



One hour went by—two. The supper bell rang, but Beatrice never left her task. She was writing now. A singular feature of her handwriting, here, it seems, for she wrote with a coarse pen, in a bold, masculine hand, and then with a fine one in delicate Italian characters.

She manipulated the two letters, so dissimilar in appearance, folded them, placed them in an envelope, carefully added the superscriptions, and then, stamping the envelopes, put on her cloak and hat and stole from her room. Down the dark hall, through the portals, out into the road, and townwards she sped. At the village post-office she paused to drop the letter into the box there, and a faint gleam of a lamp near by showed the address plainly—Mr. Raymond Marshall.

"Done!" she murmured, breathlessly, as she hurried homeward. "Circumstances, accident, all are in my favor. I could not have endured the confidences that broke my heart, much longer. Edna will never write, her father's letter tells me why. She will never see her old friends again. Raymond Marshall will forget her in time—I will be his friend, his confidant, and then—"

The dark eyes glistened, the fair face was suffused with violent emotion. Then! Ah! balm for the hungry heart, love for the starved soul, peace for the self-tortured, for word and feature betrayed the secret of a woman who could suffer, conceal, and plot as well, to consummate the hopes dictated by hatred, jealousy, and love!

CHAPTER III.
TWO LETTERS.

"Two letters, Mr. Marshall," tendered missives from the hands of the antiquated postmaster of Hopedale, thrust one, an ordinary business missive, into his pocket carelessly, but the other—his eyes brightened and his pulses came quicker.

"From Edna," he murmured, recognizing the handwriting on the envelope. "Something about the reception to-night. I hope that tiresome Mr. Brinsley is not to be her escort. It is too precious, too sacred to me."

He reached home, unlocked his door, and with a gasp, he saw to his room with a gasp on his lips. The memory of the girl he loved was always with him, the possession of a shy, delicate epistle from her enhanced its sweetness.

"Rather bulky," he commented, as he carefully cut open the envelope, as if every scrap of paper her hands had touched was precious. "Mr. Marshall—why! what is this? Oh, Edna! a joke, a cruel hoax, surely!"

The words died in his gasp. With staring eyes Marshall surveyed the letter before him. Then staggering to a seat, he sat glancing at it with colorless face and chilled heart.

A formal dismissal, a cold, precise dismissal of all that had been the words seemed to reach his heart, to blight all the faith and love of his nature with a single touch.

Edna had written it—her slanting, Italian style showed in the handwriting. There could be no doubt of that, but the language—oh! what did it mean?

Briefly it addressed him as might one a stranger. Circumstances, the latter said, had in an hour changed her destiny. All was over between them. It was better so, she said, than to remember her as a friend, their brief "flirtation" as a wayward caprice for passing the summer months away!

"Farewell! I will never believe it," panted the petrified Marshall. "Why! yesterday I gave her my heart, she pledges me made—oh! this is some farce, some hidden dream! What is this?"

Mechanically turning the wretched missive over and over in his nerveless hands, Raymond Marshall thought for the first time that it was comprised of two sheets of paper.

And striving to separate them, he ascertained that stray patches of muck held the lower page to the other. In a few minutes he had the two sheets separated, but he had not the intention of the sender to inclose the second sheet. That was accidental. It had stuck to the top sheet and had been folded in with it by a hasty, careless hand.

It bore writing, and Edna's handwriting. A dagger seemed driven to Ray Marshall's heart as he tore it free, and the bold, masculine chirography danced before his vision.

If he had been startled before, every pulse stirred when he saw the name. This letter had evidently been received by Edna the day previous, and was signed with the name of the only rival in her affection to whom he had ever given a thought, Miss Chandler's cousin, Edna's announced escort of that evening—Barton Brinsley.

The letter of an accepted lover to the woman he loved, it betrayed decided on outrage from Edna. It even bore a slight ridicule of Marshall's pretensions. Edna had endured Marshall's play and his flattery, and while her lips were responding to his ardent expressions of devotion her hypocritical heart was thinking of Barton Brinsley.

The complication was maddening. With eyes dashed with the insanity of despair, the tortured artist looked up. He clenched the tell-tale sheets in his hand as if they were the false heart of the girl who had jilted him, and that of the man who had stolen away her love.

"I will kill him!" he choked out, his soul ablaze.

And then, realizing the folly of such a sentiment, the right of any man to honorably strive for a woman's preference, with the bitterness of death comprehending the fact that the woman was the deceiver, remembering his mother's taunt once made that he had better marry some one besides a nameless, homeless, nobody," he calmed down, put on his hat, and walked from the house like one in a dream, his lips firmly set, but sick at heart.

He went straight to the seminary. There was that in his heart so manly, so straightforward, so inclined to doubt the falsity of the woman he had so blindly trusted, despite the terrible evidence in his hands, that, though the meeting killed him, he was determined to have the matter settled now and finally.

He would demand to see Edna—he would show her the letters. His philanthropic friends had more than once told him that all woman-kind were changing butterflies of sentiment. If she had indeed only played with his heart he would leave her presence and the place forever, without a word accept the bitter lesson as a warning against trusting

There was no reply. Only the subdued sob-broke the waiting silence.

"You know where Edna is!" persisted Marshall.

"Yes, I know!" cried Beatrice, lifting her face, flashing with jealousy and emotion; "but do you think I will tell you—send you to beg at the feet of a woman unworthy of you? Leave her. If you are suffering, I am tortured. Oh! cruel! cruel!"

Her frantic hands swept the open portfolio across the desk as she shrank from him, hiding her humiliation, her jealousy, her love in hot, burning tears. About to speak reassuringly to her, to plead with her anew for the knowledge he so craved, Raymond Marshall started as if dealt a sudden blow.

His eyes happened to fall to the open portfolio. He recoiled, stared closer, and then sprang to his feet with a wild, intelligent, hopeful cry.

For upon a sheet of paper, written there indubitably by the woman who had just shame-facedly confessed her love, was the record of hatred and treachery that had so nearly blighted his life.

There were the first experiments of the clever forger to simulate Edna Deane's handwriting. There was a copy of the missive he had received that morning. There, too, was the draft of the more masculine epistle that had accompanied it.

Beatrice Mercer had looked up at his strange cry. Her eyes met his, following their glance to the portfolio, and then, shrinking back, her guilty face told the truth.

"You wrote that—you wrote those letters!" fairly shouted Marshall. "Oh, blind, wicked that I was, to doubt my heart-hearted darling! It was a cruel forgery—a plot. Speak, Beatrice Mercer! All you have told me, all those letters told, was a falsehood!"

Beatrice had snatched up the portfolio. Defiance in her face, she panted like a tigress at bay.

"If I did," she cried wildly, "it was only to save you a fruitless chase. I alone know where Edna Deane has gone. I know that she will never dare write to you or see you again. You hate me, you spurn me—you, for whom I would have given the lifetime of devotion. Then find the life-faced child you do love over, but never with my help."

A great, joyful glow sprang to the face of Marshall.

"So be it!" he cried. "Knowing her to be true, knowing all this forgery to be a lie, love will find a way. Revealed in your true colors at last, I know what to expect of you; but, as I live, I vow never to rest till I find the woman I love, the victim of some dark plot, if I pursue her half the world over!"

He strode from the room and the presence of the woman of whom he had made a relentless enemy as he spoke, strong in the consciousness of love's mighty power.

Yes, he would find the woman he loved, though peril, privation, death itself lay upon his path, for he would not dream of the path that was leading him to that far day when, once again, standing face to face with Edna, he should shrink before a mystery and a plot that would daunt, appal, and baffle even the bold, brave, and true his loyal soul as by an order of fire!

CHAPTER IV.
THE TRUTH REVEALED.

Beatrice Mercer was seated at a desk correcting some exercises of the pupils, her own portfolio spread out before her. The color died from her face as she recognized her visitor, then it turned deeper red when she saw that it was Edna. Her thoughts were too full of Edna to allow of his reading aught the tremulous emotion, the half-repressed fright that his hostess betrayed.

"Miss Mercer," he spoke, hoarsely, "I came to ask of you the information that Miss Chandler refused. Why did Edna Deane leave the seminary? Where has she gone?"

"I cannot tell you."

His eyes flashed excitedly. He clenched his hands in an excess of suffering.

"You must!" he gasped, frantically. "Do you understand what I am enduring? Doubt—anguish—heart-breaking!"

From beneath her veiled eyelids the girl studied his working face. Craftily as she was, her heart gave her strength to simulate.

"I pity you," she said, softly. "I would be glad to tell you all, but it is useless."

"Yes, she has left the seminary, Hopedale, her friends, forever. She has gone to her relatives under a vow never to reveal her true identity. Happy in her new life, with golden promises of wealth, you may think I am a foolish man who makes her forget the old."

How well she shaft went home! The blank despair, the settled conviction of faithlessness in the man's face was a cruel trial.

"She left no word for me?" he forced himself to ask.

"No. She wrote a letter to Mr. Barton Brinsley, but it is unmanly for you to have me betray my friend."

"Speak," ordered Marshall, fiercely. "Do you not see that this suspense is killing me?"

"Then know the worst," answered Beatrice, bulking all her fancied power on a final venture. "She wrote to Barton Brinsley. This morning he left Hopedale. Miss Chandler says he has gone to his business. I think it is to see Edna's new relatives and press his suit there. Mr. Marshall, oh, why will you force me to tell these bitter truths? Forget her—she is unworthy of you. She never knew her own mind. There are true hearts, but she has no love, she would cherish and never betray."

His head had sunk on his breast. He believed now, and his heart was broken. Beatrice had drawn nearer to him. Her eyes awoke, her cheeks throbbing, her hand upon his arm, heart and soul breathed forth the secret that had made her life one great void of misery since she had first seen his handsome, earnest face.

With a shock he looked up. Wonderment, intelligence in his glance, it drove her back abashed.

Her face betrayed her secret, she loved him! His face told unmistakably that he read that secret aright.

"Oh! how could I? But I pity you so! Think me unwomanly, but if your heart is breaking so is mine. Go, Mr. Marshall—Raymond—go and leave me to the wretchedness of the secret, your suffering has wrung from my lips."

She was sobbing, shrinking, now. In consternation her companion regarded her. She loved him! This had been the secret of her wayward moods. Despite himself a great wave of pity swept his chivalrous heart.

"I am sorry," he said brokenly. "A true woman's regard is better than a false friend's treachery. Miss Mercer, when I leave you, it is never to know happiness again, but I may know the peace of having done my duty if I find the affair down to the last. I must see Edna—she shall tell me from her own lips what I already know! Then I am content to cherish my misery in silence. Speak! Win my gratitude, at least, by telling me whether she has gone."

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Doings of Little Ones Gathered and Printed Here for Little Folks to Read.

The Happy Kite.

Cuthbert—Isn't that kite up there enjoying itself?

Mrs. Sylvester—Why do you think so, Cuthbert?

Cuthbert—Why, because it is wagging its tail just the way Carlo does when he's romping and happy.

A Child's Favorite.

In a class of small children the teacher desired, by illustration, to define the word favorite. She said, after several fruitless attempts:

"Well, children, if there was some one you loved more than anybody else in the world, and wished always to keep her with you, what would you say she was—what name would you give her?"

A small boy held up his hand, and when told to answer promptly responded:

"My mother!"—Detroit Free Press.

"Me First! Me First!"

Little Margaret has been to Ohio on a visit with her mother, and has played much with a wee cousin who has been spoiled a bit, and has a bad habit of crying, "Me first! Me first!" on every occasion.

Margaret picked up the cry, too, but her mother talked to her in private and told her the words were not pretty. One day Margaret climbed into a high and rickety chair. "Oh, get down," said her mother, "else you'll get heels over head."

"And if I did," said little Margaret, "then my heels would be saying to my head, 'Me first, me first,' wouldn't they?"—New York Recorder.

How a Little Alligator "Got Even" with a Little Snake.

I once saw a very funny combat between a baby alligator and a tiny snake. Quite a number of both were in a glass tank provided with a small pond, rocks, and growing plants. You would have thought it a perfect nursery for the babies to grow and be happy in.

But while this thought was passing through my mind I saw an alligator make a sudden snap at a little snake was slipping over him, and in a moment the poor little thing found his head held tight between the needle-teeth of the alligator. Wriggle and twist as he might, he could not get away.

In vain he tried to choke his enemy by closely encircling his neck; the alligator held his head perfectly rigid, and finally shut his eyes with an air of self-satisfaction, as if it were a most ordinary thing for him to have a snake trying double bow-knots around his neck.

After a long time, either because he forgot his prize and yielded to a desire to yawn, or because he thought the presumption of the snake in crawling over him had been sufficiently punished, the baby alligator opened his jaws, and away went the snake, seemingly none the worse for his adventure.—St. Nicholas.

"Gooie."

"Whew!" That was what the farmer said to his wife when Mr. Belden drove up from the station one Saturday night to spend Sunday with his wife and little boy.

"Guess we'll hev ter look out fer the chickens with that that animal about."

"Never mind. You jest keep still," said the farmer's wife. "The Beldens are nice people, an' summer's 'most gone."

It was a curious pet, but the odder a thing was the better little Frank Belden liked it—any boy knows that. Mr. Belden knew it, too, having once been a boy, and that was how he came to buy a mongoose, a curious little African animal, which much resembled a rat.

Frank became so fond of it! It was playful as a kitten, full of sportive tricks. Quite useful, too, because it snapped up so many flies which would buzz around in the warm summer days. When Frank and his mamma went out for their pleasant walks, Frank always called "Gooie," and Mongoose followed like a dog. No wonder the country youngsters were envious.

He was kept shut up nights, but one night he poked out some way with his sharp nose.

Next morning the farmer said to his wife:

"I told you so!"

But she said, "Hush! don't say anything," and gathered up the chicken feathers before the "borders were stirring."

The Frank wondered "why Gooie hadn't an appetite for his breakfast," and the servant girl grinned.

Gooie had one harmless taste which Frank quite understood. He was very fond of sweets.

"Come here, Gooie," Frank invited whenever a box of candy came, and the mongoose would perch on his shoulder, getting pretty nearly every other piece, taking the candy in his claws in real human fashion.

Mrs. Belden liked the country so well that they staid into the autumn, to see the beautiful changing leaves.

Then something sad occurred. Frank was taken suddenly ill. The biggest of the city doctors came out, and said he could not go away from the farmhouse for many weeks.

It is no wonder then that Mr. Belden sits down in her beautiful room, she likes to take her pet boy's pet in her arms, and let it curl around her neck. But her eyes look far away, and she is not thinking so much about Gooie, as about little Frank, and when he will be able to go home again.—Helen A. Hawley, in Little Men and Women.

Risk on the Rail.

The Board of Trade of England has just issued an official publication giving a list of the number of accidents to the 845,000,000 passengers carried by railways in that country during 1891. The lives lost from causes beyond the control of the travelers numbered five, the lowest figure in any year on record. The classified list of accidents shows that engines or cars meeting with obstructions or derailments from defects in

the permanent way are slowly diminishing. In 1881 were twenty-four such cases. In 1890 there were five and last year six. The greatest number of accidents, amounting to twenty-five, came under the head of collisions within fixed signals at stations or sidings. With regard to derailments, two of the accidents were due to the points of the switches not being altered, after the passage of previous trains, one was due to a point damaged by a previous train, one was caused by the failure of a cast-iron girder, one was due to carelessness on the part of the engineer of a relief train, and one was due to unknown causes. Inadequate braking power was responsible for twelve accidents, and fogs and storms for the same number also. In eight instances fault is found with a defective system of train dispatching, want of telegraphic communication, or lack of a block system. Purely mechanical causes, apart from human error, scarcely appear at all, and it would thus seem, says the Engineer, in commenting on these returns, to be within human power to work the railways without any accident whatever. While few railway officials will probably subscribe to this conclusion of our English contemporary, the figures produced by the Board of Trade certainly show that abroad as well as in the United States too many accidents can be traced to negligence, want of care, or mistakes on the part of officers or servants.

Smart Newspaper Men.

"It's mighty hard work getting any free advertising out of you newspaper people, nowadays," sighed the advance agent of a mammoth allied circus as he passed a stack of coin over the business-office counter the other morning.

"Space is space," replied the affable cashier, as he made out a receipt.

"I don't know why it is," continued the A. A., retrospectively, "but somehow editors don't seem to bite as they used to. Same on the Eastern coast, too. I noticed it particularly on a little snap I worked way down at Galveston last fall."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was on my way to that city by steamer a week in advance of our show, when I struck a great scheme. I bought two dozen pop bottles and as many steaks from the medical stores and rubbed it into the steaks. I put some of our bills in the bottles, tied a steak round each and dropped 'em overboard as we entered the harbor. My calculation was that the sharks would swallow the meat, be poisoned, float ashore, would be cut open, the bills found, and the whole thing be written up by the reporters in great shape."

"How did it work?"

"Like a charm—my part of it, I mean. Nine sharks altogether stood in with the show, but every time one came ashore I got a note from every editor in the place, proposing to write the thing up, with a snap camera cut of the shark, at the regular rates."

"Pretty mean, that."

"Mean—those fellows could give Shylock cards and spades. The only paper that refused to let it at all was one we gave sixty-four free passes to. The day we left town it remarked that our show was enough to kill a blind nigger—let alone sharks."

And the colossal aggregator sighed deeply and drifted out.—San Francisco Examiner.

Frugality.

Vegetarians are elated by the fact that within the last twenty-five years the fruit-producing resources of the United States have increased just ten times as fast as the meat-producing resources. Apples, oranges and grapes are getting cheaper from year to year, while meat is getting dearer, thus, as it were, bribing a short-sighted generation to relinquish their flesh-pots and try the panacea of Dr. Bronson Alcott. That much desired consummation could, no doubt, be greatly promoted by dropping the name of vegetarianism with its water-cresses and root-house suggestiveness. Out of ten flesh eaters nine could be persuaded to test the merits of baked apples for one who would under any circumstances consent to try the specific of King Nebuchadnezzar. And seriously speaking, there is not a vestige of proof that adults of our species were ever intended to feed on "vegetables," in the green grocer's sense of the word. If we admit the axiom that our natural diet should consist chiefly of substances that can be eaten without repugnance in the condition we receive them from the hands of nature, cabbage and spinach are every whit as objectionable as pork sausages. Man, according to all the evidence of his dentition and the structure of his digestive apparatus, is not an herbivorous, but a frugivorous animal, and our dietetic reformers should adopt the name of Frugalists.—Felix I. Oswald.

Care of the Voice.

No class of human habitation is so well fitted for voice culture as the flat.

No time is so good for practice as your neighbors' afternoons at home.

No really fine effects are produced upon the world at large until the voice has been used from six to ten hours continually. It is then that people are moved—that is, are glad to move.

Only affected singers ever allow a cold to stand between themselves and a chance to show off.

Great care should be exercised in the selection of a piano for accompaniment. It should be pitched exactly three notes below the voice. Anything beyond that must inevitably result in serious impairment of the musical taste.

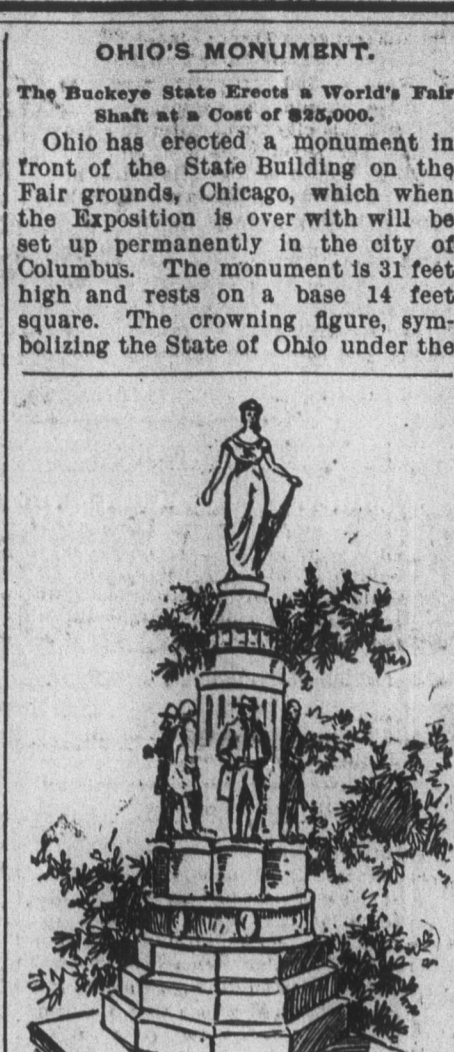
Do not ask the opinion of unbiased critics relative to your singing.

Consult such as owe you money or whose whose social position depends upon your pleasure.

Every time you hear of a charitable entertainment volunteer to sing. It places those in charge in a delicate position which they cannot fail to enjoy.

Never sing after going to bed. "It is apt to make trouble."

Do not expect an offer to go on the stage inside of two months after you begin to train your voice. Disappointment injures the vocal chords.—Detroit Tribune.



OHIO'S MONUMENT.

The Buckeye State Erects a World's Fair Shrine at a Cost of \$25,000.

Ohio has erected a monument in front of the State Building on the fair grounds, Chicago, which when the Exposition is over will be set up permanently in the city of Columbus. The monument is 31 feet high and rests on a base 14 feet square. The crowning figure, symbolizing the State of Ohio under the

guise of the famous Roman matron, Cornelia, is ten feet tall, and the figures around the shaft measure seven feet and represent "Ohio's Greatest Sons"—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Garfield, Chase and Stanton. The cost of the monument is \$25,000.

Cost of Bad Roads.

The Board of Trade in a Tennessee town, in a recent memorial to the legislature, demonstrated, according to the Engineering Magazine, that bad roads were costing the people of that commonwealth more than \$7,000,000 annually. Professor W. W. Carson, of the University of Tennessee, after careful investigation, found the average cost of hauling to the Knoxville market by wagon to be \$7.50 per ton—aggregating \$1,250,000 a year on the total tonnage hauled. He maintained that this hauling could have been done for half the sum over good dirt roads and for one-sixth of it over good macadam roads, saving \$1,000,000 annually. Professor Richard T. Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University and Secretary of the American Economic Association, affirmed that poor roads cost this country over \$20 a horse, and Prof. Jenks, of Knox College, Illinois, thinks \$15 a horse a low estimate for this loss. Mr. Hord, a former Commissioner of Agriculture for the State of Tennessee, estimated the number of horses, mules and asses in that State, in 1889, at 476,000. The number has increased since his estimate, but taking this number and the lowest estimated loss per horse, say \$15, and an aggregate loss of \$7,140,000 a year for one State is shown. From tables calculated by Professor Carson, for an agricultural experiment station, it was shown that on gravel a horse will draw nearly one and a-half times the load, and on macadam, over three times the load he can draw on a dirt road. Of course there is great economy of drawing power in the proper grading of roads, and disregard of this fact has wasted large quantities of money in the road building of the past. The greater speed attained on scientifically graded and patent race tracks illustrates the advantages of grade.

The Cigarette Evil.

Considering what very poor things cigarettes are, it is surprising that they should have gained such a hold on the community. But, bad as they are, they are extremely fascinating. The use of them, when carried to excess, becomes a habit that is most difficult to break, while they are so cheap and so convenient that it takes exceptional discretion to smoke them at all without smoking them to a deleterious extent. Of course it is primarily because they are so cheap that they appeal so generally to boys; but even with boys, who ought not to be allowed to smoke at all, it is not so much the tobacco in the cigarette that does the mischief as the pestilential and insinuating practice of inhaling the smoke. An ordinary boy of wholesome appetites won't smoke cigars or pipe tobacco enough to do him serious damage, even if he can get them. Nor would the cigarettes he might smoke be so serious a menace to his welfare if he would only smoke them as he would smoke cigars. The trouble is that as soon as he gets used to cigarette-smoking he begins to inhale the smoke, and presently is fixed in a habit that plays the mischief with him.

Whether anything besides tobacco goes into ordinary cigarettes is a much-discussed question. The effect they sometimes produce on the brain is so different from that due to tobacco in other forms as to favor the theory that many of them contain opium or valerian; but this the manufacturers deny, usually asserting that such drugs are too expensive to put into cheap cigarettes, even if it helped their marketable qualities. One thing besides tobacco obviously goes into them, that is the paper, the fumes of which are doubtless bad for the throat and lungs as far as they go.—Harper's Weekly.

A Famine Factory.

Major F. H. Law, an attaché of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, states as the result of personal investigations, that the famine of eastern and northern provinces is apt to become a chronic evil. The agricultural communities of the Empire are managed on a plan which compels the cultivators of the soil to give up his farm every third year, and as a consequence the productive capacity of the land is being rapidly exhausted. Moreover, the forests of the Ural border have been cut away by millions of acres, and the cold northeast winds now sweep unobstructed over the open plains of the Volga country, and cover the fields with ruinous sand drifts.

IF YOU ARE IN QUEST

OF FRESH INDIANA NEWS, PERUSE THE FOLLOWING:

Important Happenings of the Week—Crimes and Casualties—Suicides—Deaths—Weddings, Etc.

Indiana's Official Vote.

The following is the complete Presidential vote of this State, by counties, at the November election:

COUNTIES.	Claremont	Clinton	Franklin	Hamilton	Wayne
Adams	2,956	1,247	100	214	
Allen	10,001	5,483	171	466	
Bartholomew	3,317	2,797	139	45	
Benton	1,343	1,617	108	69	
Blackford	1,340	3,208	69	367	
Bloomington	8,104	5,136	94	309	
Brown	1,379	635	40	28	
Buchanan	2,981	2,290	191	297	
Cass	4,000	4,501	294	435	
Clark	1,572	1,035	142	76	
Clay	4,058	3,035	133	400	
Clinton	3,608	3,222	188	301	
Crawfordsville	2,551	2,588	142	609	
Daviess	2,408	2,610	25	938	
Dearborn	3,397	2,274	78	98	
Decatur	2,353	1,909	142	34	
DeKalb	2,801	2,499	139	746	
Delaware	2,902	4,108	292	325	
Dubois	4,219	3,838	74	65	
Elkhart	5,530	3,873	380	192	
Fayette	1,435	1,813	66	43	
Floyd	4,219	3,838	74	65	
Fountain	3,331	2,379	79	323	
Franklin	2,959	1,610	65	17	
Fulton	2,347	2,053	118	62	
Gibson	2,450	2,738	243	98	
Grant	2,558	4,910	513	187	
Greene	3,458	2,839	97	481	
Hamilton	2,492	3,627	411	192	
Hancock	2,520	2,338	142	98	
Harrison	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Hendricks	2,028	3,080	319	99	
Hendricks	2,028	3,080	319	99	
Howard	2,331	3,870	307	785	
Huntington	2,490	3,384	375	134	
Jackson	2,490	3,384	375	134	
Jasper	997	1,304	66	363	
Jay	2,898	2,414	203	729	
Jefferson	2,540	3,508	29	135	
Jennings	1,941	1,783	36	385	
Johnson	3,004	3,008	127	943	
Keokuk	2,520	2,338	142	98	
Kosciusko	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Lagrange	1,438	2,038	121	126	
Lafayette	2,446	3,114	71	189	
LaPorte	4,708	3,548	104	102	
Lawrence	2,154	2,329	34	157	
Madison	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Marion	20,400	10,551	281	369	
Marshall	5,113	2,338	142	98	
Marshall	5,113	2,338	142	98	
Martin	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Miami	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Montgomery	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Montgomery	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Morgan	2,014	2,377	71	173	
Newton	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Noble	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Ohio	606	663	4	3	
Orange	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Owen	1,738	1,800	99	247	
Parke	2,013	3,508	274	96	
Perry	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Pike	1,937	2,038	94	294	
Porter	1,937	2,137	145	139	
Putnam	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Randolph	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Ripley	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Rock	2,446	3,114	71	189	
St. Joseph	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Scott	1,408	727	97	49	
Shelby	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Spencer	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Starke	1,003	650	20	35	
Steuben	1,319	1,319	208	105	
Sullivan	1,959	1,784	139	301	
Switzerland	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Tipton	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Union	630	981	63	11	
Tippecanoe	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Vermillion	1,497	1,728	81	194	
Vigo	6,098	6,150	95	574	
Washington	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Warren	979	1,840	43	51	
Warrick	1,950	2,018	60	477	
Washington	2,446	3,114	71	189	
Wayne	2,730	2,714	333	298	
White	2,234	2,851	120	318	
Whitley	2,730	1,807	173	227	
Total	202,817	253,920	13,044	22,198	

Total vote, 561,988.

Cleveland's plurality, 8,888.

The official vote for Governor, as shown by the reports to the Secretary of State, give the vote for Matthews for Governor, 260,002; for Chase, 253,023; Matthews's plurality, 6,979.

Minor State Items.

A CLUB in Connerville calls itself the "Sour Grape Club."

THERE will soon be an attempt made to strike natural gas near Brazil.

STATE Fish Commissioner Dennis has made several arrests of law violators on the Washburn River.

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