



CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Another two days, and he would get an answer. But so, perhaps, in the few words that he was determined at last to hazard to her, he would be left to himself only, regardless of ceremony or custom—the sanction of his mother's approbation would be able to tell the orphan that it was not his arms alone that were open to receive her, but those of a new mother, ready to replace, if any could replace, in some small degree, her who was gone. Very unlike they were, and he had a secret fear that it was a difficult sort of a daughter-in-law that Mrs. Jardine would have preferred—one much grander, richer, handsomer. Silence had the loveliness of loveliness; but even in his wildest passion, her lover knew she was not handsome. Still, in spite of all these sweet things he never doubted to find in his mother—her strong sense and her warm heart.

To these he trusted, and felt that he might safely trust the girl he loved—the girl who would make him and his lack, all that his mother wished him to be. He pleaded this in a letter, touching earnest and tender, which, on second thoughts, he detested on writing home. His heart was full—full to overflowing, and almost for the first time in his life, he poured it out, where, under such circumstances, every good son is right to pour his heart out—into his mother's bosom.

Going to the post, letter in hand—for he had learned Silence's habits of doing things at once, and doing them herself, if possible—he met Sophie Reynier, in mourning dress, hastening to comfort and sustain her friend during the funeral day.

"Do you think you could take me in to the house with you?" he pleaded. "Nobody would know or be harmed thereby. In my own country we even think it a tribute of respect to the dead to be allowed to look at them once more. And Mademoiselle Jardine—"

Sophie Reynier suddenly turned to him with a flash of womanly emotion in her kind blue eyes—penetrating as kind.

"Monsieur, you are an honest man—when in England you call your man. You could never act otherwise than kindly to such a defenseless creature as Mademoiselle Jardine."

"God for it, no."

"Then I will take you."

But she did not wait him at once, and finding that Mrs. Reynier had gone out she told him to come back in an hour, at eleven o'clock.

"By then I shall have persuaded Silence to repose herself for a little. She has not slept at night, and is very restless. She may hear you. Go away now."

He obeyed at once, and went to search through the little town for a few more winter flowers, to shut them inside the sweet cold hand, like Mr. Frowning's "Evelyn Hope," saying to himself the while—

"So that is our secret. Go to sleep; you will wake and remember and understand."

As he stood in the salon of his hotel arranging the little bouquet and tying it up with a bit of white ribbon which he had gone into a shop and bought, his look was more than that of a lover, and with a reverence for the dead, he could not forbear thinking whether she—his living love—would notice the flowers or ask who put them there.

"Monsieur, a telegram monsieur!" It startled him for a moment. Not being a man of business, Roderick was unaccustomed to telegrams; besides, his mother had a strong old-fashioned aversion to them. Yet this one came from her. At last, the address and name were there, though the wording was in the third person.

"Your mother is not well. Come home immediately."

This was all; but it came with such a blow to Roderick, who inherited his father's nervous temperament, that he felt himself turning dizzy and obeyed the frienly suggestion of that monsieur had better sit down.

His mother! Ill! She, the healthiest person imaginable! and she! writing to him only a few days before, writing nothing of herself except of her endless duties and engagements. It must be something sudden, something serious. He was wanted "immediately." She could not have got the better, there was barely time for a word, she would have answered it. Perhaps she was too ill even to read it? His poor mother—his dear, good mother! All the son in him woke up; perhaps all the more for thinking of that other mother, who she said was just going to see.

He might go there—there was time; no Paris train started till afternoon, and rereading the telegram it seemed a little less serious. Though "not well" might be only a word of breaking to him a far sadder truth.

"Oh, mother, mother!" he almost sobbed out, as he walked hastily along the lake-side, "if anything should happen to you, if I should lose you, too, before I have learned to love you half enough."

And all the passionate remorse of a sensitive nature, a doubly sensitive conscience, rose up in the poor fellow's place where we must all one day rest. Imaginary short-comings, and suffered as those are prone to suffer who judge others by the standard of themselves. It was only by a great effort that he controlled himself so as to present the quiet outside necessary on reaching home. Mrs. Jardine, sitting from which she would soon go forever; nay, from which she had already gone. He knew n't whom to ask for. He stood silent and bewildered; but the little house seemed to understand, and admitted him without a word.

Beyond the salon was a small bed chamber which mother and daughter used to share. In the center of it stood, raised a little, and covered with something white, that last sleeping place where we must all one day rest. How long she stood there, gazing on the still face so exceedingly beautiful—he had never thought before what a beautiful woman she must have been—Roderick could not tell. At last he turned, and he beheld a face which he slightly stirred. He thought it was the countess, and would not turn; he did not wish her to see his dimmed eyes. It was more than a minute before he looked up and saw, standing quietly on the other side of the coffin, the orphaned girl, the girl whom he

adored like a lover, and yet seemed to cherish already with the protecting tenderness of a husband who has been married many years.

Perfectly dead-white almost, from the contrast between her black dress and fair hair, Silence stood and looked at him; merely looking, not holding out her hand—both her hands were resting on the coffin. She spoke in a whisper.

"You are come to see her once again? That is kind. She always liked you. Is she not beautiful? But she is gone, you see! She has gone away and left me all alone."

One word, just one, no more. Nothing in his life had ever touched Roderick like the strong self-command by which this frail girl in her utmost agony controlled his expression, and recollecting herself, summoned all her courage, dignity—the sacred dignity of sorrow, which asks no help, no consolation.

"You must forgive me; my grief is new. Are these your flowers? Thank you; they are very sweet."

And taking them from him, she began arranging them on the folds of the shroud, gently and carefully, as if she were dressing a baby, then drew the kerchief once more over the dead face.

"Now you must go away."

"I will," he answered—the first words he had uttered. "Only, just once."

Tenderly removing the facecloth again, Roderick stooped and pressed his lips upon the marble brow of this dead mother, only making a solemn vow—would that all men made the same, and kept it, to other dead and living mothers! Something of his purpose must have been betrayed in his look, for when his eyes met those of the girl opposite she slightly started, and a faint smile suffused her cheek. Fading, it left her deadly pale; she staggered rather than walked, though alone, refusing all help, into the next room.

There she sat down, Roderick standing beside her. The door was open between them, and he saw the foot of the coffin and its white drapery. Though now, for the first time, he was alone with his chosen love, knowing well, and having an instinct that she must know, too, that she was his love, and ever would be, there was so great an awe upon him that he could not speak one word, not even of the commonest consolation or sympathy. And though he could have fallen on his knees before her and kissed her very feet, he dared not touch even the tips of her poor little fingers, so strangely idle, their occupation gone.

"What am I to do without my mother?" Silence said at last, with a piteous appeal not to him or to anybody, except perhaps that One to whom alone the orphaned girl turned.

Roderick could bear it no longer; his manhood wholly deserted him. He turned away his head and wept. The two sat there, ever so long, sobbing like children; and like children—how it came about he hardly knew—holding one another's hands. That was all! No more, indeed, was possible, but it seemed to comfort her. Very soon she rose from her chair, quite herself—her quiet, grave self, robed in all the dignity of sorrow.

"Thank you; you have been very kind in coming to-day and in wishing to come this afternoon, as I hope you will."

Roderick had forgotten all about the telegram and his mother's bidding in the world except Silence's bidding.

He drew the paper out of his pocket and laid it before her. "Read this! I got it half an hour ago. Say, what must I do?"

Silence read, slowly, and putting her hand once or twice over her forehead, as if trying hard to understand things, then looked up at him with compassionate eyes.

"Your mother ill? I am so sorry for you. The telegram says, 'Come home immediately.' You will go—and at once?"

"Yes, at once."

Both spoke in whispers still, as if conscious of some sacred presence close beside them. He was, at least, feeling this, as if a soft, warm, loving hand lay on his wildly beating heart, and sealing his passionate lips, else he could not possibly have controlled himself as he did.

"I feel I ought to go. But my mother may be better soon. She is very delicate. As I am so on my way, I shall come back again to you—uncalled—to you. You believe that?"

"Yes. One little word, uttered softly, with bent head, and, after an instant, repeated, "Yes."

Silence told his brain almost whirling with the strong constraint he put upon himself.

"One thing more you shall decide," he said. "The train starts this afternoon at the very hour I ought to be—going to my journey. Shall I delay my journey just for one day?"

"Not for an hour," Silence answered, almost passionately. "Remember, you never can have but one mother. Go to her at once!"

The two or three minutes he stayed were occupied in explaining to Sophie Reynier about the telegram, his mother's illness, his compelled journey, and his certain return as soon as possible.

"You will say all this to Monsieur Reynier? And I shall find her with you when I come back?"

"Certainly. Yes."

"I will take care of her?"

"I will."

He looked at kind Sophie. There was the tender light of her love for her own good young pasteur shining in her eyes. "Thank you," Roderick took her hand and kissed it, and was gone. He went to Richmond about the morning—a thorough Richmond morning, or rather night—of sleep and blinding rain. Entirely worn out with fatigue, he came at last to his mother's door.

For the moment he hardly believed it was his mother's; but that he must have made some egregious mistake. For the house was all lighted up, carriages were going and coming, daintily muffled figures filled the entrance hall—it was evidently the breaking-up of some festive entertainment.

He had pictured to himself the silent house—the night of anxious vigil over sickness—death; for even that last error had, as he nearly was, forced itself upon his weakened nerves. Instead, he came in at the end of a ball!

"My mother—how is my mother?" were the first words that passed his lips—they had been kneeling themselves into his tired brain for the last hundred miles!

There she was, standing half way up the staircase, in her ruby velvet, point lace, and all ablaze with diamonds—a little tired and old-looking, as was natural at 4 in the morning, but beaming with health, good-nature, and the exuberant enjoyment of life.

What a contrast to the dead mother whom he had left in her coffin so many hours ago!

Waiting for a pause in the stream of

guests, Roderick hid himself in the shadow of the door till Mrs. Jardine's voice, loud and cheerful, had passed a series of hospitable adieus. Thence he emerged, a somewhat forlorn figure, into the brilliant glare of light.

"Goodness me! Rody, is that you, my dearest boy? Girls, your brother is here."

She wrapped him in a voluminous embrace, and kissed him many times with true maternal warmth.

"Mother, you have not been ill? There is nothing wrong with you?"

"No, my darling, the telegram—there be? Oh, I remember—the telegram—A sudden cloud came over her face, which was repeated with added shadow on her son's.

"Yes, the telegram. I thought you were ill, and I came home as you bade me, immediately. Never mind. Good-night."

"Stop, my dear. Just stop."

But he would not; and went straight up stairs to his own room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOME AND THE FARM.

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO FARMER AND HOUSEWIFE.

How to Interest the Boys in the Work—Combined Poultry and Pigeon House—Device for Splitting Wood—General Agricultural News.

How to Make Money on the Farm. Do not look beyond your reach for wealth when it lies all about you. In this wonderful age of improvement you must move in the line of march, or let your next door neighbor dig the jewels from the soil. Many of our young men are not content with the beautiful old homestead, the green fields, and much that makes one so independent on the farm, but in their anxiety for gain, push out to large cities or some distant land, when, in nine cases out of ten, they would have been happier and wealthier men had they put that same life and energy on the farm.

The world demands men who will work. The curse of our country to-day is the multitude of idle ones, who demand not only a living, but even luxuries thrown in. Nothing in this life can be gained without hard work. Be careful in choosing an occupation, start right, the outcome will be fruitfulness. If you are interested in your vocation and are industrious, your work, even though hard, will be a pleasure.

Try to interest your boys in your work. To do this, you must encourage them in their small beginnings. Stake out one acre of land for your boy for his own use. By this I do not mean the poorest land on your farm, but the very best, and see, also, to commence with that, it is well enriched. Start the boys right, as the first year's trial will be apt to decide their future.

Put in something that is in demand, and that always commands good prices. How many farmers have first-class seeds that will test 95 per cent. when the planting time arrives? A fine grade of seed corn is a treasure, and it is all right in every respect will prove a very profitable investment for you. When you have an article to sell, give your customers something that is value received, and your trade is established. The same hints may be applied to all varieties of grain. There is a good income awaiting you at your very doors; seize your grand opportunity.

Poultry and Pigeon House. A poultry house with a loft especially fitted up for the accommodation of pigeons is shown in the accompanying illustrations from the American Agriculturist. The poultry quarters have an addition fitted with wire netting in

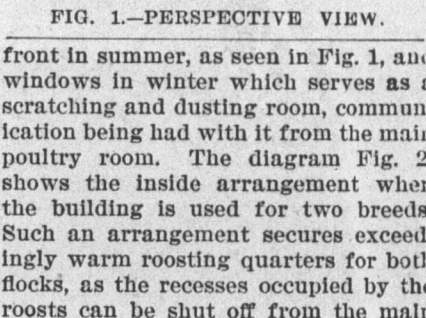


FIG. 1—PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

front in summer, as seen in Fig. 1, and windows in winter which serves as a scratching and dusting room, communication being had with it from the main poultry room. The diagram Fig. 2 shows the inside arrangement when the building is used for two breeds. Such an arrangement secures exceedingly warm roosting quarters for both flocks, as the recesses occupied by the roosts can be shut off from the main

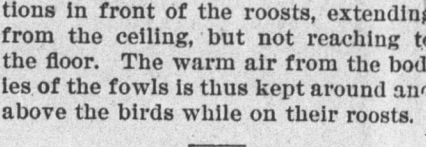


FIG. 2—GROUND PLAN.

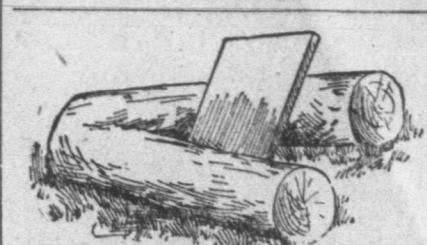
room to some extent by placing partitions in front of the roosts, extending to the ceiling, but not reaching to the floor. The warm air from the bodies of the fowls is thus kept around and above the birds while on their roosts.

Cutting Corn Stalks. The season for cutting corn stalks is at hand for the large class of farmers who do not put them in silos. Almost every farmer who feeds corn stalks to cows has them cut. It is not always safe to feed horses the cut stalks, as their digestive apparatus is different. The hard, woody stalks, cut in small pieces, may injure a horse's intestines before the gastric juices have time to soften them. The feed when eaten by the cow goes more in a mass and is brought up and rechewed in her cud. For this reason cut corn stalks ought not to be fed to horses unless first wet with warm water to soften them, then the hard portion of them will be left uneaten. A horse will not eat much more of the corn stalk after it is cut than it will before. If cheap, bulky food is to be used to mix with the grain for horses it had better be cut straw or hay than cut corn stalks. But the corn stalks for cows ought always to be cut before feeding. If they are wet with hot water or steamed and mixed with grain meal scarcely anything will be rejected. A little clover hay per day with this will make a complete ration for cows.—American Cultivator.

Rotation of Crops Tested. To determine the exact effect of rotation, a series of experiments have been conducted by the Indiana station. Of the plots upon which grain crops are grown continuously a portion are devoted exclusively to wheat, while upon others wheat is grown in alternation with corn and oats. In the plots devoted exclusively to grain growing the average yield of wheat for seven years, covering with 1893, was 15.80 bushels per acre, and in 1894 the yield was 12.74 bushels per acre. On the plots upon which grain and grasses are grown in rotation the average yield for the seven years was 21.61 bushels per acre, and in 1894 it was 22.67 bushels. The difference in favor of rotation for the period of seven years averaged 5.72 bushels per acre, and in 1894 it amounted to 9.93 bushels per acre. Thus it is shown that wheat produced

over a third more when grown in rotation than when grown continuously in the land year after year.

For Splitting Wood. A holder for splitting wood is a nice convenience, and one like that here illustrated is often at hand or can be secured. When a device of this kind is used it saves trouble and even some danger from splitting wood. It is not always understood that much advantage may be taken of hard labor when splitting wood by slapping off the sides of the block instead of splitting through the center. When a log is sawed into



DEVICE FOR SPLITTING WOOD.

short cuts, for example, to be split into firewood, two iron wedges and a beetle may be necessary to open a cut through the heart. But by taking off thin slabs all of the splitting may be done with only an ax. After a log is split into slabs the labor of splitting the slabs the other way will be comparatively light.

Spreading Manure in the Fall. It is a good plan to spread manure upon the fields in the fall. Experience shows that manure applied in the fall to the surface, either of plowed or grass land, will become so thoroughly pulverized and distributed through the soil by the action of frost and rain as to act more quickly and be in better condition for plants to assimilate than the same fertilizer would be applied in the spring. The loss from drainage, unless upon very steep surfaces, will probably be less than from the washing if left in open yards. The loss from evaporation is likely to be much less than that from fermentation, if the manure is allowed to accumulate in cellars or sheds.

The Horse's Foot. The Rev. W. H. Murray, who understood horses as well as Adoniram Judson, once laid down a rule in regard to trimming a horse's foot that every horseman in the world should cut out and paste in his hat. "Never," he says, "allow the knife to touch the sole of your horse's foot, nor the least bit of it to be pared away, because nature needs the full bulk of it and has amply provided for its removal at the proper time. Secondly, never allow a knife to be put to the frog, because nature never provides too much of it to answer the purpose for which the Creator designed it, and the larger it is the more swiftly, easily and safely will your horse go."

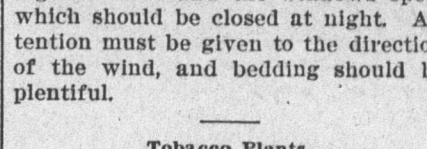
Raising Vegetables in Winter. Lettuce, radishes and like small vegetables are cultivated all winter long in Southern Georgia by a simple device that would be effective in mild winters much farther north. A frame of wood inclosing rich earth is placed in the garden, and seeds are sown from time to time. When a cool night comes, a frame bearing a sheet of coarse muslin is placed over the growing plants, and thus they are protected from frost. Now and then the thickness of a cent forms in the night, but the vegetables so covered escape injury.

Irrigation Improved Fruit. Irrigation is claimed to increase the sugar in fruit and improve its quality. In California it has been found that irrigated fruit has less shrinkage when dried, and was also worth more in its green state. This is due to the greater proportion of mineral matter being taken up by being dissolved with a plentiful supply of water. The greater foliage permits the plants to derive more carbonic acid from the air, and thus contribute a greater proportion of sugar to the fruit.

Keeping the Stable Snug. Ventilation in the stable does not mean a draught of air coming in on the animals. It is useless to make a stable warm with tight roof and walls, and frame having cold "air holes," misnamed ventilators, to allow the warmth to escape. The night is the time when cold currents are felt. The stable should be ventilated during the day by leaving the doors and the windows open, which should be closed at night. Attention must be given to the direction of the wind, and bedding should be plentiful.

Tobacco Plants. A lady in Lancaster, Pa., as an experiment, planted carefully in her garden last summer six Havana plants presented to her by a friend in the country. Under her care the plants grew to be 6 or 7 feet high, and one of them showed 36 inches in length and was 22 inches wide. What can be done in a garden can be done in a field, if the field is enriched and cultivated like a garden.

False Supports for Beams and Sills. Frequently in erecting farm buildings, the posts are of such slender dimensions that the owner and carpenter do not care to cut a shoulder in them for the support of the ends of beams, sills or girts. In



FOR SUPPORTING BEAMS such cases the important parts of the structure are left with only such support as is afforded by the strength of the fender, which is usually cut away to less than one-third the breaking strength of the stick of timber. By fitting in a piece of plank or scintling between the lower side of the beam or sill and the upper side of the lower portion of the brace, as shown at a, in the illustration, and nailing them to the part c, the building will be quite as strong and firm as if the post had been two inches greater in diameter. This improvement may be added at any time at very little labor and expense.

The Cow that Pays. If a cow gives milk 300 days in the year, and her capacity exceeds another cow only two quarts daily, which sells at 10c per gallon, she will produce milk exceeding the less-productive cow as much as \$15 per year. With only two quarts difference, and at only 25c a quart, the comparison is largely in

favor of choice cows. Yet a well-bred cow may give twice as much milk as one that has no breeding. It is cheaper to raise good cows than to buy fresh ones that are unknown.

Study of Horticulture. Every farmer should understand horticulture. It enables him to grow a larger variety and to rotate his crops to the best advantage. There is no reason for confining the farm to three or four crops. The soil will be improved when the same crop is not grown oftener than one year in five. Small fruits should be grown, as well as grain and vegetables.

Using Up Bones. If bones cannot be reduced to a very fine condition pound them, or break them to pieces in some manner and place them around the grapevines, about six inches deep in the soil. They may also be used around trees. But little benefit will be derived from coarse pieces of bone for a year or two, but it is better to utilize them than to allow them to accumulate into unsightly heaps.

Notes. Grub up the sassafras growing in the fields and keep the young bushes down until the fields are cleared of them.

At the recent fruit show at the Crystal Palace the Queen took first prize for 100 varieties each of pears and apples. Carrots, turnips and beets, if fed raw to cattle, should always be sliced and not cut up into irregular pieces. Cattle are much more liable to be choked than any other class of stock.

When a horse is doing no work it should receive less grain and given more hay. There is no time of the year, however, when the horse should not be given exercise in some manner.

A ranchman in the Big Horn basin, Wyoming, raised 3,000 onions on a patch of ground 35x500 feet during the past season. Eight of the onions, selected for size, weighed twenty-two pounds.

When blackberrying, many a large fruited sort is met with, which, if transplanted to the garden, would be as good as any of the cultivated sorts. Some of the best known varieties were introduced in this way.

Winter oats are extensively grown in Virginia. They are sown about a month before the usual time of sowing wheat, or from Sept. 1 to Sept. 15. The claim is made that winter oats will grow wherever crimson clover succeeds.

The New York Milk Exchange fixed the net price of milk from the first to the middle of October at 3 1/2c per quart; after Oct. 17, 3c a quart. The price of cream was reduced from \$6 to \$5.75 a can. This is said to be the first instance on record of lowering prices of milk at a creamery in October.

The Earl of Aberdeen has urged the people of Nova Scotia to develop their fruit culture. At present there are 33,000 acres of orchards in Nova Scotia, and the apples can be delivered in England in good condition. The Nova Scotians claim that their apples are the best in the world.

A Choice of Evils. There is something to make a man thoughtful in such an escape as the fellow who was climbing up the face of a precipice, and suddenly found himself confronted by an enraged rattlesnake. A similar fearful choice between two deaths, a sudden deliverance from the jaws of both, is related below.

While working at his mine, near Tres Alamos, a short time ago, John Lyons, of Tombstone, Ariz., suddenly found himself in a most unexpected and unpleasant situation. He had put in a blast, lighted the fuse, and just reached the top of the shaft, when he beheld four masked Apaches rapidly approaching him with plain intent to slaughter him.

To run was to be overtaken, and to stay was to be blown to pieces, and neither alternative presented any attraction. As Lyons hesitated up at instant, and then, of a sudden, a heap of rocks at the mouth of the shaft, at that moment the blast exploded, and a volley of stones and debris fell into the air with a thundering report.

The Indians, who had made sure of their victim were so amazed and terrified at the miraculous interference that they wheeled and galloped away, screaming like fiends, and Mr. Lyons, who had not been struck by a single one of the rocks, fell all around him, made quick time to Tres Alamos.

Military Movements of Skunks. An Auburn, N. Y., man riding in the country saw crossing the road a mamma skunk with five youngsters trailing behind her in single file. Skunks were closed and tails dragged. The little company moved toward an unoccupied building, and the old skunk disappeared through a hole in the foundation wall. But just as the young ones were about to follow he saw a state, which banged loudly against the corner of the building.

The narrator says that he has witnessed many military evolutions by crass mammals, but never in his experience did he see a drill company so about face. "I noticed a great deal of the rapidity with which the platoon of skunks moved. They whirled like one, stood in line, their tails whisking straight over their backs. It was a moment full of critical suspense, but the command 'Fire' wasn't issued. As no enemy presented itself, they trailed arms once more and made a dignified retreat, one after another, into the hole in the wall.

An I the Cat Came Back. A good story of the cat that came back is told at the expense of Mrs. Albert Havemeyer. Mrs. Havemeyer had a tabby which became a nuisance about the house and as she did not want to kill it she resolved to lose the animal. To this end she bribed two of her maid-servants, for \$1 apiece and their expenses, to take the offensive beast over to Brooklyn and turn it loose upon the pious town. The girls loaded the victim of this conspiracy into a basket and lugged it off. They were gone the whole afternoon. When they returned they found Mrs. Havemeyer in a fury. An hour before the girls got back the cat had waded into the house and brought three strange tomatoes with her.

ASTEROID hunters now use a camera of special construction, and mounted so that it can follow the diurnal motion of the stars. In this way several hundred times as much area of the sky can be watched, fixed stars photographed as round dots and planets as streaks or lines.

For our own self-culture we can never afford to evade responsibility. If we do we lessen our influence and weaken our character. In one sense we never can evade it, for in refusing one we take another.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

A WEEK AMONG THE HUSTLING HOOSIERS.

That Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Folktalk About Our Own People.

Minor State Items. Wild ducks are very numerous on the river near Jefferson.

The number of inmates at the north ern penitentiary is rapidly increasing. BARNES HOPE, track waltzer, was struck by a train at Centerville and killed.

MICHIGAN CITY papers are urging that ladies remove their hats in the theater.

PAUL is congratulating herself on the successful completion of a system of water works.

ARTHUR JONES was thrown from a passenger train near Morristown, and seriously injured.

THOMAS CHRISTIAN'S 6-year old child, while playing on a bonfire near Marion, was fatally burned.

SIMON BAKER, old armer near Bountiful, was accidentally shot and killed by his son-in-law while hunting.

WILLIAM FOUTZ, a Montgomery County farmer received fatal injuries in a runaway and died twelve hours later.

THREE shots were fired at Editor L. S. Boots, of the Greenfield Herald, while he was in his office. The bullets flew wide.

WOODFIELD MCDOY, aged 10, while working in an elevator at Fisher's Station, was caught in the machinery and fatally injured.

A PASSENGER train was fired on near Columbus. The bullets crashed through a window and came near striking "Andy" Beck.

PETER HUGH, aged 30, living three miles east of Columbus, died of rabies, suffering from the bite of a mad dog inflicted eighteen years ago.

At Clymers, the 3-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Reed, was fatally burned, her clothing taking fire from a match with which she was playing.

MELVIN MORGAN of Hebron, aged 9 years, had his right arm taken off by a conking machine which he was operating. Two years ago he lost his left arm in the same manner.

THOMAS SAMSEL, an old-time switchman employed by the Vandalla, was run over and instantly killed at Terre Haute. He leaves a wife and three children live at Logansport. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Trainmen.

LAST April a Wabash man wrote on an egg requesting the consumer to notify him when and where the egg was cracked. He has just received a note from a Hartford, Conn., woman, dated Nov. 5, and stating she had purchased the egg at a grocery.

The New York Bowery Insurance Company, of New York, has been forbidden to do business by the Auditor of State. It is announced that this company had withdrawn from the State and afterward solicited insurance. The policies were voided in New York and thus avoid taxes in Indiana.

PHILIP MARKEY, a young man who came to Brazil a few days ago from St. Louis, was instantly killed in the yards of the Chicago and Indiana Coal road. He was walking in front of a switch engine which he did not observe. A friend warned him of the danger, and in attempting to escape he fell and was out in two. He is a single man.

PATENTS have been granted to the following Indiana citizens: Lewis P. Ambrose, Centerville, carpet fastener; Albert T. Bemis, Indianapolis, brick dryer car; John Brown, Walcott, frame for stay-stakes; Pinkney Davis, Frankfort, butchering apparatus; John McCullough, Crawfordsville, straw-stacker; Clement Neidm, Bourbon, folding umbrella; L. T. Reeves, Columbus, windlass; James Wood, Fort Wayne, armature core.

"JACK the Splitter" is being watched for by the Muncie police. For ten days past women have complained that some vagrant along the streets was squirting tobacco juice on their dresses. He has been seen standing in dark alleys, but disappears and cannot be caught. The other evening the Knights of Pythias ball and reception kept him busy. Several of the women were compelled to retire from the ball-room and changed their elegant silk gowns.

The special convocation of the Accepted Scottish Rite Masons of the Valley of Fort Wayne was made memorable by the presentation to Thrice Exalted Grand Master William Geake of a gold watch, a chain and a thirteenth-degree coat of jewel.

H. C. Hanna, a caking for the members of Fort Wayne Lodge of Perfection, placed to his credit the organization and building up of the Scottish Rite in Northern Indiana, which has proved such a success, and complimented him on his zeal for Masonic work in all degrees.

A TELEGRAM from R. T. McDonald at New York, states that he has just secured absolute control of the Fort Wayne Electric Light Works, has severed his connection with the Central Electric Company and will devote his energies hereafter to the building up in Fort Wayne of a great institution for the manufacture of machinery and appliances whose patterns and patents are owned by the local concern. This is good news to the people of the city, as well as to the people generally, for it means the end of litigation and the beginning of a new era of prosperity in an institution that has been hampered in its progress by manipulation of the managers of the Eastern Company, whose interest have never been in the line of advancing the local concern.

FREDERICK HUBER, in cutting down a tree on the farm of James Thompson, near Crawfordsville, was struck on the head by a limb and instantly killed. He was married, and leaves several children.

THERE are now ten cases of scarlet fever at the Indiana Home for Feeble-minded Children north of Fort Wayne. There are over five hundred inmates at the institution, and nearly all of them have been directly or indirectly exposed. A temporary hospital for contagious diseases has been secured for use during the prevalence of the epidemic.

W. HEMPHILL, while hunting, ran a rabbit into a drift pile on the river, south of Ellettsburg, and discovered the body of a child covered up in the drift. The child had evidently been murdered and placed there to conceal somebody's name. There is no clue as to where the body came from.

MISS MARY BAKER, aged 30, residing with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Baney, south of Muncie, became despondent over love affairs, and attempted to take her life with a revolver. The weapon was placed against the left side of her breast, and she coaxed it away from her. The bullet penetrated only her shoulder.