

## SHE AND HER PARENTS.

There's a house a few miles from the city  
I frequently linger outside;  
'Tis the home of a maid who is pretty,  
A maid I would like for my bride,  
I fear that I never shall win her,  
My passion is hopeless and mute,  
I'm sure that her parents would skin her  
If they thought that she smiled on my suit.

Her eyes are the purest and brightest  
That ever encouraged a hope;  
Her skin is the softest and whitest  
That ever shed luster on soap;  
Her hair is the richest and goldenest  
That ever a hairdresser dressed;  
And her parents are surely the coldest  
A heroine ever possessed.

Her voice, it's a mezzo-soprano,  
Would make even Patti afraid,  
And the way that she plays the piano  
Puts Rubinstein quite in the shade.  
More perfect she is than perfection;  
Resign her I can't and I won't!  
And she looks upon me with affection,  
But her parents—oh, bother them!—  
don't.

They intend her to marry a title;  
They want to address her, "Your grace."  
They've made up their minds this is vital,  
Which scratches me out of the race.  
Nor do I, in theory, blame them;  
She's worthy a duke, I aver;  
It's true I'd be puzzled to name them  
A duke who is worthy of her.

Oh, I know she's beyond and above me;  
I deserve to be hung, I'm aware,  
For presuming to think she could love me,  
But I don't altogether despair.  
For my heart undergoes an expansion  
When I think, what I'll tell you about,  
Of that night when I called at her man-  
sion  
And her parents, God bless them, were  
out.

When I think of the way she received me,  
Of the way and the words that I spoke;  
Of the way that she blushed and believed  
me;

Of the sapphire we solemnly broke;  
Of the mutual hopes we confided,  
As we blended our voices in song,  
And that rapturous kiss we divided—  
Well, her parents can go to Hong Kong!  
—Idler.

## SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Dragging itself westward across the dreary plains of Utah, the overland train, from a vantage point in the sky, looked like a small horsehair snake crawling over the earth's surface. The earth—almost the air—was white with the heat of the summer sun. Its vastness, immensity, silence, loneliness; above, the flawless blue; below, those seemingly illimitable plains of reddish yellow, streaked with alkali white, that swam back and forth before the eyes in parallel lines until far off they melted into a long, low stretch of shimmering light, the mocking water mirage at the base of the mountain range hundreds of miles away. Encompassed within that horizon there was no thing of life except within that desolatory moving trail.

Stocked in the emigrant or third-class car of the train was a crowd of tired, miserable and dirty people. They looked out listlessly at the passing landscape, or stupidly at each other, or twisted themselves into all sorts of uncomfortable positions on the hard wooden seats in vain efforts to secure a little sleep. Perhaps the most unprepossessing of them all was a dark-skinned, roughly dressed man. Beside him was a very little girl in a blue dress. His lowering, repellent face had a scowl upon it which suggested the convict or the desperado, but he was neither. The scowl and the unconscious sneer about his ugly mouth were born simply of a long and thoroughly fruitless struggle with misfortune.

Although pretty, it was easily to be seen that the little girl was his child. She was the solitary ray of sunshine in that railway stercor. Even the dull faces of the people in the car took on an expression of tenderness when they looked at her, for she had cheered them during the last three weary days with her joyous laughter and merry play. Just now she was lying asleep on the breast of the ill-favored looking man, one chubby hand pressed against his rough, unshaven cheek. It was unnecessary to ask if the child had a mother.

She was a momentous factor in a mighty problem to the man whose arm was about her and whose knitted brows and troubled face showed how hard it was he studied it. A crazy letter had come to him across the continent, and he had left the tenements of New York to try and reach the golden land of California. He had started with hardly sufficient money to take himself and child more than half the distance, but he had a confused sort of an idea that he would in some way reach his destination. Better it was, at all events, than to remain in the noisome Hester street den, where, without work or the prospect of any, his little sum of money would soon be gone.

The station to which his scanty purse had enabled him to buy a ticket for himself and child had been passed hours before, and he was wondering how soon the conductor of the train would discover the shameless imposition he was practicing upon the railway company. He had not much longer to wait, for presently the conductor of the train, in a hurried passage through the car, stopped suddenly before him and glanced at the check in his hat.

"Hello! Where are you going?"

The man looked up in what was intended as a humble, respectful and piteous appeal, but his lip curled up over his teeth like that of a harried dog. He could not help it. His voice was mild enough, though, as he said:

"I am going to California, sir, with my little girl."

The man's looks seemed to irritate

the not too even temper of the railway official.

"You are, eh? Well, where's your ticket for the rest of the way?"

"If you would please let me go through the train with my little girl," replied the unfortunate one, falteringly, "I think I could raise the money."

The baby girl was now wide awake, her big, round, dark eyes fixed wonderingly upon the conductor.

"Go through the train? Not much. Third-class passengers stay in this car. You get off at the next station," said the conductor in a voice of fierce warning as he passed on.

The man looked despairingly around at his fellow passengers. There was a glimmering of sympathy and pity for him in some of their woe-begone faces, but there was little money in their pockets even if they desired to help him.

In about an hour the conductor came into the car again and gave the bell rope a vicious pull. The engine responded with two short whistles and gradually the train slackened its speed and stopped.

"Come, now, you get off here," said the conductor roughly; "we're behind time already, and you want to hurry about it."

Again the man's lip curled in an ugly way, but he made no answer, except to gather up the few paper bundles of bread and meat on the seat before him. Then taking his child in his arms, he followed the conductor to the platform and stepped off the train. Before it was under way again, however, a humane brakeman on the last step called out to him:

"Say, partner, there ain't nothin' here. This is only a flag station. The east-bound'll be along in a few hours. Stop her and board her. The conductor on that train'll let you on. It's a shame to put that kid off in such a place."

In truth, little about the place indicated a railway station. There was a little closed sentry box looking affair beside the track, and fifty yards behind it the remains of an old dugout. Not even a trail showed when it was that any human being had visited the spot. And around the dreary waste of billowy plains and the burning sun overhead.

In the rear of the sentry box its projecting roof had cast a little shade, and here the man sat down upon the ground with his child still in his arms. Strange things, for him, came to his eyes—tears. The little one looked up at him in a puzzled way, and he hastily brushed his hand across his face and left a broad smudge of railway soot upon his cheek. She clapped her hands and laughed with glee at his funny face.

Then thirst came to them—that awful, torturing, unreasoning thirst which the desert alone can give. The child cried for water and the father left her in the scanty shade and stepped out into the glaring sun. Neither in the sky nor in the parched ground was there a drop of moisture, and he knew it. He returned and tried to comfort her, and then he sat down again, buried his face in his hands and tried to think. The evening was coming on when he rose to his feet with a new resolve.

Away off in the far west a thin, almost imperceptible streak of smoke told him that the east-bound train was approaching. Near the track he found a dirty shred of a flag hanging to a stick, and he placed it in the socket of the upright post standing in front of the house. Nervously his fingers fumbled in his pockets until he produced the stump of a lead pencil. Picking up a piece of pasteboard he wrote upon it, in great, rough letters:

"SOMEONE TAKE THIS CHILD."  
SHE HAS NO PARENTS.

With a string he placed the placard around the neck of the little girl. This done, he took her in his arms, kissed her again and again, pointed to the smoke that was becoming blacker and longer, and told her that water was coming. When the rails began to sing of the approach of the coming train, he placed her near the track, and then ran and hid himself in the dugout. From this hiding place he looked out and eagerly watched the child, while the rattle, and clamor, and thunder of the train grew louder in his ears. On it came with a rush and roar, and flew past the station in a gale of wind and dust. The man's heart died within him, and then it beat wildly again. The train had stopped several hundred yards past the station and was coming back to the sentry box. The engineer had seen the tattered flag.

As the long train rolled slowly backward curious and inquiring heads protruded from the car windows. The gold-embroidered conductor stepped off and looked about him in wonder. Not for several moments did he discover the child. Immediately there was a crowd about it, and the placard was passed from hand to hand. A white-jacketed porter came out of a Pullman car and placed a wooden step on the ground before it. He was followed by a lady in black, who descended from the car and joined the throng. A pair of yearning, eager, beseeching eyes watched it all from the dugout. To the man in hiding it seemed that the determination of his child's fate never would be reached. Finally, he saw the lady in black take the child in her arms, kiss it and re-enter the car with it. The passengers scrambled back into the cars, the conductor waved his hand and the train moved on.

Then the father came forth and gazed longingly at the departing train—gazed at it until it became smaller and smaller—until it vanished—and he knew he was alone.

He stretched himself on the baked ground that night to sleep, but could not. Two little stars in the firmament—modest little stars very near together—reminded him of the eyes of his

child, and he tried to fix his thoughts on them and of her, but it was in vain—he could not forget his thirst.

The terrible sun rose the next day and looked down upon him as its victim. He endeavored to eat some of the bread he had saved, but the dry crumbs were torture to his throat. One thing only was there to do—to follow the track until an inhabited station was reached. It might be fifty miles—it might be more—but there was no salvation away from the railroad.

He started off bravely enough, his longing eyes fixed on the ever-receding point where the glistening rails met in the far perspective. But sometimes his gaze wandered even further on to where it surely seemed that blue-green trees were bathing their feet in cool, still waters.

At noon, when resting for awhile, he heard the rattle of an approaching freight train. Hope welled up within him as he stood on the track and made frantic motions to stop the train. The trainmen merely laughed at him. He did not know he had employed the favorite ruse of tramps. Freight trains were not for the accommodation of such gentry. Nor was it a supposable thing that a wayfarer in the desert would be provided with food or drink.

After this his progress was very slow. On the third day he came to the end of his journey. He may have been delirious or he may have been quite sane. A train stopped for him and took him on board. This they always do when they kill a man.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Sanitary Science in Chicago.

The Chicago Inter Ocean sets forth a striking sanitary theory in these words: "Don't spy your drinking water through a microscope. Drink it down and trust to the gastric juice, just as your fathers and grandfathers have done." This advice to Chicago drinkers ought to be accompanied with some notes and comments. For instance, it should be pointed out that when his grandfather "drank it down" he did not get it out of Lake Michigan. He perhaps got it out of some clear spring in the rocky hills of New England, and that is very different.

But this advice to drink it down hardly goes far enough. This merely touching upon the affection and efficiency of a race of men who are such craven, cowardly fellows as to want pure water narrows the advice to a pitiful point. The true-born Chicago man should be taught the same contempt for many other modern ideas that he is thus taught for the pitiful notion that water is better when it is clean.

For instance, why not teach him that if he has his knee shot to pieces in a little dispute with pistols the right thing to do is to lie down and have it cut off, but not to let any fellow come fooling around him with chloroform and such modern nonsense. Just make him lie down and have it hacked off, and never mind. For that is what his great-grandfather did at the battle of Monmouth.

And then if there is any small-pox around, kick out of the house all impermanent fellows that come on vaccination errands; but just emulate your granddaddies and have a good old honest small-pox, and die with it, as he did.—New York Journal.

## The Clock Industry.

The manufacturers of clocks have not been so busy at any time during several years past as they are at present; the factories devoted to the production of silver-plated ware are running full time, with large complements of operatives; the watch manufacturers have this year given their hands shorter vacations than usual, and are increasing their already large forces; the jewelry manufacturers of Providence, New York, Newark, and other centers are running their factories to their utmost capacity; the importers of art goods, pottery and bric-a-brac are receiving extensive shipments of goods; makers of cut glass are producing many new patterns and are working every frame in their plants. Thus the anticipation of a golden shower during the fall season is evident throughout the manufacturing branches of our industry, and that the manufacturers will not be disappointed all signs indicate.

## Making Fun of Bloomers.

One man has found a cure for the bloomer craze. He is a shrewd Vermont, and his wife has been addicted to the bloomer habit for several weeks. In vain he coaxed, expostulated and threatened, but his better half refused to give up her swagger costume. After this sort of urging had gone on for a while, the wife went out for a spin one day clad in her favorite togs. While she was absent her husband sat down to the sewing machine and made a pair of bloomers for every hen on the place. He drew them on the hens, and when his wife returned he called her to the barnyard. "They look exactly as you do," he said, "only they are a good deal more graceful." You can depend upon it there were some lively words for a few moments, but the woman has not worn bloomers since, and, what is more, she declares she will never be seen in them again.

## Out of a Burial Mound.

Near the battlefield of Marathon, at Kotrona, a prehistoric burial mound recently opened yielded eleven old Mycenaean vases, two of them decorated with some gold earrings. At a place called Krikella, where the Gauls were driven back by the Greeks in 279 before Christ, and over 20,000 of them slain, a bronze helmet has been found, and at Lycosura the Mosaic floor of the temple of Despoinea has been laid bare. In the center two life-like lions of natural size are depicted, surrounded by successive ornamental borders.

## A NOVEL INVESTMENT.

### STRANGE COMMERCIAL FAITH.

How Bread Cast Upon the Waters of Trade Comes Back After Many Days—Normous Investments in Modern Business Methods—"What's in a Name?"—Trade Marks and Their Defense.

Four forefathers could look down on modern business methods they would at first glance conclude that modern merchants were as mad as March hares. After they had become thoroughly acquainted with the magnificent systems which are used by our great railroad corporations and mammoth trusts, they would conclude that the age was an age of madmen, and not of fools. The machinery of business has kept pace with the improved machinery of our mills. Indeed, the merchant of to-day avails of no little machinery in the conduct of his every-day office work. Patented systems of copying, of duplicating, wonderful letter-presses, and hundreds of neat aids to office work have multiplied very fast during the past few years and within the last month. The Graphophone has gone into active use in business offices, and the merchant can dictate all his correspondence to a machine which records it on a rotating cylinder, from which, at a moment's notice, the typewriter can reproduce the mail.

The marvelous developments of modern business show more strongly in the matter of advertising than in most other branches of commerce. Vast sums of money are apparently thrown away in this direction. When a great commercial house spends two hundred thousand dollars during a single year in newspaper advertising, there is nothing in the inventory at the close of the year which will represent the outlay. The papers have been printed, distributed, read and again reduced to pulp in the paper mill, while the merchant's good money has been paid to the publishers. Prudent men, even of the present generation, hardly comprehend it. Thousands shake their heads, and invest their own money in bricks and mortar, feeling assured that they can depend on possessions which they see rather than invest their money in building up something which to them seems visionary.

A true philosopher of the olden time put over his door the legend, "Things invisible, deceive not." The bankers and builders of his day sneered at him as they counted their gold and reared their solid buildings. But he had Scripture for his warrant, and modern advertisers are the direct followers of his philosophy. He labored to show men that gold might be stolen, buildings might burn, substantial possessions turn to dust and disappointment, while skill, education and character, though invisible, could not be stolen nor destroyed. The modern advertiser goes much further, and proves conclusively that a mere name may be worth a million if it is well known and well respected.

"What's in a name?" finds forcible answer in the columns of our daily papers. The shrewd school boy, who puzzled his comparisons by daring them to spell homoclesion in seven letters, and then solved it by spelling Sapollo, must have recognized the intimate connection between these two ideas which has been built up by a vast expenditure of money. The five letters, P-o-l-a-r-i-s, though valueless singly, are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars in seven letters, and the word Sapollo is a permanent investment. An article of real worth, clearly named and widely made known to the public, is sure of a brilliant success. Sapollo affords abundant evidence of this. Its great usefulness, its distinct but descriptive name, and its almost universal use has resulted in a permanent success to its manufacturers as in assistance to the housekeepers of the world.

Such an investment as the trade-name Sapollo needs no fire insurance, and cannot be secretly conveyed to Canada. If tampered with or infringed upon, it must be done openly, and modern law with each succeeding year recognizes more forcibly than before the rights of trade-name owners, and punishes with greater alacrity attempts at infringement. The manufacturers of Sapollo have successfully overthrown countless imitations, and we understand that they are now prosecuting dealers who silently pass another article over their counters when the customer has plainly asked for Sapollo. This is a new departure in law, but is clearly equitable. It promises to add another link to the laws which assist in the defense of trade marks and trade names.

An attempt to imitate is always despicable, except when monkeys or stage mimics are thereby enabled to amuse an audience. Yet although the history of trade names is not an instance of a really successful imitation, still hundreds attempt it every year.

In the office of the Sapollo manufacturers there is a Chamber of Horrors where the proprietors keep samples of the many cakes of imitation stuffs which have been vainly put forward only to meet with prompt failure or to drag out a profitless existence through a few years. The public is too discriminating to buy an inferior article on the assertion that it "is just as good as Sapollo."

The man who attempts to deceive by imitating the name or appearance of another man's goods is a self-proclaimed liar, and he is a fact that even liars have sympathy for one of their kind. The Sapollo makers have no sympathy for the man who attempts to pass off inferior goods under the cover of a better reputation. The Chamber of Horrors in the Sapollo building tells in plain terms how the public recognizes and despises such attempts.

It is not an empty faith or visionary speculation that leads these well-known manufacturers to expend hundreds of thousands of dollars in constantly reminding the world of Sapollo. Years of intimate acquaintance have taught them that the public knows a good article and is willing to pay for it; that the market for fine goods, whether it be butter or fruits, or lace or diamonds, yes, or good scouring soap, is never glutted.

Sapollo is a household word, always spoken with good will, as if it were a familiar friend. The thousands who pass by the Sun Building on their way to and from the Brooklyn Bridge, look up with a smile as they recognize the great sign which now overhangs the ruins of French's Hotel, and say: "There it is again."

They recognize the seven letters arranged in the brief statement that "if used every week day it brings rest on Sunday." The great white wall looks as though it had been cleaned with Sapollo, and a verse of demented gives the comforting assurance that—

This world is all a fleeting show,  
For man's illusion given;  
But woman, with Sapollo,  
Can make that show a heaven.

Poets, artists, designers, clever writers, many of whom would not condescend to

touch on trade topics in an ordinary way, do not hesitate to set forth the merits of Sapollo. It is a simple solid cake of scouring soap, but the sun never sets upon its sale. From New York to San Francisco it is found in every household, lighting the housewife's care, and like the great men of the world, wasting itself to make everything around it brighter. In Honolulu, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Bombay, Ceylon, Calcutta and Alexandria it forms a chain which binds the West of civilization with its Eastern edge; while over Australasia, the African colonies, and the countries of the South Africa its sales are very extensive.

This slight record of its successes and systems is a good proof of the value of modern advertising, and we have coupled it with some facts relating to the disasters of those who have not followed the broad theory of advertising and created a name and reputation for something distinctively their own, because we would not by painting a tempting picture of success lure thoughtless people to make the mistake of supposing that servile imitation will lead them to the same thing. Josh Billings covers the ground, "Never oppose a success. When I see a rattlesnake's head sticking out of a hole, I say that hole belongs to that snake, and I go about my business."

## A UNIQUE TOWN.

Probably It Doesn't Exist, but It's Perfectly Feasible.

"I live in a town," said the gentleman at the hotel to the reporter looking for an item, "that is unique in its way."

"What's the town?" inquired the reporter.

"It doesn't make any difference what the town is; it is unique."

"In what does its uniqueness consist, then?" asked the reporter, seeing that he was balked on the previous question.

"It is self-supporting and there are no taxes."

"Geewhilkens!" exclaimed the reporter, "give me its address. I want to go there right away."

"No," said the inhabitant of this Arcadian village, "I shall not do anything of the kind. We don't want any more people there at present. We may after a while, but as yet we are not ready for an increase."

"What kind of a town is it?"

"An excellent town, of course."

"I should say so. Why don't you put it in a dime museum?"

"We don't have to; we can support ourselves easier than that."

"How do you do it?"

"Simple enough. When we laid out the town fifteen years ago we made it a corporation that could carry on its own business. In this way the town in the disposal of lots sold only every other lot, so that now it owns half the ground it occupies. These lots it gave long leases on at figures which enabled lessees to build good houses on for business and dwelling, and on conditions quite as favorable, if not more so, than those that had bought outright. We had the country around us, good in agriculture, mineral, water and transportation to insure a town, and when it was once started it went ahead, until now we have between 5,000 and 7,000 people, and our ground rents pay all our expenses and practically leave no city tax. Then we have some other sources of revenue from the money the corporation put into manufacturing plants and mines, and on the whole we are in clover as a community."

"Now, look here," pleaded the reporter, "give a fellow a chance. Tell me the name of the place and let me go there, too."

But the visitor was close-mouthed and the reporter went away unsatisfied, even the hotel register conveying no information that was of any value.—Detroit Free Press.

## Paper Socks.

The day of the paper collar passed away some years ago, and, though paper is used to-day in many more forms than were ever dreamed of a few decades back, this cheap article of haberdashery has almost disappeared from the market. But there is promise that it will have a worthy successor in the paper sock, which is the latest novelty to be ground out of the pulp mill. The mechanism has been perfected to paper yarn of such consistency that it is capable of being woven into fabrics soft enough for wear. A special merit is the cheapness of this newly devised material, socks being produced at a retail price of about 3 cents a pair. At this rate there is no reason why the whole world may not be supplied with foot coverings. At 3 cents a pair the bachelor's life will become glad and happy. It is said that substances can be used in the preparation of this material to make the socks so impervious to water that they can stand several washings before falling apart.

## Cowardice of a Large Eagle.

The claim of the eagle to the title of king of birds seems to be slightly clouded by an incident reported from Stafford County, Virginia. A gentleman down there was watching an unusually fine bald eagle grandly sailing around in the air a few days ago, when he noticed a little bee martin rise in the air and make straight for the eagle. He wondered what the martin's object could be, and was surprised to see it sail in boldly to tear the feathers out of the big eagle. But he was amazed to see the eagle, after a few moments of effort at beating off the little bird, sail away in full flight, making every effort to escape from the martin. The martin followed up closely for awhile, making a savage jab at the eagle every few yards, but was finally left behind through the superior retreating powers of the big eagle.

The only American order ever founded was that of the Cincinnati, in 1783. It was soon dissolved, a Society of Cincinnati taking its place. It was composed of the officers of the revolutionary war.

There is a loaf of bread in the Agricultural Department at Washington made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread is from dough of juniper berries.

## HUSTLING HOOSIERS.

### ITEMS GATHERED FROM OVER THE STATE.

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

## Returns to His Family After Thirty-Three Years Absence.

Thirty-three years ago Aaron Swain of Kokomo, went to California, leaving behind a wife and infant daughter, promising to return from the gold fields with a fortune. Twenty years rolled by, and no tidings of the absent husband coming to the ears of the family. Mrs. Swain married again and is rearing a second family. The infant daughter deserted by Swain was married to George Connor eighteen years ago, and she now has children grown. The other day Swain, after a third of a century's absence, reappeared on the scene, calling first at the home of his daughter, the wife of his youth being now the wife of a prosperous farmer in Henry County. On being told that she was presiding over another household and the mother of a second set of children, the old gentleman manifested no great concern.

"Well," said he, "she has got none the best of me on that score. I have another wife and children in California myself." All parties are on friendly terms, and there is much speculation as to the outcome of the matrimonial tangle. The old gentleman is puzzled to know which wife to keep. The old lady will probably decide the matter.

## Minor State Items.

Elwood is to have a \$50,000 theater by Christmas.

The next State fair will be held at South Bend in July.

Hannibal Fletcher, aged 73, was found dead in bed at Shelbyville.

Oliver O'Neil, a Brazil butcher, fell into a vat of boiling lard, and was fatally scalded.

Chiefs of Police of Indiana met at Terre Haute, Tuesday, and effected a permanent organization.

Mrs. Marion McKay was thrown from a runaway buggy at Shelbyville, and fatally injured.

During the centennial Fort Wayne will give bicycle races in which \$1,500 in prizes will be awarded.

The silverware found in a corn field near Elwood has been identified as that stolen from a Noblesville jewelry store.

The State Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association of Cities and Colleges will be held in Richmond, Oct. 17.

In trying to climb on the ears at Jonesboro, Randall Chittim fell under the wheels and lost both legs. He was only 11 years old.

A. J. Hinkley, aged 64, a patient in the Central Hospital for the Insane, at Indianapolis, committed suicide by hanging himself with a towel.

South Bend School of education has introduced the teaching of Swedish into the public schools. A night school twice a week is held for that purpose.

The strike at the plate-glass works at Kokomo has ended disastrously for the men. The company put men in the place of the strikers and the plant is in operation again at the old wages.

The Elwood Police Board has issued an order closing up all the gambling rooms in the city and ordering the proprietors to keep them closed in the future, or have all the fixtures turned in the streets. The order is being obeyed.

Patents have been issued to residents of Indiana as follows: Edward Brewer, Greenwood, rotary photograph album; George Pederson, neck yoke; James Simpson, feeders; gate; James C. Burgess, Yountville, bolt clipper.

Sheriff Park investigated the Shelbyville jail and discovered that the bars had been sawed away from a window, and that a wholesale delivery had been planned. A saw and a file were found in one cell. Among the prisoners are two alleged murderers.

The seven-months-old child of O. P. Kerr of Brazil, who was given a tablet of corrosive sublimate by his grandmother, who thought it was a tablet left by the doctor for the child, is dead. The aged lady who gave the poison is distracted with grief.

The Rev. Nathan Caldwell McMill will have completed his forty-third year as pastor of the United Brethren Church, at Richmond, Rush County, in November. He is now 71 years old, but continues in the active discharge of his duties as pastor. He has been married three times.

The private bank of C. D. Porter, of Geneva, has been reorganized under the title of the Geneva Bank, as a State institution, with a paid-up capital of \$50,000. The officers elected are: A. G. Briggs, President; S. W. Hale, Vice President; C. D. Porter, Cashier, and Eugene Ash, Assistant Cashier.

State Gas Inspector Leach gives the cheering intelligence that the gas companies will furnish satisfactory services this year. He says that experienced men are at the head of the companies now, and he does not believe that patrons will have cause to complain. Inspector Leach has signed a number of prescriptions against those whose gas leaks recklessly in the field, and will push them. He has had considerable trouble over the flammable light, and most of his prosecutions will be directed against those who have refused to abandon this practice.

The people of Posey township Clay County, are excited over an oil find made there. When the firm of B. Roberts & Bro. was sinking a well on the Jeff James farm, a mile and a half southwest of Stanton, the men were suddenly driven out of the well by a flow of oil which gushed up from the bottom and filled it to a depth of twelve feet. The oil was struck at a depth of thirty-five feet. Property has already risen to ten times its value. The find was made about a mile from where Terre Haute people two years ago made an unsuccessful attempt to find oil.

While Jos. Fye was hauling gravel at Oakland, his team ran away, throwing him under the wagon, which passed over his body, killing him almost instantly. Mr. Fye was a son-in-law of the late D. G. Hanna. He was a member of the I. O. O. F. and leaves a wife and one child.

Clinton Miller committed suicide at the fair grounds at Marion by shooting himself through the head. He left a letter stating that, having spent all of his wife's money as well as his own, and having otherwise grossly misbehaved, he felt that the best thing he could do was to put an end to his existence.