

Syracuse Journal

WALKER & FANCIL.

SYRACUSE, - - - IND.

Railway mail cars that are built of steel are not likely to burn.

F. Augustus Heinze appears to have forgotten what happened to Jimmie Hazen Hyde.

No more Venezuelan vessels will be seized by the Dutch. Sst! There are no more.

If the London suffragettes get the ballot it will spoil all the fun; for they can't be suffragettes, then.

John L. Sullivan's wife says he is a mollycoddle. She probably says it because she believes he would not hit a lady.

Then, again, if there are no artists outside Europe, why does King Oscar ask an American to paint his portrait?

Up to date President Roosevelt has been compared with every great man in history with the exception of St. Patrick.

We feel thoroughly justified in saying that the fellow who tried to pull the chin whiskers of the President of France was no gentleman.

Should it ever become necessary for the Sultan of Turkey to do the Castro act, his \$300,000,000 will make Castro's \$30,000,000 look like 30 cents.

They've got a press gallery in the new parliament of Turkey, so the sultan has on hand now all the facilities needed for a first-class scrap.

Will somebody kindly send in the correct address of Richmond Pearson Hobson? There hasn't been a decent war scare in the last 24 hours.

Aeronaut Knabenshue has demonstrated the possibility of bombing a city from an airship. Laws governing the ownership and operation of airships should at once be passed.

J. Pierpont Morgan's dues in the thirty-five clubs to which he belongs amount to more than \$7,000 annually. What a lot of excuses he has for remaining away from home at night!

President Roosevelt says he will not be satisfied if he fails to bring down a rhinoceros or two while he is in Africa. We expect to hear at once from the Society for the Protection of the Innocent Rhinoceros.

A San Francisco man has turned his entire estate, valued at above \$100,000, over to his wife. It may be that he wants her to be kept so busy managing things that she will not notice it when he happens to remain out late at night.

Dr. Hillis thinks the millennium has arrived. The man who needs 14 tons of hard coal and doesn't know where he is going to get the money to pay for it is probably convinced that a millennium doesn't amount to much, after all.

It is alleged that the Earl of Granard, whose engagement to an American heiress was recently announced, has never put out a crop of wild oats. If this is true, how did he ever gain admission to the Heiress Hunters' Home?

A Kansas farmer complains that he was swindled a few days ago by a sharper who induced him to pay several thousand dollars for what he represented to be a diamond, but which turns out to be a stone of little value. This should serve as a warning to other Kansas farmers. A farmer may properly invest in a grand piano or a \$10,000 automobile, but he really ought not to wish to wear big diamonds.

There is no quarrel with the Venezuelan people. Not a country with which diplomatic relations have been broken off feels hostile toward the Venezuelans. The disputes are all with Castro and his government, and much as foreigners have to resent, they believe that Castro's own people have more, and that they are to be pitied more than blamed for the sorry pass to which they have been brought. If they do indeed throw off the yoke their friends, the enemies of the dictator, will gladly do what they can to make the way easy for them.

When the owners of the Madison Square Garden in New York announced recently that they could no longer afford to hold the unprofitable property, the people of the city suddenly began to ask themselves what they should do without it. The building covers a whole block, and its amphitheater will accommodate eighteen thousand persons. It is the scene of the horse and dog shows, the automobile and sportsman's exhibitions, bicycle races and the circus. Great political meetings are also held in it as the most capacious auditorium in the city. If the Garden should be torn down, New York would have no adequate hall for such gatherings and exhibitions. It would also lose the tower, which was suggested by the bell-tower of the Seville Cathedral, and is one of the most beautiful structures in America. An attempt is making to prevent the demolition of the building. Every important city needs such a large gathering place.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Oh, there is the river!" exclaimed Alison, in a tone of ecstasy. "Look, Roger; you can just catch a gleam through the trees—oh, the dear place! How I do love it!" her voice rising into a perfect crescendo, of which the top note was complete satisfaction.

"It is just a year since you have seen it," observed Greville. "Miss Alison, what made you steal a march on me in that fashion? I was quite hurt that you never gave me a hint of your intention of going home."

He spoke in a low tone that Roger could not hear.

The quick, sensitive color rushed into Alison's face; there was such implied reproach in Greville's voice. Had he really been hurt?

"Oh, you must not feel like that about it," she returned, with a sweet, candid look. "We had talked of the possibility, Aunt Diana and I, but nothing had been settled. I had put it out of my mind. I was so naughty, I could not bear the idea of going home and doing my duty. I should never have gone at all if Aunt Diana had not helped me."

"You did not think how I should feel when I came back and found you gone," retorted Greville, in a boyish, injured voice, that reached Roger and made him smile, only Alison grew a little grave.

"I left a message with your grandfather," she said, quietly. "What could I do? Aunt Diana said it was my duty to go, and that it was no good putting one's hand to the plow and looking backward. What is the use of loitering over a difficult task when it has to be done?"

"That is true, but—"

"Please don't talk of last summer," she interrupted him; "it makes me sad only to think about it." And he could see there were tears in her eyes as she spoke. "I made myself so miserable over it. I could not bear leaving Aunt Diana, and I missed every one so."

"Miss Alison, please do not look sad over it," said Greville, earnestly. "What a clumsy fellow I am! I have silenced the nestful of twittering young larks"—referring to Roger's speech. "Come, I know you will forgive me, and look chirpy again, when I tell you I have passed muster and come off with flying colors."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Alison, her smiles returning again. "Then you must have worked hard. How pleased Mr. Moore must be!"

"To hear grandfather talk," returned Greville, calmly, "you would think I was the Admiral Crichton, at least. The dear old man makes no end of fuss, bless him! I tell him it is all your doing; you gave me such a terrible lecture that Wednesday."

"Oh, no," replied Alison, blushing; "it was your own good sense."

"I shall go to the grand party next year. I am to have a coach down here this summer. Chryse of Balliol, is at the Crays with his people, and he is a rare fellow for that. I have to work all my mornings," he continued, rather dolorously.

"But I shall have my afternoons and evenings free. Miss Alison, you are not listening to me."

"Oh, yes I am!" she cried, joyously.

"But I can not bear any more just now, though I am very glad to hear it all. Roger, do look! There is Moss-side—you know you have forgotten it—and there is Aunt Di in the porch."

"Allie, you have eyes like a hawk. I see nothing but greenery and sunshine." Nevertheless, Roger did perceive, a moment afterward, a tall figure in myrtle-green standing under a trellis of roses.

Miss Carrington had evidently heard the wheels of the dog cart, and had come out to look. When they stopped she had the little gate open and was helping Alison to alight.

"How are you, my dear child?" she said, as Alison put her arms around her; "actually not tired, Allie? And you, Roger? Welcome to Moss-side, my boy!"

"Aren't you going to welcome me, too, Miss Carrington?" asked Greville, half jokingly, but he looked a little wistfully at the group.

"No, not to-night," she returned, decidedly. "I must have my belongings to myself for this evening; you may come in to breakfast, if you like."

-And, knowing of old that Miss Carrington's decisions allowed of no appeal, Greville lifted his hat and wished them good evening, and turned his mare's head in the direction of the Fernleigh stables, not without a backward glance at the slim, dark-eyed girl looking affectionately in Miss Carrington's face.

"Now, Allie, go to your old room and get rid of the dust, while I show Roger upstairs," observed Aunt Diana, in a brisk voice. "You will find me in the studio when you are ready."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Her old room! Alison gave a happy little sigh as she trod on the threshold. What a green little hovel it looked, and, oh, the roses!—roses in the quaint old china bowls that Aunt Diana so much affected; roses in the slender Venetian glasses on the mantelpiece and toilet table; roses clambering into the window and pressing their pink faces against the swinging lattice; and on the window sill, dropped by some thoughtful hand, a glorious Gloire de Dijon, with a background of maidenhair fern, such as Alison loved to wear in her white gown.

She stood for a moment looking out thoughtfully. The long shady lawns of Moss-side and Fernleigh lay beneath her, and through the fresh foliage of the willows and acacias was the silvery gleam of the lovely river. Something in the Sabbathlike stillness, in the beauty of the scene, in the peaceful satisfaction of her heart, moved Alison to kneel down among the roses, and breathe a brief thanksgiving for the duties she had been strengthened to perform, for the fatherly goodness that brought her back to the home of her adoption, and for the human love that was but a dim reflection of the Divine.

She did not hurry to go down, though

her luggage had not yet arrived, and there was no possibility of changing her traveling dress. But when she had brushed her brown hair, and put on her best knot of roses, she looked trim as ever, and her bright, smiling face, as she opened the studio door, brought the name "Sunny" to Miss Carrington's mind, for she looked as all young faces should look—the very essence of a sunbeam.

"Oh, Aunt Di, the dear, lovely room! And, oh, that is the new picture," springing to the easel to gaze delightedly on golden cornfields, with scarlet poppies struggling among the wheat, like gaudy promises never to ripen into fruit, and under the hedge a little brown baby sleeping, with its dimpled hand full of weeds, and a sheep dog watching its slumbers.

"Do you like the picture, Allie? It is sold already. Lady Franklin fell in love with it, but I want it to hang in next year's Academy. The baby is painted from life; the original belongs to Barbry, an old servant."

"Aunt Di, it is perfectly beautiful! Roger, come here and tell me if you do not think so."

"Nonsense, Allie; Roger is far too hungry for art criticism at present. Come away, you foolish child, and let me give you something more satisfying than painted canvases. The chickens came from Barbry's farm, with the strawberries and this jug of delicious cream."

Alison looked round rather bewildered, for none of these tempting viands were in sight; but Miss Carrington, who knew her love for meals à la fresco, had had the supper table laid in the wide veranda, and not only chickens and strawberries, but other delicacies were provided for the hungry travelers.

"This is better than your tea table under the limes at home, Allie," exclaimed Roger, as he carved for the ladies. "No wonder she was spoiled, Aunt Diana, and did not take kindly to the sooty ivy and the music of the crane."

"Roger, I shall impose a forfeit if either you or Allie mention the mill," observed Miss Carrington, as she handed him a cup of coffee enriched with Barbry's yellow cream. "I want you two young things to forget everything but how you are to amuse yourselves. Allie, shall we have our breakfast here, as we did last year, while the blackbirds and thrushes take theirs? Roger looks as if he wanted to live in the open air. Do you know you have got him, dear boy?"

"Never mind that, Aunt Diana; there is no fear of rusting, that is one blessing—work never hurt man or woman yet."

"No," she said, thoughtfully, "but 'moderation in all things' was an apostle's maxim; but you are right in principle, Roger. Now for the home news. What is really your father's condition? Letters are so unsatisfactory, and they never say half enough."

"Dr. Greenwood is delighted with the progress he has made, Aunt Diana; he gets across the room quite nicely on crutches, though he is not to do more at present. Of course, the long confinement has made him look pale and delicate, but his spirits are first rate. Dr. Greenwood told me the other day that in another year or so he might hope to be as well as ever. He says he is an excellent patient."

"And how does the book go on?"

"Very well, I believe; he manages to write without difficulty with the help of a sloping board."

"That was Roger's clever contrivance," interrupted Alison.

"Aunt Diana does not want to know that; you have broken the thread of my discourse. Father does seem happier lying there with all his books round him than he did at the mill."

"And a very good idea, too," observed Miss Carrington, looking at her nephew with decided approbation. "How does Murdoch fulfill his duties?"

"Admirably; he is a very steady fellow."

"Then Allie's plan will answer," she returned in her practical way. "There is no reason, Roger, why you should not carry on the business, and leave your father free for his literary pursuits. He is never fitted for a business man; he is too dreamy and impractical. Believe me, he will be far happier and less irritable if circumstances allow him to follow his own particular bent."

"I am quite sure of it, Aunt Diana," returned Roger, quietly; "and now I have worked alone all these months, I feel more competent to carry on the business single handed. It has been a hard pull—Fergusson had done so much mischief, but things are righting themselves now, and with Murdoch's help we shall get on easily."

"That is well," replied Miss Carrington, heartily, "and now, how does Missie go on?"

This time Alison answered.

"Her arm is quite right, but she still looks rather thin and delicate. Mrs. Hawdick—Mrs. Forbes, I mean—wants to take her to Torquay, in October, for two months; she says she will be such a nice companion for Anna. Papa insists that she is to go."

"And how does my little friend Anna get on with her stepfather?"

"He is very kind to her, Aunt Di. Roger is rather pleased with him on the whole."

"Dr. Forbes is one of those men whose bark is worse than their bite," observed Roger; "he rather prides himself on being a bear, but I think Miss Anna has proved there is a soft spot in his heart."

"I am glad to hear this. Then the poor little girl is happy on the whole?"

"I don't think Anna is to be pitied, Aunt Di," returned Alison, in rather a peculiar tone; "she looks extremely happy."

And something in Alison's manner made Miss Carrington change the subject; it certainly did not appear to interest Roger, for he seemed absorbed in his strawberries at that once, and his criticism on Dr. Forbes was given in rather a constrained voice.

"Miss Leigh tells me that Missie is wonderfully improved since her illness," observed Aunt Diana, after a pause, which no one seemed anxious to break.

"Indeed she is," returned Alison, with quick enthusiasm. "I have never seen any one so changed; she is so much quieter in dress and manners, and so much more tolerant of Rudel. Poppie likes to be with her now, and Miss Leigh can not say enough in her praise. It is easy to see now she tries to break her self of her faults, and it is so much harder."

She did not hurry to go down, though

er for her than for us, as she has not naturally a good temper."

"Neither had I, Allie. Many a girl has a sore fight to go through life as well as Missie; it is so easy to contract bad habits, and so difficult to subdue them. I believe nothing but grace can enable one to overcome a really bad temper."

And so saying, Miss Carrington rose from the table, and proposed that Roger should go down to the river while she and Alison disposed of the unpacking.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There was a merry breakfast on the veranda next morning, and Alison, in her white dress, with some dewy roses as a breast knot, looked the picture of happiness as she poured out the coffee.

Directly it was over, Greville took her and Roger to see his grandfather.

Mr. Moore was eagerly expecting them; even before Alison's foot had passed over the threshold his sightless eyes were turned to the window, and his "Welcome, Sunny," reached her ears.

"In another moment Alison was occupying her old footstool at his feet, and his fine wrinkled hand, a little more trembling than of old, was placed on her hair, with a half audible blessing.

"Dear Mr. Moore, I am so glad to see you again—"

"Have you missed us, little one? Not half as much as we have missed Sunny." And as she pressed her lips to his hand in mute contradiction of this, he said, half sadly: "Child, I never thought to have heard your sweet voice again, but the good God would have it otherwise. Before the message reached me it was recalled; the gates were almost closed in my face."

"Thank God for that," she whispered; "but they never told me that you were ill until you were well again."

"Ah, Miss Carrington is a wise woman," she thinks it wrong to burden young spirits with sorrows that do not belong to them. My boy there nearly broke his heart about the old man; can you believe it, Sunny?"

"You are like his own father," she returned, softly. "He is outside on the veranda with Roger."

"Ay, ready and willing; he has grown a fine lad, I hear." And as Alison beckoned to them the two young men came in through the window, and Roger sat down by the old man's side.

(To be continued.)

A LESSON IN LOYALTY.

This Girl Stood Up for Her Friends

Like a Boy.

"Clare is as good as a boy; just as good as a boy!" said Rita, thoughtfully.

"Yes, dear?" Mrs. Penny's tone suggested a question. Her daughter was speaking about a cousin who had come to live with the family, and evidently designed to compliment her; but the mother was not sure that she perceived the bearing of the odd expression.

"Yes," Rita added, emphatically, "she believes in standing by other girls, as boys stand by each other."

"I can remember a time," Rita went on, "when, if one of us girls did something silly, it wasn't only manners and actions that we criticised. If colors didn't match, or if any article of dress was conspicuous, that was reason enough to pull a girl to pieces. We didn't do it because we wanted to be unkind. It was a kind of habit, you know, and we never realized the meanness of it."

"But Clare told us!" Rita laughed as she recalled the incident. "It was the very first time she had met a number of us together. Belle Ward wasn't there. So one made fun of her new hat, and another had a joke about her awkward gait, and a third told how she and her sister wrangled—and all of a sudden Clare spoke up."

"Isn't this Miss Ward a schoolmate and friend of yours?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," somebody said. "Belle's one of our crowd."

"Then," said Clare, in that cool, quiet way of hers, if she's good enough for all of you to associate with, I should think that some of you might find something pleasant to say about her."

"She didn't stop at that. She wasn't a bit preachy, but she suggested that our practice of talking about each other in a belittling way was one that hurt ourselves as well as the persons we talked about. We were giving ourselves lessons in insincerity and uncharitableness, she said. People who overheard us would think less of girls and women because of what we said. We might naturally turn into gossips and solids when we got older."

"It seemed very shocking, but we had sense enough to see that there was truth in it; and we owned up, and asked Clare to help us keep watch of ourselves. She does. She'd stop us in a minute if she heard us begin to talk slightly about another girl. And more than that, she sticks up for girls who don't have many pleasant things said about them, and makes us do it, too."

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness," Mrs. Penny quoted, softly.

"That," she added, "is a part of an ancient description of the ideal woman."

—Youth's Companion.

Jealous of Jack.

Dick—Did you enjoy yourself down at the masque ball last night?

Edna—Indeed, I did. And coming home through the chilly night Jack Frost kissed my cheeks.

Dick—Lucky Jack! The next time I am going disguised as Jack Frost myself.

Consoling Thought.

"I'm glad my children are all boys," said the mother of seven young rascals.

"Because why?" queried the privileged friend.

"Because none of them is doomed to grow up and marry a man like their dad," she answered, with a sigh.

REVIEW OF INDIANA

George Simmons, colored, is under arrest at South Bend on the charge of passing a counterfeit \$50 bill.

Ed Lane, 17 years old, after an illness of twelve hours, died at Petersburg of cigarette consumption. When he became so ill that hopes for his recovery were abandoned, he divulged the hiding place of hundreds of cigarettes that he had prepared to smoke, and they were destroyed.

Game Warden Rigney, of Goshen, brought a man from that place to Elkhart, and had him arraigned as John Doe on the charge of killing a deer in Elkhart county on Nov. 30. The accused was fined \$50 and costs, \$30 of which was promptly paid. The identity of the man was kept secret.

Crawfish have often been found deep underground, but it is seldom frogs have been discovered hibernating far beneath the surface. Last week, however, sewer contractors in Elkhart found several batrachians twelve feet underground. They were dormant when picked up, but soon came to life.

The killing of stray dogs on the street in Alexandria because of the mad dog scare which followed the death of 12-year-old Helene Ward, was begun by the police and a half dozen dogs have been killed. The majority of dog owners heeded the proclamation of Mayor Edward and either muzzled their dogs or kept them confined. So far no additional cases of rabies have developed.

Three trees from the tropical zone, which are owned by Homer Gaddy, the Manila druggist, are attracting considerable attention. They are a 12-year-old orange tree which, at present, has thirty-six oranges on it; a 3-year-old lemon tree having two lemons on it, one being fourteen inches in circumference; and also a Japanese orange tree which produces fruit only once in every three years.

Shooting on a State game preserve south of Terre Haute cost Dan Lynch and Walter Bledsoe, of that city, \$43 each in a justice court, according to a report made to the office of the State fish and game warden. Lynch and Bledsoe, it appears, had bagged a fine lot of game, particularly quail, while hunting on the preserve, and escaped without notice, as they thought. However they were arrested soon after their return to Terre Haute and pleaded guilty.

Mrs. Mary A. Schooler, widow of the late Benjamin Schooler, who is dead at her home in Columbus, at the age of eighty-five years, knew William Henry Harrison. Her maiden name was Hughes, and she was born on a farm which is now covered by the city of Cincinnati. Her father's farm joined the farm owned and occupied by William Henry Harrison. Her father served with General Harrison in the battle of Tippecanoe, and Mrs. Schooler used to tell of the early days of the man who afterward became President. She used to see him every day when she was a child.

Grant County is rich in women who "do things." She has women who write, paint, sing, engage in commercial life, preach, edit papers and do almost everything else and are successful at it, too, but Gas City has added a new one to her list in the person of Mrs. N. G. Fort, who for some time has been conducting her husband's barber shop in Third street. Business was not so good as it had been at one time and Mr. Fort got work and went to Chicago. During his absence Mrs. Fort took charge of the shop and the customers say she can cut hair, shave and massage as well as her husband.

A letter received at the Richmond postoffice a few days ago bore the postoffice address, "Seeder Rabbits." There was no other guide to the place of destination meant by the sender. The mailing clerk who attempted to "route" the missive cast it aside, but after several attaches of the office had viewed the curiosity and scratched their heads, it was decided that the letter should go to Cedar Rapids, Ia., and in his inability to spell correctly had brought the phonetic system into play. There was no State indicated, but, according to the postoffice directory Iowa has the only "Seeder Rabbits."

Henry Allouez, southwest of St. Anne, has an old sword, the blade of which, the owner asserts, contains 842 sheets of metal. The sword was made in Japan and was brought to this country by Mr. Allouez's grandfather seventy-five years ago. The blade, according to Mr. Allouez, is made from magnetic iron ores. The steel is produced in small sheets, as thin as it is possible for them to be, and soldered together until the mass forms the desired length and thickness. The blade is then brought to a white heat, doubled and hammered to its original thickness, this process being repeated fourteen times. Mr. Allouez asserts that the sword has been handed down in the family, from father to son, for the last 120 years.

Messrs. Everly & Wallace, of Plymouth, have received the contract from the United States Government for constructing the new postoffice building at Niles, Mich. Their bid was \$46,000.

John Jones, 10 years old, of Mitchell, died in terrible agony of lockjaw resulting from his toe being cut off by a train. He was with a crowd of boys near the track when, it is said, they told him if he did not get on the train then passing they would throw at him.

Interurban cars will soon be in operation between Warsaw and Muncie over the Winona line.

McDowell Brothers, formerly of Auburn, are organizing a company at Muncie to manufacture motor vehicles.

Thomas Dowling, a farmer near Morocco, has a small colony of bees, occupying a quarter of an acre of land. This year he sold honey to the amount of \$364.24, and has 150 pounds left. His total expenses in connection with the bees for the season was \$24.80, leaving him a profit of \$339.44 on the year's crop of honey.

A tract of forty acres in the oil field near Oakland City, sold recently for \$4,800. The land was bought from the Nichols-Shepard Machine Company, and had come to the company in satisfaction of a mortgage for a machine sold several years ago. Aside from the prospect of oil under it, the land was practically worthless.

South Fork, a small stream flowing a mile east of Oakland City, and emptying into the Patoka river, and which has been the fishing place of Oakland City for generations, has been ruined as a fishing resort. Great volumes of salt water flows from around the casing in each oil well drilled in the vicinity and all this water flows to South Fork. The fish have died or have left the stream.

The family of Charles Steimel, in the St. Thomas church neighborhood, near Decker, is sorely afflicted with the whooping cough. Two of Steimel's ten children died last week, and six of the remaining eight are in a very serious condition. There is a great deal of whooping cough in the locality, although it has not broken out in any one part of the country in the form of an epidemic.

The Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Clay City has several \$5 greenbacks of the first issue of this kind of currency put into circulation forty-seven years ago. Several months ago a deposit was made of money which had been kept between leaves of an old family Bible until the death of the woman to whom it had been sent by a soldier of the Civil War. The bills are kept at the bank as relics.

June, the month of roses and weddings, failed to hold her usual record in a matrimonial line last year in Shelby County, according to the records of the county clerk. That month was beaten by February, October and November. The number of marriage licenses issued, each month are: January, 18; February, 28; March, 22; April, 14; May, 14; June, 26; July, 12; August, 22; September, 22; October, 27; November, 22; December, 21.

Playmates in childhood, lovers at 60, George H. Oglebay, cashier and leading stockholder of the Romney Bank, and Miss Lucy Harter, of Frankfort, went to Chicago a few days ago and were married at noon at the home of the bride's brother, George Harter. Mr. Oglebay was married twice, both wives dying. Three weeks ago Miss Harter went to Romney to visit old friends, and Mr. Oglebay met her for the first time in many years. They planned their wedding and decided to waste no time.

One of the big delivery horses of the Adams Express Company in Columbus has grown so vicious that it has been shipped to Chicago. The horse frequently stood in front of the express office, in Washington street, where it "nipped" at pedestrians on the sidewalk. A few weeks ago George Schooler, a mail carrier, was passing, when the horse, reached for him, grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him from his bicycle. The teeth of the horse inflicted a wound in his right shoulder that caused him to be off duty for three weeks. The horse was then muzzled, and this seemed to increase its anger. Last week, Fred McCaslin, who drove the horse, was standing near the wagon, when the animal struck him with its muzzle and broke three ribs. He tried to work again in a few days, and tore the ribs loose. Then the horse was coaxed into a car and shipped away.

The Cox family, of Central Indiana, claims the world's longevity record. There are three sisters and a brother who are centenarians, and their combined ages total 430 years. They are: Mrs. Eliza Wilson, Ford, Kan., 116; Mrs. Nancy Ridehour, Brownsburg, Ind., aged 106; Mrs. Anna Bolton, Alexandria, Ind., aged 104; James Cox, Quincy, Ill., aged 104. Mrs. Bolton and Mrs. Cox are twins, and lay claim to the record as the oldest twins in America. Mrs. Ridehour has just celebrated her birthday. She is an invalid, but her sisters and brother are not only able to look after themselves, but insist strenuously on doing so. This is true of Mrs. Wilson. Two years ago Mrs. Bolton, then 102, paid Mrs. Wilson a visit. While there Mrs. Bolton became ill, and for several nights her sister, 114 years old, attended her in a manner that a professional nurse might have envied.

L. H. Henry, a Warsaw man whose lower lip was eaten away by cancer will shortly submit to an operation at a Port Wayne hospital in which an effort will be made to replace the lip by the grafting process.

Dr. W. H. Johnston, head of the Law department of the University of Indiana, has been admitted to the Morro County bar. Though not a lawyer, Mr. Johnston said he wished to become a member of the bar that he might get better acquainted with attorneys.