

## DOUBLE DICK AND JOE.

### The Poorhouse Waifs.

BY DAVID LOWRY.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

"See here, young fellow—this is a square deal, now."

"Perfectly square," said Dick quietly.

"You'll get the rhino right away as soon as the gals are gone."

"You'll get it to-morrow before ten, if she's discovered through your aid to-night."

"That's the cheese. Now then. There's a rookery round in the alley here—old no matter, we show you where it is. If it's the way we think, why, the gals' hide there. But see here, young fellow, it don't suit us to go in if it can be helped—if the place is pulled!"

"Pulled?"

"Raided?"

"Raided?"

"Yes—gone through as clean as a whistle."

"Gone through?"

"Well, you are fresh. Tom, let me tackle this fellow. He means the bobbies will come down on them."

"The bobbies?"

"The police—don't know nawthin' at all!" with a contemptuous drawl.

"The police! I said, if they arrest everybody after we've been in and got out, they'll blame us—see?"

"I understand very well—why didn't you say so before?" said Dick dryly.

"You can go on. You've got to let on."

"Never mind—I'll manage that. But first, I want to borrow a shoe box—and blacking brushes."

"Oh, he's playing it down fine, Pete."

"Yes, he is—he's not so fresh as he looks. We'll get the things—if you'll pay interest on 'em."

Peter disappeared and speedily reappeared with the brushes and box, and Dick followed them to a few yards of the door of the house where he had reason to believe he would learn something of Joe.

When he entered the place, the smell of vile tobacco almost overpowered him. The air was thick with smoke. There were other vile smells. One or two looked at him sharply as he lounged in, and one man—a man with a very brutal face—eyed him as if he would kick him into the street.

"Hello, baby, what are you after?" this coarse fellow demanded.

Dick did not answer. Instead, he looked at the unpollished shoes and boots in the room, and, going from one to another, said:

"Shine, shine, shine!"

"Shine the devil!" said one ruffian.

"I will, if you pay for the man lost," said Dick, whereat the man who scowled at him laughed loudly, and Dick, going to the greasy bar, said:

"Gimme glass beer."

He munched a cracker and a piece of sausage, and kept his eyes and ears wide open. He heard saw all that transpired. Nobody dreamed that the bootblack, sliding around, looking at the horrible woodcuts on the walls, and whistling softly to himself, was noting every movement—listening to every word uttered.

But so it was, until Dick found an opportunity to scribble the note, and to toss it in to poor Joe, whose cheeks were wet with tears. He managed it very adroitly, indeed, and he was not too eager to run away once he found the opportunity to fling his warning note in to Joe.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

DOUBLE DICK'S DEEP MOTIVATION—A PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

To return to Old Isaac's, pay the other half-dollar and another on top of it, dress himself, and set out for Mons Dufaur's occupied very few minutes.

Dick was in a perspiration with excitement; he was running, in his haste, when a stern voice halted him.

"Hill! bil! there—stop thief—head him off here! Stop that boy there!"

Dick halted and looked back. An old man grasping a grip-sack was running after him, shouting "stop thief!" after him.

A crowd gathered in a minute. It was wonderful how speedily the street was blocked up by the people. They looked from all quarters. A policeman appeared—two, three policemen—all bearing on poor Dick.

One seized him by the shoulder roughly. Dick took his arm. The policeman scowled at him.

"None of that, my boy," said the policeman, angrily.

"What have I done? You've no business to touch me—I ain't a thief."

"You are—and I don't let me go you'll pay dearly for it. Ben Brown and Mr. Buckett will make you sweat for it if you arrest me."

Dick was unabashed. He looked at the officer boldly. The officer grew white with rage.

"Shut up! Shut up your trap, or I'll make you!"

By this time the old gentleman had reached the boy's side.

"Now, see here, you're in for stealing my wallet. Mr. Policeman, I guess you needn't take him up if he'll promise never to do it again."

The crowd laughed, and the policeman—there were three of them together now—smiled.

"Come along," said the man who grasped Dick's arm.

"No, no! Let him off. Just take my wallet from him. It's not worth while putting yourself to any more trouble."

The crowd roared, and the policeman gathered around Dick as they pushed forward.

"I'll go with you quietly," said Dick. "But you've all been warned—Mr. Buckett will make you pay for this."

"Who's Buckett?" demanded one of the officers.

"He owns the circus, and he's got plenty of money."

"What do you know about Buckett?"

The officer gave Dick a shake—"none of your humbugging. 'Buckett,' I'll Buckett you, talking about Buckett."

"He'll make you shake more than you shake me. I tell you he hires me, and he'll make you all sorry for this."

"See here," said the farmer, "let him go—only take my wallet from him."

"I never saw your wallet, sir. You're mistaken, sir."

"Well—maybe I am."

The farmer plunged his hand into his pockets, and, after a moment, he said: "It's all a mistake! I put my wallet into the wrong pocket, that's all there is to it."

He held it up, the crowd saw it, and began to jeer the officers. The officers made demonstrations that scattered the crowd right and left, and soon the way was clear. The officers consulted each other and turned on the farmer.

"Are you sure you've got your money?"

"Here it is—you can look, officers."

"Why in thunder don't you know what you are doing, making all this racket and blocking up the streets, shouting stop thief?"

"You ought to stay in your cabbage-patch, old man."

"Or get yourself a new head before you come to town again."

After delivering themselves of these opinions, the officers set Dick free, with an admonition to "be more careful in future" (?); then went about their business. The crowd had dispersed almost as speedily as it had gathered, and the farmer and Dick were left almost alone.

"See here! I'm awful cut up. I am, sure as you live, my boy. You run agin me so hard—and I'm afraid o' thieves—and when I clapped my hand in my pocket, and missed my wallet—"

"Don't say any more—let's all right now. I don't blame you. Most any one would do the same—only I ain't that sort of a boy, and it makes me feel mean to be stared at by a crowd."

"You said you were with Buckett, the circus man, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Do say! And now—what do you do in the circus?"

"I am not at liberty to tell."

"Pshaw! Show now—that's queer. You don't tell me! Well, I can tell who I am, and what I'm here for—where I'm going, and all about it. I'm on my way home lickety split—my name's Job Wonder, and—"

"Wonder?"

"Yes, Wonder. Ever hear it before?"

"You are the man that came to see Joe."

"Yes, I am—just that man. But what do you know about Joe?"

"Don't go home—not now. Go along with me to Monsieur Dufaur's, quick. Joe's in trouble. I've just come from her."

"What's the matter, eh? Anything serious? If there is, I'm not going home till it's straightened out. I may as well hang round to-morrow; I'll not leave Joe in trouble."

As they hastened to Monsieur Dufaur's, Dick endeavored to explain the situation to the farmer, but Job Wonder couldn't grasp the truth; the peridy of the lawyer's clerk, the audacity of the scheme were not comprehended fully by Job. But he was terribly excited on learning that Joe was abducted—held against her wishes—and in the power of a wretch who was evidently capable of any crime.

"Dad blast 'em all, I say!" he exclaimed time after time, as Dick narrated, in outline, all he had learned in the disguise he had assumed. "Dad blast 'em! I'll not leave New York till I've put the hull gang of them in the penitentiary!"

"I'm glad it happened this way," said Dick as they neared Monsieur Dufaur's. "There'll be such a lot of us when we go round there with the police that they'll all be captured. I don't want one to get away—I want 'em all arrested."

"Yes, and I'll see they are all punished, if there's any law in York State. You make up your mind to that! Why, it's a providential interference—my meetin' you. Blamed if it ain't. Yes, after this I'll believe in Providence. If I hadn't thought you no matter—I'd been to the depot by this time—like as not trav'llin' home."

#### CHAPTER XXV.

DOUBLE DICK TURNS THE TABLES ON IKE.

"I've found her!" Dick shouted when he was admitted to Monsieur Dufaur's, with Job Wonder stamping along at the boy's heels.

"Good heaven!" exclaimed Madame Dufaur, who was pacing the room. "Thank heaven! My prayer is answered. I was afraid the poor girl was lost to us forever."

"Where is Monsieur Dufaur—where is he?" Mrs. Brown wanted to be quick and take a lot of police, or they'll run away."

"Bless me, how the dear boy runs on. My husband—why, he was here this minute, but Mr. Brown I have not seen this while."

"We can't wait on him, we must go at once. You come, too."

"Mel! Mel! I cannot go with the police, child; but, yes, to be sure I will; why not? To save the poor child, perhaps."

The door opened at that instant and Monsieur Dufaur stood on the threshold. Madame Dufaur flew toward him with outstretched hands.

"Where is he—found?"

"Where he's going to stay."

"Come at once," said Dick. "Get the police to come along—there's a lot of them."

"But where—where is she?" demanded Monsieur Dufaur, looking meanwhile for his hat and cane.

"Our hat is in my room—your cane is in the dining room. Oh, we are on our heads this night," said Madame Dufaur as she placed her hat on her head and glanced in a mirror. "Come, come."

"Yes, and get the policemen," said Dick.

"Oh, yes, I will be sure to have the officers; but just tell me which way we are going."

Dick gave him the necessary directions as they went out. As they were leaving the house they met the clown and his wife, whose faces were drawn, but on seeing the others they instantly brightened up.

"You have heard of her," said Ben. "We are going to rescue her," said Madame Dufaur.

Then Dick was called upon by the clown to relate the facts again briefly.

"The clown grins his teeth."

"We'll teach them! We'll make it warm for them before we are through with 'em!"

Meanwhile Monsieur Dufaur had secured a squad of police, or, rather, the officer he took into his confidence had assembled his fellows quickly, and then, while the others were on the way, a plan of operations was mapped out, each one understood exactly how the rescue was to be conducted.

Meantime fortune smiled upon Ike Jenks. He had difficulty finding his friend the notary, to whom he explained what he wanted. The notary was thinking of a fee that would swell his month's receipts largely, and did not scruple in the least as he listened and nodded. He accompanied Jenks to the house Joe was confined in, and was introduced, as Joe was induced to believe, by the exercise of extraordinary strategy.

When Ike appeared in the room with the notary, he was beaming with joy he endeavored to conceal. He realized fully the import of the matter. While his bride was under duress—a prisoner, and fearful—it had become him to exhibit joy; so he pulled on a sober face as he said:

"Well—this seems a dull sort of marriage, but it will suit me."

"A mere formality," said the notary in a low tone, designed to reassure her. "Yes—but unavoidable. Well, we are ready now; begin," said Jenks.

But to his amazement Joe turned her head aside.

The notary looked at Jenks; Jenks looked at the notary, and a scowl settled on his face.

"What's the matter now?"

"Still Joe is silent."

"Why don't you speak?"

"Because I don't want to."

"But you must now the notary is here."

"I won't!"

"You won't! Why?"

"I'll tell you something."

"See here now—there's something at the bottom of this. You've been thinking since I went out, and changed your mind."

"Here it is—you can look, officers."

## STEEL RAIL COMBINE.

HOW IT HAS REDUCED WAGES THIS YEAR.

Meeting of the Combine in Philadelphia to Arrange Particulars and Prepare for a Future Boom—Free Trade in Labor Only—Plate Glass and the Tariff Socks for McKinley.

How It Works.

The Iron Age, under the heading of "The Coming Boom," says: "A discussion of the situation with many thoughtful and experienced members of the iron trade leads to the conviction that a notable rise in the prices in the leading steel mills and steel works is to be expected. A consideration of the condition of affairs in the rail trade would point to the conclusion that a notable rise in prices cannot well be expected during the balance of this year, but the anticipated rise in the price of the material will lead to the beginning of a boom before this year is closed."

In order to take complete advantage of the coming boom, the "Steel Rail Trust" held a meeting last week in Philadelphia, at which arrangements were made for the admission of the Maryland branch of the Pennsylvania Steel Company into the combine. In consequence of this a new allotment was made.

The year now drawing to a close has shown the great strength of the combine. It has been able to maintain the combine price of \$30 per ton at Eastern mills and \$31 per ton at the Western without a break, and in spite of the fact that the price of raw material has risen, and the raw material has fallen, it has been able to reduce wages.

There are six companies in the trust, which, in fact, embraces all the mills in the country. These are the Illinois Steel Company, Carnegie Bros. & Company, the Cambria Iron Company, the Pennsylvania Steel Company, the Bethlehem Iron Company, and the Lackawanna Coal and Iron Company. Since January last, all have reduced wages as follows: The Bethlehem Iron Company reduced wages 10 per cent. Feb. 7. The Lackawanna Coal and Iron Company reduced the wages of its workmen an average of 20 cents per day, Jan. 1. The Pennsylvania Steel Company reduced wages on an average of 10 to 10 per cent. Feb. 1. The Illinois Steel Company reduced the wages of its workmen on March 6. A strike ensued. Carnegie Bros. & Company cut down the wages of their workmen 10 per cent. The last but one member of the combine have cut down wages since Jan. 1.

Immediately after the meeting of the combine in Philadelphia Carnegie Bros. & Co. published the following notice in their mills:

"To our employees: As provided in our agreement, we hereby notify you that we desire to end it Dec. 31, 1901, and that we will be ready to make a new sliding scale agreement with you at any time after Oct. 10, 1901, to take effect Jan. 1, 1902. The completed changes are rendered necessary principally by the introduction of many mechanical improvements and advanced methods of manufacture, by which the output has been very much increased since our agreement went into effect."

"(Signed) CARNEGIE BROS."

That the above means a "sliding scale" downward seems evident. It shows, also, that the trust is resolved that its workmen shall have no share in the new boom anticipated by the combine.

Protected by a prohibitive duty on rails and closely united to maintain prices, the "steel rail trust" has absolute control of the consumers of its products and of the workmen employed by it.

Ohio Wool-growers Revolt.

S. B. Carlton, a prominent farmer and wool-grower of Ohio, is one of many Republican farmers who declare they will not vote for McKinley. He says:

"The McKinley bill is ruinous to the interests of the wool-grower. The depression in the wool market is due not so much to the change in the schedule of the wool tariff as it is to the increase of the duty on woolsens. The shoddy and cheap wools are protected by this duty and the wool market is depressed."

"I would not favor free wool with a high tariff on woolsens, for that would be injurious to the wool industry. I would, however, favor free wool if the duty on woolsens were taken off."

"I sold my wool this year for 23 cents, and it was of a better grade than wool which I sold, before the McKinley bill went into operation, for seven and eight cents more per pound. The cause of the loss in price is not the McKinley bill, but the wool-growers' own fault. They have been always a Republican, but will vote against McKinley because of his infamous bill."

How will Senator Sherman be able to explain his vote on the McKinley wool tariff bill? The wool-growers and other Republican Ohio wool-growers? During the debate on the tariff of 1883 Senator Sherman said: "In 1867 the price of wool was 51 cents; in 1870, 46 cents; in 1875, 43 cents; in 1880, which was an abnormal year, it was 40 cents. This was the result of the policy of protecting the wool-growers, as it is in all industries, to gradually reduce the price. Under the operation of the existing law (the tariff of 1867) the price of wool has gradually gone down to 23 cents."

Let the Senator might feel tempted to deny that he said anything like this, let him turn to his file of the Congressional Record, where he will find it on page 2201 of part 3 of volume 14.

Free Trade in Labor Only.

When manufacturers go to Congress and advocate high duties the interests of their workmen are predominant. They do not ask for the increased duty for themselves, but solely for their employers. The duty is increased to make the mask drop off and their true aims are revealed. This fact is well exemplified in the case of glove manufacturers who secured a large increase in the duty on gloves. Where the workmen came in for a share in the increase, the glove manufacturers appeared in the Berliners' Berlin, a leading German newspaper last March: "A long-established, large glove manufacturer in Gloversville, State of New York, wants ten glove makers. Price for cutting one dozen gloves (Dollmire's) Leder, 3.50 marks. Funds advanced for passage. Further information of R. A. Wirbel and Co., Haynau 11 Suhl."

Verily, Wm. D. Kelley, the leader of the high-tariff party in Congress, told the truth when he said in 1872: "Yes, men are on the free list. They cost us not even freight; we promote free trade in men, and it is the only free trade I am prepared to promote."

Political Reciprocity.

The political "reciprocity" of the high-tariff advocates is working out its legitimate result. It has been lauded by high-tariff organs as the means by which our merchant marine is to be rejuvenated and new markets for the surplus farm products are to be provided.

Its sham character has, however, begun to show itself. It was never intended, even by its author, to be anything but a political dodge by which attention was to be drawn from the real object of the McKinley tariff, which was the protection of the "trusts" and combinations from foreign competition.

Soon after the Brazilian reciprocity treaty went into effect a line of steamers was put in operation between Baltimore and the most important Brazilian

## BY POST AND WIRES.

COMES THIS BATCH OF IND-ANA NEWS.

A Catalogue of the Week's Important Occurrences Throughout the State—First, Accidents, Crimes, Suicides, Etc.

James S. Keyington, aged 86, died at Crawfordsville.

Benj. Fulder fell from a hay mow at South Bend and broke three ribs.

Thirteen freight cars were wrecked near Thornton on the Big Four.

Annie Ennis had her leg caught in a twister at a woolen mill at Madison, crushing it.

The postoffice at Veedersburg was entered, and stamps to the amount of \$200 were taken.

Lincoln Terry, of Jeffersonville, was fined \$12.50 for using profane language in the hearing of women.

A large reward is offered for the persons who are suspected of setting fire to the Washington Court House.

Winton Richards, a farmer near North Manchester, went through a bridge with a load of lumber and was fatally hurt.

Geo. Mack got up in his sleep at New Haven, Allen Co., and going out on the walk fell down into the cellar. His recovery is doubtful.

Thomas J. Study, Richmond, wants \$500 damages from David Baker. Says Baker's dog bit him on the hand, which is now useless.

W. Dye, a stock dealer of Owensburg, was seriously injured in a rear end collision of the O. & M. Railroad, a few miles west of Mitchell.

Robert Gray and Mrs. Cross have been running a restaurant at Columbus for six months on the cash plan. Just skipped out leaving \$600 debts.

Leonard Campbell, a brakeman at Columbus, has sued the Panhandle Railroad for \$15,000 for injuries received falling from the top of a box car.

No answer was the official.

Frew thought for a moment. Then he called the clerk aside and whispered confidentially:

"You tell that d—d McKinley that he can have my stockings."

The stockings were sent at the custom house, and after the expiration of the required time they will be sold at public auction same as the Astor dresses were.

—New York World.

Plate Glass and the Tariff.

The plate glass industry is a striking illustration of the fallacy of the Republican party's promises. For the last ten years the magnates have gone to Congress at each session of that honorable body and pleaded for an increase in the duty on that article. At each session it was granted, Congress no doubt thinking that the plate workers received handsome wages for their skill, and of course, the plate magnates gave strenuous support to the measure. It could be appointed by Congress to inquire into the condition of the plate workers and the wages that are paid them, it is likely enough that Congress would reduce the tariff.

The tariff coming when the men that work at this industry will be given an opportunity to go before Congress and give their own testimony. If this doesn't have the effect of reducing the tariff, it will show Congress that the plate glass magnates are the biggest liars in the country, and it will also be able to furnish that body with the wages paid in this country and the amount of work done. It will also be able to furnish the wages that are paid to the men engaged in this industry in Europe, with the amount of work done.

If there is anything more wanting to convince Congress of the injustice of the plate-glass magnates, or if they are influenced by their own greed, let this fact be borne in mind, that plate glass can be made cheaper in this country than it can be made in Europe.

In America the supply is a little short of the demand. Under the state of affairs competition is shut out. The glass trust is able to charge what they please for plate glass. Now, if there was any fair reason why the war tariff should be continued, it would be all right, as if the American manufacturer could not compete with the European manufacturer, there would be some excuse for this tariff; but when we have every advantage over our competitors, there is no excuse for us to fear them.

When we have machinery that turns out nearly double the amount of plate glass made by the old style machinery, aided by natural gas, low wages, long hours, and getting more work out of our men, it ought to be apparent that a tariff to raise the European in any market in the world.

—National Glass Budget, official organ of Flint Glass Workers' Union.

Predictions and Reality Regarding Tin Plate.

During the debate on the tin plate duty Senator Allison assured his fellow Senators that as soon as it was certain that the duty would be increased mills would be erected to make tin plate. Said he: "There are a number of establishments which could immediately enter upon the production of these tin plates, or at least within a very brief period, probably within thirty days, and we have assurances and promises from examination and investigation, that within the time fixed for the taking effect of this new bill [less than one year] there will be in this country a sufficient plant to manufacture all the tin plate that we use. I have no doubt of it."

A whole year has passed since the McKinley bill became law, and the only tin plate mill claimed by the advocates of the duty to be now turning out tin plate for commercial purposes is that of the Apollo Sheet Iron Company. What this mill amounts to is shown by the following letter to Gov. Campbell, of Ohio, from a resident of Apollo. He writes as follows:

"Dear Sir: You of course have heard of the great tin-plate manufacturing establishment at Apollo. By an effort I have secured a couple of samples, and will inclose you the same. There are two qualities, as you will discover, and not a particle of the tin in either. The building is 75x, with a high board fence about it. With a couple of other gentlemen, I tried to get in, but was told that I did not allow any one inside the mills. I asked for a sample of their tin, which they could not refuse."

A LARGE manufacturer of grain bags made from imported burlaps has stated that the enormous wheat crop in the great West and Northwest has caused an unusual demand for bags in which to carry wheat and corn from the farms to the market. He is now shipping a carload of grain bags every week to Kansas City.

Here the tariff gets in its work. A carload of bags costs 24,000 pounds, and the duty of 1 1/2 cents a pound amounts to \$360 on the carload. This has, of course, to be paid by the last man who buys the bags—the farmer.

VANDER SQUIBLER, the painter, says he is wedded to his art. Can't she get a divorce?

## THE UNITED BROTHERS ARE PREPARING TO BUILD A CHURCH AT CRAWFORDSVILLE.

—J. I. Berry, Fairmont, has a radish thirty-four inches in circumference.

—Grant County comes to the front now and says it raised 1,525,000 bushels of wheat this year.

—After an illness of seven years, Miss Ella Watson died at her home near Central, Harrison County.

—Rev. J. A. Haynes, of Vevay, has been called to occupy the pulpit in the Baptist Church at Montpelier.

—Mrs. Rachel Wilson, 76 years old, fell into her cellar at Brazil and received injuries from which she may die.

—The DePaw plate glass works will not locate at Alexandria but have made all arrangements for Jonesboro.

—E. A. Rice, of Scottsburg, was thrown from his buggy and dragged seventy-eight yards. He is not expected to live.

—Hiram Leiter, of Brazil, has been appointed State Bank Examiner. He fills the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Harry Francis.

—M. A. Sheets, near Madison, has an orchard of English walnuts and almonds which is yielding handsome returns on the investment.

—"Rinderpest" has attacked the cattle in Montgomery County, and many are dying. This is the first appearance of the disease in years.

—Adolphus Ocheltree and Miss Mary Prudy, two Crawfordsville lovers, played "seven-up" during church hours, and were fined for their sport.

—Mrs. Wm. Bush and her sister Mrs. John Bush, both living with their husbands, eloped from Georgetown with John Kinney and George Reinhardt.

—James Serber, of Waynetown, has been fined \$1, disfranchised for two years and given a jail sentence of five days, for stealing one pound of butter.

—Nearly three hundred men in the blacksmith department of the Ohio Falls Car Works, at Jeffersonville, have been laid off, owing to sickness of work.

—Amos M. Hiatt has sued Joseph Hewitt, both of Delaware County, for \$10,000 damages, the price of Mrs. Hiatt's affections, which Hewitt is charged with having alienated.

—Michael Koffin, a young Polish Jew, arrested at North Manchester, has been identified by Mrs. Alexander Tenty, of Fort Wayne, as the man who assaulted her in Columbia City two weeks ago.

—Alvis Maxwell, an employee of the United States snag-barge at the mouth of Deer Creek, near Evansville, was killed by being struck on the head with a log that was being placed in the forerace to be sawed up.

—John Davenport and William A. Donley, two trapeze performers of Barnum's circus, who were arrested in Crawfordsville for robbing a saloon, have been sent to the penitentiary for one year, fined and disfranchised.

—One week ago John Herron, a well-to-do farmer, residing in the eastern part of Bartholomew County, was accidentally thrown from his horse. In the fall he was injured internally, from the effects of which death followed.

—The farmers' institutes in the southern part of the State will meet as follows: Lexington, Scott County, Nov. 6 and 7; Chrisney, Spencer County, Nov. 11 and 12; Marengo, Crawford County, Nov. 9 and 10; Corydon, Harrison County, Nov. 11 and 12; Charlestown, Clark County, Nov. 13 and 14.

—A cavalcade of masked men rode up in front of the houses of John Wm. and James Proctor, at Paoli, and, calling out Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Proctor, warned them to mend their gait-about ways or take a coat of tar and feathers. The two wives are said to be young and pretty and in the habit of going to fairs and picnics with "sporty" men, while their husbands are hard at work earning a living.

—A natural-gas explosion at the new residence of John Summerland, County Treasurer of Wabash County, stripped the plastering off the walls and lifted the floor of the dining-room up two or three feet, smashing a heavy dining table. The explosion was caused by a plumber, who hunted around for a leak in a pipe with a lighted match until he found it, and touched off the gas that filled the basement. The building was quite badly damaged, but the plumber and Mr. Summerland's family escaped injury.

The little 4-year-old son of Robert Kirk, who lives seven miles south of Vincennes, was almost literally eaten up by hogs. The mother chanced to hear the screams of her child, and rushed to find it in the hog lot, down on the ground, surrounded by vicious hogs tearing out its life. She drove off the furious beasts, snatched her boy to her breast and carried him to the house. The child was horribly torn and bruised. Its scalp was torn completely loose, its cheeks were eaten away, and it was lacerated and gashed all over its little body, from the tusks of the swine. It is in a terrible condition, and may not recover.

Jacob Williams, of Blue River Postoffice, Washington County, is aged 24, and he stands seven feet two and one-half inches in his stockings. His foot is fifteen inches in length.

—"Blacktongue" has developed among the cattle in Parker County, and hundreds of animals have succumbed to its ravages. The tongues become black and rot away. State veterinary surgeon has been summoned to investigate and the strictest quarantine measures will be enforced.

—Farmers in the territory north-west of Goshen are said to be losing their swine by the hundreds on account of a malignant disease which it seems impossible to check.

—Seth Coffman, a wealthy dairyman near New Albany, was attacked by a vicious bull while crossing a pasture on his farm and gored so badly that his recovery is uncertain.

—Trustees of the Trinity M. E. Church of Elkhart have brought suit against J. G. Gane for his proportion of \$30,000 which he agreed to pay toward the erection of a church building.