

## AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Attonement,  
by Charlotte M. Braeme.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

A pleased light broke over his face. "I understand perfectly, darling. I appreciate your delicate consideration for others. It shall be just as you say—my happiness is purchased by another's pain. You accept me, and reject some one else—is it so?" "Yes," she said, in a low voice. "Wait at least three or four months before anything is said about it." "I will do anything on earth you wish, Leontie. See, I must have some visible sign, known only to myself, that you are mine. I have brought this ring—will you wear it for me? It was my mother's. When she was dying she took it from her finger, and gave it to me. Will you wear it for my sake, and for hers?" She held out her hand to him, and he wondered that it should be so cold, that it should tremble; he placed the ring upon it, and then held it to his lips. "Some day—I pray Heaven not far from now—I shall place another ring on this dear hand."

He wondered again that she turned from him with what seemed a shudder. Her eyes lingered on that ring; to her excited fancy it would not have seemed strange if it had suddenly changed into a living serpent, and had turned round hissing to sting her. It had belonged to the "mother" whose son she had defrauded, whom she had robbed of his birthright. She could never look at it without keen pain.

"Leontie," said Captain Fleming, "although our engagement is to remain a profound secret as yet, you will let me come over to see you often—you will write to me—you will not be cruel, and keep me at a cold distance, as though I were a stranger."

"No, I will not do that," she answered. "And after a few days, when the novelty of being engaged has worn off, you will be kinder to me than you are now? You will permit me to lay my hands in mine, and say, 'I love you, Paul, and will be your wife.'"

But there was something of sadness in her voice, something he could not understand in the expression of her downcast face. He said to himself that it was but a girlish coyness—she would feel more at ease with him in time.

"Has Captain Fleming gone without coming in to see us?" said Miss Deane. "How strange!"

She looked so disappointed that for the first time it occurred to Leontie that Ethel loved the man she had just promised to marry.

"How was it?" repeated Lady Fanshawe. "Captain Fleming always seems to enjoy an hour with us."

"I do not know; he will come over again to-morrow. He inquired very kindly after you."

Something in the words or the voice struck Ethel Deane, and she looked quizzically at her friend. Leontie's face flushed under that quiet, calm scrutiny.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" she cried, impatiently. "I object to being looked at as though my thoughts lay bare, and every one could read them. I cannot help Captain Fleming's abrupt departure; he professed himself quite unable to remain, so as a matter of course I allowed him to go."

"She did not tell them that he had gone with tears in his eyes, and of earnest, heartfelt happiness; and that he had told her he could not talk 'commonplaces' to other people after his interview with her."

Lady Fanshawe raised her eyes in mild rebuke. "My dear Lady Charnleigh, if it were possible to imagine one as charming as yourself could be pettish, I should say you were inclined to be so."

Leontie hastened to Ethel's side. "Will you forgive me?" she spoke without thinking. "Have patience with me, Ethel—I am not very happy, just now."

"Will you not trust me and tell me why?" said Miss Deane. "I am out of spirits—inclined to be cross—only with every one else, but with myself also."

"Sir Bertram Gordon," announced the footman, who had just received a parting vale from Capt. Fleming, and who, with a grim smile of humor, smiled at the situation.

For one moment Leontie was inclined to give way. She had not expected him so soon, looking as happy and bright as the morning itself, utterly unconscious of the doom that hung over him.

"I have been counting the hours," he said in a low voice to Leontie, and he really thought to-day would never come.

He looked so bright with the untold gladness of his heart that Leontie, who shrove beneath herself of something that required attention in the housekeeper's room. Sir Bertram did not even hear the apology—she made—had no eyes or ears save for the lady of the house. Miss Deane took up a book and wandered away into the cool, pleasant fernery.

"Sir Bertram looks as though he did not want me," she thought with a smile.

The fernery was very pleasant and the ferns looked cool and refreshing; the waters fell with a soft ripple, the air was laden with sweet subtle odors. Miss Deane sat down with her book, but she turned no page in it. A sudden chill had come over her. Why should Lady Charnleigh look and speak so strangely? Could it be possible that she cared for Paul Fleming?

"It cannot be possible," she said to herself. "If there be any truth in looks and actions, she loves Bertram Gordon."

To the plash of the falling waters she wove sweet, bright fancies of her own—the day when this hero, this prince among men, would seek her with loving words, and woo her to be his bright day, the fancies of a life that would be spent in mini tating to him, in looking up to him as the flower, look up to the sun. Would it ever be so? She had loved him so long, so faithfully, that it seemed to her her love must meet with some return—that the very force of her own action must win a meeting from him. On the night of the ball he had held her hand in his, and had spoken so kindly to her that the girl's heart had overflowed with delight. The music of that falling water, the breath of that warm, sweet wind, helped to fill her mind with fancies melodious and sweet as themselves.

"Leontie," repeated Sir Bertram, "I thought to-day would never come. I have counted the minutes and the hours, yet I have not seen you. You have not been trifling with me, have you?"

She stood before him, her colorless face drooping from his sight, her hands trembling in his strong grasp.

"I want your answer," he said, bending his handsome Saxon head over the white hands and kissing them. "I asked you to be my wife, and you told me to come to-day for the reply."

"Let us go out," she said, with a strange stifled gasp. "I cannot speak—I cannot breathe here."

A sense of horrible pain had almost mastered her. How was she to tell him that she loved him? How could she inflict this anguish upon him when she knew that his life was wrapped up in hers?

Silently she passed through the long open window, over the green lawn, where great clusters of scarlet verbenas shone in the sunshine, past the great sheaves of white lilies and the fragrant roses, past the tall chestnuts, until she came to the grove of blossoming limes. Their tall branches met overhead and formed a deep shade. The sunshine came through the dense green foliage with a mellowed light such as is seen in the thick and velvet; the banks were covered with wild thyme; the whole place was lovely as a fairy's glade. A fallen tree, over which scarlet creepers had grown, lay half across the path, and Leontie sat down, raising her beautiful face to the rippling foliage above her head, then suddenly hiding it in her hands. She had no right even to look at the smiling summer heavens—she who had stolen an inheritance, and was about to barter her love for it.

"I could not breathe all these warm rooms," she said. "How quiet and beautiful it is here."

"Leontie," said Sir Bertram, earnestly, "I am sure that you are no coquette; and you cannot help having much to love—all the women are so. I would not lead a man on by kind words and kind smiles until his heart lay under your feet, and then trample upon it."

"No, I would not do that," she answered, with white lips.

"And yet, darling, do you know that I am growing frightened? I fancied your little probation was but to try me. I have never looked at it seriously. I believed that when I came to you to-day you would be all smiles, all sweetness. Yet, Leontie, your face is turned from me. What does it mean? Remember, darling, though I ask the question I do not doubt you."

His generous trust, his devoted love, smote her as no pain could have done. She had to take this noble heart in her hands and break it; no wonder that with a long, shuddering sigh, she turned away, burying her face in her hands.

The next moment he was kneeling by her side, his noble face full of deepest anxiety.

"Leontie, what is the matter? What has changed you so utterly? My darling, where have all your brightness, all your gay spirits gone? Let me look at you, let me see your face."

He raised it in his hands, and cried out in surprise, when he saw it.

"Where is your color? Your lips are white as these wild strawberry blossoms. Years, sorrow, and pain have passed over your face, Leontie! Have you not told me all?"

"I hate to inflict pain," she said hoarsely, "and I know that I must pain you."

"Why, my darling? I do not see the need."

His courage and self-command broke down at all once.

"I can not marry you, Bertram—I can never be your wife, and it hurts me to tell you so."

His face grew very white, and a stern, angry light came into his eyes.

"Repeat those words to me, Leontie! I am sure that you have not given your promise. Do you know, although you have not said the word yet, that you pledged yourself over and over again with the pledges which a true and loyal woman considers as sacred and as binding as an oath?"

"I know," she said, raising her white, despairing face to his; "but I cannot marry you—I cannot be your wife."

"Will you tell me why?" he asked, and a gleam of hope came into his eyes.

"I cannot tell you that," she repeated, with the same quiet despair.

"Do you know what you are doing to me?" he asked, his eyes full of tears. "You would be ten thousand times more merciful if you stabbed me and let me die at once. Do you know that I cannot live without you? Heaven help me, I cannot. My love and my life are so intertwined together that if one goes the other must follow."

She made him no answer, but sat as though her white face was turned to stone.

"You are only trying me, Leontie—you cannot mean it. You want to see how far I will go. Oh, my love, my love, it is a cruel jest!"

"But, Leontie, you love me. I am not vain, but—darling, I am not blind—you over your face that has shone for no one but me. You have told me in a hundred different ways, without words, that you love me."

"Yes," she repeated, slowly—"Heaven pity me!—I love you."

"Repeat those words to me, and before she could speak he had clasped her in his arms and kissed her trembling lips.

"You love me, O Leontie, if that be true, what shall part us?"

"I have nothing to tell you," he murmured the white rapt lips, "except that I can never marry you."

Hot anger flashed in his face. For a few moments he lost sight of his outraged love.

"Tell me one thing more, Lady Charnleigh. I have a right to ask for it—the right of a man who has been duped and deceived. You say that you cannot marry me. Pray me! I ask you going to marry any one else?"

There was a silence for some minutes; the wind whispered among the blossoming limes; the barebells seemed to ring out faint, sweet notes in the wind; then, clear and even, her answer came.

"I know you will hate me, Bertram—I have promised to marry some one else."

"I am answered," he said, bitterly. "You love me, only one short hour since, I looked upon the very flower of womanhood—you whom I thought more pure than a lily, loyal and true as the angels in heaven—you tell me deliberately that you love me, but have promised to marry another?"

"Have pity on me, Bertram! I have been sorely tried."

"There is no pity for you," he cried, indignantly. "You are false—false to him whom you have promised to marry, false to me, who have lured me by false words, false looks. You have deceived me—you have betrayed me—I denounce you for being as false and cruel as you are fair. O merciful Heaven, keep me from losing my reason! I fear I am going mad!"

He flung himself on the turf with a terrible cry; a strong man in his agony sobbed and wept, for the anguish of his loss was full upon him. She sat quiet and motionless, until she could bear the sight of that prostrate figure no longer. Then there came to her a god impulse—to kneel down there by his side and tell him all the truth; poverty, privation, anything would be better than the knowledge or sight of that terrible pain. And yet, if she confessed to him she would lose all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPEDING TRAFFIC.

There Are Many Kinds of Tickets, and Sometimes They Are Mislead.

A corpulent old lady, possibly from one of the New Jersey suburbs, caused the detention of fully a score of passengers at the Park place station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Road one day last week.

As the saying is, the venerable old soul was "carrying weight for age."

She was burdened down with a big bag and a small one, and one or two parcels besides. Thus freighted she tottered along and attempted to pass the box without depositing her ticket.

"Ticket, ma'am," shouted the chopper. "Can't pass here without a ticket."

"I ain't got time," she replied. "Can't pass, can't pass," cried the man. "But I will pass."

"Can't, ma'am; the rules are very strict."

"You'll make me miss my train."

"Plenty of time, ma'am. If you don't catch this train, another will be along in a minute."

Then the woman, still blocking the way, dropped her bags, and after a long search in her pocket found a key, with which she opened the big door to the ticket box.

Article after article was taken out and laid aside, but the ticket was not forthcoming. Then she opened the small bag and repeated the operation, but without success. Finally she looked up and said, "What ticket do you want, anyway?"

"The elevated railroad ticket, of course," replied the man.

"Why, I had that in hand all the time, you impudent fellow. My son gave me one at the foot of the stairs."

"Then why didn't you drop it in the box?"

"Then why didn't you say elevated railroad ticket? You want to understand that there are a hundred different kinds of tickets. How did I know what you wanted? You say you ever stop me again or I'll go to the head man of the railroad and complain."

New York Herald.

Old-Time Games.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known as "Odd and Even," was a favorite with the young Egyptians, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British Museum.

There is also the game of draughts, which was played on a chequered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draughts and boxes of rough pieces of clay, while the richer ones usually had beautifully carved iron-headed draughts and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay, the arms and legs being jointed with string, and therefore movable. They had a favorite game called "Chyttrida," which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of "Puss in the Corner."

In France the game is called "Quatre Coins," or four corners. Both in the old game and the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the four corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle.

The Lovers' Leap.

Sappho killed herself by jumping from the Lovers' Leap, a Leucadian cliff. This leap was often taken by lovers seeking death, and the story of her suicide was the fall they would be effectually cured of a hopeless passion.

The leaps were always witnessed by crowds of spectators, and the would-be suicides were in no way interfered with by the state. Boats were in attendance below to pick up the leapers if they came to the surface of the sea after the plunge. Sappho had a passion for a young man who did not return her love and leaped from the cliff in order to be cured. She perished in the fall. So also did Artemisia and many other celebrities.

Pliny tells a curious story of an old Athenian miser who was in love with his cook and desiring a cure, went to have a look at the cliff. He peeped over, shook his head, went home and married the cook.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Disease Spread by Funeral Flowers.

Two years ago a young lady died in New York of diphtheria and her remains were sent to her home at Madison, Dutchess County, for burial. On the casket when it reached the village there were several floral tributes. The flowers composing them were distributed among the children of the Sunday-school class. In this manner the disease was spread through the village and all the neighboring village of Tirol. It has never been wiped out. For two years diphtheria has prevailed in that vicinity, causing many deaths, and of late deaths from the contagion have grown so numerous that the people are alarmed and an effort is being made to wipe out the disease.

## ABOUT INCOME TAXES.

### OBJECTIONS MADE BY THE CLASSES, NOT THE MASSES.

The Income Tax May Not Be Perfect, but in Comparison with the Tariff and General Property Tax Its Shortcomings are Insignificant.

Popular with the People.

Many mean things are being said nowadays about income taxes. They are inequitable, and unfair, and un-American, and unpopular, say Republicans, protectionists, and millionaires generally. They may be referred to in war times, but are infamous in times of peace.

Well, it is easy to admit that an income tax is not perfect; but in comparison with our other taxes (tariff and general property taxes), its shortcomings are insignificant. While it is inequitable—especially the tax on individual incomes—it is less so than the tax on personal property as applied in many States, and is outlabeled by the internal revenue and tariff taxes, which open books and trunks, open buildings and persons, and set spies over honest manufacturers and importers. It is true that an income tax is monopolistic and un-American, in the

than that it has been eagerly seized upon by the enemies of tariff reform to kindle hostility against that great and beneficent movement. But if there was ever a time when the burden of taxation should be lightened, it is at a time when men are struggling for the very necessities of life, a time when trade is held in the paralysis of a commercial crisis. All through this country the enemies of tariff reform are seeking to prejudice its success by an appeal to those whose basest passions and whose power of reasoning is for the time being blunted by personal suffering and personal distress. Protection when expelled from our revenue laws never came back into them by the conscious and intelligent assent of the American people. When the American people were in the agony of their great civil war it crept stealthily in through the back door, and it now seeks to take advantage of the present commercial distress to hold on to its position in the revenue system of this country.

The Calamity Crafter's Object.

The average manufacturer and his unthinking tools are among the greatest calamity croakers this country is infested with. He has a purpose in his eye, viz: to reduce the wages of his employees to his own expenses, and the politics of the ruling class. These they and gentry, who have acquired fortune at the expense of the toiling masses, are only adding to your burdens. The

stoppage of mills and factories is for the purpose of starving you into submission. Politics has made fortunes for them at your expense, and as adepts in the Barham theory that you want to be humbugged, as the American wants to be treated with humbug. Don't let them fool you by the cry of free trade and Democratic times, as they have made millions out of the war and every one of them has a purpose in misleading you. We hear of their philanthropy and immense donations to the poor, but when they give a dollar they take two dollars off your wages. When they are cornered they claim that the law of supply and demand regulates wages. They make this law of supply and demand by shutting down their mills and factories for the purpose of starving you into submission. A majority of the people of this country don't want to rule the industries of the country nor do they want an aristocracy of class. They want a government of the people, by and for the people.—National Glass Budget.

Republican Specific Duties.

Any taxpayer who is mixed in his ideas of an ad valorem tariff can come very close to a settled opinion by reflecting upon how a specific tax would work in State and municipal affairs. Suppose the State of Missouri declared that every farmer should pay a tax of \$100, instead of the ad valorem tax now applied. The rich land owner whose farm was worth \$50,000 would be very lightly taxed, while the poor home owner who had managed to get a farm worth \$500 would be compelled to sell it. Suppose St. Louis should declare that every merchant should pay \$50 a year. The big business houses whose trade amounts to millions would get off easily, while the small grocer would be driven out of business.

That is the way a specific tariff duty works. It is a continued fraud on the poor man. The cheap necessities pay a tremendous percentage, while the high-priced luxuries of the same class are taxed very little. A specific duty requires more watching than any people can give. An ad valorem duty requires only the watching that any customs service ought to give without requiring that which is made specific would impose upon the country with many times the percentage paid to support the Government by the big income. You can bet on the Republican party sticking to the device which will boost the rich man and keep down the poor man.—St. Louis Republic.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

It is of good augury for the Wilson bill that the tariff debate in the House of Representatives should have been opened by Chairman Wilson himself in a speech of such argumentative and logical power and such a clear, well-thought-out plan, that at the very beginning it puts the discussion on a high plane, from which the sneers of Reed and the harangues of Boutwell will not avail to drag it down if Mr. Wilson's Democratic associates keep their temper and address themselves earnestly to the business of advancing the bill to its passage. There is no good working answer to Mr. Wilson's assertion that "if there was ever a time when the burden of taxation should be lightened, it is at a time when men are struggling for the very necessities of life, a time when trade is held in the paralysis of a commercial crisis."

A single candid exposition of the principles of the bill like this speech of the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee has more power of conviction for men of open minds than tons of petitions extorted by protected manufacturers from workmen whose wages were cut down after the enactment of the McKinley tariff.

Inevitable Delay.

This is peculiarly a time for diligence in duty and the pushing of needed legislation.—Chattanooga Times.

It will be greatly to the discredit of the Democratic party if the so-called tariff law is not speedily enacted.—Boston Herald.

If the Democrats in the House cannot rally their forces and get to work it must be concluded that they are determined to destroy their party.—Philadelphia Times.

It is the imperative duty of the Democrats to cut short the debate and get the Wilson bill into the President's hands before the end of February.—Chicago Herald.

The country demands prompt action on the Wilson bill. The members of Congress have sought and have been entrusted with the office of the country's legislative representatives. It is their duty to fill that office, or to give way to others who will.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some men will get the upper hand of you even if they have to do it by underhand methods.

## THAT MISSING DAY.

### The Equator Is Humdrum Compared with the Imaginary Line in the Pacific.

A question which has often been asked but rarely answered satisfactorily is: How far would one have to go around the earth, moving east or west, and supposing no time lost on transit, before one would reach the point where to-day changes into yesterday or to-morrow? Evidently there must be such a point somewhere, for an hour is lost every 15 degrees one goes to the east, and an hour gained every 15 degrees one goes to the west.

To put the question in another way, suppose it is one minute past midnight in Paris the morning of Oct. 1; what day is it at that moment at the antipodes of Paris? Is it Oct. 1 or Sept. 30?

Apparently one can prove that it is either of these days by making an instantaneous journey half way around the earth, either to the east or to the west.

Going east, at the moment the Paris clock points to a minute past midnight it is approximately 1 o'clock in the morning of Oct. 1 at Vienna, 2 o'clock of the same day at Sebastopol, 3 o'clock at Astrachan, 4 o'clock at Bokhara, 5 o'clock at Saigon, 6 o'clock at Yokohama, 7 o'clock at Peking, 8 o'clock at Honolulu, 9 o'clock at New York, 10 o'clock at New Orleans, 11 o'clock at Mexico City, 1 o'clock in the afternoon near the Aleutian Islands, and noon at Fortunate Islands—the last being Sept. 30 in each case.

Thus one has demonstrated that it is noon of Oct. 1 and noon of Sept. 30 at the same place and at the same time.

This would certainly be embarrassing to the good people of Fortunate Island, and in order to avoid such complications and relieve well-meaning islanders in the Pacific from mixing up their Saturday and Sunday in hopeless fashion an arbitrary line separating to-day from yesterday or to-morrow has been agreed upon by the navigators of civilized nations.

This line has been drawn to avoid touching land. No one can be exactly sure of the moment of passing it, but the line runs just east of New Hebrides and the New Caledonian groups, and just west of the Marlon Islands and Caroline Islands.

Captains of vessels, judging by the positions of the islands mentioned, can fix the date within a few minutes.

Vessels sailing from west to east on passing this imaginary line simply repeat the day before on their log books, which consequently show two days bearing the same date.

On the other hand ships going in the opposite direction skip the to-morrow and lose a day entirely. In the first case the sailors get an extra day's pay; in the second place they lose a day's pay.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that when Paris clocks indicate a minute past midnight on Oct. 1 it is Oct. 1 going east as far as the imaginary line is concerned, while it is Sept. 30 going west up to the same line.—Boston Globe.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

A man died in New Jersey recently, says the Weekly Witness, who was worth \$100,000 and had no near relatives. About an hour before his death he asked for a workman, who occupied a small home on his place. The physician and nurse surmised that he was about to give the little home to the workman who had proved faithful for many years. But when the man appeared, his dying landlord said to him: "You only paid me \$4 on the last rent, and in case I die I know to have things straight, you know, so I'd like you to pay the other two dollars."

The money was paid, and a few minutes after clutching it the rich man passed away, apparently happy.

That is the whole story as it comes to us through the newspapers, but it certainly is not the end of the story. We will not know the result until the veil which shrouds the future from our vision shall have been lifted; but it is awful to think of this rich man going to meet the Judge of all the earth with these two dollars in his hand.

Yet there was nothing amiss with the manner of this man's death, if judged by the ideas, current among rich church members in regard to the right and responsibilities associated with the possession of wealth; for this man only claimed his own and got it.

The only thing that suggests a stinginess of anger in connection with these two dollars is the solemn warning given to us by the Judge that he will hold us accountable to a higher standard of righteousness than that which prevails among us. Speaking of a certain rich man who had used his riches as if they were altogether his own, he said:

"The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment."

Let those who have been entrusted with any measure of worldly power remember that God has made them in an especial manner their brother's keeper, and that they must expect to die just as they live, and to bury with them the characters that they have built up in their daily lives.

A Question of Location.

As a train drew into the Waldoboro depot, a lady with an armful of bundles stepped into the car alone. Just then the door at one end of the car opened and the brakeman said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"

The lady immediately started down the aisle in that direction. When she was fairly a-gone the door at the other end of the car opened and the conductor said:

"Waldoboro! Waldoboro!"

The lady stopped, bewildered, and looking helplessly from one end of the car to the other, cried out:

"Which end? Which end?"

The Columbian postage stamp will soon disappear and give you a chance to put in your biggest lick on something else.

## INDIANA STATE NEWS.

### OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties and General News Notes of the State.

Amos Happenings

F. C. WILSON'S large residence, at Noblesville, was destroyed by fire. Loss \$3,000.

The Law and Order League of Crawfordsville is suppressing the gambling dens there.

A SILVER fox was recently captured in Putnam County. They are said to be scarce in that vicinity.

SEVERAL very ancient porcelain relics have been found by diggers in a mound near English.

CHARLES AMOS, a prominent farmer near Shoals, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head.

At least 500 people have so far signed the pledge at the Francis Murphy Temperance meetings at Albany.

WIN DUNBAR, a prosperous farmer near Crawfordsville, was thrown from a buggy, and his neck was broken.

BURGLARS broke into the postoffice at Bristol and robbed it of \$300 in stamps, \$400 in jewelry and \$20 in cash.

JAMES DICK, a Lake Erie and Western switchman in the Muncie yards, had his right arm mashed off at the wrist.

JOHN MARSH, Shelbyville, accidentally shot himself while hunting. The shot entered his face and hands. He may recover.

LIEUT. J. H. CONNELLY, an old veteran of Greensburg, was killed by the cars near Newport. His body was horribly mutilated.

A MAN named Lyons was run over and killed by an Evansville and Terre Haute passenger train last night near Paxton, Sullivan county.

The attempt to get Detective Morris out of the Peru Jail by habeas corpus proceedings, was a failure, Judge Cox refusing the writ.

In a freight collision on the Panhandle, near Crawfordsville, between Amboy and Bunker Hill, a caboose and two cars were burned in an oil tank caught fire.

WHILE boys were playing in a sand pile at Porter,