thought for me.

My love is the sun, the radiant sun,  
Whose glory all may see;  
She sheds her beams on all around,  
And not one ray for me.

Oh, her beauty and blushes, her radiant smile!  
How quick my heart will be;  
When one day Love shall lead my love  
A captive home to me.

A Medium's Mistake.

A woman at a spiritualistic seance expressed a desire to converse with the spirit of her departed husband, Mr. John Smith.

After several unsuccessful attempts, the medium reluctantly announced that she was unable to summon the spirit of John Smith.

"Perhaps," suggested the bereaved widow, "considering that John wasn't allers very pertikolar about things he did when on this earth, you've been trying the wrong place."

An Awful Scandal.

"Why, la, Mrs. Jinks, have you heard the news?"

"No, Mrs. Brown; do tell me, for I am dying to hear."

"Well, you know I never gossip, my dear."

"Of course not; I do not think it right to talk about one's neighbors' affairs. But what is the latest? Of course, we tell each other what is going on."

"Why, you know Col. Jones' house is near to ours, and we can see right into their side windows. Well, would you believe it, I actually saw him kiss his wife this morning before leaving the house."

"You are sure it wasn't the hired girl?"

"No, I could see her plain enough. I know they had a terrible row and were making up. The idea of a man kissing his own wife, and before everybody, too."

"Yes, dear, it is an awful scandal; good-by." And Mrs. Jinks hurried off to see her friend Mrs. Smith, and tell her about the big row, and how Col. Jones nearly killed his wife.—Texas Siftings.

Women Who Love Flowers.

"Flowers go ahead of all other gifts in winning a woman's heart, and every young gallant knows that," said the dealer.

"Why so?"

"Well, nearly all women love flowers, and there is something so delicate, so much unsaid, yet suggested, in flowers, that the simple gift of one is always appreciated by a woman—not to speak of the different sentiments that are associated with different kinds of flowers. It is very interesting to note how different people regard flowers. Why, I can tell almost the moment a woman enters whether she is fond of them. Women who love flowers always have sweet faces, soft ways, and gentle dispositions. One of that kind rarely asks for the fashionable flower because it is fashionable. She loves flowers for their own sake, and, consequently, she is almost sure to call for her favorites, whether in fashion or not. The woman who cares for flowers simply because they are fashionable is generally one of the cold, haughty, airy kind. She will look around critically, seize some flower and pull it out of a bunch, sometimes breaking off a leaf, or catching one of its thorns in another rose and tearing the petals. That's the difference, you see. The other lady handles them with a gentle, caressing touch, almost as if they were human."

A Doctor Who Favors Corsets.

Many of the school text-books on physiology wage war on the wearing of corsets on the frightful example plan, by showing side by side the outline of some celebrated statue and that of a modern woman deformed by tight-lacing, and all sorts of dire diseases are promised the female who indulges in that method of squeezing herself out of shape. There seems to be another side to this thing, however. One Dr. Alfred Chadwick, an advocate of what he calls "figure-training by corset," says that he does not "believe for one moment that fully 90 per cent. of women are deformed by stays." "If such were the case," he adds, "I should not hesitate to say that 90 per cent. of women know nothing of lacing; for if lacing the figure is practiced in a judicious manner, instead of deformity would come elegance and health. A well-applied corset leaves the upper part of the chest perfectly free and develops the capacity of the lungs in that situation—the most important situation, by the way, especially in the female sex. Tubercular consumption usually attacks the apices of the lungs, a part far removed from the pressure of a corset, however tight—in fact, the tighter the corset in the lower part of the chest, the greater amount of work and expansion in the upper part; but this would not lead to consumption." Dr. Chadwick believes a woman is in better health when wearing a proper-fitting corset, and less liable to suffer from consumption, dyspepsia, or spinal curvature; but he deprecates the beginning of tight-lacing suddenly.

"What I consider to be the perfect contour in the application of the corset to the female figure or to the male," he says, "is to begin early in life, say at the age of 7 or 10 years, and then only with very yielding materials, permitting the corset simply to touch the contour of the body, though a little firmer at the waist. As the girl grows up and the chest expands, the bust of the corset may be very properly made larger, the waist at the same time being kept within bounds. If such a system be carefully carried out, there never would be any undue pressure anywhere, and the girl who reaches womanhood will possess the perfection of a figure, with its round and taper waist, broad shoulders, and well-developed chest. It always was and will be necessary to restrain, limit, and correct the growing figure. Without aid, nature seldom forms a good waist. Gradual

and early correction, instead of violent and sudden reduction of deformity, is the way to achieve success—no evil effects can possibly ensue. In the wearing of the corset, the degree of comfort with which it is borne should be the test of utility. Early care and judicious management will in every case succeed in attaining elegance and in preserving health."—Exchange.

A School Including Body-Training for Girls.

A convincing experiment was made upon a large number of girls at Lexington, Mass. A school for young ladies was announced and large buildings prepared. During four years of personal management by the founder of the school, nearly three hundred young women were subjected to a new and peculiar regimen, to determine the possibility of improving their bodies during their school life, as the bodies of young men are improved in some of the German universities. An exceptionally full curriculum of studies was adopted, and a large corps of teachers, including such distinguished names as Theodore D. Weld, Catharine Beecher, and Zerkah-ely, labored with enthusiasm in the brain-work. The pupils were pressed harder, probably, than in any other school in New England. The girls averaged about 17 years of age, and came from all parts of the country, including California, Central America, and the West Indies. They were largely from wealthy families—delicate girls, unable to bear the artificial life of fashionable seminaries, and were drawn to the Lexington school by its fame for body-training. The constant dress of the pupils, like that of the normal schools, was short and loose, leaving the girls as much liberty as the boys have in their gymnasium dresses. The results of the physical training at Lexington are well known.

On entering the school, pupils were measured about the chest, under the arms, about the waist, the arm, and the forearm. The average gain for eight months about the chest was about 2 1/2 inches; waist, 5 inches; arm, 1 1/2 inches; forearm about 1 inch. The work was so hard that, with all this remarkable development, the weight of the pupil was lessened. Of course, the girls came with injunctions from mothers not to climb stairs, with letters from family physicians urging moderation in gymnastics, and prescribing a horizontal position a number of days each month. With the corsets and long skirts in which they came, these injunctions and cautions were not unwise; but with the change of dress, became absurd.

And now, with a full knowledge of all the facts familiar to hundreds of graceful parents, the writer affirms that giving little or no attention to periodicity, the girls worked through the entire month in these extreme stridings and other vigorous exercises of the legs and hips, contrived to counteract the evil effects of the long, imprisoning skirts, and that in the four years not only was no harm done by this constant and dreadful violation of Dr. Edward Clark's counsels, but that in no instance did a pupil fail to improve in health. The results may be described as follows: Pupils came with dread of stairs, with backache, palpitation, and other sufferings which may not be named here, and in a few months could do the full and hard gymnastic work of the school, dance three evenings a week, go upstairs without symptoms, and walk five to ten miles on Saturday without inconvenience. A common exclamation among the pupils was this: "What a slave I was! Everything was toil and suffering. I have now just begun to live!" And all this happy change came of abandonment of corsets, the adoption of a simple, physiological dress, with the exercise which this change in dress renders easy. The change in health and capacity often seemed magical. If this paper were designed for the eyes of medical men only, certain facts might be given which would surprise them, and leave no doubt that we have utterly failed to comprehend the mischief done to the growing form by the present meeds of dress.—Dr. Dio Lewis.

Tea an Irritant Drug.

The experience of every confirmed tea-drinker, when soundly interpreted, supplies condemnation of the beverage; the plea commonly and blindly urged on its behalf being, when understood, an eloquent expression of such condemnation. "It is so refreshing;" "I am fit for nothing when tea-time comes round until I have had my tea, and then I am fit for anything." The "fit for nothing" state comes on at 5 p. m., when the drug is taken at the orthodox time, or even in the early morning, in the case of those who are accustomed to have a cup of tea brought to their bedside before rising. With blindness still more profound, some will plead for tea by telling that by its aid one can sit up all night long at brain-work without feeling sleepy, provided ample supplies of the infusion are taken from time to time.

It is unquestionably true that such may be done; that the tea-drinker is languid and weary at tea-time, whatever be the hour, and that the refreshment produced by "the cup that cheers" is said not to inebriate is almost instantaneous. "What is the true significance of these facts?" The refreshment is certainly not due to nutrition, not to the rebuilding of any worn-out or exhausted organic tissue. The total quantity of material conveyed from the tea-leaves into the water is ridiculously too small for the performance of any such nutritious function; and, besides this, the action is far too rapid, there is not sufficient time for the conversion of even that minute quantity into organized working tissue. The action cannot be that of a food, but is purely and simply that of a stimulating or irritant drug, acting directly and abnormally on the nervous system.—W. Matthew Williams, in Popular Science Monthly.

What He Was After.

"So you like Mr. Simpson?"

"Yes, mother; I love him. He is a man after my own heart."

"I am afraid, my daughter, that he doesn't care much for your heart. I think he is after your father's money principally."—New York Graphic.

## SENSATIONS OF THE DAY.

A Sleighting Party at Toledo Collides with a Railway Train with Fatal Results.

Five Murderers Sentenced to Death in the Federal Court at Fort Smith, Ark.

A Helpless Man Sentenced to the Penitentiary—A Lively Georgia Corpse.

FOUR PERSONS KILLED.

Sad Accident to an Ohio Sleighting Party.

A party of nine persons from Oak Harbor, a small place east of this city, drove in a sleigh to Port Clinton. The road, three miles west of Port Clinton, crosses the tracks of the Lake Shore railway. On the return trip, as the sleigh approached the crossing, the west-bound express came up at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The driver, thinking he could clear the crossing ahead of the locomotive, drove on, but before the rear of the sleigh had passed the track the locomotive struck it. The sleigh was smashed and the occupants scattered about. Three fell upon the pilot of the engine. Miss Jennie Hoople, of Oak Harbor, and S. S. Hall, of Detroit, were instantly killed. Mrs. A. D. Theirwacher and Mrs. Charles Vogel were fatally injured. Mrs. John P. Vogel had an arm broken and was internally injured. John P. Vogel was seriously injured, and A. D. Theirwacher bruised about the head and limbs. Charles Vogel and Russell Rice alone escaped with slight injuries. Mrs. John Vogel and Mrs. Charles Vogel died this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Others are likely to die. The scene of the disaster is peculiarly favorable for an accident of this kind, as the road runs parallel to the tracks some distance before crossing. L. W. Adams was the engineer of the train, and did all he could to avert the collision. The fault was with the driver of the sleigh.

A LIVELY CORPSE.

Excitement at a Georgia Negro Funeral.

[Valdosta (Ga.) telegram.] The colored people of Lowndes County are somewhat mystified over the irregular proceedings of a corpse, which refused the decent burial with which they were contemplating it. Craw Duncan had been for years a leader in colored politics, but he never took to religion. A few days ago he became violently ill, and, going to bed, he was duly beset by weeping sisters and zealous preachers, but all to no purpose. When the time came he died, and a large number of friends and acquaintances gathered to pay the last tribute to his memory. As is the custom among colored people, they sang over his body all night. The weird music that floated over the adjacent forest that night struck a responsive chord in the bosoms of the owls of baser note, and they joined in the refrain. About midnight a little bird flitted in one door and out the other. This caused the assemblage to go on its knees, when the leader declared that "spirits could not harm 'ligious folks,'" and the singing was resumed. When daylight came the weary watchers detailed one squad to build a coffin and another to dig the grave. The rude casket was first completed and conducted to the proper place. It was put on two chairs, facing each other, beside the corpse. Friends drew around to take a last look; pall-bearers put themselves in position to bear the burden to the grave; the coffin was held over the open grave, and at a word was let drop to the bottom. In an instant the lid went flying off the coffin, and the dead man arose and cursed with all the exuberance of a man who had worked on a canal. The mourners scattered in every direction, but the funny part of it is they insist he is really dead, and will have nothing to do with him.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

Five Murderers Sentenced at Fort Smith, Ark.

[Fort Smith dispatch.] In the United States Court, to-day, five murderers received their sentences. Mason Holcomb, William Phillips, Fred M. Ray, William Meadows, and William Dickson were sentenced to hang on the 14th of April next. Ray received sentence first. When asked why the sentence should not be passed, he replied: "I am not the guilty person." Meadows replied to the same question: "I hate to be punished for a crime I am not guilty of." Phillips replied: "I have never killed a man. I never shot Hill. I never hurt a hair of his head. God knows it, and I know it." Dickson replied briefly: "I am innocent." Holcomb was so affected that he made no reply. The impression prevails that Meadows, who is a 18-year-old lad, will succeed in getting a commutation of his sentence. He and Ray were convicted of the murder of an old negro in the Cherokee Nation last August. Phillips was convicted of the murder of his father-in-law, William Hill, last September. Holcomb killed one Fisher, a companion, while returning to camp one evening from a hay-field last summer. He pleaded self-defense at the trial, but the evidence proved that he was hired to do the deed. Dickson killed one Lester in 1883, in the Chickasaw Nation, at a dance. He was behaving in a boisterous way, and when Lester attempted to keep him quiet a difficulty ensued, in which Dickson shot Lester. All are white men but Dickson, who is a negro.

DESPERATE DUEL.

Two Texas Brothers-in-Law Fight to the Death.

[Alvarado (Tex.) special.] Dr. L. B. Allen and W. J. Wellborne were brothers-in-law and members of two of the oldest and most respectable families in this section. Dr. Allen's wife died a few days ago at the home of another sister, Mrs. W. A. Athley, and Wellborne had come on a visit of condolence. Yesterday afternoon he and Dr. Allen met in a room to consult on business matters. They soon became involved in a quarrel, and Allen attempted to kill Wellborne, drawing a pistol on him, the latter retreating from the room with the remark that he "did not care to settle that way." About 10 o'clock last night Dr. Allen was returning from a lot where he had been to feed his animals. He met Wellborne standing beside the fence awaiting him. Both drew their pistols and exchanged four shots almost simultaneously. Wellborne mounted his horse and fled. Dr. Allen staggered into the house, fell across a bed, exclaiming, "I am shot," and expired almost instantly. The only shot that hit him passed through his body in the region of the heart. It is not known whether Wellborne was wounded. Officers and a posse are scouring the country to effect his capture.

A WRETCHED PROCEEDING.

A Convict Without Legs and with but One Arm.

[Joliet (Ill.) special to Chicago Tribune.] Sheriff Newton, of Kendall County, reached the penitentiary this afternoon, having in charge four prisoners sentenced to prison from that county. Among them

was one William Russell, aged 24, convicted of larceny, and sentenced for a year. The Sheriff had to carry Russell into the prison on his back, for the reason that the convict had no legs, and but one arm. Both legs had been amputated close to the trunk and the left arm at the shoulder-joint. This remnant of a man was deposited upon the stone floor of the prison guard-room and the Sheriff produced his mittimus, showing that Russell was sentenced by Judge Charles Kellum, of Yorkville, to be confined in the Penitentiary for the term of one year at hard labor. The sight of this poor wretch in his utterly helpless condition as he was lugged into the prison on the back of the brawny Sheriff called forth many expressions of disgust from the prison-keepers in the hall not at all complimentary to the court that consigned him to a convict's cell. Russell lost his legs and one arm in a railroad accident. He was convicted of stealing a row-boat from a man in Plano and selling it at Peoria. Russell's condition is such that he will need the services of an able-bodied convict to take care of him while he is in prison.

CABINET TALK.

Gov. Cleveland Has Reached No Decision Yet.

[New York special to Chicago Tribune.] The presence here of Senator Gorman and the conference of numerous politicians with him yesterday have given impetus to the Democratic gossip about the Cabinet. In his talk with Democrats he corroborates the impression that the election of Mr. Everts as Senator has completely changed the whole Cabinet situation. It is gravely doubted among the leaders whether Bayard or Garland can be spared from the Senate. Mr. Everts is recognized as a foe who will require the strongest opposition that is possible to present. With Bayard and Garland taken away from the Democratic side of the Senate would be weak in debaters, while the Republican side would be exceptionally strong with Everts, Edmunds, and Sherman—especially upon constitutional questions. Mr. Gorman is said to express the opinion that the President elect has formed no positive opinions and has reached no decision as to the Cabinet that may not be changed twenty times before March 4.

BORN IN A SLEEPER.

A Pullman Car "All Torn Up."

[Chicago telegram.]

It is the unexpected that happens; at least so thought the incoming passengers on the sleeper Niagara, over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, yesterday morning. There was excitement among the ladies aboard, and dire confusion manifested by the gentlemen. The porter ran through the train in search of a doctor, and, fortunately encountering one, hurried him to the sleeper. His services were urgently needed by Mrs. T. Hanlon, a lady journeying from Helena, Montana, to New York. At 6:30 a. m. a child was born to the house of Hanlon, and upon the arrival of the train at the Union Depot the mother and babe were transferred to a sleeper on the Pennsylvania route, and continued their journey. A telegram from Port Wayne yesterday afternoon conveyed the intelligence that mother and child were as well as could be expected. "I tell you, boss," said the dandy on the Niagara, "if dat ar child grows up, he's a gwine to be a fat one."

WIFE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

An Ohio Man Kills His Wife and Hangs Himself.

[La Crosse (Wis.) special.]

Henry Katenhausen and wife, of Durand, lived together unhappily, fought frequently, and the woman was usually the victor. Sunday he murdered her with a hatchet while his children were at Sunday-school and buried her body in a cellar. Thursday a neighbor called at the house to get her to do some washing, and a daughter informed him that her mother had disappeared and she felt sure something wrong had occurred. Search resulted in the discovery of the crime, and Katenhausen was jailed. He acknowledged the deed, but pleaded self-defense. After breakfast this morning he attempted first to hang himself with his suspenders and then a scarf, both of which broke. He then twisted up a woolen jacket and tying the garment to a grating succeeded in taking his own life. His knees were found almost touching the floor. He was about 60 and his wife 45.

A BURIED WILL.

It Is Found in a Coffin After Eight Years.

[Buffalo (N. Y.) telegram.]

Robert A. Wallace, of the carriage manufacturing firm of Harvey & Wallace, died about eight years ago, and although he had repeatedly told his children and friends that he had provided for his children, four in number, by a former wife, at his death no will could be found, and the estate was settled according to law, each child receiving a portion, and the widow her third. She was also appointed administratrix. At her death, about a year later, she left a will disposing of the property that remained to her own children and a daughter by her first husband, but leaving out the earlier branch of the Wallace family. Interested persons, still searching for the original will, conceded the idea of exhuming the body of Wallace himself, and there, between the vest and shirt in which the body was prepared for the coffin, was found the long sought-for will.

AN EAGLE SCREAMS.

It Is Found in a Mail-Bag at Vincennes.

[Vincennes (Ind.) special.]

There was excitement in the postoffice this morning. The clerks were hurriedly opening the mails when they heard a peculiar noise issuing from a mail-bag, and, opening the same, a large gray eagle fluttered out, causing a general stampede from Uncle Sam's sanctuaries. The excitement was great for a time, but the bird was finally caught and caged. It came from the West, and is supposed to have been captured by route agents. It is a fine-looking bird. Postmaster Lewis is proud of his present.

PATENTS.

The Annual Patent Report.

[Washington dispatch.]

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents shows receipts of \$1,075,799, expenditures of \$970,580, and a balance in the United States Treasury on account of the patent fund of \$2,781,695. There were issued 20,297 patents and designs; 118 patents were reissued, and 1,021 trade marks, and 513 labels registered; 12,301 patents expired, and patents were withheld in 2,839 cases for non-payment of the final fee. Of the patents issued, 19,013 were to citizens of the United States and 1,284 to foreigners.

JOURNALISTIC STRIKE.

Vienna Newspapers Refusing to Print the Reichsrath Proceedings.

[Cable dispatch from Vienna.]

The journalistic strike against the Reichsrath continues. The sessions of the last two days were absolutely ignored, and no reader of to-day's papers in this city would know from them that such a body as the Reichsrath existed. Letters of complaint from indignant members are only printed, when accompanied by cash, at advertising rates.