

MY LASSIE.

I know a golden head of hair
That curls in waving masses fair;
That in the sunshine glimmers here and there—
In truth a very sunbeam's snare—
The envy of the lassies.

I know two eyes so clear and true,
With glow both kind and tender;
Compounded from the morning dew;
From azure sky's translucent blue,
From willows sweet and daisies, too,
And violet's modest splendor.

And teeth, I know two pearly rows,
Two lips like rubies glowing;
Two cheeks made pink by south wind's
blows,
And skin as pure as Iceland's snows;
A heart that e'er with love o'erflows;
That e'er kind deeds is sowing.

And when I see those sweet lips curl,
My heart how quick it saddens!
Or smiling wreath those teeth of pearl,
My thoughts are in a joyous whirl;
For can I help but love the girl?
And so my heart it glanders.

—Mall and Times.



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CHAPTER IX.

Duke—Then go you forth,
And fortune play upon your prosperous helm.
—All's Well that Ends Well.

Returning to the Clement house,
North retired to the privacy of his own
apartments, intending to give himself
up to a serious review of his position.

He had brought with him the noon
edition of one of the daily papers; and,
suddenly recollecting it, he drew it from
his pocket and glanced carelessly at the
telegraphic news.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, with a sudden
start of recollection. "The Daily
Times; this is the paper that Warner
mentioned in connection with my friend
Clipper. By the way, let me see if that
eulogistic leader is in it. 'A Retrospective
Glimpse'—that is not it, of course;
'A Word to the Wise'—that might refer
to me; ah, here it is. 'Our Candidate
for City Attorney.' Now I shall see
what my friend Clipper has to say about
me."

And he immediately became absorbed
in the editorial, which ran thus:

"It has always been the policy of the Times
to support the administration; consequently when
two years ago, the popular outcry for 'Noyes
and Reform'—aided, as the public has since had
reason to believe, by such practical illustrations
of reform as bribery, intimidation and
ballot-box stuffing—turned the scales against the
men whom we had supported and would gladly
have seen filling the chief municipal offices,
we accepted our defeat gracefully and com-
menced at once to fight the battles of the
gentlemen who had been fairly or otherwise elected.
They started out with flying colors and such
glowing prophecies of what they were going to
do, that the impression grew abroad that the
millennium was about to dawn upon X—. For a
time all went well, and the besom of reform
with which the new administration had prom-
ised to sweep away all cobwebs from the struc-
ture of city government was shaken vigorously
in our faces. Nevertheless, the public waited
in vain for any substantial results. A few po-
lice-men were removed from the force, ostensibly
for neglect of duty, but really because it had
been ascertained that they had voted against
Mayor Noyes! This was reform! A clerk was
removed from one of the departments at the
urgent demand of the city press, because of
his flagrant incontinence in discourse. He had
done efficient campaign work for the successful
party, however, and in recognition of this service
he was soon after put into a position of
trust, where to-day he flaunts his incapacity
and loss of morals in the face of the public with
the defiant 'what are you going to do about it?'
which has always been the favorite taunt of
such pampered scoundrels. This also is reform,
with a very big R! A few such instances were
enough for the Times.

"We could not but for the principle of public
unity, defend an administration that, possibly
and committed such glaring abuses of executive
authority; and we therefore renounced all al-
liance to the reigning powers, calling upon the
people to take the work of reform out of the
incompetent hands to which they had entrusted
it and carry it on themselves, beginning at the
seat of government, where they would find an
abundant field of labor. For this we have been
assailed and falsified by the zealous friends of the
administration, whose championship has not
been like Diana's kiss, unasked, unthought,
but, on the contrary, has been knocked down to
the highest bidder in the 'peremptory sale'
which their circumstances rendered necessary;
but in our war upon the unblushing malfeasance
in office which has already been brought com-
tempt upon X—, we have had the cordial sup-
port of all good citizens. There are men in
X—to-day who feel the disgrace into which
our unworthy officials have brought us as
keenly as if it were a personal reproach, and
who are willing to do anything to wipe out
the stain. We have undertaken the formidable task of purifying our
local politics. Censured among these gentlemen
is Olin North, esquire, the distinguished
citizen who has honored us by becoming our
candidate for city attorney. He will be remem-
bered that the Times was the first paper to in-
sist upon Mr. North's candidacy for this
office, though he now has the unanimous support
of our reputable press, irrespective of
party. In consequence of our active partici-
pation in the movement that secured this gen-
tleman's nomination—and to no one can this hap-
py result be attributed more directly than to
Col. Clipper—we feel a peculiar interest in the
fortunes of Mr. North; though of course the
Times cordially desires and confidently an-
ticipates a sweeping victory for our entire
ticket.

"Of Olin North's blameless record as a pro-
fessional man and as a citizen we could not say
one word of praise that would not be heartily
indorsed by all our readers, whatever their
party bias or affiliation. Socially, profession-
ally and politically he is a man of unmeasured
popularity. Ever since he first came among us,
now three years ago, a young lawyer with no
credentials save a polished address, a genial,
courtly disposition and a knowledge of his
profession that soon placed him long strides
ahead of even older and more experienced
practitioners, he has possessed a strong hold on
the regard of the public and an undisputed social
position of which he may well be proud. Alto-
gether, the candidacy of such a gentleman as
Olin North means something more than the
mere elevation of one man to a public office and
the stepping out of another, which is commonly
the sum and substance of an election. It
means that the people of X—, no awakening
from the lethargy in which too long they have
indulged, have determined to place in office
men in whose purity they can feel implicit trust
and to whose after-record they may point
with pride. Mr. North is conspicuously such a
man. Of his special qualifications for this of-
fice no one that has watched his professional
career for the past three years can have any
doubt; and the social prestige that he will
carry with him into the office will do much to-
ward elevating the tone of our local politics.

"Voters, consider well the situation. The
greatest danger that can possibly threaten us
is at our doors. A gulf deeper and wider and
more implacable than that which threatened
the destruction of Rome is yawning at our feet;
it demands the sacrifice of our noblest talent,
the pride of our social life, the flower of our
chivalry, ere it will consent to close. Mr.
North, like brave Curtius of old, stands forth as
our deliverer, and is ready to fling himself into
the gulf, that the people of X— may be saved.
The office can wait. He will honor the office. Since he has con-

seated to act as our candidate, not for the sake
of any good that may thereby result to himself,
but from the patriotic desire to take the control
of our public affairs out of the hands of the un-
scrupulous demagogues who have already
brought us so perilously near the verge of ruin,
let us show our appreciation of his service by
uniting one and all, whatever our party, what-
ever our prejudices, whatever our feeling
toward the other candidates may be, by giving
him a vote that shall be as one voice—the un-
animous vote of the city."

The expression on Allan North's face
as he reached the conclusion of the
article furnished a rather grim com-
mentary on Col. Clipper's enthusiastic
eulogium. But when, after a few mo-
ments' meditation, with that cynical
little smile lingering on his lip, he
tossed the paper aside, it was merely
with the comment:

"I must try to call on Col. Clipper to-
day. After I have seen and talked with
him I shall be safely past one more
danger which at present seriously em-
barrasses my peace of mind."

Having settled himself in an easy-
chair with a perfumed cigar which
called up a momentary amused recol-
lection of Wee and the office, he fell to
reviewing his second call on Mrs. May-
nard and summing up the results.

"On the whole," he reflected with a
self-satisfied little smile, as he lay back
in his chair and watched the blue
smoke circling in delicate puffs and
wreaths around his head, "I may con-
sider this morning's call quite a com-
mendable stroke of business. I find
that every hypothesis upon which I
started out has been strengthened, every
suspicion confirmed. The links are
not yet connected, but I see before
me a chain of evidence which I am pos-
sitive will in time be complete. I have
a much more confident feeling now in
regard to my position with Mrs. May-
nard, and my future investigations, so
far as she is concerned, will be com-
paratively easy to pursue, if I proceed
with due caution. I think when I next
see her I will question her in regard to
that letter of Mrs. Dunkirk's, of which,
by the way, neither of us spoke to-day.
I can scarcely determine what use Noll
hoped to make of such a document;
though probably he had no definite
knowledge of its contents and took it
entirely at Mrs. Maynard's valuation.
If she imagines that it would constitute
for her a legal claim to that fortune,
she is greatly in error. However, I
will be indulgent to the fancy, if it ex-
ists, and thus derive whatever benefit
to my side of the case a thorough can-
vassing of the document may furnish.
By skillfully arranging my questions
concerning it, I may be able to gain
some insight into her personal rela-
tions to Mrs. Dunkirk; not that this
is material exactly, but it is relevant.
I wish, if possible, to learn her
whole personal history so far as it
has any near or remote connection with
this case. To be sure, I know the story
set forth by Hunter and Ketchum, in
which she is made to figure as a sort of
juvenile adventuress with a chronic
weakness for coveting her neighbor's
wealth, and consequently a soul not
above the temptations that beset the
lovers of filthy lucre. She is an orphan,
so H. and K. maintain, the only child
of a widow with whom Mrs. Dunkirk
was once intimately acquainted, who,
when her own mother died, leaving her
a slender bank account, managed to
gain admission to Mrs. Dunkirk's house-
hold; in the hope, I am further assured,
that by skillfully playing her cards she
might become the childless old lady's
heir. Well, after living with Mrs. Dun-
kirk for five years, and presumably in-
sinuating herself into the good graces
of the old lady, she married this May-
nard—Maj. Maynard—and they went
abroad for a few months. This much I
have learned from Hunter and Ketchum;
however, I am not satisfied to accept
the story on the mere strength of their
assertion. I should at least like to hear
the case stated by Mrs. Maynard her-
self.

"Now," North's soliloquy ran on, "H.
and K. stoutly maintain that there
never was any legal adoption of Mrs.
Maynard—Nina—what was her maiden
name? Oh, Nina Kingsbury—by Mrs.
Dunkirk; that her position in the
household during those five years was
merely that of—well, a ward, though
there was no legal guardianship,
either. They admit that during that
period of five years Mrs. Dunkirk made
a will in which she bequeathed her
fortune without reservation, except for
a legacy of a few thousand dollars to
one old family servant, to her young
friend, Nina Kingsbury. Shortly after
the marriage of that young lady, how-

ever, some rumor revived Mrs. Dun-
kirk's old belief that her brother's
daughter was still living, and could be
found; and acting upon that belief, the
old lady destroyed her will. And now
the mooted question is: Did she ever
make another? Hunter and Ketchum
say, 'No,' and they have kept to this
denial through everything, but Hop-
kins and Shepherd, acting upon the in-
structions of Mrs. Maynard and her
brothers Olin, bring forward a docu-
ment apparently genuine and well
certified, and affirm: 'She did make a
second will, and here it is!' Of the
manner in which this forgery was
handled by my colleagues, I can only
say that it was merciless, but masterly.
"Now, Mrs. Maynard was aware, it
seems, of the existence of that first will,
and she also knew about its being de-
stroyed; though how she came to be in
possession of such direct means of com-



HE FELL TO REVIEWING HIS SECOND CALL.

munication with Mrs. Dunkirk's end of
the line, and how she contrived to gain
information which that lady would not
be at all likely to furnish her, I cannot
for my life conjecture. Here is the
place where a missing link must be
supplied. There is evidently a third
party somewhere! However, acting
upon her own knowledge of the circum-
stances whenever, wherever and how-
ever gained, she proceeded, with the
aid of my brother and that third per-
son, whose identity I must yet discover,
to concoct the conspiracy out of which
grew this forged will.
"At this point arises the question:
How came this forged will to be dis-
covered in Mrs. Dunkirk's desk after the
first fruitless search for a will had been
abandoned? This is one of the
mysteries that I must try to solve. That
Noll did not place it there I would
stake my life. That Mrs. Maynard did
not do so, seems equally evident. Who,
then, did? That undiscovered third
person! Nothing could be more ob-
vious. Now, where is the clue that
shall lead to the discovery of that third
conspirator? Mrs. Maynard must fur-
nish it; and this is one result toward
which I must bend my energies when I
see her next. * * * Talking it all in
all, this case grows sufficiently inter-
esting! I anticipate even some degree
of pleasure, from a purely professional
standpoint, in tracing it all up; taking
a more personal view of the matter—"
At this point his thoughts, instead of
pursuing the straight line of definite-
ness, began to circle dreamily around
the many possibilities of the case. A
vivid recollection of that last little
scene with Mrs. Maynard came over
him; there was a grave speculative
smile on his face as he now reviewed it.
"I wonder how often these interest-
ing little crises are liable to occur?" he
mused, apprehensively. "Mrs. Maynard
evidently regarded my proposition to
take upon myself all the consequences
of this forgery without revealing her
share in the transaction as a particu-
larly edifying exhibition of tender-
hearted chivalry. Little does she know
Allan North! Before I would languish
in duress for the sake of a woman's sake
I should try to keep the laws of my
country in something at least approxi-
mating an unshattered condition. That
isn't my way of showing devotion. On
the contrary, I indorse the sentiment of
the poet who sang in immortal verse:
'I'd sigh for her,
'I'd cry for her,
'But hang me if I'd die for her!'
or sacrifice myself in any other way!
True, there's no telling what I might
do if I were in love—that semi-demented
condition in which no man should be
held accountable for his actions. I never
was in love but once, and that time
—well, I'm none the worse for it now!
But at first—By Jove! it was hard to be-
lieve that Myra could be false to me,
that such a strange inexplicable shadow
could come between us and separate us
forever! Well, it didn't break my heart!
Fortunately that important organ isn't
made of such brittle material; but it has
hardened my character, increased my
recklessness, intensified all my faults.
At least my friends, with true friendly
candor, assure me that I have changed
thus within the last four years; and I
know only too well what is the bitter
drop that has thus diffused itself
throughout the whole draught of my
life. The wound in my heart healed
quickly and left no visible trace; but
there is a restless discontent and long-
ing there that nothing has ever satis-
fied. Myra! Myra! It is you that I
want—you alone!"
He started up and paced to and fro
for several moments. In that brief
time he seemed completely transformed;
there was such forceful emotion, such
passion and longing in his rapidly-
changing countenance.
But he was resolutely fighting against
this mood, having sworn long ago that
he would never yield to such weakness;
and at last he conquered himself,
though it was with sternly-set lips and
a few hard lines in his brow.
Resolutely forcing his thoughts from
the bitter past to the present and fu-
ture, he took out his memorandum book
and wrote briefly the results of his first
twenty-four hours in X—; then, hav-
ing still an hour's leisure before dinner,
he decided to improve it by making his
meditated call upon Col. Clipper.

CHAPTER X.

Phil.—I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman.

—Cymbellina.

"I hope I shall find my friend Clip-
per in his office," was the reflection
with which Allan North started out,
after carefully noting the address of the
Times building. "What a facile quip
he fields! I dare say he doesn't exag-
gerate Noll's popularity in the least.
Noll is just the sort of fellow to take
everyone by storm, and I have already
had abundant evidence of the devotion
that is showered upon him here
in X—; a devotion of which I am
just now the unworthy recipient—the
lightning rod toward which run all the
currents of electricity with which the
political atmosphere is overcharged.
The bright sunlight of popular favor is
somewhat dazzling to my unaccus-
tomed eyes; no wonder that so many
public men, after basking for a long
time in its rays, become so defective in
their visual organs that they cannot tell
black from white or right from wrong!"
With these rambling reflections North
pursued his way to the Times building,
a large and pretentious granite struc-
ture on one of the principal business
streets, and but a few blocks from the
Clement house.

As North approached he saw a group
of gentlemen standing on the steps of
the building, engaged in a heated and
informal debate on some political ques-
tion. It was evident from their vehem-
ent and threatening gestures, their
reckless and extravagant expressions
and the unceremonious freedom with
which contradictions and epithet were
passed to and fro, that there were some
decided differences of opinion in course
of ventilation; and, as North passed
calmly through the excited crowd with
a gracious acknowledgement of their
salutations, he said to himself:
"The excitement is evidently run-
ning high. I am fortunate to be out of
the active canvass. Verily, there is no

one so calm, so peaceful, so undisturbed
as the blameless politician who places
himself and is contented to remain in
that haven of security, the hands of his
friends!"

As he stepped into the elevator North
casually inquired of the boy: "Shall I
find Col. Clipper in his office?"

"Yes, sir," the boy answered; and in
another moment, after a rapid plunge
upward, the elevator was stopped at the
third floor of the building, and the
boy, throwing open the door, looked at
North with so plain a suggestion in his
expectant face that the latter immedi-
ately acted upon his unspoken hint.

Finding himself in a wide, handsomely
furnished corridor with sphinx-like office
doors on either side which gave no clue
to what lay beyond their ground-glass
panels, North was somewhat in doubt
which way to turn; but suddenly the
door directly facing the elevator was
opened and a very tall, portly, hand-
some man appeared on the threshold,



ENGAGED IN A HEATED DEBATE.

with a rather less impressive-looking
individual, whom he was with much
gracious hand-shaking and fraternal
patting on the shoulder dismissing
from his presence.

At sight of North these parting cour-
tesies were abruptly suspended.

"Is that you, North?" came in tones
of sonorous greeting from the tall,
portly gentleman, while the other
seized North's hand and wrung it vio-
lently. "I've been wondering where
you were. Glad to see you. Come in."

"Well, good day, Clipper; I'll see you
again to-morrow," said the departing
caller; and, while he made a rush for the
elevator, Col. Clipper, having trans-
ferred his hand-shaking to North, drew
him into his private office and closed the
door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALUE OF RUBBER TISSUE.

The Overflowing Mending Basket Can Be
Easily Emptied by Using It.

Do you know, asks the Milwaukee
Journal, that rubber tissue is a god-
send to overworked housewives whose
work baskets are overflowing with gar-
ments in need of repair? This rubber
tissue is a very thin piece of transparent
rubber. It is sold at fifteen cents an
ounce, which means a piece perhaps six
or eight inches wide, and twenty inches
long. The tissue will not cover up
holes—that is, not satisfactorily—but it
will strengthen thin or weak places,
mend tears or cuts; in fact, repair any
goods which has not actually lost a
piece of itself, and it is nice for hem-
ming.

We will suppose there is a three-corn-
ered tear in a garment. First cut
away the frayed threads, draw the
edges together either with invisible
stitches on the wrong side or by hold-
ing it with the fingers. Place a piece
of the tissue, the right size, over the
tear and a piece of cambric or any other
fabric desired over that and press with a
warm iron—quite warm, but not hot.
Press firmly and then remove the iron,
and the mending is done. There must
always be a surface between the rubber
and the iron or the former will melt
and stick to the iron.

For hemming woollen goods which will
not ravel, turn up the edge once, slip in
a piece of tissue, and press. If the goods
must be turned twice, baste the nar-
row turn with long stitches on what
will be the inner side, slip in the tissue
as before, and press it. This, of course,
does not apply to wash goods, unless
you wish to renew the patch. It is very
useful in mending umbrellas, in repair-
ing sleeves which are almost worn
through, in strengthening broken places
in made-over goods, and in applying
patches to the seat of the small boy's
pants.

Not Pure Reading Matter.

The advertiser was angry. He said
he did not care so much for the fact
that two names in the reading notice
were misspelled as he did for the position
given the advertisement.

"I thought I told you I wanted it
printed next to pure reading matter,"
he said.

"Certainly, sir," replied the adver-
tising clerk, "and I myself looked after
it. There isn't another advertisement
on that page."

"What of that?"
"What of that? Why, isn't it be-
tween the two biggest pieces of news
in the paper? What did you want?"

"What I said, sir—a position next to
pure reading matter. Now, it has a
society scandal on one side of it and a
divorce case on the other, and I won't
stand it, sir; I won't stand it."—Jury.

Emerson's Advice to a Daughter.

Finish every day and be done with it.
For manners and for wise living it is
a vice to remember. You have done
what you could, some blunders and ab-
surdities no doubt crept in; forget them
as soon as you can. To-morrow is a
new day; you shall begin it well and
serenely and with too high a spirit to
be cumbered with your old nonsense.
This day for all that is good and fair.
It is too dear, with its hopes and invita-
tions, to waste a moment on the rotter
yesterdays.

The place in which the first Methodist
Sunday school in America was organ-
ized by Bishop Asbury, in Hanover
county, Va., is now owned and occupied
by a colored man.

A good opportunity is seldom met in
a beaten track.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

LOTTIE INGRAM, an eight-year-old
schoolgirl at Whiting, was instantly
killed a few days ago while returning
from school while crossing the tracks,
her head being severed from her body.

JAMES WOOD, the nurse in the East-
ern insane hospital, at Richmond, who
was alleged to have killed Jay Blount,
a patient, four years ago, and got a 21-
years' sentence, was released on bond
and left for the home of his mother at
Star City.

MRS. CALVIN was thrown from a
buggy while driving to Bourbon on the
other morning, her ponies becoming
frightened at a stump in the road. She
received several bad wounds about the
head and shoulders. Her recovery is
doubtful.

WESLEY SHOTTS secured a divorce
from his wife at Crawfordsville last
fall and then entered suit against Wm.
Pyles for \$5,000 for being the cause of
the divorce proceedings. The jury
quickly agreed that Pyles was guilty as
alleged and it took but a few ballots to
fix the amount of damages at \$2,500.

MARY DUNN was deserted at the altar
at Anderson by Andy Hevlin.

CHAS. LYVOTT, aged 16, living near
Indianapolis, while joking and cutting
up with his companions, was accident-
ally jabbed in the eye by a companion
with an umbrella, the ribs injuring the
eyeball. He died of his hurt.

At Madison, John Lotteller, for as-
saulting with intent to kill Philip Zapp,
was sentenced to the penitentiary for
two years.

THE drug store of Stauffer & Co., at
Fremont, was broken open the other
night and about \$500 in money, \$300 in
notes and \$200 in jewelry stolen. The
burglars stole a hand-car and came
within one-half mile of Waterloo where
they abandoned it. No trace of them
has been found.

LAST September Dan Worth was hurt
in a wreck on the B. & O. railway while
on his way to the national encampment
at Washington, and he brought suit at
Wabash against the company for \$10,-
000 damages. The other day he com-
promised and withdrew the suit upon
the payment by the railroad of \$450.
A. H. Benham was also injured at the
same time, and was preparing a suit,
but will not do so, as he has taken their
check for \$400 in full payment.

AN A. P. A. council has been organ-
ized at Lafayette.

Two young men, Lester Gable and
Ed Smith, of Columbus, were arrested
at Spencer, charged with stealing half
of a large sum of money which M. V.
Haltom, a wealthy farmer, had drawn
from the bank and taken home. The
boys enjoyed his hospitality over night
and after they left the loss was discov-
ered.

MISS CARRIE DEAL, of Bedford, fell
dead as she was leaving her home to
visit friends in New Orleans.

THE suit of Milo Pearson against
Wabash county, which has been pend-
ing for nine years, was compromised
the other morning by the payment to
him of \$1,800. Nine years ago the iron
bridge across the Wabash river at Rich-
Valley gave way and went down, when
Mr. Pearson was crossing with his team,
and he was seriously injured. Soon
afterward he sued the county for dam-
ages. The case was tried and a verdict
for \$3,500 rendered. It was appealed
and sent back for a new trial, and the
case was to come up in a few days in
Huntington county; but, as stated, the
attorneys agreed upon a compromise.
The costs are nearly \$1,500.

MRS. NANCY EVERLY, eighty-four
years old died at Wabash, the
other day. For twenty-five years
she has been under the hallu-
cination that she was an ambassa-
dor from Heaven, and traveled the
streets carrying a white flag and
exhorting all to pass under if they
would enter the kingdom of Heaven.

FREDERICK DRINKHART, aged sev-
enty-five years, died on his farm near
Vincennes, where he lived more than a
half century. He was one of the most
eccentric men in Indiana. He went to
town but twice in fifty years.

JUDGE TAYLOR, of the superior court,
in proceedings involving the legality of
the law creating the board of children's
guardians, held that the law is uncon-
stitutional, in that the circuit court has
no jurisdiction over such cases; that the
board is not a corporation, and can not
bring suit as such before the court; that
such a corporation could not be legal,
and that the contention of the defense
that the general guardian law con-
ferred ample authority on the court to
act on the board's application was with-
out point. Judge Taylor also held that
the act of 1891, under which the board
operates, is void, because its import is
not fully set forth by its title; further,
that if the court had to pass upon the
act of 1889, which the act of 1891 pre-
tends to amend, it would be held un-
constitutional. Under this ruling the
board will be dissolved, but it is prob-
able that an appeal will be taken to the
supreme court. The board has got
itself generally disliked by its arbitrary
action in tearing children from parental
control. The decision is the outcome of
Shade Shutter's effort to gain pos-
session of his child, which, he claims, was
wrongfully and tyrannically removed
from his care.

At Rushville, Mrs. Wm. Redman died
from a dose of arsenic taken with sui-
cidal intent.

CHARLES LYVOTT, of Indianapolis, was
hit in the eye with an umbrella rib.
He died from blood poisoning.

JOSEPH WILSON, a cattle dealer of
Portland, had a leg cut off by a train
there. He will die.

SMILES.

"Was Bogus' money left to him?"
"No, he made it himself until the
officers captured his outfit."

TEACHER—"How is it, Harold, that
you parse Boston as a common noun?"
"Why, because it's a common name."
"MATSON must be a very happy man;
his wife dresses so plainly." "Yes;
but her temper is ruffled most of the
time."

CUSTOMER—"And these pictures are all
copies from the old masters?" Artist—
"Yes, ma'am." "And this is after—"
"A purchaser, madam."—Chicago Inter
Ocean.

POINTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

—The people's party stretches out its
right hand of fellowship to the trades
unionists and begs for the privilege of
aiding them to secure their just de-
mands.

—The people's party of Wisconsin is
growing. In the spring elections it car-
ried La Crosse, Ashland, Merrill and
Hudson, and polled a very large vote in
Oshkosh, the only cities in which mu-
nicipal tickets had been placed in nomi-
nation by the people's party.

—While Cleveland is building up and
consolidating a modernized Hamiltoni-
an federal party, the Jeffersonian dem-
ocrats and Lincoln republicans, north
and south, are preparing to defeat this
new mongrel federalist party in 1896.—
Shelbyville (Ill.) People's Party.

—Do the laboring men see the chains
that are being forged for them? Every
laborer, no matter what his calling,
who stands aloof from labor organiza-
tions, is helping to forge the chains
with which corporate greed will bind
the masses.—Journal of Agriculture.

—Those who have fixed incomes, or
annuities, as a matter of course favor a
gold basis—their income buys more.
However, since such people produce
nothing and add nothing to the world,
but live off the labor and thrift of oth-
ers, let their wishes in this silver strug-
gle be the last ascertained. Give labor
the right to fix what they should
bestow upon those who labor not.—
Road.

—Here's to our friends in Cleveland,
O. At the late city election the candi-
date for mayor on the people's party
ticket, Gen. Ed. S. Meyer, received over
5,000 votes. In 1878 Cleveland polled
5,045 reform votes, but through sell-outs
and fusionists they dwindled to about
200. The recent vote shows that Cleve-
land (the city) is on the right road and
in the middle of it, too.—National Ad-
vance.

—Do you recall how the fraudocratic
democrats made the welkin ring about
the force bill? Of course you do. Do
you recall the fact that Cleveland's
premier was the advocate of a force bill
that was so ultra that even the repub-
lican party did not indorse him? Yet
this force bill advocate is the premier
of the present administration. Mr.
Fraudocrat, where are you at?—Alli