

ADVENT OF HANNOLEU.

A Bold Stroke for a Husband. Written for This Paper.

BY LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

The surprise of this man, as Ralph, pale and perspiring, suddenly entered his presence, was most intense.

"Is it really you, Mr. Kemplin?" he demanded, offering his hand. "Take a seat, sir. Where have you been all this time?"

"Why, I have been taking a walk in the interior, Mr. Lane, as I told you this forenoon I thought of doing."

He sank wearily into the proffered chair, as he uttered these words, and Mr. Lane dropped into another, opening his eyes wide with a wondering astonishment.

"You've been ill, I suppose—or shipwrecked—but where?" asked Mr. Lane, with a gaze expressive of his curious interest.

"No, I've been waylaid by three runaway sailors from the Nor'wester, at the instigation of Hank Ripple," returned Ralph, in turn scrutinizing Mr. Lane, and wondering at his remarks.

"They seem to have left me for dead, taking my purse and papers."

"And when was this?"

"This afternoon—within an hour, in fact, after I left you!"

The gaze of Mr. Lane became concentrated still more strongly upon his visitor.

"See here, Mr. Kemplin," he said, "it has been three months since you took leave of me upon the forenoon in question!"

"Three months?" stammered Ralph. "It was now his turn to stare, and the wonder with which he took in the purport of the agent's words was akin to consternation."

"One of us must be dreaming," he muttered. "I'll go off to the Yokohama."

"The Yokohama, sir?" interrupted the agent. "She has been to China and back since you saw me. She sailed, as intended, the morning after you vanished so strangely."

Ralph gasped for breath.

"Impossible!" he muttered.

"And here's a letter from your father inquiring after you," pursued Mr. Lane. "The date will tell you that you've been taking a Rip Van Winkle sleep of the strangest description."

The young Chicagoan looked shocked and bewildered as he took in the purport of the missive in question, and the agent resumed:

"Capt. Cross received a line purporting to come from you, and saying that you had suddenly decided to make a voyage with Capt. Stepp to the Arctic Ocean. This letter, I now see, was the forgery of some enemy or plotter, for I am aware that you have not been in the Nor'wester, the survivors of the ill-fated ship."

"Ill-fated? Survivors?" gasped Ralph, as everything seemed to reel around him. "Did anything happen to the Nor'wester?"

"She's a total loss, probably. Got nipped in the ice beyond Behring's Straits, after securing an immense cargo of oil. Mr. Hadley started out on a scout, with part of the crew, and was in turn followed by Mr. Grabbell and several others, leaving Miss Stepp and her aunt with the Captain and a few frost-bitten sailors. Hadley and Grabbell, with the most of those who left the ship with them, have arrived in town this morning, after the greatest perils and fatigues. As to the ship, Hadley fears that she has been crushed, and that the women are lost, with the Captain and those with him."

Ralph raised his head imploringly. "Please go over all the facts again," he said. "I—I don't understand."

Mr. Lane complied, giving details. When the narration was ended, Ralph passed his hand nervously across his eyes.

"I must have been ill—fearfully ill—in some farm house or elsewhere," he murmured. "I know nothing whatever of this lapse of time—nor where I have been—nor whom I see—nor what I have been doing!"

"You don't?" cried Mr. Lane, starting up, abruptly. "Think I see, in part, how the case stands. You must be the singular stranger who has been stopping at old Bullett's."

"Bullett? Bullett? That's the man about whom some inquiry was made of me by a native as I came into town," said Ralph.

"Indeed? Then there's no doubt about it. You are the 'mysterious idiot,' to borrow a current phrase, who has been stopping at Bullett's. As to the native in question—"

Here a shadow darkened the door of Mr. Lane's office, and the man under discussion entered—Kulu!

"Good-day, Mr. Lane," he said, producing a package of papers. "I have followed Mr. Kemplin into town," and he indicated Ralph by a nod, "to repair, so far as in me lies, the impetuous and wrong of which he has been a victim. About three months ago he was waylaid by three sailors near Kaliki Bay, and received such injuries on the head that he lost all knowledge of his past, where he came from, his identity, and everything else."

"I see," cried Mr. Lane. "The light is coming at last."

Finding such appreciative hearing, Kulu went on to relate the whole conspiracy, detailing how he had found the "mysterious idiot" and taken him to Bullett; how Bullett had learned his identity from his papers, and conceived the project of marrying his daughter to him; and how this project had duly culminated, through Keerli's jealous rage and violence, in the disasters of the morning.

"But all is coming out right, it seems," was the Kanaka's conclusion. "Mr. Kemplin is himself again, thanks to his latest beating. Keerli and his hired ruffians have been pursued, old Bullett has been set upon his pins by a pint of brandy, more or less. And as to my humble self, I have taken advantage of the general commotion to enter Bullett's house and recover these papers, which a friend has read to me, and I've ridden into town at a gallop to make the whole matter plain to the man most concerned—Mr. Kemplin."

A few questions from Ralph and Mr. Lane brought out the whole situation in such clear colors that they comprehended all its phases and episodes, just as they are known to the reader.

"Well, this is the strangest case I ever heard of," said Mr. Lane, beginning to recover his equanimity. "It seems—"

Kulu started violently at this moment, and uttered a strange cry—half of wonder, half of fear.

"Quoted if there isn't the old whaler now!" he muttered, staring through an open window into the street.

His daughter is with him. They've followed me to town, having missed the papers, and seeing my horse hitched at

your post, Mr. Lane, and knowing that I am here—yes, here they come!"

CHAPTER XI.

A JOYOUS RESTORATION.

The event verified the word, the father and daughter hurrying into the office—the former pale and with his head bound up, and the latter flushed and nervous.

"So I've found you, villain, have I?" cried Bullett, angrily, as his eyes rested upon the least expression of her surprise at encountering him so unexpectedly in Mr. Lane's office.

"Ah—Mr. Kemplin," stammered Bullett.

The scornful smile of Ralph deepened.

These, then, were the conspirators who had taken advantage of his misfortune.

"The Benning business is just now under a cloud," he said, quietly.

The words struck a chill to the hearts of the father and daughter, but the latter rallied her powers for a final effort.

"What! Don't you recognize me, dear Ashley?" she demanded, rushing to Ralph's side and throwing her arms around his neck. "Don't you know your own poor Alma?"

"Yes, the trouble is I know you too well," replied Ralph, as he gently, but firmly, repelled her embraces. "The conspiracy in which you and your father have been engaged against me, and you have a fair share of brains, and you will not now fail to use them. You will accordingly comprehend that your projects are all detected and exposed, and that all that is left you and Mr. Bullett is a graceful retreat."

"What! if you mean to repudiate me, to prove false to your vows, after going to the church with me to be married?" demanded Alma, in a shrill voice of wrath that would have disenchanted the most ardent wooer.

"And," as for the woman who does not care for her own sex and boldly avows it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing."

Three Dangerous Women.

Beware of three women—the one who does not love children, the one who does not love flowers, and she who openly declares she does not like other women, says a writer in an English magazine.

There is something wanting in such, and in all probability its place is supplied by some unlovely trait.

As Shakespeare says of him who has no soul for music, such a woman is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, and a woman intent on those ten thousand times worse than any man could be, for standing higher, she can fall lower.

Men may smile and jest a little over the tenderness lavished on a baby, but after all, the prattle every womanly woman in voluntarily breaks into at the sight of the tiny beings, is very sweet to masculine ears.

It was the first language they ever knew, and in spite of the jest or smile, the sweetest on wife's or sweet-heart's lips.

They may laugh too at the little garden tools, which seem like playthings to their strength; but in their hearts they associate, and rightly, purity of character and life with the pursuit of gardening.

And, as for the woman who does not care for her own sex and boldly avows it, she is a coquette pure and simple, and one of the worst and lowest type, too, as a general thing."

Mind Your Own Business.

An old custom once prevailed in a remote place of giving a clock to anyone who would truthfully swear that he had minded his own business alone for a year and a day, and had not meddled with his neighbors.

Many came, but few, if any, gained the prize, which was more difficult to win than the Dunmow fitch of bacon. Though they swore on the four gospels, and held out their hand in certain hope, some hitch was sure to be found somewhere, and for all their asseverations the clock remained stationary on its shelf, no one being able to prove his absolute immunity from uncalled for interference in things not in any way concerning himself.

At last a young man came with a perfectly clean record, and the clock seemed as if it was at last about to change owners. Then said the custodian, "Oh! a young man like you, yesterday, and made mighty sure he was going to have the clock, but he didn't." Said the young man seeking the prize, "And why didn't he get it?" "What's that to you, snapped out the custodian, "that's not your business, and—you don't get the clock."—Home Journal.

The Original Bluebeard.

The story of "Bluebeard" was written during the reign of Louis XIV., by a Frenchman named Perrault, and is supposed to have been suggested by the deeds of Gilles de Laval, better known as Marshal de Retz. He was born in 1586, and subsequently served under the Duke of Bretagne and Charles VII, with distinction, and was one of the trusted captains of Joan of Arc. In 1432 he was reputed the richest man in France, but quickly squandered his fortune. It is said that soon after that event, through the influence of an alchemist named Prelati, he pledged all his soul to the devil in exchange for a fortune equal to the one he had spent. His career from that time became that of a demon. Children and young women were inveigled into his house and killed. It is related that the children were dangled at ropes' ends, pricked with needles and otherwise tortured until dead, and their heads were afterward used as ornaments for his mantels and bed-posts. After he had carried on that career of crime for about eight years he was arrested, confessed and burned at the stake about December 22, 1440.

Asphalt in the Indian Territory.

A recent mineral find which is about to be developed in the Chickasaw Indian Reservation, south of Guthrie, O. T., is of interest all over the West and Southwest. Immense bodies of asphaltum, rivaling those of the island of Trinidad, have been found near the Arbuckle Mountains, and a company has been formed to develop the find. The quality is the very best, and the quantity sufficient to pave the streets of every city in the West and not show any diminution of the supply. Being easy of access and easily mined, the result will be a great cheapening of this very useful article, and the people of the whole country will be greatly benefited by the find.

Coina Twenty-three Centuries Old.

Some Chinese coins are of but one-twentieth of the value of an American cent. The Celestial Kingdom has many enthusiastic coin collectors. In one notable collection there are more than 150,000 varieties of cash, the oldest of which date back as far as 2300 B. C.

A Hundred Tons of Cats' Tails.

One hundred tons of cats' tails were recently sold at once for the purpose of ornamenting ladies' wearing apparel. This means that assuming an average cat's tail to weigh two ounces, no fewer than 1,792,000 pussies had to be killed.

Enormous Spider Web to Go around the World.

Enormous spider web to go around the world would weigh one-half pound.

HOME AND THE FARM.

A DEPARTMENT MADE UP FOR OUR RURAL FRIENDS.

Care and Management of Dairy Calves—Secure Gate Latch—Clover as an Annual Injurious to Wheat by Frost—Evergreens for Windbreaks.

Secure Fastening for a Gate.

In the far west, a barnyard is called by the Spanish name, corral. A gate to a corral that is proof against being opened by swine or cattle should always be provided. One that is excellent for security, and that can be easily constructed by any farmer, is shown in the illustration taken from the American Agriculturist. It may be of any desired width, but it over three feet wide, it should be provided with a diagonal brace, extending from the lower hinge corner to the opposite upper corner. The gate is made of one-inch lumber, four inches wide, with bottom pieces six inches wide. The vertical cleats on the sides are double, and secured by wrought or wire nails driven clear through and clinched. A sliding bar, with pegs extending through for a handle, is notched on the upper side, and placed between two of the gate bars. Two cleats, of 1x1 inch stuff, are nailed across two bars on the hinge side of the gate. To these cleats a drop catch, of 1/2 inch stuff, is fastened by a wooden pin, so that it will allow the sliding bar to traverse beneath. When the sliding bar is pushed forward into a mortise in the post, the catch falls into the notch, and no cow or horse can possibly remove it.

How to Make Insect Powder.

There are few people who have any idea of what extent the flowers of Chrysanthemum cinerariifolium are cultivated in Dalmatia, for the sole purpose of making the powder which has such a reputation as an insect destroyer. The whole of the supply of these flowers has hitherto been derived from the Austrian province of Dalmatia and the neighboring state, Montenegro. Trieste is the market to which these flowers are brought, and from whence they are distributed to the average annual value of \$40,000 to \$50,000. The plant is one that is easily cultivated in any kind of soil and almost any climate. Within quite recent years it is said to have been introduced into Australia, California, and South Africa, in each of which its cultivation on an extended scale for commercial purposes is contemplated. In the neighborhood of Berlin it is also stated that the plant is grown largely, but up to the present time Dalmatia is the chief source from whence Europe and America draw their principal supplies. The harvest commences at the beginning of June, and in the face of the report that the plants had suffered much from the severity of the past winter the crops are looked forward to with much anxiety.—Gardener's Chronicle.

Frost Injuring Wheat.

Dr. Galen Wilson gives some good practical advice in the New York Tribune about sowing wheat and clover. He advocates a compact seed bed which experience has proven best for wheat. But when he attempts to give the reason he falls into error. He says truly, "Frost heaves clover only when the soil is deep and soft," but he adds, "If wheat roots, those of clover penetrate the compact undersoil, and frost has no effect." We have often seen clover roots snapped at the surface of the ground by frost, while the lower part of the root was held in frozen soil. It is not that the compact subsoil holds the wheat or clover root firmly that saves wheat and clover from winter killing. The shallow seed bed in fall with a compact strata beneath it prevents the wheat root from going deeply. So soon as the young roots strike this hard pan they branch out horizontally. The top also does the same, making the "spreading habit of growth" which all growers of winter wheat so much desire. Then, when cold weather comes this mellow seed bed is generally raised in a body with its wheat roots spread out and not much injured. The lower strata is only mellowed by freezing, and in the spring the wheat roots that have wintered without injury strike down into the subsoil often to great depths. They ought not to do so in the fall.

Selecting Cows for Dairy Purposes.

In selecting cows for dairy purposes, care should be taken to get them of a uniform type if possible. The head small and lean, eyes full and mild, neck full and thin, backbone prominent and open between joints, hips wide, legs short and fine boned, barrel well rounded and large, deep through behind the shoulders to give plenty room for heart and lungs, udder large, running well forward and back, teats short, but thick and wide apart. Avoid those whose under shows a tendency to collapse after being milked. Such cows are usually large milkers and may be set down as thin milkers. The skin should be soft and mellow to the touch, covered with thick, soft hair. Do not mistake size for constitution. A cow weighing nine hundred pounds is as large as I care for.

Clover as an Annual.

A writer in the American Agriculturist claims a valuable discovery in the fact that spring-sown clover cut just after harvest has produced a good crop of seed the same season. If he had waited until spring he would not be so enthusiastic. Treating clover in this way, seeding early on rich land and cutting close to the ground at mid-season, he changed clover into an annual. This is sometimes done with other plants, beets, radishes, and carrot, but the plants after seeding will at once die. What is most needed with clover is to make it perennial. This to some extent

Care of Dairy Calves.

Prof. Robertson says that breed and feed are to a cow like two wings to a bird—one alone is of but little use. A rule that will apply to a mature cow ought to apply with full as much force to a young calf. A calf may have descended from a good strain of animals, those possessed of good milk and butter qualities and yet be injured in bringing up. A calf may be injured by extremes in feeding, by feeding too much of too concentrated food and by feeding too little of poor food. We have seen numerous instances of the latter treatment, and carried a little too far for the health and even the life of the calf. As a rule, we are favorable to a natural course unless it is too uncertain and expensive, and believe that the milk as it comes from the cow is fully as beneficial as any artificial food that can be produced; but the question of profit after a time comes in and the cream can be better employed than in making calves, so after one gets a fair start skim milk may be employed with dry ground oats. The oats are fed dry so as to secure a healthy degree of salivation which by aiding digestion ensures a healthy system and stimulates growth. A regular healthy development of a calf is likely to prove far more satisfactory than an abnormal and unnatural development.—Germantown Telegraph.

The Yearling Heifer.

The heifer with her first calf is but half a calf, as the saying goes. She is but at the dawn of her development for the purposes of the dairy. It is at this point that the necessity of careful and prudent management steps in. The man entrusted with the development of a cow for the first year of her milking impresses his defects or excellencies on her milk production ever after. At this period the heifer's teats are inclined to be small, but if the man handling her at this period is a competent person these will be enlarged to their normal size under his manipulation and remain so during her life. This is the critical point in the heifer's career, if she is to grow into a profitable dairy cow, and should impress on the dairyman the importance of having her looked after in an intelligent manner. She should be managed by a careful person who possesses her confidence in the fullest degree and whose method of treatment is acceptable to her. This is the point where to avoid the mistakes of the past that you committed in the training you used with your former yearling heifers.—American Dairyman.

The Useful Skunk.

The true usefulness of the skunk is fast becoming understood. When the sun sinks low and the injurious worms begin to feed and cut the corn the skunk, holding his head down to the ground, walks slowly, listening intently at each plant, and hearing the movements of the worm, he digs it out with his snout and quickly swallows it, of which a hundred hardly suffices for a meal. This animal has some disagreeable habits, it is true, but it is to be taken with all its faults and made the best of for what it really is worth.—New York Times.

Peas and Oats for Feed.

Farmers have long known that to sow oats and peas together made an excellent feed, cut any time before fully ripe. They are both strongly nitrogenous, and yet paradoxically their combination does not exhaust the soil. While the oat crop gets its nitrogen from the soil, the pea-root has power to take nitrogen from soil-imprisoned air. Sometimes we have thought, noting how the oats thrive among the peas, that the pea root fed not only their own plant, but in some way left a little in the soil for the use of oats also.

Removing Warts.

A mixture of sal ammonia and camphor dissolved in water is claimed to be a specific for the removal of warts from cows' teats.

Farm Notes.

The margin of profit in farming is too small to admit of any unnecessary waste.

Keep all tools under cover. It is better to stack the hay out if there is not room to house both.

Increasing the size of the pieces of seed potatoes increases the yield; result of three years trial.

Softening the collars of the working teams by pounding with a stick and kneading with the hands.

Every farmer should feed his products so as to make all the manure possible, and then apply it wisely.

Plenty of shade and fresh water are needed during the hot spells. Keep the water in the shade and renew frequently.

With really good roads, the farmer six miles from town or the railroad station would find the cost of transportation no more than one now three miles away.

The foundation for success in live stock farming lies in the economical production and use of feeding stuffs. Then, given good stock, the problem is pretty nearly solved.

It has been found at Ellerslie, Mr. Morton's famous Guernsey farm, that one acre of ground will produce enough silage for from three to five cows, while it takes two acres to produce a similar supply of hay.

The total yield, or the yield of straw and grain, was some fifteen per cent. greater on the plots irrigated at night, and the ratio of straw to wheat was therefore much greater on the plots irrigated at night.

The beginner is specially warned against spending his money for any novelties in bees unless he wishes to test them in comparison with what are recognized as the best, and can afford to spend money for such purposes.

INDIANA AT THE FAIR.

THE HOOSIER STATE'S DAY IN JACKSON PARK.

Gov. Matthews, Ex-President Harrison, R. W. Thompson and Gen. Wallace Tell of the Greatness of the State—Reception, Banquet and Fireworks.

Honor to Hoopland.

Indiana Day at the World's Fair was marked by a large attendance, so large, in fact, that it was feared that some one will have to mark a new State line between Indiana and Illinois, as so many people crossed the border to be present at the State's celebration that the old line is rubbed out entirely in spots. The two States became scrambled, and it will be some time before all of the Hoosiers will get back on our side of the fence. It was a great day for Indiana and a great day for the Fair. Excursion trains from nearly every city, town and hamlet in the State poured into Chicago, Indianapolis, Richmond, Muncie, Fort Wayne, Logansport, Lafayette, etc. Terre Haute, New Albany, Vincennes, and all other cities sent big delegations. The Eastern Illinois, the Monon, the Big Four and Pan Handle Roads, were crowded with special trains.

All Came at Once.

Indiana's celebration was all packed into one day. It began early and lasted all through the evening. The State building, which occupies a conspicuous site between Illinois and California, had been decorated in attractive style for the occasion. Not to be outdone by anybody else a space was reserved on the porch for the foreign Commissioners, all of whom were invited to participate as special guests. The speakers, State Commissioners, and Gov. Matthews with his staff rode to the State building preceded by the Fort Wayne band. Gov. Claude Matthews presided. The speech-making began at 11 o'clock in front of the State building, and the people were there addressed by ex-President Harrison, Gen. Lew Wallace, and ex-Secretary of the Navy R. W. Thompson. James Whitcomb Riley recited a poem, "The Hoosier Nightingales" sang, and the Fort Wayne band played. Immediately after this program was finished a reception was given the Governor, the speakers and the Governor's staff in the State building. Before the reception was over the Fort Wayne band began its concert, which lasted from 3 to 5 p. m. After the reception the Indiana visitors were at liberty to scatter and have a good time.

But the Festivities Did Not End with the Speechmaking and the Reception, nor with the going down of the sun. There was an Indiana illumination of the grounds at night, as well as fireworks in honor of the occasion. These were the most brilliant in features and specialties that have been given. While the basin was a sea of fire acres of burning bonfires were seen in the heavens. The special set place was Chinese pagoda made of 10,000 separate burning bits.

Distinguished Hoosiers Present.

Whether it beats any record or not, Indiana's celebration will be memorable because of the distinguished character of the men who were there to represent the State. No other State can hope to furnish another such company. On the evening previous three travelers arrived in Chicago at the Hotel Ingram on 60th street and waited their turn at the register. They came in modestly, with small valises and overcoats, like some of "other World's Fair" visitors. B. F. Havens and Clem. Studebaker, World's Fair Commissioners, met them at the train and gave them an every-day welcome. One of the travelers was a short man with a silvery beard and a dusty silk hat. This was ex-President Benjamin Harrison. A younger man with a smooth, boyish face, a rather solemn nose and a pair of large, restless eyes peering through nose-glasses, was James Whitcomb Riley. The third was the venerable "Uncle Dick" Thompson, ex-Secretary of the Navy. He was not as nimble on his feet as the others, but he was fully as good-natured, and just as enthusiastic over the prospects of Indiana day. These three great sons of Indiana took part in the public exercises of the celebration presided over by Gov. Matthews. This made a program worth going all the way from Evansville to hear. Senator Daniel W. Voorhees was to have been there, but he could not leave Washington, and his place on the program was taken by the Iowa State Band.

Notes of Current Events.

The fishing schooner Fernwood, of Gloucester, lost two men off Brak Bradley, N. S.

Secretary Gresham, it is said, is to make a trip to California for the benefit of his health.

Willie Reeves, a 13-year-old jockey, was killed at Ashland, Ky., by his horse falling on him.

Sixty-eight members of a secret society in Bruenn, Austria, have been arrested for complicity in an anarchist plot.

A model for a equestrian statue of Logan has been definitely decided upon. It will be placed in Iowa Circle, at Washington.

In a riot on Lehman Bros. circus train near Waco, Texas, six men were thrown from a moving train. Three were fatally hurt.

Archbishop Hennessy, during high mass at Dubuque, Iowa, declared his parishioners must send their children to the parochial schools.

Henry T. Purdy, of New York, blew out his brains in Spokane, Wash. He was despondent, having met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of a foot.

HOOSIER HAPPENINGS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

What Our Neighbors are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indians.

Brief State Items.

THE Muncie flint glass works will start up.

NATURAL gas has been struck near Charleston. People greatly excited.

WILLIAM SIMONS accidentally shot himself at Taylorville. He will die.

THE Goshen and Elkhart Implement Company at Goshen, failed for \$14,000.

A CRAWFORDVILLE "boomer" is reported as having secured good land in the Cherokee strip.

JOHN ADAMS, a Lebanon merchant, has been sued for \$10,000 by Miss Ida Thomas for breach of promise to marry.

DANIEL GADDIS of Whitestown, died from the effects of a knife wound received in a fight with a gang of gypsies.

THE Ohio Flint Glass Works at Dunkirk will start its fires about October 1. Employment will be given to 300 men—100 skilled.

BURGALARS at Crawfordville helped themselves to \$100 of firearms and knives at Houlihan & Yancey's hardware store.

AFTER a shutdown of five months the word is given out that the Elwood Diamond plate glass factory will resume operations in part next week.

JUDGE JOHN GILBERT of Lake County, has appointed Hon. Byron W. Langdon Judge of Tippecanoe circuit to preside in the trial of the Roby prize fighters.

JOHN H. BENSON, father of Luther Benson, the temperance orator, died at his home in Rush County, aged 82. Was a member of the Baptist Church 72 years.

THE Bartholomew County Trustees held a meeting, and decided to ignore the act of the last Legislature, which requires them to turn back into the treasury all tuition money in excess of \$100.

DAVID LILLY, a farmer of Jefferson Township, Crawford County, drove a thief from his hon. post the other night and found a strange horse and wagon hitched near by which the thief had left.

The finest residence in the suburb of Wallen was destroyed by fire. It was occupied by Dr. J. A. Phillips and owned by Mrs. Whitehead, of Huntertown. Loss, \$75,000; no insurance. Defective flue.

"DIAMOND" the nine-ton elephant of Wallace's circus, broke out of the winter quarters near Peru, and played havoc with fences and trees in the surrounding country. The keepers had hard work to contain him.

Governor Matthews has issued four requisitions for prize-fighters, who are wanted at Crown Point to answer to charges of having participated in fights at Roby. The requisitions were on the Governor of New York, John S. Smith, John Griffin, Joseph Choyinski, and others.

FRANK BRUCE, aged 25, one of the most notorious and daring safe blowers who infest the Western country, has been placed in the Prison South. He came from Terre Haute, where he was given nine years for burglarizing the safe of the Buokley Howard store. Bruce is wanted in twelve states for various jobs successfully planned and executed by himself. He is badly wanted at Denver, Col., where only a few months since he robbed a jewelry store and took diamonds valued at \$30,000. He boasts that he will break out in six weeks.

CORONER COATES completed the taking of testimony in the inquest on the remains of Frank Robinson, the normal college safe robber, who was killed by the pursuing party of citizens at Valparaiso. The verdict contains the evidence of twenty witnesses, and is very voluminous. The coroner fully exonerates Nathan Howe, who fired the fatal shot, from all responsibility. Clair Robinson, brother of the dead man, who was captured after being wounded by Howe's weapon, was brought before Judge Parks for hearing, but at the request of State Attorney Dowdell the case was continued.

BERT CHAMPTION of Gas City, bursted Frank Boltz's faro bank at Fort Wayne, but failed to get any money, winning over \$1,000 at one sitting and only getting about \$700. He became enraged and broke up a lot of the furniture and smashed a wheelbarrow load of glassware before leaving the house. He finally was put to bed