

## THE SIGHTS AT ST. JOSEPH.

THE VANDALIA NORTHERN TERM  
MINUS A DELIGHTFUL RESORT.The News' Correspondent Writes Entertainingly of the New Resort  
It is Destined to Become Immensely Popular.

St. JOSEPH, Mich., August 2.—The season so well known to all of us in the central and southern portions of Indiana—the heated term—is now upon us with its full vigor. It is a time when one wishes to take off his flesh and sit in his bones in a cool, shady nook where a refreshing breeze could frolic under and over his ribs and squalls occasionally chase each other up and down his vertebral. If one could only take out the brain, fill the brain box with ice, at fifty cents a hundred, sit under the drip of an overhead rill flowing from a cool spring and lose himself entirely in the full rapture of the situation there would be no further use for Summer resorts. But lo! such can not be the case. Man was born to suffer, and as mortals can only forbear the vicissitudes of life to a certain greater or less degree, it becomes necessary at least annually to him to subject himself to cooler parts. St. Joseph is one of those places where health and pleasure abound and where, after a few hours' stay, man begins to feel that after all life is not an unbearable burden and is really worth the living.

It is the northern terminus of the Vandalia line, and is beautifully situated on high bluffs on the east side of lake Michigan 220 miles north of Terre Haute. It is in the heart of the very finest fruit and berry country in the Northwest. Until the present week there have been only two roads entering St. Joe but the completion of the Indiana and Lake Michigan road from South Bend to St. Joe has awakened a lively interest among the fruit and berry growers and the place is all life and activity now. The opening of the new line on Monday has been anticipated with pleasure by the fruitiers living along it, the merchants of St. Joe and the shippers everywhere throughout the central and southern parts of the state. It gives the latter a direct outlet to the great lakes and St. Joe itself furnishes a valuable market for almost every kind of merchandise.

But very little wheat, corn or other cereals are raised north of South Bend, the country being devoted almost exclusively to the raising of fruit, berries and vegetables. The bulk of the delicious Michigan apples, which fruit dealers all over the country make a specialty of, are grown just outside the gates of St. Joe. Every morning and evening great trains of fruit and berry wagons may be seen slowly winding their way across the country enroute to the wharves and freight houses laden with box upon box of the choicest, juiciest and most delicious fruit to be found anywhere in the country, with the probable exception of the noted California fruit belt. The Montpelier man retired, while the little man from Duluth went out front to seek another victim.—Philadelphia North American.

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## Strange News About Venus.

Signor Schiapparelli, the Italian astronomer who has made more wonderful discoveries among the planets than all the other astronomers of our day put together, has just furnished a new surprise, greater even than his recent discovery that Mercury performs only one rotation in the course of a revolution around the sun. He now asserts that Venus, the brightest of all the planets that we see, the twin sister of the earth, which is at present glowing with mighty increasing splendor in the west after sunset, also turns but once on its axis in the course of a revolution around the sun. In other words, there is no alternation of day and night on Venus as on earth. The planet enjoys perpetual day on one side of its globe, while the other side is plunged in unending night.—New York Sun.

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ated on the brow of a beautiful bluff and commanding a splendid view of Lake Michigan and the harbor in St. Joseph river. Just across the way is the Lake View, another good hotel, and down on the beach on the right bank of the St. Joe, just across from the city on the Benton Harbor side, is Planks' Tavern, the new \$100,000 hotel just recently completed. At all of these places the rates are remarkably reasonable. Pleasure and health seekers enroute to the North will find St. Joe a pleasant and healthful spot, with good air and excellent water. A number of excursions will probably be run up from Terre Haute while the season lasts.

CHAS. M. REEVES.

Some Mean Men. "Did you have a big Fourth of July here?" asked a new arrival of the clerk at the Bingham house.

"No; it was very quiet," replied the clerk.

"Same way with us up in Montpelier. The rich folks up there are rather stingy, and don't take any interest in Fourth of July celebrations. Why, we've got some rich people in Montpelier so cussed parsimonious that they wouldn't chip in five cents to save the constitution of the United States from dissolution."

"That's queer," suggested the clerk.

"Fact though. Why, we've got a man up there so mean that he had all the hair taken off his head by some chemical process to save the expense of going to a barber."

"You call that a mean man?" asked a gray bearded, stunted individual, who had apparently been inspecting the register, but had taken in the above conversation. "Why, that was a benevolent fellow compared with a man I know up in our town of Duluth."

"Then you have some mean men, too?"

queried the late arrival from Montpelier.

"Well, rather. The night before the Fourth a man in our town had his left leg shattered by the premature discharge of a small cannon. He was taken to the hospital, and when the surgeons began examining his wounds he said to one of 'em: 'Doctor, can you take my leg off?' 'Oh, we can save your leg easy enough,' replied the doctor. 'But I want you to take it off,' continued this mean man. The surgeon was taken aback, and, after recovering, asked the injured man why he wanted the limb amputated. What do you think his reason was?"

"Give it up."

"Why, he said with that leg off he would only have to buy one shoe, and might be able to save something on the price of cloth with only one trouser leg."

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## WASHINGTON LETTER.

INTERESTING GOSSIP ABOUT IRON  
WILLED SPEAKER REED.He Has Lately Tried His Hand at Lawn  
Tennis—Representative Hitt and His  
Three Friends—Willard's Tavern—Con-  
gressmen and Correspondents.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Speaker Reed is the last man in the world I ever expected to see playing lawn tennis, yet one warm day last week, while passing the handsome residence of Hon. R. R. Hitt, in the center of the fashionable

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