

Nappanee Weekly News.

Issued Every Thursday

-BY-

A. B. SMITH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

-AT-

NAPPANEE, - INDIANA.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year.....\$1 00
 One copy six months.....50
 One copy three months.....25
 Payable in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One column one year.....\$25 00
 One-half column one year.....15 00
 One-quarter column one year.....10 00
 One column three months.....10 00
 One-half column three months.....7 00
 One-quarter column three months.....5 00
 Business Cards, five lines or less, \$5 per year.
 Local notices, five cents per line for each insertion.
 Advertisements to be settled monthly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

STUCKMAN & McKIBBEN,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Office three miles east and one mile north of Nappanee, near Stumpdown. We respectfully request our friends to make calls early in the morning when the nature of the case will permit.
 Office hours from 8 to 10 a. m.

JOSEPH K. JULIEN, M. D.,

NAPPANEE, IND. Office corner Main and Market streets, Second floor.

Prompt attention given to all calls. Patients will please call as early in the morning as possible.
 Office hours from 8 to 10 a. m.

C. H. SCHWARTZ,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office and residence on South Clark street. All calls promptly attended to both day or night.
 Office hours from 8 to 9 a. m., and from 7 to 9 p. m.

L. E. MILLER,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Office and residence one mile east of town. All calls promptly attended to.
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LOCKE, IND.

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Professional calls responded to at all hours of day or night. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Diseases of a private character strictly confidential.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

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LATT & SPARKLIN,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Goshen, Ind.
 We respectfully request our friends to make calls early in the morning when the nature of the case will permit. By doing so we will be able to give them more prompt attention than otherwise might be possible.
 Office hours from 8 to 10 a. m.

I. H. HALL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Notary Public and Deputy Prosecuting Attorney.

All claims left with me will receive prompt attention.
 Nappanee, Ind.

W. F. PEDDYCORD,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Collection and Insurance Agent, Nappanee, Ind.

Will give prompt attention to all business that may be intrusted to his care.
 Office in The News Building, northwest corner of Public Square.

NAPPANEE HOTEL,

NAPPANEE, IND. Fred D. Richmond, Proprietor.

The Nappanee is the only first-class house in the city. The best of accommodations at uniformly low rates. Good Sample Rooms. Headquarters for Commercial Travelers.
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BURNS & KREIDER,

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF WOOD PUMPS.

Repairing promptly attended to. All work warranted. Wheat, Corn, Oats and Meat taken in exchange for work.
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UNION HOUSE,

MILFORD JUNCTION, IND. John Burns, Proprietor.

The Union is a first-class house on the crossing of the B. & O. and C. & W. M. Railroads. Also a good Livery in connection.
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SAMUEL ROSENFELD,

MANUFACTURER OF AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

Smokers' articles kept constantly on hand. Orders promptly attended to.
 Bremen, Ind.

GROVES BROS.,

PROPR'S OF MILFORD MARBLE WORKS.

Also dealers in Italian and American Marble and Building Stone.
 Milford, Ind.

AT NIGHTFALL.

Coming along by the meadows,
 Just after the sun went down,
 Watching the gathering shadows
 Creep over the hillsides brown;

Coming along in the gloaming,
 With never a star in the sky,
 My thoughts went a-roaming, a-roaming,
 Through days that are long gone by.

Days when desire said, "To-morrow,
 To-morrow, heart, we'll be gay!"
 Days ere the heart heard the sorrow
 Which echoes through yesterday.

Life was a goblet burnished,
 That with love for wine was filled;
 The cup is bruised and tarnished,
 And the precious wine is spilled.

But to the traveler weary,
 Just coming in sight of home,
 What does it matter how dreary
 The way whereby he has come?

Coming along by the meadows,
 And watching the fading day,
 Duskyier than night's dusky shadows
 Fell shadows of yesterday.

In the northern sunset's glimmer
 The Great Bear opened his eyes;
 Low in the east a shimmer
 Showed where the full moon would rise.

Lights in a window were gleaming,
 And some one stood at the gate,
 Said: "Why do you stand there dreaming?
 And why are you home so late?"

Yesterday's shadow and sorrow
 That moment all vanished away!
 Here were to-day and to-morrow—
 What matter for yesterday?

—Good Words.

UP THE RIVER WITH A LUNATIC.

ALF DIXON, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, the doctor was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast; the chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general, and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-by, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or forty-five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic; for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper; for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder—he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen; for if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-by, and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal; we could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze fanning the surface of the waters into a little ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveler, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands; I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe. And on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees on either side; the mazy scene over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, your Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping-out—presumably; but as a matter of fact there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mr. —there was no Mrs. We had met the young lady at several dances and such like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance; and we were not unhelpful she would get that chance now. So you see that little excursion riverward had more in it than met the eye.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out; smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our minds. We talked little, and that little was of Lillian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hun-

dred yards; we were close to the shore. Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lazily, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy, drooping mustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out, "Stop!" It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one, too, Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind, if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

"I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than, quite unexpectedly, he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said; "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence, of the remark, was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilled us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seesawing again, crushing me into a corner; and without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering lines from my hands, and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them; "but if you'll allow me."

"Not at all," he said; "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing; he was impertinent. I know I for one regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him! We waited in silence a second or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the stream.

"Where are you going?" said Alf.

"Keep us in."

"I'm going into the shade; the sun's too strong."

He had the lines; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow-trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat, and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl; his mouth was wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind: tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair; a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I knew the possibility, nay, the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them—have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strung; my fists clenched; every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth," said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion. I didn't like his eyes.

"No—nothing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if anyone had any objection, but swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he

said; "do you know, sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said.

"What?" said Tom, right out loud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's."

"The—"

He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke, and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute or more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I felt the boat give a great throb. I turned: there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have had him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring then.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled; I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky; I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster; I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said; "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things, as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank, then at the other; his eyes traveled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't called out he would have run us right into the shore; when I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf; "in a minute."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get?—into the river?" I admired Alf's coolness; I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn and a capital landing-stage. When we came alongside, the stranger said, "This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat ashore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about, watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant; he rose almost simultaneously and leaped on shore; he touched him on the shoulder.

"Now come," he said, "don't be foolish; we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let's have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook off Tom with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match, and more. I was like a baby in his arms; he lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful, his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course, the bystanders, seeing a row, came up; they interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one.

"What's all this?" said Alf.

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf; "he's a lunatic."

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum."

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd. "There's some mistake," he said; "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tollhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I do believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? and that man Lillian Travers' father! I could have shrunk into my boots; I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged, and watched, and insulted, and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lillian Travers' father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it; that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first-rate joke; but he must have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusions to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man we had so insulted; but he treated us and them with loftiest scorn; and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd. And as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each of us in our secret heart declared we should never forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lillian Travers, nor do I wish to.—*Harper's Weekly.*

How He "Set 'Em Up."

SIMPLY because the man who stands behind the bar of a certain saloon on Gratiot avenue is a pleasant-faced smiling old man, certain parties came to the conclusion that there was no fight in him. They therefore cooked up a plan to play upon his fears and make him "set 'em up" for the crowd. Three red-nosed men called upon the old man in a body yesterday, and business was opened by one of them saying:

"When I was here last night you handed me a glass of beer with a fly in it. No gentleman would do that. You meant it as an insult, and now I demand satisfaction. You must meet me on the field of honor."

"Ish dot bossible! Vhat field ish dot?" exclaimed the astonished bartender.

"You must go out with me and fight a duel!"

"Good gracious! Ish dot true?"

"Yes, it is. I'll go out and leave my two friends here to settle the details with you. I must either have blood or an ample apology!"

When the belligerent had retired one of the others said:

"See here, old man, I'm afraid you've got yourself into a bad box. That chap's a sure shot, and he'll wing you."

"How will he hit some wings on me?" innocently inquired the beer-jerker.

"Now, listen. You insulted him."

"Yaw."

"He demands the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Yaw."

"You must fight a duel with him or apologize and set up the beer."

"Vhat ish a duel?"

"Why, you will go outside the city and pace off ten paces and shoot at each other. Now, then, will you do that or set up the beer and beg his pardon?"

"Vhell, I dells you," replied the old man as he lifted a big navy revolver into sight. "If I sets up der beer I loses fifteen cents; if I go outnd fights some duels I kills 'im stone det!"

"And you'll fight?"

"Yaw, I vill—it is sheaper."

"Don't you know," said the man, after a blank silence, "that you'll have to fight all three of us?"

"Yaw, I sposes I vill. I shall now fight mit you two and dake der odder one to-morrow!"

He thereupon changed his pistol for a club, dashed around the bar, and the way he rushed 'em out was painful to see. The belligerent was waiting on the corner, and as the pair came dusting out he called:

"Did he set 'em up?"

"Set 'em up?" shrieked one of the limpers, as he came to a halt—"is knocking a man over two beer-kegs and a table setting 'em up?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Intoxication Among French Children.

Sylvanus Urban, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, says: "I shall, I doubt not, startle not a few of my readers when I state that during a recent visit to France I have frequently seen French children intoxicated. Strange as such an assertion may seem, I deliberately make it and stand by it. Again and again at tables d'hôte I have seen children scarcely more than babies suffering distinctly from alcohol. It is, as travelers in France know, the custom in all districts south of the Loire to supply wine gratis at two meals, breakfast and dinner, at which the residents in an hotel eat in company. Repeatedly, then, in the hotels in French watering places I have watched children of five years old and upward supplied by their mothers with wine enough visibly to flush and excite them. At Sables d'Olonne one little fellow, whose age could not be more than six, drank at each of two consecutive meals three tumblers of wine slightly diluted with water. The result was on each occasion that he commenced to kiss his mother, proceeded, to kiss the person on the other side of him, continued by sprawling over the table, and ended by putting his head in his mother's lap and falling asleep. It never seems to enter into the mind of a Frenchwoman that