

In Sheep's Clothing.



By Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"I am William Fox, Captain of her Majesty's cruiser Wanderer, and right honored as I, dear sir, to salute and welcome you," replied the captain, grasping the Squire's hand.

"And my friend," said the Squire, with another bow and a wave of his left hand, as he turned to the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, "is Dr. Nehemiah Hedges, late representative of this county in her Majesty's Provincial Assembly, surgeon to the First Suffolk Volunteers, and our chief physician at this end of the island."

"And may have long spare him to keep health to the people and to reflect honor on the crown," said Captain Fox, giving both hands to the doctor, who, being a very modest man, blushed at the complimentary words of his friend, and the almost forgotten title of which he found himself the possessor.

Captain Fox presented his visitors to the officers not on duty, and then all adjourned to the cabin, where the lamps were lit, and Don, under the directions of Lieutenant Frenaud, had set out crystal flagons of wine, with a great array of such glasses as the provincial gentlemen had never put eyes on before.

"Gentlemen," said the captain, when all the glasses were filled, "permit me and my officers to drink to your long life and continued prosperity, and to welcome you to all heartiness on board the Wanderer."

"I but seldom drink wine, and never prescribe it," said Doctor Hedges, looking over his wineglass at the captain, "not that I object to the fluid in moderate quantities, but it is so difficult to find on this coast the pure vintage in which our fathers delighted. I drink to you."

The glasses were drained, and the captain hastened to say: "You cannot find fault with the wine you have just tasted, for it has been twice around the world in the wood, and like sherry, burgundy improves by travel, and unlike some of ourselves, it grows better and purer as the years pass over it."

"Ah, it is rare wine, in truth," said Squire Condit, snatching his lips, and raising his glass to inhale the aroma. "But though our wines cannot be praised, we feel that our brandy is not inferior, and our cognac, who honored us with a visit not long ago, assured me that our speed rum was superior to anything of the kind he had ever tasted."

"I hope to confirm the governor's judgment before I sail hence," said the captain.

"You shall have a chance to do so tonight," said the Squire, with more enthusiasm than he ordinarily manifested, for being a law officer and a deacon, he felt that reserve was essential to sustain the dignity of his high office. "I am the guardian—or rather I was the guardian—of Captain Ralph Denham, whom I have grown to look on as a son; and Doctor Hedges is the brother of the first officer, and the uncle of the second officer of the Sea Hawk."

"Then let me congratulate you both," said the captain, again shaking hands with his visitors, "for though I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance with the officers of the Sea Hawk, news of their brave exploits in the West Indies has reached me at the other side of the world, where the Wanderer has been cruising till ordered to these waters."

"You must come and dine with them tonight," said the doctor. "After dinner at my house we adjourn to the Squire's, where there will be music and dancing."

"A concession I make to the brave sailors who have been so long away," exclaimed the Squire. "There will be those who, on the morrow, will say 'Deacon Goodwill Condit has done that for which he should be disciplined by the congregation.' But should they do so, I will reply, 'I danced not, and I was not my own master on the occasion.'"

"An excuse that should exonerate you with the most rigid," laughed Captain Fox, adding as he waved his hand to Don, "we must try one more glass before you leave."

Both visitors protested that they had had enough.

"Then you will honor me by permitting me to send each of you a cask tomorrow."

The captain said this in a way that gave no chance for refusal, and then he escorted the Squire and doctor to the deck; and at his command the sailors sprang into the rigging and cheered as the little yawl bore the delighted old gentlemen away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PLAN OUTLINED.

After the boat had been gone a few seconds, Captain Fox named the officers he expected to accompany him ashore that night, and then told them to report at once in his cabin.

"Gentlemen," he said, when the officers were gathered about the table, from which Don, the cabin boy, had removed the flagons and glasses, "this is a night to test each man's power of self-control. I shall expect you all to drink, or to seem to do so; but the man who becomes drunken must take the consequences. I cannot forget that at Merida, Cartagena, and Para, some of you so far forgot yourselves as to get drunk and bring on fights with the natives, who drove you to your boats, and who in their just anger, would have seized our ship had I not turned the guns on them. We cannot afford ourselves of such a remedy here. Each man must appear to be what the people believe us, officers and gentlemen in the service of England. At one o'clock I shall expect you to be on board, in the meantime remember—sealed lips and open orders."

Captain Fox waved his right hand, and the officers, Frenaud excepted, withdrew.

col aspects: It is played instead of hard work. Why, I expected to blow your ship out of water before this. But the Colonel will come down, as per arrangement from Boston, and he will be thunderstruck to find us side by side."

"And very naturally so. I must say you shall never have a better chance to get rid of him."

"To get rid of this Denham, eh, Frenaud?"

"I said to get rid of him, Captain."

"But, confound it, I don't want to get rid of him!"

"I thought the Colonel wanted him out of the way?"

"So he does, but I don't. His lord—confound my slippery tongue, I mean the Colonel, wants him disposed of, and what a chance for him! He has earned the money, but Denham, alive and in our power, is worth more to us than the richest galleon that silver-freighted, ever plowed the sea."

"Ah, but to get him in our power without a fight; that, in truth, would be an exploit worthy of yourself."

"And it shall be done, Frenaud; it shall be done. Oh, I will court the youth. He is generous, brave, and unsuspicious. I will flatter and dazzle him. If he loves wine, as a good sailor should, may I be shot if I have him not at sea before six tides have flooded this bay."

"My heart beats faster at the thought," said Frenaud, with unaffected joy.

"Aye, my lad, and it shall leap with perpetual delight at the crowning exploit of our cruise is finished. Now, caution, prudence, patience, and our object masked, like a Dutch battery, with evergreens, roses, and floating swans; eh, Frenaud?"

"Come, we have no time to spare. The dinner awaits us ashore, and if tonight the officers of the Wanderer make no impression on the hearts of the fair dames of this island, then have they forgotten the ways of war the ways of love, and it will be the first time in all my experience that I ever knew such a thing to happen."

Capt. Fox was in high spirits, but Frenaud did not presume on this, for he well knew that the smile could change in the space of a lightning flash to a frown, and that the sentence begun in the softest accents might end in tones of thunder.

CHAPTER V.

BY THE SHORE.

There were bonfires along the beach, and swarms of boats passing, with happy crowds aboard, between the ship and the shore.

When the Wanderer's cutter grated on the sand, the people cheered the officers and crew as if they were old friends.

And the Squire and the Doctor, with Captain Denham and his officers were taken to meet them. And after introductions that seemed unnecessary, and salutations full of honest heartiness, a procession was formed and all marched to Doctor Hedges' house, which was now illuminated from the door of the summer parlor to the highest of the little dormer windows, that looked like single eyes set in the brows of the quaint houses.

Mrs. Hedges and Mrs. Condit, with their blooming daughters, welcomed the wanderers to the wide hall that ran directly through the comfortable old building, and then led them into the low parlor, the red hangings of which had not yet been removed for the summer. Mrs. Hedges thought this was fortunate, because the evening was cool, and then, with a mother's pride in the beauty of her daughter, she thought the dark crimson curtains reflected something of their warmth on Lea's cheeks.

But a greater master than ever gave color to her cheeks, and then the youthful beauty of the cheeks of Lea, Hedges and her friend, Ellen Condit; and Captain Fox thought as he watched them, without appearing to do so, that their eyes were more brilliant and more beautiful than the gems which he and his officers were wont to use, to excite the cupid of the sailors.

The officers, with the frankness that characterizes sailors the world over, were soon talking as familiarly as if they had been away together for years on the same ship.

Captain Denham had heard of Captain Fox and the cruiser Wanderer, and he was delighted to meet in America a man he had supposed on the east coast of Africa.

"I say that when I first sighted the Wanderer," said Captain Denham, "that I supposed she was the Adventure Galley, which was sent from New York some time ago to suppress the pirates."

"Let me see, the Adventure Galley was sent from New York, was it?" said Captain Fox, reflectively.

"Yes, he took command of her in Bermuda, and there can be no doubt about the loss of the ship. The Sea Hawk went out to take her place."

was thought a man could be neither a good sailor nor a brave soldier if he did not drink—but they lifted the silver goblets to their lips.

After dinner, the musicians, who had been playing in the vine-covered porch outside, struck up a march, and another procession was formed; and Squire Condit, with Mrs. Hedges on his arm, led the way to his own house, where the festivities were to be continued.

Sailors in the service of the British Government were always sure of a welcome in the best society of the colonies. Their commissions implied that "officer" and "gentleman" were synonymous; and it can be said that a knightly courtesy ran through the service at this time, for England had entered on that grand career for supremacy of the ocean which was afterwards to leave her for a time its undisputed mistress.

The officers of the Wanderer were made as welcome by the people of Sag Harbor as if, like the Sea Hawk's crew, they were their own sons and neighbors.

With the exception of Captain Fox and Lieutenant Frenaud, the officers of the Wanderer were not, judging from their awkward and constrained manners, much accustomed to ladies' society, for only the two named could dance, or at least attempted to do so.

This, however, only made the non-dancers the more acceptable to such staid citizens as Squire Condit and Doctor Hedges, who were not so great in church matters as to not enjoy a game of whist.

But Captain Fox and Mr. Frenaud more than made up for the deficiency in the others. The former, now that he was in his magnificent uniform, and his expressive face and strange blue eyes beaming and flashing with animation, was conspicuously fine-looking, even in the presence of such men as Captain Denham and Mr. Valentine Dayton. Mr. Frenaud, though dark, and with eyes that a physiognomist would call "sinister," presented a good foil to his light-haired commander, whom he equaled as a brilliant conversationalist.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Puritan Collections.

In the records of one of the churches of New Haven we read that in 1650 the "deacons informed the court that the wampum which is put into the church treasury is generally so bad that the elders to whom they pay it cannot pay it away." Money of all kinds was scarce among the New Haven colonists, and the Indian money, wampum, which then circulated as currency, was easily disfigured and broken, being made of a frail shell.

The colonists, some of them, at least, had a good deal of human nature, and managed to dispose of their worthless currency and at the same time gain a reputation for generosity. In modern days their descendants of the baser sort drop clipped and punched coins into the "plate."

The court to whom the New Haven deacons complained, ordered that "no money save silver or bills" should be accepted. Then the deacons found it difficult to get any contributions. The colonists wished to keep their good wampum for trading, as the storekeepers would receive no other.

When they found that they must deposit "wampum without break or deforming spots," or "silver or bills" in the contribution box, they refused to give anything.

But a hundred years later there came a wave of public enthusiasm—the War of the Revolution. Then the people gave of their best, with a willing mind. Contributions were taken in the meeting-houses, after divine service, for the Continental army. Money, finger-rings, earrings, watches, stockings, hats, coats, breeches, shoes, produce and groceries were brought to the meeting-house to give to the patriotic soldiers.

"Even the leaden weights were taken out of the window-frames, made into bullets, and brought to meeting," writes the author of "The Sabbath in Puritan New England."

On one occasion a collection was being made for the army in the Lebanon, Conn., meeting-house. Madam Faith Trumbull was present, and had on a magnificent scarlet cloak, which had been presented her by Count Rochambeau, the Commander-in-chief of our French allies. She walked from her pew to the deacon's seat, and taking off her cloak gave it as her offering to the army. It was cut in narrow strips and used as red trimmings for the uniforms of the soldiers.

Her example so roused the congregation that an enormous collection of goods and provisions was sent to the suffering men who were fighting the British. Almost one hundred years later the descendants of these Puritans were doing similar collecting and packing for the Union soldiers.

Extraction of Perfumes.

Six methods of extracting perfumes are known. The first is expression by means of a special press, which is applicable without too great loss of fruit skins rich in essential oils, such as orange and citron peel, pears, peaches, etc.

Another method is that of distillation, which consists of heating flowers with water in a boiler. The essential oil is volatilized and is condensed with the vapor of water in a worm and Florentine receiver. The water usually goes to the bottom and the oil floats. The oils of neroli, rose, patchouli, geranium, lavender, caraway, etc., are obtained in this way. The process is not applicable to the delicate perfumes of the mignonette and the violet, and for them recourse is had to maceration of the flowers in animal fat or mineral oils, which have the property of absorbing odorous substances, and are then washed in alcohol. The flowers are usually heated in the fat or the oil for a variable number of hours. For perfumes which cannot endure a high temperature the petals are placed between frames of glass coated with fat. This is the process of enfleurage. The pneumatic process, which consists in causing a current of perfumed air or carbonic acid to be absorbed by coatings of lard on glass plates, appears not to have given satisfactory results. Another process consists in dissolving perfumes in very volatile liquids, like sulphuretted ether, or chloroform, naphtha, ether, or chloride of methyl, and volatilizing the solvents, which can be done at a low temperature in a vacuum. The last method has given very satisfactory results in the extreme delicacy and great accuracy of its returns.—Popular Science Monthly.

REAL RURAL READING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

Churning with the Aid of the Wind—How to Keep Sweet Potatoes—Marketing Crops in Winter—The Way to Brace Fence Posts, Etc.

A Windmill Churn.

There is no use for churning by hand and allowing the wind to fly past unused. The dairy editor of the Orange Judd Farmer has become convinced of this and he now does his churning by the aid of the wind. He finds it saves labor, and the device he uses is his own contrivance and not generally known, an illustration and description are given herewith.

A common pumpjack windmill does the work. A drive-wheel turned by the windmill, a clutch or ratchet and a pulley wheel on the churn are the machinery used. Our drive-wheel is a silent clutch wheel, but those who have none can use an old mower wheel, as shown in the cut with a ratchet wheel on the shaft. An old pinion would make a fair substitute for the ratchet. The catch lever is boxed loosely to the shaft and connected with the pumping rod as shown in the illustration. The speed

steep braces. This lifting process is sometimes aggravated by a wire stretched from the bottom of the corner post to the top of the nearest fence post. It is often made of a heavy log, or is weighted down by huge rocks which frighten young horses. Sometimes a stout cable of twisted wire is guyed from the top of the corner post to a stake driven into the roadbed, just where the highway should be widest. These methods of bracing a fence post are wrong. The proper way to brace a fence post is shown in the illustration from a sketch sent the American Agriculturist by J. Whilden of Kansas. The corner post should be planted at least four feet deep, and, if possible, the lower end should be larger. If round and of hardwood, it need not be larger than the hole bored by an ordinary post auger. As the lower end must not be the smaller, it should not be pointed for driving in. If of the same size throughout, the lower end may be scolloped, as shown. The earth around the post should be thoroughly tamped from bottom to top. If set in an auger hole, the earth may be tamped by pouring water around the post, and slowly dropping in fine subsoil, which dissolves and settles until the ground line is reached. Do not brace or stretch the wire until the water is absorbed. As the strain of the wire is horizontal, the braces should be as nearly horizontal as possible. Notch the corner post eighteen inches from the ground, and place a stout brace reaching thence to the ground line of the nearest fence post.

A self-feeder for young chicks. A self-feeder, for feeding cracked corn and wheat to young chicks, is given in Farm and Fireside. It can be made of half-inch boards. Fig. 1 shows the feeder ready for use. It is the hopper, 2 feet long, 5 inches deep, 4 inches wide at the top and one-fourth of an inch wide at the bottom. It holds from two to three quarts of feed. It may be wider at the bottom, however, and an opening of one

quarter of an inch made in the bottom, so as to allow the feed to fall through. D D are the ends of the hopper, and C C are two pieces, each 5 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide, nailed fast to the end pieces, D D. They hold the hopper up half an inch from the bottom of the trough, to allow the feed to run down, as shown in Fig. 1. E is the trough where the chicks eat. It is 25 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide, inside measure, and 1 1/2 inches deep, outside measure. The sides of the trough are beveled

on the side and outside of the hopper at the bottom, to allow the chicks to feed. A is the cover to the hopper. By this arrangement the food can be kept where the chicks can help themselves at any time.

Hints for the Cook.

HAM should be broiled very quickly and just enough to cook through.

To retain the color of any vegetable, plunge it into cold water after boiling.

ORANGE peel dried and grated makes yellow powder that is delicious for flavoring cakes and puddings.

DARK brown sugar slowly dissolved in a little water on the stove furnishes a syrup scarcely inferior to the product of the maple.

POTATOES, any time of the year, may be made mealy if boiled in salt and water and drained, and then covered with a thick towel and left on back of stove five minutes.

I WANT to give a hint to housewives who find it difficult to raise their bread during cold weather. Set sponge in deep pan, then wrap tightly the sides and bottom of pan in a thick cloth, to keep cold air from it. Cover top tightly. It has been a success with me.

BEFORE cooking onions soak a little while in salt water, and while they are cooking place in the pot a piece of bread the size of an egg, or larger, tied in a linen bag. This will remove the odor. Cabbage and other vegetables with penetrating odors may be treated in the same way.

Storing Sweet Potatoes.

In common with many farmers who save their own seed sweet potatoes, I have had more or less trouble in carrying the tubers through the winter in good condition, writes a farmer. All of the usual methods have been employed with varying success. The tubers have been wrapped in tissue paper, and stored in dark closets opening out of warm rooms; yet many rotted, or started so much that they would have been useless for bedding. I have laid them in rows about a chimney which was in daily use during the cold weather, and often have lost half of them. A plan of handling and a place of storage, used last winter, gave me great satisfaction. The potatoes intended for wintering

can be changed by having two or more holes in the lever. The device changes the reciprocal motion into circular by means of old castings which can be found on every farm. It will not do to use a piston on a windmill for such a purpose, as it is liable to stop on the "dead center," then when the wind freshens the result would be to smash things unless some one were there to start it past the center. But with the ratchet and the churn always starts when the wind moves the windmill. The upward stroke alone does the work. The momentum of the heavy iron wheel keeps up motion during the down stroke. We find churning by wind a success. Very rarely is the wind too light to run a pumping mill—especially if the pump is detached—and turn a common revolving churn.

Trap for Minks, Skunks, Rats, Etc.

This trap is made 12 inches high and wide, and 20 long, of oak boards, although pine will do. A is the cord which holds the lid; B is an old thread spool, to act as pulley; C is the trigger, which the cord A is tied, and which rests in notches on the trap, and D which is the bait lever. E is the lid, and F is the bait for mink and skunk, bait with an egg or piece of fowl; for muskrats, with apples; for rats, with a piece of fried meat. For mink and skunk, put weight on the lid. When game nibbles on bait, C will spring out of notches, which causes the lid to drop down instantly.—Geo. M. Stephen, in Practical Farmer.

Feeding Too Much Hay.

Horses hard at work, especially if quick motion is desired, should not be fed mainly on hay. It is too bulky in proportion to nutritive value, and with most kinds of hay the nutrition is not of the right sort. It produces warmth rather than muscle and strength. Good clover hay is more strength-giving than most other hays, but is too palatable to be fed all the time. They gorge themselves so that the digestive organs require most of the animal energy. With a partly grain ration less work is put upon the digestive apparatus, and what strength is thus saved is worth more for other parts of the system.

Barns Too Near Buildings.

The farm barns ought to be convenient to the house, but not too near. If one or the other burns there ought not to be any necessity for both to go. It is hard getting a valid insurance for barns or homes near each other except at exorbitant rates. The insurance companies are in the right about this. The convenience sought should be by good walks, not by a dangerous nearness.

Bracing Fence Posts.

Many wire fences have tall and large corner posts with braces reaching to the top. When the wire of such a fence is drawn taut, the tall corner posts will be lifted up on its

steep braces. This lifting process is sometimes aggravated by a wire stretched from the bottom of the corner post to the top of the nearest fence post. It is often made of a heavy log, or is weighted down by huge rocks which frighten young horses. Sometimes a stout cable of twisted wire is guyed from the top of the corner post to a stake driven into the roadbed, just where the highway should be widest. These methods of bracing a fence post are wrong. The proper way to brace a fence post is shown in the illustration from a sketch sent the American Agriculturist by J. Whilden of Kansas. The corner post should be planted at least four feet deep, and, if possible, the lower end should be larger. If round and of hardwood, it need not be larger than the hole bored by an ordinary post auger. As the lower end must not be the smaller, it should not be pointed for driving in. If of the same size throughout, the lower end may be scolloped, as shown. The earth around the post should be thoroughly tamped from bottom to top. If set in an auger hole, the earth may be tamped by pouring water around the post, and slowly dropping in fine subsoil, which dissolves and settles until the ground line is reached. Do not brace or stretch the wire until the water is absorbed. As the strain of the wire is horizontal, the braces should be as nearly horizontal as possible. Notch the corner post eighteen inches from the ground, and place a stout brace reaching thence to the ground line of the nearest fence post.

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INDIANA LEGISLATURE.

IF YOU ARE IN QUEST

OF FRESH INDIANA NEWS, PERUSE THE FOLLOWING:

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

Minor State Items.

The young people of Boonville demand a public library.

DIPHTHERIA has disappeared at Tippecanoe and the quarantine has been lifted.

WATERWORKS carried at the Fairmount election by a vote of 423 to 130. The plant will cost \$30,000.

CONY L. BRIGGS, who was injured by a bursting emery wheel at South Bend, has died from the resulting inflammation.

THERE are 4,163 physicians in Indiana, who are actually engaged in the practice of medicine.

It is stated that the narrow gauge division of the Monon, between Bedford and Bloomfield, is to be widened to the standard gauge width, work to commence about March 10.

J. N. WHITREX, a farmer of Winchester Township, Porter County, has filed suit for \$5,000 damages against A. J. Bowser, editor of the Charleston (Tribune) for libel.

WILLIAM S. CRAIN, Sr., a retired grocer of Lafayette, died of the infirmities of age. He was born in Greene County, Ohio, in 1812, and moved to Tippecanoe County in 1820.

JAMES GARRETT, aged 23, a young farmer of Adams Township, living a few miles south of Anderson, fell dead while working in a corn field. He had been subject to heart disease.

NEAR Wheatland, Miss Fannie Kensler, while crossing Flat Creek on a log, slipped off the log, and was drowned. Miss Kensler was 17 years old and was soon to have been married.

The barn of Judge B. F. Parks at Valparaiso, was set on fire and entirely destroyed. Sparks set fire to the barn of Mrs. George Pearce, which was badly damaged. Loss, \$1,300; partially insured.

JOK McGRATHMAN, aged 17, was on a hill coasting in Anderson and his sled struck Mrs. Thomas Barnett, knocking her a distance of twenty feet. She struck on her head and was insensible when taken home.

A FREIGHT train broke through a bridge on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois road at Atchison. Eighteen cars, loaded with coal and merchandise, fell into the ditch. The trainmen jumped and escaped with severe bruises.

THE Executive Committee of the Seventeenth Regiment, at Martinsville, decided to change the place of holding the reunion next summer from Bethany Park to Indianapolis. The date first was Wednesday, Sept. 6, the week of the National Encampment.

PAPERS have been signed and now Quick City, the latest Indiana boom town, has a new factory. It is a mammoth glass concern, which will, when in full operation, employ upwards of 300 skilled workmen. The new company will make a specialty of fancy glassware and bottles.

At the Indiana Iron Works, Muncie, John Smith, a roller on the ten-inch mill, had his left arm torn off by getting caught in the coupling. He was badly injured and cannot recover. Jack Nuzon, Smith's brother, a superhuman effort, pulled him out and prevented the man from being torn to pieces.

NEAR Lakeville, St. Joseph County, Edward Kikentscher was found lying in the snow. In his hand was a revolver and in his head a bullet-hole. He was under arrest some years ago for the murder of his brother-in-law, but was released. This, together with money troubles, was probably the cause of the suicide.

JUDGE TAYLOR, of the Circuit Court at Terre Haute, has rendered an important decision affecting the State tax law. The First National Bank had asked for an order restraining the county and city treasurers from proceeding to collect taxes on the assessment made by the State Board of Tax Commissioners. The Judge held that the State Board did not have original jurisdiction to alter the assessment made by the County Board. Under this construction of the law, unless there is an appeal from the action of the County Board, the State Board cannot change the assessment. The bank's assessment was increased more than \$100,000. The Terre Haute brewery had also asked for a restraining order on similar ground.

The formal opening of the new clubhouse of the Wayne Club, which has just been completed, occurred recently, and was the most notable event in Fort Wayne society for years. Over 1,500 invitations were sent out and a large number of guests from the surrounding cities of this and adjacent States were present. The new building, a fine structure, is without doubt the finest club house in Indiana, and there are few cities which can boast a finer one. At present it has a membership of 400 and is rapidly growing. The site, which was purchased immediately after the formation of the club, cost \$10,000, and the building, and the furnishings and decorations \$100,000 more, making the total value of the property acquired by the club about \$40,000.

A TRAMP called at the kitchen-door of Joseph Hardesty's residence at Muncie, and the generous elderly housewife invited him in to supper. After the meal he had gorged himself on Mrs. Hardesty's good things he insisted that he had brought an overcoat in the room. Mrs. Hardesty said that he had not, and ordered him out. The fellow then grabbed Mrs. Hardesty and pulled her out the door. She was a superhuman effort, pulled him out and prevented the man from being torn to pieces.

The latter snatched up an old-fashioned shoe-hammer, and was badly wounded the tramp until he got hold of a Jax with which he dealt Mr. Hardesty a severe blow, knocking him down. The tramp, who was a superhuman effort, later, and is now serving a sentence on the stone-pile, with a very sore head. The tramp gave the name of John McCarty.

J. H. WEIGAN, a farmer in Bartholomew County, the other day delivered in Columbus fifty head of hogs which averaged 450 pounds and which brought the handsome price of \$1,000. This is the best average lot of hogs that has been sold in that county since 1865, and the price is the largest paid since that date.