

EDITORS WILL MEET

Indiana Associated Dailies Will Get Together on Friday.

Indianapolis, Jan. 8.—The annual meeting of the Indiana Associated Dailies will be held in the Century Club rooms at the Denison hotel Friday, Jan. 10, the session being called at 1:30 p. m. An interesting program has been arranged for the meeting. In addition to the formal proceedings of the association and election of officers for the year, papers will be read as follows:

Co-Operation in the Purchase of News Stock—W. Bent Wilson, Lafayette Journal.

Cultivating the Local Advertiser—Charles H. Neff, Anderson Herald.

Value of Clause 7 of the Bylaws—Mark O. Waters, Newcastle Courier.

Charges for Foreign Advertising—Robert Henkle, Brazil Times.

The meeting will conclude with the evening session.

Went to Grave Together.

Boonville, Ind., Jan. 8.—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bessing, age respectively 56 and 52, died within two minutes of each other. They lived in a little cabin near Elberfeld, which was their home for 50 years and more, and their life was one of seclusion, never paying visits to their neighbors and receiving no callers. It was their wish to die together, and both were stricken about the same time and soon died. Their bodies were buried in the same grave yesterday at Elberfeld. There are no children and the estate, which will aggregate \$10,000, will go to distant relatives.

Remains a Mystery.

Noblesville, Ind., Jan. 8.—After two weeks of diligent work, the authorities are no nearer a solution of the mystery than they were when they first began to give the case attention, the following day after the murder was committed. Wm. Fodrea, who is in jail under suspicion of having fired the shot through a window in the Model mill that resulted in Seay's death, still declares that he is innocent of the charge. Every effort on the part of the authorities to get him to say something that will implicate himself has failed.

He Dug a Cave.

Marion, Ind., Jan. 8.—The police yesterday located and arrested Daniel Nichols. He has been a fugitive for two months, and was wanted for assaulting William Blanche, an oil man, who it was feared would not recover. Nichols dug a cave under his house and used it as a hiding place. He entered a piece of not guilty yesterday. Blanche resides at Van Buren.

A Charge of Infanticide.

Vincennes, Ind., Jan. 8.—Following the discovery of the bodies of twin babies buried in a garden near this city last week, Mary and Ruth Putnam, unmarried daughters of Ebel Putnam, a prominent farmer living west of this city, were arrested yesterday charged with killing Mary Putnam's twin girls, born Dec. 21, last.

New School Damaged.

Muncie, Ind., Jan. 8.—The Garfield public school building, completed last fall at a cost of \$40,000, was damaged \$5,000 yesterday by fire.

TOO MANY JUDGES

On the Police Court the Scene of Singular Action.

Omaha, Jan. 8.—Two police judges each with a number of supporters, held court at the same time in the police courtroom yesterday, and the result was forcible ejection of one of them by the police. Judge Berk, the newly elected judge, held the bench, while Judge Gordon, who claims to hold over on the supposition that the election of Berk was illegal, pulled a table in front of him and rapped for order.

Judge Berk had the support of the city police and Gordon was recognized by the county authorities. Berk appeared in the courtroom first, mounted the bench and began hearing cases. Gordon came in a little later and attempted to take a chair on the bench. The police, however, forced him, with as much dignity as possible, to a chair outside the railing. Judge Gordon then pulled up a table and began hearing a case brought by the county attorney. Berk ordered the police to eject the judge and two bluecoats took him by the coat collar and hustled him out, not, however, until he had declared court adjourned.

Lottery Swindle Unearthed.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 8.—What is regarded by the federal authorities as a well developed lottery swindle was brought to light yesterday. Andrew Gifford, a barber, was arrested charged with having used the mails for fraudulent purposes. It is stated by the federal officers that no drawings were held by the "lottery" purchasers of tickets never having had a chance to win. Postoffice Inspector Cochran, assisted by two United States marshals, raided Gifford's place. They found piles of unused lottery tickets, circulars and a large number of envelopes bearing postmarks of places in New York, Canada, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. Gifford was taken before a United States commissioner and held in \$3,000 bail.

Belmont Beaten.

New York, Jan. 8.—Montague Lester, Republican, was elected to congress in the Seventh district yesterday to succeed Nichols Muller, Dem., resigned. He beat Perry Belmont, the regular Democratic candidate, by 294 votes.

THEY ARE IN FERNST

Inter-State Commerce Commission Meets Business.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—Prosecutions against all the big packing houses in the West for violations of the provision of the interstate commerce law against receiving preferential rates are contemplated by the interstate commerce commission.

This fact developed during an investigation begun by the commission into the handling of packing house products and dressed meats. It also became apparent that the commission and the railway management of the entire country practically had entered into an alliance for the purpose of inducing congress to pass legislation permitting the railroads to pool under certain regulations by the interstate commerce commission, and that it is believed such a law can and will be passed.

Another development was the announcement that the commission had requested the attendance here of all the leading men in the advancement of the community of interests, including J. P. Morgan, James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman, and if these men failed to respond to the request harsher measures would be taken to compel their coming. Evidences upon which to base prosecutions against the packers was obtained in abundance. Traffic managers and vice presidents of roads east and west threw up their hands and admitted freely that there will be no pretense toward maintaining tariff rates on packing house products and dressed meats for export or domestic use except for a very short period of time at the beginning of each year.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT

British and Boer Losses Put Side By Side.

London, Jan. 8.—A published review of operations in South Africa during the past year based upon official reports, gives an interesting comparison of Boer and British losses. The review says that the total reduction of the Boer forces in killed, wounded, taken prisoners and surrendered amounts to 18,320 men. Out of this total only 7,993 rifles were secured. The captures of Boer ammunition amount to 2,300,000 cartridges. British columns are supposed to have taken all the Boer artillery, amounting to 27 guns exclusive of the two captured by General DeWet at Zefontein. The capture of Boer stock has been enormous, considering the great hauls made during the earlier years of the war. During the last year a total of 29,882 horses were captured, while of other stock, such as cattle, oxen and sheep, 366,821 head were captured.

The British casualties from actual fighting amount to only half of those sustained by the Boers, namely 9,113 men, of which 1,513 were taken prisoners and have since been released. During the last year 4,090 men died of disease, 15 officers and 342 men were accidentally killed, and 25,800 men were invalidated home.

A High Priced Bull.

Chicago, Jan. 8.—The Hereford bull "Perfection 92,891" was sold for \$9,000 yesterday at the Union stockyards, Chicago. This is the highest price ever paid in America for a Hereford and the highest price in recent years for a bull or cow of any breed. He headed the list of 50 animals sold by Thomas Clark of Berea, Ills., and was purchased by Gilbert H. Hoxie, vice president of the Mallory Livestock Commission company of Chicago.

The First Suit.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 8.—Samuel Beach has commenced suit against Ingham county for \$1,500 damages for injuries received at the hands of a mob in Leroy township some months ago, when he was accused of taking improper liberties with a young girl. This is the first case under the Dickinson act of 1839, which makes a county liable in damages to victims of mob violence or to their heirs in case of death.

Avenged Their Companion.

Guthrie, Okla., Jan. 8.—A lynching took place Monday night on the grade of the Oklahoma City and Southwest railroad in an isolated district southwest of Chickasha. One of the laborers, while the men were in camp, shot a companion, and the remainder of the party hanged the murderer to a tree.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

Over three hundred bills and joint resolutions were introduced yesterday in the Senate.

The barometric Doris, captain E. B. Masteron has been wrecked at Lantana off the Florida coast.

The house committee on census has ordered a favorable report on the bill creating a permanent census commission.

Fire at Leesport, La., burned the business portion of the town, consisting of 22 buildings. Total loss \$15,000; insurance \$7,500.

The secretary of the navy has prepared for submission to congress a bill providing for the establishment of the naval training station on the great lakes.

Sixteen million dollars has been subscribed in Paris for building and equipping a new system of electric street railways in Mexico city and introducing low fares.

Senator Fairbanks has introduced a bill apportioning \$600,000 for the erection of a building in Washington to be used jointly by the state department and the department of justice.

A head-on collision on the Kenova division of the Norfolk & Western railroad, occurred yesterday in which Hugh Smith, an express messenger, engineer Bailey and dogman John Turner were killed.

Two cases of prize cases on appeal from the district supreme court involving the question of the amount of prize money due Adm. Dewey for victory at Manila have been set for hearing next month by the district court of appeals.

The committee on inter-oceanic canals has decided to defer all effort to secure action by the senate on the question of canal across the Isthmus of Panama until after the house shall have disposed of the bill now under consideration in the latter body.

THE PASSING OF MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH BRUDER

By Henry Irving Dodge.

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"Big Four" pulled into Beaver Meadows on the Rome-Watertown division, and Joseph Bruder and his wife got down from the passenger coach that was trailing behind six "fats" of rails. Bruder was six feet four and broad, and his wife was five feet and narrow. Bruder carried a huge valise that cost a dollar and had done service, also an ax. Mrs. Bruder wore mitts and a plaintive, pained smile. In her eyes there was a standing apology for the disparity in their sizes. This seemed to be a sore point with the little man, for she was ever on the alert for the quizzing glances of strangers, and if one should stand apart and glance at the odd couple he was sure to have his gaze arrested by a plaintive glance from the woman which said as plainly as speech, "Please don't make fun of us."

But the man never bothered his head about what other folks thought. He was a woodchopper, and that's all he knew or cared. Next to his wife he loved his ax, and it used to be his pride that he could put a keen enough edge on it to shave with. He used to lay his cheek fondly against the purple blade and pat it and call it his darling. And the ax seemed to understand him, for it would bark with quick delight when his giant arms swung it aloft and bite the maple and bury its nose to the point where the tempered steel joined the softer stuff.

When Bruder got off the train, he looked around in a sort of inquisitive, defiant way and put his hand clumsily around his wife and drew her shoulder over against his thigh. There was no one at the depot but the agent, a veteran in the business, the tenure of whose position was due to five toes that he had years before contributed to the annual list of accidents on the road. Smith had heard that Bruder was coming to take the place of one of the striking woodchoppers, and it filled him with grave concern. Almost all of his relatives belonged to the strikers, and his sympathies were deeply with them. On the other hand, it fell to his lot to show ostentatious loyalty to the company. Beaver Meadows was the chief "woodin' up" point of the road. For miles the contiguous country yielded nothing from its stubborn soil save stunted beech and knotted maple.

The president of the company that supplied the railroad with wood was Smith's backer. A nod from him would have dislodged that worthy from the comfortable niche that afforded him a comfortable living. So Smith was between the devil and the deep sea. His heart was with the strikers, his interest with the company. That's why his usually placid mind was filled with perturbation when he heard the lumbering form of Joseph Bruder and the diminutive wife alight from the engine of Big Four.

Bruder had an arm as long as his wife's tongue and could fell at a blow either kind of jackass, human or brute. Mrs. Bruder was the brains of the outfit. She took charge of the money, when there was any, allowing Joseph only enough for tobacco. Otherwise he was a teetotaler. On the whole, this strange couple was deemed a combination to be avoided. No one ever knew where they came from. On that score Bruder himself was silent, with a persistency that defied all the subtle influences of bucolic diplomacy. Surmise said he was an ex-convict, and as chapter and verse of his past were not forthcoming this comfortable relationship crystallized into a very good counterfeit of fact.

When the woodchoppers learned that Joe Bruder was coming to take Cy Selden's job, they knew there would be trouble, for they were a determined lot. There was an understanding, however, a sort of feeling, although no words had been spoken, that somehow Smith would settle matters, and so it was determined that no one from among the strikers should meet Bruder at the depot and attempt by moral or muscular force to turn him back.

Smith knew what was expected of him by his friends and relatives; he also knew that the suspicious eyes of the president were upon him, and hence the delicacy of his position. He hated being "double faced," but he had a very comfortable niche indeed, and times were exceedingly hard in those parts. He reflected with considerable disgust that it was quite unjust that he, who had no personal interest in the matter, should be the one upon whose shoulders the task of adjusting the affair should be thrust.

That explains why Smith was perturbed upon the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder. It also explains why he alone was at the depot to meet the distinguished pair. It is an axiom that good luck always comes to the lazy. Smith was a lazy man, which accounts for the piece of good luck which came to him on the morning of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Bruder.

Bab Armstrong's two-year-old baby boy had died of cholera morbus a few days before, and the sorrowing parents, who were farmers, had put the little creature in a simple pine box and were sending him down the road to be buried in the Armstrong family burying ground at West Camden. The tiny morsel of humanity was at that moment resting in the freightroom of the Beaver Meadows depot.

As Smith limped down the platform toward Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bruder he looked through the open door of the

freightroom and got his inspiration. Then he accosted Bruder.

"Waitin' for Harris' team, ain't yer?"

Bruder looked at his wife, and she said, "Yes."

"Goin' ter work on the job, ain't yer?"

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said, "Yes."

"Well, I'm right glad ter see yer," said the unconscionable diplomat effusively. "I tell yer, we've been havin' great goin' on aroun' here."

Again Bruder looked at his wife, and again she said "Yes" softly and pressed a little closer under the shelter of his mighty thigh.

"Between you and me," continued the wily Smith, "these woodchoppers—I mean the Beaver Meadow fellers—I hastened to explain as a slight contraction of Bruder's forehead warned him that any slur upon the craft would not be welcome—"don't know when they're well off."

He paused, and Bruder looked at his wife, but she remained silent.

"Of course I ain't got nothin' against these men here, and it may not sound well comin' from me, me bein' in the employ of this corporation, as ain't supposed ter show no partiality, but seems ter me these men is a little unreasonable. Yet see," he went on as neither Bruder nor his wife spoke, "times have been pretty hard around here, with crops fallin' and a good deal of sickness in the neighborhood, and I think these men ought to be glad to get steady employment. Of course they're really in the power of the company, cos they ain't got no money, and the officers knows it, and so they cuts down their wages. Now, some of 'em finds out that the big fellers is makin' dead loads of money, and so they makes it hard for the company to get steady employment. Of course I don't want that to go no further."

"Did the company treat the men fair?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Of course it did," said Smith quickly. "Ain't they got a right to pay their money out any way they like? Couldn't these men pick up and leave if they didn't like it?"

"Most of these men has their own homes, hasn't they?" asked Mrs. Bruder.

"Yes, they has," said Smith, "but if they keeps on this way they won't have no one left in their homes." Then he added as he walked toward the office: "Ye'd better come in and sit down. Harris' team may not be here for an hour yet. They generally comes ter meet the down train. 'Big Four' is waitin' here for it ter pass."

He briefly halted the couple in front of the open door of the freightroom, and instantly the maternal eye of Mrs. Bruder caught the little coffin.

"Who's that?" she asked.

"That's Cy Selden's baby," said Smith, tying heroically.

Mrs. Bruder looked at her husband, then back to Smith. "What ailed it?" she asked. "Cholera morbus?"

Smith drew closer and lowered his voice a bit. "That's what they give out," he said, "but between you and me it didn't have enough ter eat."

Just then Smith found sound business in the ticket office, where he remained until he heard the booming of the down train, when he went out on to the platform to pass up the mails. He lingered for a moment and watched "Big Four" pull out from the siding; then he looked all around. There was no one in sight.

"How'd ye do it, Bill?" asked Jack Lundy that night, while a half dozen strikers smoked and listened.

"I didn't do nothin'," snapped Smith. "They come, and they've gone, ain't they?" And then to modify the rebuke the good soul continued in a tone that smacked suspiciously of tenderness as he puffed his pipe reflectively in the darkness: "Strange, I used to know those folks years ago—didn't know it till terday—they was a good deal younger then—just married, I guess—they were pretty poor—had a little baby that died—I don't know, but folks around' there said the little thing died—cos it didn't get enough ter eat."

An Anti-Anarchist Bill.

Washington, Jan. 7.—Representative Grosvenor of Ohio yesterday introduced an anti-anarchist bill. It is similar to other measures on this subject except that the death penalty is provided for criminal assaults on an officer of the government, without specifically designating the president as the one assaulted.

He feels as if he were all stomach, and one thing that makes him feel so is that pain at the pit of the stomach—sometimes an "all-gone feeling"; sometimes a "burning sensation."

"I suffered from pains in my stomach and could not eat. An old gentleman told me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and after the use of four bottles I got my appetite back and I was soon completely well so that I could live a man's life. On no account would I be without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house." HENRY CALLAN, 71 Commercial St., Portland, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Cure dyspepsia, invigorate and tone the whole digestive system.

Cincinnati, Richmond & Muncie Railroad.

