

THE FAMILY STORY

BARRETT: SAVED: THE: STEAMER.

I HAD slept a second longer, the steamer, with its 1,100 passengers and crew, would have crashed onto the rocks. Those who escaped drowning would have been scattered over the northern part of Ohio. There was a frightful pressure of steam, and the explosion would have come within thirty seconds after the machinery stopped. I guess it was Providence that I was in time to save those lives," said Professor Barrett, and then gave in detail the unwritten log of the ill-fated passenger steamer, the City of Buffalo.

Professor John P. Barrett, chief electrician of Chicago, is a man who has led an active life. From the nature of his various occupations he has encountered many perils. He has dodged the dangers of the deep, and he has dodged the scientist's laboratory as well. His closest call was his first. It was more than forty years ago, but the remembrance of it is as clear and clean-cut as the signal code of the fire department. He was not alone in his danger, as the remark quoted in the beginning will indicate. The peril of the 1,100 others was greater, for they were sleeping. They never knew how near they came to continuing their slumber in eight feet of water or awakening at the business center of a boiler explosion. Just the turn of a wheel, the change of a vessel's course one foot in ten saved them from death. The incident, for it was but an incident, although it pointed out to be one of the most appalling disasters in the history of the great lakes, definitely altered the line of Professor Barrett's life. Instead of developing into a jolly seagoing—salt or fresh or both—he became one of the most generally known practical electricians of the United States. Let Professor Barrett tell why he gave up the life of a seafaring man. He is a capable teller of stories.

"I began to sail the lakes when I was 19 years old," said he. "I was born in New York State and when a very small boy came to Chicago, where my father settled. Naturally I took great interest in the lake. It was about all there was to attract. I didn't confine my voyages to fresh water, either. I rounded the Horn, when it was hard work to get by it and was in Pacific coast going ships for five years. That has nothing to do with my failure to run the City of Buffalo on the rocks in Lake Erie, just east of Grand River, Fairport, is the town there. I've got a mental photograph of the way the village looked as it lay sleeping in the breaking August day of more than forty years ago. It's a picture that doesn't fade with time.

"I was only 19 years old then, rather young to be quartermaster of the best steamer on the lakes, but that was the position I held. The City of Buffalo, of which I was one of the wheelmen, and the Western Metropolis, a sister side-wheeler, were running opposite to each other between Cleveland and Buffalo. It was before the two towns were connected by rail, and the New York Central had to carry its passengers for the West by boat from Buffalo. The traffic in freight as well as travelers was extremely heavy and the water transportation lines made many kinds of money, as the saying goes. Our two steamers, the City of Buffalo and the Western Metropolis, were two of the finest that ever turned a wheel in the great lakes. They were built for speed and for comfort both, and it was a joy and a delight to sit in their wheelhouses and help them eat up the distance. Twenty and twenty-two miles an hour was what they had laid out for them on the schedule and it was very tough weather indeed that kept them back of their time."

Professor Barrett grew enthusiastic as he spoke of the speed qualities of his early loves, and dilated on the beauty of their model and the fineness of their lines. "The City of Buffalo," he said, "was 330 odd feet long and you could stand sixty feet from her bows and touch either rail. She simply shot herself from Buffalo to Erie, and a second shot from Massasauga point landed her at Cleveland—but that isn't my story.

"We left Buffalo at 9 o'clock at night or near that hour and made Cleveland about 6 in the morning. I had the wheel from Buffalo to Erie—just half the distance—and from there my partner took the boat to Cleveland. One morning after we reached Buffalo, I didn't go to sleep. I was young then—less than 20, and I put in the day seeing Buffalo. I regarded it as my duty to know the town and become thoroughly acquainted. That night I was dead on my legs; plumb tired out. I asked my partner to take my end of the run and let me sleep until we reached Erie. I was still tired, but when he rented me out I took the wheel and we cleared away all right for the last half of the run. I got her out of the Massasauga Bay all easy and smooth and after rounding the point headed her for Cleveland. The course is as straight as a gun barrel. The night was the calmest, pleasantest I ever knew. It was in August, the lake was as smooth as a billiard table and the speed of the old Buffalo created just sufficient breeze to make it comfortable. I didn't feel sleepy—I simply was dead tired. The high swinging chair took the motion of the boat and I supposed coaxed me into a slumber. I don't know when

I fell asleep, or how it was, but of a sudden I awoke, all standing and alert.

"Just east of the mouth of Grand River, which comes into Lake Erie sixty miles west of Erie, the country bluffs up into what is locally known as Hardy's Headlands. The western slope of the hill continues down to the Grand, and upon it is built the town of Fairport. Then it consisted of a few fish warehouses and fifteen or twenty homes.

"From the headlands a reef runs out into the lake for a long distance. At points it rises above the surface, and in its entire length, some third of a mile or more, is a wholly undesirable matter to carry a steamer into. The reef is abrupt in its formation, more like a knife blade than to anything else I can compare it, and on either side is good water.

"When I dropped out of my chair in the pink of 4 o'clock dawn of this delightful morning in August, instead of finding myself two miles from shore I noted as I glanced through the pilot-house window that the Buffalo was headed dead into the fish warehouse at Fairport, with the apparent intention of climbing the reef in a few minutes. Under the port bow—not a long way ahead, but directly under the nose of the old steamer—were the black slime covered rocks of the limestone reef. I can see them yet. They reminded me then of the teeth of the devil, and the water splashing and ripping over them was like his smile. I thought of the thousand men and more asleep under my feet and of the homes my cursed sleep would make desolate. I saw all this and I thought of it all in an instant. I wasn't wasting time in instituting comparisons. I jumped at the wheel. There was a chance, and a slight one, between safety and the most appalling disaster of the lakes. I threw the wheel hard astern—God, how I twisted it! It sang. Over it went like a fly wheel. The handles made a gray streak before me, and when it came down hard and fast I tied it down with the lashings. I never made a series of such quick motions before or since, and every mental impulse was a prayer—a prayer for the slumbering passengers and crew and a curse for my own carelessness.

"Would the steamer ever fall off? The sixtieth part of a minute, when that boat and her cargo of 1,100 souls hung over destruction, was longer to me than the longest year I ever lived. When I lashed the wheel I crawled through the door out on the rail. I hadn't time to check her, and when the impulse to do so came I figured if she lost any of her headway she was surely gone. I stood on the solitary chance of her answering instantly. I didn't believe she would. I just prayed for it duly.

"Under her sides the reef grew, but a lighter brown and more like a monster marine devil.

"Would the boat ever alter her dead ahead course? It wasn't my own peril that froze me, and at the same time burned me up. It's paradoxical, but I felt both sensations. I like to live. I was a boy then, and life offered more than it does now, but as I am a true man, I would have given my own existence and all it promised me for the assurance that there was one chance in a hundred that the Buffalo would bump against her wharf at Cleveland that morning. I felt that I could die without a shake or a tremor, but the thought I was taking hundreds with me as the result of my own negligence was indescribably horrid.

"Now, all this passed in two seconds. Imperceptibly almost the jackstaff fell away from the chimney on the hill, and lined up with the little, squat, whitewashed lighthouse on the Fairport government pier. So slowly the steamer bent away it seemed like the dragging of years in eternity. But she replied to the rudder as honestly and sincerely as the honest and sincere creature she was, and shot away for the open lake at her race-horse speed. I could feel her keel rasp over a submerged rock, and those nearer the top nicked and raked along the swell of her sides. Under her stern the mud and sand churned up as black as a thunder-cloud. The tension on my nerves gave way.

"I staggered blindly up the ladder to the pilot-house and fell against the wheel like a drunkard. I noted then that I was as cold as ice, and yet my shirt, my waistcoat, and even my coat were wringing wet with perspiration.

"I clumsily threw off the lashing of the wheel—my fingers were numb with cold on an August morning—and headed the City of Buffalo for Wiloughby Point, the next steering mark on the Cleveland course.

"Not a person aboard the boat had been awakened by the changing of the course. So far as I could ever learn—I wasn't making many inquiries—there was no one awake but myself and the engineers and firemen and one or two others. After I had pulled myself together I looked out of the front window of the wheelhouse. Directly below me sat the mate tipped back in an armchair asleep. He had dozed within an inch of death. After we had passed the Mentor headlands, seven or eight miles up the lake, an older, who had been projecting around below cleaning up the machinery, came up and climbed out on the walking-

beam to administer the lubricant. I saw him look astern of the boat with every evidence of astonishment. I looked astern, too. It was a bright golden morning then, the sun was just looking over the rim of the lake right after us. The wake we made was visible for ten miles back on the smooth, glassy blue of Erie. There it lay as twisted and erratic and uncertain as the trail of an intoxicated person. It was a succession of letter S's until I had got the wheel by the neck and straightened away on the course. Then it became as straight as a pike pole.

"I was still shaking and trembling when we made Cleveland. I got her into the Cuyahoga and up against the landing all right and went down on deck. Just as I reached the gangway the officer, whom I had seen out on the walking-beam, came up and said to the mate:

"Who was it at the wheel about half past 4 this morning? I—"

"The man never completed the sentence. I smashed him full in the face and he shot out through the freight gangway and into the middle of a pile of dockwallopers, to his great astonishment, and likewise the surprise of the roustabouts.

"Don't call me a liar, damn you," I roared, and then fell a-trembling again.

"My God, Barrett, you're crazy," cried the mate, taking hold of me. "The man called no one a liar."

"I shook him loose and jumped ashore. I found Captain Perkins in the office of the steamship company making formal report of his arrival.

"Captain," I said, "I came to ask you for my pay. I don't want to act as quartermaster any more."

"What kind of a joke are you trying to play on me, John?" he asked.

"No, but I'm in earnest. I'll never stand in the wheelhouse for another steamboat. I got to thinking about it coming up, and I'm a quitter. A wind vessel will do me all right, and I'm looking for a schooner now."

"John," he said, "you're sick, that's what's the matter with you. Take a few days and rest up. You're only a boy now, and look where you are—quartermaster of the best steamboat on any water, fresh or salt. You'll be a master before you're 25 and an owner by the time you are 30. Take a few days rest and think it over. Don't go off half-cock."

"Captain Perkins," I replied to him: "Captain Perkins, I'm right here to tell you that I wouldn't take the wheel of the City of Buffalo or any other steamer that ever slid sideways from the ways for the best \$10,000 that was ever minted. I have made up my mind and if you please I'd like to have my wages."

"He wrote an order for it and handed it over. 'If I did what's right, Barrett, I wouldn't pay you,' he said, rather huffy. 'It's unseamanlike to quit in the middle of a trip. I really ought to hold it up on you; but there's the order. Take it and go to the devil your own way. I've sailed the lakes and the seas forty years and you are tossing up the best chance I ever knew a 19-year-old boy to waste.'

"The next winter I was in New York, looking for a berth. We used to sail the lakes in summer and then go east and ship for short ocean voyages. On the docks I met Captain Perkins.

"You are just the man I want, John," he cried, making a rush for me in the crowd. "I've just been appointed captain of a steamer that runs between here and Aspinwall—down on the isthmus—and I want you and you know me, and I'm gladder than as if I found some money. I don't like strangers in my wheelhouse." And he started to drag me off to the steamer office to sign.

"I can't go you, captain," I told him. "I'm much obliged, but I never can perform with the steering gear of a steamboat again. I told you last summer wind sailing was more in my line."

"I thought you'd be over that crazy notion by this time. What made you throw up your berth?" he asked suddenly.

"Then I told him the story. It made him so weak he sat down on a chain cable that was lying coiled up on the dock. He was white as a new sail cloth and trembled like a girl.

"Heavens and earth, John," he gasped, when he caught his wind, "with our head of steam on if we'd ever struck those rocks and the engines had stopped what would our boilers have done to us?"

"They would have sent us up to the tops of old man Hardy's sugar trees on the bluff, captain, and being somewhat higher up than the rest of you, I would have headed the procession; but that's why I don't want to go as quartermaster."

"John," he said, wiping the sweat off his forehead with one hand and holding out the other in good-by—the perspiration started on the old man even in January. It's no wonder my shirt was wet in August—John, you are a wise young man. You know when to stop. I'll not urge you to ship with me, John. As a matter of fact, if you were to take my offer and go I would resign and you would steer for another skipper. Good-by, John, and God keep you. I must go to find me a quartermaster."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Our Clothes.

Dr. Von Behrer, a German meteorologist, has determined how hot are the clothes we wear. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit the temperature of the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 73.6 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees, and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.

Judging from the experience we have as we grow older, Providence seems to have saved us from some awfully queer reasons.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

PRINCE HOHENLOHE, the German chancellor, has announced that he did not consider it desirable that the empire should take the initiative toward the holding of an international conference to restore silver to an equal place with gold in the mints of the world. The statement made by the Prince is notable for several confessions. He acknowledged:

"That the depreciation in the price of silver, measured in gold, threatens to destroy silver mining in Germany. That the difference in exchange between gold and silver countries works to the great disadvantage of the former and the great advantage of the latter in competing for business in the world market—creating economic prejudice, or injury, to Germany. That this advantage to silver countries will continue until a corresponding influence arises and home (German) prices and wages readjust themselves to meet the competition. This cold-blooded statement means that German workmen must come down to sufficiently low wages to enable German manufacturers to face the factories of Japan, China and India. That a rise in the price of silver is therefore highly desirable from an economic and a mint standpoint. That bimetalists who hope for an international agreement believe the opening of the Indian mints to be a necessary precedent to action. That he has sounded the British Government and that the opening of the Indian mints is not expected within measurable time, which means that the British Government has refused to open them."

This statement should put an end to the talk of an international compromise. Germany says "Wait on Great Britain." France says "Wait on Great Britain." The whole European continent says "Wait on Great Britain." and Great Britain, the great usurer of the earth, the country that has won its wars with money, even as it bought a Benedict Arnold and sought to strangle America with money, refuses to accede to any proposition that would tend to loosen the infernal clutch which it has fixed upon the monetary systems of the Western world. The ruling class in Great Britain is the moneyed class. The agriculturists and the workers are being crushed. Their voice is raised in protest through a Balfour, but it is unavailing against the tremendous influence of thousands of millions of accumulated capital that has doubled its potency through the operation of the gold standard.

So it is in Germany, where the great bankers sway the Government. Hohenlohe as the prime minister of an autocratic monarch, the representative of a system designed to reduce the people to a dead level of humble submission to the classes that rule; to make them hewers of wood and drawers of water for the feudal lords of money, as their fathers were peasant vassals for the feudal lords of the sword. The Chancellor sees the future and is content to accept it. He calmly contemplates the sinking of the German workman to the point where the product of endless hours of toil will win for him the remuneration that satisfies the Asiatic who is passing rich on 30 or 40 cents a day. He dare not attempt to fight the force—the money power—that long ago formed an international agreement, a conspiracy to enhance the value of money until the masses shall be reduced to a condition of hopeless servitude, and the few shall have the purchasing power of their millions doubled and trebled until they shall tread with a haughty stride than did the iron-heeled baron of the medieval ages upon the necks of his vassals.

Is America prepared to accept this destiny? If it is not it must strike the blow that will save it. The people of this country possess a far higher average intelligence than the peasantry of Europe. They will not consent to the perpetuation of a monetary system that can have no other result than the destruction of the principles of freedom built upon by the fathers of the republic, and the downfall of our institutions consecrated by the blood of heroes. Let us hear no more of international conferences, but let us fight with patriotic ardor for the bloodless revolution that shall rescue the race from the horrors of slavery to insatiate greed.

Banking Failures.

Our readers will distinctly remember that for several months past the gold people have had prosperity "returning by leaps and bounds." Bradstreet's of last week gives us a fair idea of the character of this prosperity in its statement of bank failures.

During the year 1894 the total number of banks and other financial institutions forced into liquidation was 98, and the liabilities were \$18,028,550. This was the year following the crash of 1893. In 1895 (prosperity rolling towards us all the time), the failures were 149 in number, and the amount of liabilities \$23,624,018. An increase of about 50 per cent. in number and nearly 30 per cent. in the amount involved.

This is prosperity with a vengeance. It would seem as if a great trade and financial journal like Bradstreet's ought to understand that the only way to bring back permanent prosperity is by giving the producer fair prices for what he has to sell. It cannot be done by compelling him to part with his product for less and less money all the time.

Fair prices can only be insured by a money supply that keeps pace with the things to be bought and sold.

Of this fundamental truth Bradstreet's seems to have no conception. It appears to think that prosperity can be created by the government's borrowing gold and loading the people down with more and more debt in order to keep a certain kind of money locked up in the treasury—a process which not only compels the government to furnish the very gold which it borrows, but actually obligates it to pay out more gold than it takes in. Such, however, is the "sound finance" for which nearly all of our great dailies and trade journals are so vehemently shrieking.

Cost of Production.

There is no more state, silly, nonsensical argument ever made than that the value of gold and silver depends upon the cost of production. Absurd and ridiculous as the statement is, it finds favor with Congressmen. The venerable Senator Morrill of Vermont in his speech the other day spoke of the cheapness of producing silver as a reason for its abandonment as a standard, and fit only as token money, to be redeemed like copper and nickel. It is unpardonable in a man of Senator Morrill's pretensions as a statesman to give currency to such a silly statement.

Senator Teller disposed of the Senator's argument very effectively by giving a few well-authenticated facts. He says that while it is entirely true that we have mined silver in Colorado at 25 cents in a dollar's worth, it is equally true that we are now mining large quantities of gold at 25 cents an ounce, which is worth \$20.67 at the mint. In the Cripple Creek region the books of the gold mining companies conclusively show that millions of gold bullion are mined for less than 25 cents an ounce. He says that he called upon a gentleman, who, from being a common laborer a few years ago, has become a man of vast wealth by mining gold, and that he was now mining gold at 10 cents an ounce. If this millionaire was mining silver at 10 cents an ounce, and the mint converted it into dollars, he would realize a profit of 90 cents on every ounce. At the cost of 10 cents an ounce in mining gold, 25.8 grains of gold is worth one dollar, and as an ounce of gold contains 480 grains, he would realize \$20.67 on every ounce. The gentleman assured Mr. Teller that three men in three hours' work had taken out \$4,000 in gold.

He also stated in his remarks in the Senate that he knew of at least five men who were day laborers at \$3 or \$4 per day, the poorest of whom has in five years of mining gold become worth a million dollars in "hard, honest" money. One of them is worth five or six million dollars. Our contemporaries of the press who are for the single gold standard talk much about the silver barons who are working so earnestly for the full rehabilitation of silver, and are charged with an attempt to control public opinion.

They have nothing to say about gold barons and their efforts to establish the English system of finance. It is utterly impossible to fix a coinage rate for the precious metals by the cost of their production. Mining, of all legitimate pursuits, is a lottery. Where one man strikes it rich a thousand toil, after working years, die penniless. Because of the bare possibility that a poor man may become a millionaire, failures do not deter him from investing all he has in the venture.

Taken in the aggregate, there is no doubt that every dollar, either of gold or silver, has cost a dollar's worth of labor to produce it. Would it be sensible and statesmanlike to mint gold at less than the mint price because some adventurer had produced it for 30 or 50 cents an ounce? It would be a very strange condition of things if the relative production of the precious metals was always the same. It is a remarkable coincidence that in any period of fifty years from the dawn of civilization their relative production has been very nearly the same. There have been at different times oscillations—sometimes one metal was in excess relatively to the other, and this proves the desirableness of both being coined at fixed rates. Using both as money, it will be impossible to get up a corner on the circulating medium.

When the gold mines of Australia and California yielded so abundantly Shylock made an unsuccessful effort to have silver the only standard. Now, when silver is found in excess of gold, the war is declared by the money power against silver. It is not the cost of production but the stamp of Government which determines the coinage value of both.

Gold at a Premium in London.

The Bank of England is by law obliged to buy all gold brought to it by the public—paying for it immediately at the rate of 77 shillings and 6 pence per ounce at the British standard of fineness (916 2/3). On February 10, this royal establishment would not sell any gold except at 78 shillings and 1/2 penny per standard ounce. Let our gold-mongering friends make a note of this fact: That gold was at a premium of 3 1/2 pence on each sovereign. This 3 1/2 pence in the 240 pence, making the English sovereign, is over 1 1/2 per cent. premium.

The bogs of Ireland cover two million, eight hundred thousand acres.

INDIANA INCIDENTS.

RECORD OF EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

Big Real Estate Deal in Lake County—Indiscretion Causes John Winslow a Lot of Trouble—Gold Find on a Farm Near Anderson.

Realty Sells for \$2,000,000.

A \$2,000,000 deal in Lake County real estate went on record Friday. The land purchased consists of over 2,000 acres in the sand-lick portion of Calumet township. It adjoins the old stock yards tract and borders on the shore of Lake Michigan. The tract has been owned by George T. Cline, an eccentric bachelor who makes his home in Chicago. He parted with his title to Theodore H. Schmitz, an attorney of Chicago, for \$2,000,000. Real estate men say this deal points to another big boom in that part of Lake County. Three deeds were recorded—the first for \$510,000, the second for \$250,000 and the third for \$1,240,000. The land has no improvements whatever.

He Tries to Kiss His Tenant.

Mrs. Nettie Goodall, of Marion, was awarded \$150 damages against Jonathan Winslow for false prosecution. The case has been in the Circuit Courts of several counties for some time. Mrs. Goodall is a young married woman, while Winslow is nearly 80 years old. Two years ago the Goodalls were tenants of Winslow. One day he came to collect the rent and attempted to kiss Mrs. Goodall. She threatened to sue him, but a compromise was effected by Winslow paying \$250. Shortly afterward Mrs. Goodall brought suit against Winslow for assault and battery. He was acquitted and retaliated by causing her arrest for blackmail. After a time the case was dismissed. Then Mrs. Goodall brought the false prosecution suit. It was tried once, but the jury disagreed. The costs will amount to about \$1,500. Winslow was formerly a quaker. He will appeal the case.

Indiana Farm Yields Gold.

Robert Spaulding, an old California gold miner, now owner of a large farm north of Anderson, found \$70 in gold ore protruding from a bluff on his farm. The samples indicate it will run 870 or 875 to the ton. It was questioned whether the gold was really found where he said it was, and people flocked to the place to find that what he said was true. Several old miners were among those who visited the find, and say that the prospects are splendid. An Anderson capitalist who has had mining experience made an offer of \$500 an acre for the twenty surrounding acres, but the offer was refused. Spaulding has the means and will develop it himself. He nailed all gates on his place and placed trespass signs everywhere.

All Over the State.

The religious organizations and Christian working bodies of Anderson circulated petitions asking the Council to enact an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for boys below the age of 16 to smoke cigarettes.

Victor, the 3-year-old son of Cornelius Bolinger, near Kokomo, fatally wounded himself in a singular manner. While seated at the dinner table the child in attempting to close a long-bladed pocket-knife by pressing the point against the table, received a wound that disemboweled him, producing a fatal injury, the blade having turned and entered the body, penetrating the bowels.

Some time ago Mrs. Elizabeth Noble, of Summitville, began to show signs of mental aberration. She was under treatment at a sanitarium in Indianapolis, but she failed to obtain relief and has become insane. Her delusion consists in her imagining she is a corpse and that she cannot walk or talk. She insists she is dead and that she has been for some time. She will be taken to the Richmond asylum.

A wealthy resident of Kokomo is going to move to Peoria, Ill., and will take his \$50,000 house with him. The house is of stone and brick, and handsomely finished and decorated. It will be taken down very carefully, the stone, pressed brick, plate glass, mahogany panels, and every other part being carefully marked, and will be shipped by rail to Peoria and there reconstructed. The cost of moving the residence will be about \$15,000.

J. W. Walker had a terrible struggle with a maniac in the jail at Muncie the other evening. Walker and William McAbee, from Royerton, who is mentally deranged, and Frank Angel, also demented, are confined in one large cage. McAbee at times snarls and acts like a mad dog. He pounced upon Walker and began sinking his teeth in his flesh and tearing out great chunks, the blood spouting all over the floor and walls. At first Angel sat in one corner, showing his enjoyment of the situation by laughing. He finally came to Walker's aid as Turnkey Casey arrived. Because of the overcrowded condition of the State insane hospital these dangerous subjects are kept in jails all over the State as in Muncie.

Great excitement was caused at the Central school building at Logansport the other morning by an encounter between two pupils, Edgar Nice and Wiley Rumell, in which the former used a pocket-knife with telling effect. Nice made a thrust at Rumell's left breast, which the latter parried with his left arm. In doing so he sustained an ugly cut on the forearm, extending from the wrist to the elbow. To escape a second thrust at the breast Rumell turned his back and the knife struck him just over the shoulder blade, cutting a gash six inches downward and to the right. The wounds may result in paralysis of his left arm. After the second blow Nice escaped from the building, and notwithstanding careful search by the police, has not been found. Rumell is 17 years of age and a son of Charles Rumell, a Panhandle engineer. Nice is 15 years old and the son of a Panhandle bridge carpenter. The boys quarreled over a girl with whom both are desperate in love.

At Brazil, Mrs. Mary Tate, colored, quarreled with her sister, Mrs. Louisa Riddotte. She came into court and accused her sister of arson. She says she is responsible for several serious fires of recent date.

Patrick Fitzgerald, of Laporte, whose habits lost him a fortune, his wife and many friends, and who has served jail sentences for inebriety, wants to reform. In furtherance of his good resolutions the authorities have given public notice that any liquor dealer selling him drinks will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.