

THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS

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ENFORCEMENT OF LAW IS ONE OF THE crying needs of the time.

A POLICE force that will be subservient to law is what Indianapolis wants.

"TURN the rascals out" is a very good cry and very fit for Indiana just now.

THE weather we are having these days is changeable enough to suit everybody, surely.

THE lower house of the legislature should follow the senate's good lead and promptly pass the soldier's monument bill.

BISMARCK is buying wheat and such supplies in America just now, but he isn't asking for a pound of American pork.

THE management of Indiana's public institutions needs reform from the ground up. The passage of the civil service bill is a necessity.

THE revelations at the southern prison are very bad, no doubt, but we maintain that the insane hospital will give the prison a hard rub for first place.

HIGH license and local option are the true methods of dealing with the liquor traffic. Nearly every state in the Union testifies to it. How long shall Indiana lag?

OUR pension appropriations for the coming year—\$76,000,000—is more than the cost of Austria's standing army, which is \$51,000,000, and not far short of Germany's, which is \$91,000,000.

In Illinois the legislature is discussing—not an appropriation for the militia—but an appropriation for a militia encampment next summer. They do these things better in some states than in Indiana.

OUR export of breadstuffs last month was \$5,366,649, as against \$3,252,954 for January of last year. The sum for the seven months ending with January was \$32,142,473. The same seven months of the previous year it was \$35,463,870. If that expected war in Europe comes this spring these figures will look small besides those that shall tell of our exports then.

THE last "Bradstreet's" estimates that the strikes from the first of the year up to last week cost \$2,650,000 to strikers in wages, \$350,000 to employes thrown out of work and \$4,280,000 by increased price of coal and other commodities, the delivery of which was interrupted; total loss, \$7,280,000. This, of course, takes no account of indirect loss to employers and the public.

"It begins to look," says a current comment, "as if the problem of getting rid of the surplus, which has troubled politicians of both parties so much of late, was going to be solved by the present congress." That is not the problem. The problem is to prevent the continuance of the surplus by the excessive war taxes which we are called on to pay, and neither party has the courage to undertake it.

THE democratic politicians should abandon the idea that party necessity requires them to soften and smooth over the mismanagement of public affairs, whether perpetrated on convicts or crazy people. The men who vote with the democratic party because they believe in it do not hold any such views. No party ever made capital by trying to shield its scoundrels. One thing that gave the republican party so much of its superb nerve was that in the most trying time of our history it never hesitated to farrest out its own rogues and punish them.

THE Pennsylvania railroad, it is said, is convinced by its experiments, that the reduction of work on Sunday to the lowest possible amount increases the profits of the road. From 8 o'clock Saturday night to midnight on Sunday no freight trains are run except live stock. The number of passenger trains have been reduced and repairs at the shops are shut down, except in case of positive necessity. The effect of this policy has been to make a braker, more industrious and efficient set of employes, who are able to accomplish more in six days than was formerly done in seven. And in other ways it is found to pay from a money point of view, and the experiment will be continued as a permanent policy.

DR. FLETCHER, of the insane hospital, has been placed in an embarrassing and trying position. His very official existence depending on politics, and being at the mercy of the board of trustees, yet he has stood up manfully for reform in every way. The state and the country know how he reformed the methods of treatment of the insane. He has made as great if not greater effort for right doing in the business affairs of the hospital, and now he backs his deeds by his words and tells the truth about the infamy that has been perpetrated in that institution. The people are with him. He is stronger than the trustees, stronger than party politics. He will be supported to the last extremity. There is to be no "let up" in this action to make our public institutions what they ought to be, and the people will honor Dr. Fletcher for his efforts to this end.

THE most natural exclamation concerning the scandalism at the Jeffersonville prison, is "why was it not found out years ago?" It shows that our representatives in state affairs, the legislators, have been derelict. Had they done their duty in any of the biennial sessions they have had these many years, this malfeasance could have been stopped. It is now high time that the most searching reformation should be made, not only in this prison, but throughout the state's institutions. The people are now well aware that this is no mere campaign lie nor any kind of whump manufacture. They feel very strongly that our whole system of public institutions needs examination. They are not going to be taxed year after year to afford stealings for scoundrels and the gross abuse of the purposes of those institutions. There can be no "let up" now. The probe must go to the bottom.

THE senate members of the conference committee on the Edmunds and Tucker bills, for the suppression of polygamy, supplemental to the Edmunds bill, which has been effectively in operation for several years, have reported a compromise measure so satisfactory to the body that it was passed

by a vote of 37 to 13, nearly three to one. There are two comforting assurances in this result. (1) That the personal contention between Edmunds and Tucker, which we were told by the omnipresent and omniscient "special correspondent" was likely to defeat both measures and all compromise of them is settled; and second, that the house will be very likely to follow the senate's example and pass the conference measure, too. If this very reasonable anticipation shall be realized, the country will have the gratification of knowing that for once a powerful and well-armed—with money—lobby can be beaten in a contest with public interest and national decency, and that in time this foul ulcer on the nation's morals and good fame will be cured and disappear. All that we learn from well-informed men in Utah, both through press correspondence and private assurances, goes to establish the conviction that polygamy can not endure the repression created by the supplementary measures, and their compound and compromise is not likely to be less effective. It has been for some years dodging and making false pretenses to keep out of the way of the original repressive act of Mr. Edmunds, and the consequence has been a change of spirit among some of the more ambitious Mormons, which further pursuit of the same line of policy is likely to spread wider and deeper to the final removal of the whole foul and pernicious system.

THE significance of the coming elections in Germany can hardly be understood unless it be remembered that the extraordinary success of Bismarck's foreign policy since he turned Austria out of Germanic precedence in 1866, has given him such power and authority over internal politics that Germany is a constitutional government only in name. In fact, it is an absolutism—absolute as that of Russia, perhaps, with the exception that it has the semblance of parliamentary government. Edmund Burke wasn't a more profound believer in the divine right of kings than Bismarck is, and how truly he regards parliamentary government in Germany as merely a plyingthing, was shown by his threats in case of an adverse vote, and the contemptuous way in which, when it came, he immediately drew from his pocket the decree of dissolution. Meantime he has gone straight ahead and raised the 41,000 new troops which was the pretense for the dissolution. It must be remembered that the reichstag did not refuse this increase of troops. They trumped Bismarck's hand in that. The point was that he insisted that in this concession the reichstag should renounce all interference in matters affecting the army on a peace footing for a period of seven years. The reichstag demurred to this, wishing to abstain only for three years, which is the time for which each reichstag is elected, holding that one reichstag had no right to vote away the power of another yet to come. But Bismarck insisted on this seven-year period—the septennate—and this is the question in the coming elections, and this is the thing the Catholic church is aiding. It is apparent to every one that it is another immense stride toward making constitutional government in Germany a bigger farce than it is now, and more entirely making the crown the absolute master, with its vast army to carry out its views.

Mrs. Hettie Green's Economy. (New York special.) Mrs. Hettie Green, the possessor of tens of millions of wealth, called at the banking house of Brown brothers, in Wall-street today, and asked the firm to forward a million dollars' worth of Reading securities to Philadelphia for her. She had the securities in a small sachel.

"All right," she was told. "By the way," she asked, as she was drawing the certificates out, "will there be any charge?"

"Of course, a small charge."

"How much?"

"About a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars?"

"About that. The express company's charge is the main thing."

"Why, I can get them to Philadelphia for \$20," she said, stuffing the papers into the bag again.

"How?"

"Take 'em myself. The round trip is only \$4," and the woman a million millions left the bank as if to catch a train.

High Hats Doomed. (Philadelphia Bulletin.) News reaches us that in the gay French capital the milliners have listened to the fervent prayer of "top-knot come down," and are modeling spring and summer hats and bonnets that are considerably less overblowing in their rampant efforts than those of two seasons past. Had the rage continued for ultra high steep hats and towering trimmings, we should likely have had a recurrence to the state of things in the middle ages, when all the doorways of the courts and the public buildings had to be raised to admit of the safe entry of a lady's headgear.

An Eye to Business. (Detroit Free Press.) "Can you send the patrol wagon up to 584 Blank street?" inquired a voice through the police telephone the other day.

"Some one tapped the till of my grocery of 30 cents."

"Are you holding him?"

"No; he has been gone half an hour."

"Then what good will the wagon do?"

"Well, it will get out a crowd and look like business, won't it? I sell for cash, and my prices are lower than ever before."

How About the Southern Prison? (Hancock Democrat.) There is no indication by either of the parties in the legislature of holding a caucus to nominate candidates for the various offices to be filled by that body. The present officials are all democrats, and there seems to be no necessity for going into a doubtful contest, when the failure to elect will be satisfactory to democrats.

Growth of the Catholic Church. In 1834 the Roman Catholics had in the diocese of Detroit one bishop, thirty priests and twenty thousand of a Catholic population. In 1865, in the territory comprising the diocese of Detroit in 1833, there were two archbishops, nine bishops, 920 priests and a Catholic population of 302,000.

The Reynolds Saloon Bill. (Perry Republican.) If this bill is defeated in the senate, which is probable, the third party people will no doubt, as heretofore, continue to abuse the republican party for standing in with the liquor dealers.

Query to Democratic Senators. (Laporte Argus.) The temperance question is lifting its head high up just now and it is likely to go higher in its warlike attitude. The question is, what are you going to do about it?

Choke It Off. (Boston Post.) A Philadelphia firm has published a book called "How to Become a Public Speaker." In the interests of suffering humanity, that book ought to be suppressed at once.

A Novel Use For a Toboggan. A toboggan served as a hearse at a funeral in Elk Rapids, Mich.

Pretty Spring Style. Plaids in two tones will be popular for spring dresses.

A Far Cry. It is 3,150 miles from Washington to San Francisco.

See the new bangs at M. E. Phelan's, 165 East Washington street.

"Not Strangers There." To whom would Heaven's doors so freely open Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold, Lovely and undeluded?

And such a one, of late, was lowly lying, With fast receding breath; Over her face the first, last shadow falling— She was struck of death.

Her loved ones said, "Oh, do not fear to enter The land of the living;—I will be there." To all their words of cheer she could but answer, "I do not know them there!"

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted In sudden, sweet surprise, And the reflection of some dawning splendor Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers, And darkened by their woe, She looked about her with a low voice beckon, And was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not and her rapture Our hearts nor yet might share, But with a last, bright smile she whispered gladly, "They are not strangers there!" —FRANK L. MACE.

"SCRAPS." Mrs. Patti's receipts in Denver for one night were \$11,000.

A Brooklyn factory makes 204,000,000 fashbooks per annum.

Mormon missionaries have been driven out of northern California.

"Sitting on ice" is a theatrical phrase for a house that does not applaud.

Mr. McMaster hopes to complete the third volume of his history this year.

A boy of sixteen in Audubon, Ia., has received a post-nominal knighthood.

A balloon company was recently listed in a New York exchange at \$150,000.

A factory at Bennington, Vt., is filling an order for 600,000 wisp-broom handles.

Historian Bancroft has one peculiarity. He gets his beard trimmed on the fourth day of every month.

Senator Riddleberger recently alluded to Mr. Edmunds as "the eminent pol-parrot from Vermont."

A New York girl recently stole a watch and chain and then pawned them to get money to buy a new mother.

"If misfortune overtakes you, smile," advises a poet. That's all well enough, but suppose misfortune overtakes you in a strictly prohibition town?—[Burlington Free Press.]

John C. Bullitt, the eminent Philadelphia lawyer, whose new charter for that city has received the post-nominal knighthood, is a Kentuckian by birth. He moved to Philadelphia in 1849.

Bishop Doane, always affable and ready of speech, was somewhat disconcerted one morning when a member of his congregation at All Saints' chapel accosted him on the street with the remark: "Bishop, when does Lent begin? I can't find Tuesday Ash Wednesday?" [Albany (N. Y.) Journal.]

A Maine newspaper says that a citizen of that state has split a hurricane. Seeing it coming straight toward his barn he took two boards and holding them before the barn, the ends together so that they formed a sort of wedge, he spread the hurricane apart, so that it did not touch the barn.

The editors of the magazines are protesting against untidy manuscript from contributors. It is certain that an article which is sent into a publishing office in a slovenly condition is handicapped from the start. In many offices it is the practice to reject without reading, dirty, blotted, illegible or rolled manuscript.

The late Judge Thomas Russell, of Boston, was married to a daughter of Father Taylor, the famous evangelist. The latter was asked one day by some straight-laced formalist if his son-in-law was a saint—meaning, of course, merely a good christian. "No," answered the prof old man, "I'm afraid Thomas is not exactly a saint, but he is a very sweet sinner."

There are queer translations and conversions of names in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Thus Cape Chatte, named from a noted personage, has been made Cat Cape. Pointe de Monts has been transformed into Devil's Point. But the best joke of all is that of Cape d'Espoil, which instead of being translated into Howe Point, now bears the phonetic opposite of Cape Despair.

There was a missionary conference in Enfield, I. T., recently, and an appeal was made to the Indian congregation for money to send the gospel to those who had it not. There were 300 persons in the congregation, and the collection amounted to \$380, many of the converts being converts from the heathen, and some of the girls throwing bracelets, rings and other jewelry into the collection basket.

Philip Bourke Marston, the English poet, who died at his home in London on Monday, at the age of thirty-seven, was blind from his early boyhood. Dinah Maria Mulock, now very old, was blind from her infancy, and to the baby Philip that she addressed the celebrated poem.

"Philip, my king, Look at me with thy large brown eyes, If there is any value in pounds, shillings and pence, Sir Charles Dilke's wounds are healed. His wealthy relative, Snooko, who has just died and left him \$50,000, says in his last will and testament that this bequest is all because he believed Sir Charles to be an innocent and persecuted man. It is to be hoped that Snooko's generosity will not furnish any more useful Englishmen with a pretext for getting persecuted after the manner of Sir Charles."

Did you ask if it was cold in Dakota? Why, only two weeks ago I raised my window and the wind carried my hat out. It cost \$6, but it was too cold to go after it. Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I raised the window and took my pitcher of water and poured it on the hat. What good did that do? Don't you see? The stream froze solid into a long icicle, which I drew up hand over hand, and got my hat. Fact.—[San Bernardino (Cal.) Times.]

Politics are about the same in Canada that they are in this country. One mild-mannered journalist of Ontario likens Sir John A. Macdonald to a sane snuck, while the conservative party are pleasantly described as "the lice of politics, the go-between, the contract-brokers, the plunderers of the people, the land-grabbers, the timber-sharks, the rotten-pork contractors, the whole band of boodlers, the foul rabble of rascals who roar for Tupper, Devaney, White, Chaplain, Langevin and the rest of the boys."

A Colorado stock-raiser, whose hair was so long that it hung over his ears, looked disgusted when a waiter in the Briggs house dining-room passed him a pair of sugar-tongs. "What are them things for?" he asked, raising his eyes to the waiter. "Sugar-tongs," replied the servant. "Lift your sugar out with them." "What's the matter with your fingers?" "Nothing, I suppose. It's better for me to use the tongs, that's all."

"Well, to tell you the truth, stranger," replied the man from the west, "we are not much stuck on Chinese fashions out our way. This new-fangled, chop-stick business may be all right here, but if the landlord doesn't care, I'll just use my fingers."—[Chicago Herald.]

Every means, says the Fall Mail Gazette, were used during the recent storm to get messages through, no matter how circuitous the route or involved the method. Some were sent on by train for part of the distance and then telegraphed, and others were first carried by train, and again telegraphed. The communications with France were utterly broken down, and a message from Paris was first telegraphed to Brest, and thence by French cable to New York. From the American capital it came back the west coast of Ireland by the direct United States cable, and from there it was sent to Liverpool. At Liverpool it was handed over to the English postoffice, and from thence it came to London.

A Boston man purchased tickets at the station in Boston for Montreal, and took a berth in the sleeper. When he arrived in Concord, N. H., he became possessed of the idea that he could not sleep until he had a drink, and notwithstanding the conductor told him the train stopped only two or three minutes, he left his gripack upon the car and ran upon the tracks to the nearest bar and got his drink. He got back to the station just in time to see the rear end of the train as it passed out of the railroad yard.

He remained there over night, and in the morning he heard of the fatal accident near White River Junction, Vt., which he saw so narrowly escaped. He took another drink and returned to Boston.

EVILS OF NIGHT WORK

MR. BEECHER DESCANTS ON THEM

KERRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher on Home Rule. (Fall Mail Gazette.)

SIR—It was ever so nice of you to print my story last week. Will you now let me explain more seriously how much it is really on your side, though, perhaps, more on your side than you will quite like? For I am with Ireland altogether in these present matters, as I am with Scotland, with India, with Afghanistan and with Natal. I should like to see home rule (in my sense of ruling—not yours) everywhere. I should like to see Ireland under a king of Ireland; Scotland under a Douglas, tender and true; India under a rajah; and England under the Earl of Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Also I wish when you are writing about what you call the British constitution that you would bring the great article of Magna Charta often into the British freeman's head—that "law shall not be sold." But chiefly to say, way you to print the following character of Gratton, by Sydney Smith, which should be of some use in showing the Irish members of Westminster under what conception of their Ireland should "expect" every man to do his duty. I am, sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

BRANTWOOD, January 16. Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Gratton? Who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? Who did not remember him in the days of his burnings, castings and murders? No government ever dismissed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object, dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage and all the splendors of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born, so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature and all the highest attainments of human genius were within his reach; but he thought it the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he kept for fifty years, without one side look, one yielding thought, one moment in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God or man.—[From an article by Sydney Smith in the Edinburgh Review on "Ireland."]

Brooklyn, February 16.—As a general thing men can control their time, and the time for study and for work is the day, while the time for social recreation and rest is at night. The general rule, though there may be occasional exceptions to it, for every young man and every young maiden entering life: Do your work in the daytime; do not turn yourself into a student at night. The practice has some charms, because we read in history and in literature about the midnight oil. I remember saying in a sermon once, and which I now hear repeat, that the worst oil that a man ever burned was midnight oil. It wastes society. It not only induces artificial excitement during that late hour just preceding sleep, which makes sleep less wholesome, less nutritive, but in every way deranges a man's habit.

If a minister studies late Saturday night, or if he works late at night during all the week, you may be perfectly sure that he can not be a robust, wholesome man all round. I can detect the tendencies induced by habitual night work. And, although the night, when everything is still is the only working time for hard-run professional men, frequently, yet working at night is always pernicious and should never be resorted to except as a choice between evils, even under such circumstances.

I think the judgments formed at night are never so solid and fresh as judgments formed in the morning. If in the morning a man is without charity, if he is despondent, if he is dull, if he is unnerved, you may be sure that he is living wrong. For the order of nature is that a man should rise from his bed in the morning as birds rise, singing, and in perfect health. A man rises buoyant, and has his best hours in the early day. For although perhaps the fancy may not be so brilliant in the early day, the judgment is better. The conclusions and determinations which arise from the early day are more to be sounder and safer than those which he forms at night. Fancy for the night, judgment for the day. And I would say to every young person whom it concerns, form, if it is a possible thing, the habit of doing your study in the daytime, and reserve your nights for lighter tasks, and keep early hours with a purpose. You do not profit (if I do not care who your exemplar is) by departing from the great influences and laws of nature. There is many a man and a man that wears out prematurely, because, without one single unvirtuous or vicious habit, he grinds his life out by night work.

I do not object to a plunge into the night for social pleasures to the extent which, in cities and in fashionable circles especially, it is prostituted. Pleasures, even within moral bounds, are not wholesome in the untimely hours of night. The turning of night into day, the creation of artificial light, the use of the day again, amidst all its glare and din of excitement, for sleep—these things are not wholesome. They are not wholesome either to the body or to the soul.

Men laugh at the old-fashioned, New England custom of going out to tea at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, getting home again in the evening, and then going to bed; but the men who that custom made were not to be laughed at. The men who are wearing out are city men. It seldom happens that city men breed strong men. For the city, like the grindstone, takes off the edge and the very steel from the sword, and the country has to send in its men all the time. No city could perpetuate its power and maintain its influence if it were not for the continual recuperation of its population by the transmission of country-bred men, who have kept right hours and observed wholesome, natural laws. They come in to make up for the waste and the consumption that arise from city practices.

Now, it is not wrong in the same sense that burglary is wrong for a person to go to entertainments at 10 o'clock at night; but it is wrong. At 10 o'clock the festival begins and by 12 or 11 it is at its height. And then comes the lauderal feeding. And all men at night are pigs. As any man goes to one of the bibulous and gustatory habits of men away from home, with curious views, is such that I cannot but feel that the lower nature gets the ascendancy.

Have you ever seen men on a steambot, where the table was spread, stand around the door and eat a plunge into the night, and the table the moment an opportunity was given? Have you seen how men stretch and lean over in order that they may fare the best? Men, too, that are well fed at home, and that do not seem to need any special feeding—have you seen how they gorge and feed, how they stuff and fill and forget everything but to eat, and eat right and left and eat something of everything, and this at 12 or 1 o'clock at night? And good men and wise—deacons, elders, class-leaders, ministers—all good men, but when a man leaves his home at 10 o'clock at night to go to an amusement and takes his second supper at 1 or 2 o'clock, what would you expect of him but that he should make everything consistent, and the whole abominable mess a violation of natural law? And in the world of fashion they keep this unnatural excitement up to most absurd extent, by 2 or 3 or 4 o'clock they begin to go home, and then they retire. About the time they ought to get up they go to bed. Now comes the restless sleep of the forenoon. And then, about 10 or 11 o'clock, dreary and headachy and desponding, they get up most dolefully to talk about their enjoyments!

The old fables say that there were creatures—salamanders—that could live in the fire. I believe it. For I have seen persons, men and women, that lived in a round of parties nearly every night for ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years until they were perfectly drained, perfectly used up, and had to go to Saratoga or Newport to get over plue. They had enjoyed themselves so much that they were all run down. Their energies were all wasted. Their vitality was all gone. Their nerves were unstrung. Their digestion was impaired. The whole system was marked for disease.

Therefore, consider what a disreputable thing this is. Consider what a use it is of one's refinement, civilization, wealth, social position to make them the instruments for destroying his body, ruining his nerves, taxing and racking and draining his system, and going on every single winter in this preposterous conversion of night into day, and day into night. Talk about a thief being wicked—a man that is habitually practicing such violence, although he does not sin against society, sins against the laws of God in his own body and will have a day-of-judgment account to give for it. It is an abomination before God and ought to be an abomination before every decent person.

These doanings and feasting and fooleries at night, besides being wicked on the ground of the waste of time, are utterly unpardonable as being a sin against health and against the functions of life for which men were created. If God had been created man to be a thistle-down? Were women born to be butterflies? Were human beings made to be mere triflers? Is there nothing for themselves, nothing for mankind, nothing for the glory of God, that is to try and task their energies in this life? If they are so using themselves, or prostituting themselves, as to turn day into night and night into day, and to be burning account for them to render by and by. There is many and many a dissipated one that will suffer retribution, not only for indulgence in disallowable things, but for indulgence in allowable things in disallowable hours.

The day is the time for work, and the night is the time for rest. Night for home; or, if it is to be used for purposes of social enjoyment, then it should be used with regard to timely hours. And no man ought to see the middle of the night out of his bed, unless he is called out by works of necessity or of mercy, or by the light of duty. Sunday quakers do that at 13 o'clock. It is well to be in bed at 10 o'clock.

If our nights could be shortened at one

end and lengthened at the other, it would be better for us. Get up early; breakfast early; work early. Use the day for the works of the day, and the nights for recuperation and not for works of darkness.

KERRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher on Home Rule. (Fall Mail Gazette.)

SIR—It was ever so nice of you to print my story last week. Will you now let me explain more seriously how much it is really on your side, though, perhaps, more on your side than you will quite like? For I am with Ireland altogether in these present matters, as I am with Scotland, with India, with Afghanistan and with Natal. I should like to see home rule (in my sense of ruling—not yours) everywhere. I should like to see Ireland under a king of Ireland; Scotland under a Douglas, tender and true; India under a rajah; and England under the Earl of Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Also I wish when you are writing about what you call the British constitution that you would bring the great article of Magna Charta often into the British freeman's head—that "law shall not be sold." But chiefly to say, way you to print the following character of Gratton, by Sydney Smith, which should be of some use in showing the Irish members of Westminster under what conception of their Ireland should "expect" every man to do his duty. I am, sir, your faithful servant,

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Brooklyn, February 16.—As a general thing men can control their time, and the time for study and for work is the day, while the time for social recreation and rest is at night. The general rule, though there may be occasional exceptions to it, for every young man and every young maiden entering life: Do your work in the daytime; do not turn yourself into a student at night. The practice has some charms, because we read in history and in literature about the midnight oil. I remember saying in a sermon once, and which I now hear repeat, that the worst oil that a man ever burned was midnight oil. It wastes society. It not only induces artificial excitement during that late hour just preceding sleep, which makes sleep less wholesome, less nutritive, but in every way deranges a man's habit.

If a minister studies late Saturday night, or if he works late at night during all the week, you may be perfectly sure that he can not be a robust, wholesome man all round. I can detect the tendencies induced by habitual night work. And, although the night, when everything is still is the only working time for hard-run professional men, frequently, yet working at night is always pernicious and should never be resorted to except as a choice between evils, even under such circumstances.

I think the judgments formed at night are never so solid and fresh as judgments formed in the morning. If in the morning a man is without charity, if he is despondent, if he is dull, if he is unnerved, you may be sure that he is living wrong. For the order of nature is that a man should rise from his bed in the morning as birds rise, singing, and in perfect health. A man rises buoyant, and has his best hours in the early day. For although perhaps the fancy may not be so brilliant in the early day, the judgment is better. The conclusions and determinations which arise from the early day are more to be sounder and safer than those which he forms at night. Fancy for the night, judgment for the day. And I would say to every young person whom it concerns, form, if it is a possible thing, the habit of doing your study in the daytime, and reserve your nights for lighter tasks, and keep early hours with a purpose. You do not profit (if I do not care who your exemplar is) by departing from the great influences and laws of nature. There is many a man and a man that wears out prematurely, because, without one single unvirtuous or vicious habit, he grinds his life out by night work.

I do not object to a plunge into the night for social pleasures to the extent which, in cities and in fashionable circles especially, it is prostituted. Pleasures, even within moral bounds, are not wholesome in the untimely hours of night. The turning of night into day, the creation of artificial light, the use of the day again, amidst all its glare and din of excitement, for sleep—these things are not wholesome. They are not wholesome either to the body or to the soul.

Men laugh at the old-fashioned, New England custom of going out to tea at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, getting home again in the evening, and then going to bed; but the men who that custom made were not to be laughed at. The men who are wearing out are city men. It seldom happens that city men breed strong men. For the city, like the grindstone, takes off the edge and the very steel from the sword, and the country has to send in its men all the time. No city could perpetuate its power and maintain its influence if it were not for the continual recuperation of its population by the transmission of country-bred men, who have kept right hours and observed wholesome, natural laws. They come in to make up for the waste and the consumption that arise from city practices.

Now, it is not wrong in the same sense that burglary is wrong for a person to go to entertainments at 10 o'clock at night; but it is wrong. At 10 o'clock the festival begins and by 12 or 11 it is at its height. And then comes the lauderal feeding. And all men at night are pigs. As any man goes to one of the bibulous and gustatory habits of men away from home, with curious views, is such that I cannot but feel that the lower nature gets the ascendancy.

Have you ever seen men on a steambot, where the table was spread, stand around the door and eat a plunge into the night, and the table the moment an opportunity was given? Have you seen how

FORAKER'S TRIUMPH

THE REPUBLICAN CLUB DINNER

A Gathering Remarkable For Those Absent as Well as Those Present—Sorrow Over Larry O'Brien's Death.

(Correspondence of The Indianapolis News.)

NEW YORK, February 17.—The republican club of this city is an association of bright young fellows almost unknown in political circles. They are witty, well-dressed and imbued with an active party spirit. They are the frisky chipmunks of local politics, who lie dormant in cold weather, and who skip about warm fences and bound over stone walls when autumn comes and nuts are falling. On February 12 the club was asleep, but on the next day it awoke to fight its famous foe.

It was a great dinner, however, and great in more respects than one. It was the first dinner of the kind in New York for years, where stars of equal magnitude shone with equal glory. For once there was more than one Chauncey DePew at the table. Chauncey has been called an intellectual Albatross. Albatross shone in this constellation in the person of Joe Hawley. Frank Hiscok gave as steady a light as Aleyone; Harrison sparkled like Algel; Ogleby twinkled like Vega, and Henry Cabot Lodge resembled Sirius in the dog days. The brightest twinkler of all, however, was Governor Foraker. His intellectual brilliancy recalled the glories of the lost star in Cassiopea. No political Tycho Brahe could observe its radiance without exhibiting breathless interest.

After Harrison came Chauncey DePew. He was lucky in being two pegs away from the governor of Ohio, and he was, as usual, unlucky in having his best stories mangled next day by either the reporters or editors. His best story was in comparing the democratic situation to-day with a Pease-kill funeral. On looking out of a coach a passenger saw that the procession had left the road, and was wabbling over dangerous ground in an adjacent field. "Here, where are you going?" he shouted to the coachman. "You're off the road."

DePew's speech stood in marked contrast to that of Frank Hiscok, which was grave and dignified, and sounded like a peared echo from the United States senate chamber. A rip-roaring, old-fashioned, brass-mounted address was that of Governor Ogleby, of Illinois. Uncle Dick wore big spectacles and an antiquated broadcloth suit. His bald head glistened as he became warmed with the fervor of his eloquence. He pounded the table until the glasses jingled again and again. Then he began to mow a swath to his left. He grew so demonstrative that he forced Joe Hawley, Governor Lonsbury, Chauncey DePew, Senator Aldrich and Speaker Husted back to the table to escape the sweep of his arms. As one after another fell back, the guests screamed with laughter. At first Uncle Dick seemed to think them delighted with his quaint western way of talking, but when even Jimmy Husted turned tail, and a hurricane of merriment killed the effect of a blizzard of eloquence, the old general "tumbled to the racket," and thereafter held himself within bounds.

Henry Cabot Lodge's remarks were as coldly classic as some of George William Curtis's efforts. He did not seem to sympathize with Joe Hawley's assaults on the men who killed Blaine. He seemed glad to have escaped the fate of the prodigal son, however. Employment as a wine-seller is hardly in his line, and he was evidently looking for a fatted calf. After abusing the administration and complaining of its manner of dealing out the fodder, he squatted once more in the family rocker, with folded arms and placid face, animated by faint applause.

This dinner was made all the more remarkable by the presence of many great men who were not invited to speak. Among them were ex-Governors Foster of Ohio and Coraell of New York, Thomas G. Platt, Governor Beaver of Pennsylvania, Whitelaw Reid, Wm. M. Everts, Noah Davis, Stephen B. Elkins, Ellihu Root, James Arkel, John A. Elfinger, George H. Sharpe, Stewart L. Woodford and Levi M. Bates. The applause over the reading of a letter from James G. Blaine was deafening, but not so great as that which greeted Foraker's address.

Again I say that it was a great dinner, but neither as great nor as memorable as it would have been if Roscoe Conkling and Robert G. Ingersoll had been present. And both were in the city.

The death of Larry O'Brien caused more talk in New York than the taking-off death of John A. Logan. There is something curious about the interest taken in the life of a local hero. O'Brien was a typical New York boy, a politician, a gambler and a rouser, and was known from one end of the island to the other. He seemed to have all the qualities which win admiration in what might be called the surface society of New York. He had one distinction, which is very highly prized by men of his kind. Like the late James W. Morrissy, he was a great "bar-room fighter" and the battles he won were spoken of by the habitués of bar-rooms and cafes with bated breath. Bar-room fighters are men who have a particular and openly-expressed contempt for professional pugilists of whom they speak as "looking-glass fighters." It is a special delight of the sport to lick a man who has made a reputation in the ring and the fearlessness and pluck of the average bar-room fighter is beyond question. O'Brien showed himself in many instances. The last one that I remember was his attack on Pete McCoy, the middle-weight pugilist, one night, three years ago, at the Madison Square garden. McCoy had a national reputation as a hard hitter, was in perfect train-

ing and known to be a man of high courage. He was bigger, stronger and younger than O'Brien, but he leaped for him, nevertheless, and had him well in hand when the men were dragged apart.

Larry O'Brien loved Broadway. After he had been cut half to pieces by Truman he was confined a long while in the hospital, but as soon as he was able to walk he crept out on Broadway, where he used to move feebly about in the sun, attended always by his devoted friends. He was then as pale as a corpse, his arm was in a sling and his general condition pitiable. The true story of his quarrel with Truman has never been published, and probably never will be by any reputable paper, because it involves the name of one of the most generous and popular of men and of a woman who is universally esteemed.

Perhaps the most intimate friend of O'Brien's was Pat Sheedy, whose ups and downs in life would make a wonderful story of adventure. Sheedy is a serious, equitable and placid man, who has a cold gray eye, and has never yet bluffed or rattled. His attire is invariably of the most faultless pattern, and he neither drinks or smokes. He is the only man who ever had absolute control over Sullivan, and it is said that they have had but one quarrel. At the height of it Sullivan uttered a violent threat and menaced the gambler. It is said that Sheedy moved closer to Sullivan, looked him straight in the eye and told him never to bluff him again, because if he did he would be called. Sullivan looked into the eye of the gambler and saw something there which his fighting spirit recognized, and ever since that time he has treated Sheedy with the most pronounced respect.

Another sporting man who holds a place in the local admiration of the town is Jerry Dunn. Thousands of men have passed him on Broadway day after day for years and wondered who he was, for he is one of the most inveterate and tireless walkers of New York's great thoroughfare. He is a handsome man, of stalwart build, with a short-clipped beard, level brows and bright eyes. It was him the day he came from Chicago after he killed Elliot, when New York was filled with threats against his life, and he was warned by all his friends not to come here. It was on board a steamer going to a prize-fight out in Flushing, and there was as desperate a gang of toughs on the boat as could have been raked together from the four quarters of the earth. Every other man had a curse and a threat for the name of Jerry Dunn and it was prophesied on all sides that he would never dare to come to New York again. Two minutes before the boat started there was a commotion on the forward deck and Jerry Dunn stroled down the gang plank into the lion's den, the picture of complacency and ease. Since that time he has faced the mob everywhere in New York with the same imperturbable exterior, and the impression that he is not the sort of a man to trifle with is now so well defined that all the talk of vengeance has melted into the air.

It would, I suppose, be difficult to find three acknowledged gamblers in the country who have so large a share of the respect of reputable men as O'Brien, Sheedy and Dunn.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, BLAKELY HALL.

Mark Train on Education. You have all seen a little book called "English as She is Spoke." Now, in my capacity of publisher I recently received a manuscript from a teacher which embodied a number of answers given by her pupils to questions propounded. These answers show that the children had nothing but the sound to go by; the sense was perfectly empty. Here are some of their answers to words they were asked to define: Auriferous—pertaining to an orifice [laughter]; ammonia—the food of the gods [renewed laughter]; equestrian—one who asks questions [roars of laughter]; parasite—a kind of umbrella [shouts of laughter]; ipecco—a man who likes a good dinner [renewed laughter]. And here is the definition of an ancient word which was a great party: Republican—a sinner mentioned in the Bible. [Shouts of laughter and applause.] And here is an innocent deliverance of a zoological kind: "There are a good many donkeys in the theological gardens." [Great laughter.] Here is also a definition which really isn't very bad in its way: Demagogue—a vessel containing beer and other liquids. [Prolonged laughter.] Here, too, is a sample of a boy's composition on girls, which I must say I rather like.

Girls are stacked up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They think more of dress than anything and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church every Sunday. They are always sick. They are always tony and makin' fun of the boys' hands and they say how dirty. They can't play marbles, but they think, poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say, "Oh, ah! the moon lovely." This is one thing I have not told and that is they all ways now their lessons better boys.

Enjoyed the Drop Curtain. [Wilmington (Del.) News.]

A lady who resides on Delaware avenue has a girl in her employ fresh from some region far removed from the theater. Thinking to give the girl a grand treat, and knowing that she had never seen a theater, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at the opera-house. The girl went, but returned before 9 o'clock.

"What is the matter? Did you not like it?" asked the mistress.

"Oh, I liked it ever so much; it's a fine painting."

"But," inquired her mistress, "why have you returned so soon? Surely you didn't see it all?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did. I went in and sat down and looked at the large picture. Thinking to give the girl a grand treat, and knowing that she had never seen a theater, the lady purchased a ticket for a play at the opera-house. The girl went, but returned before 9 o'clock."

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TICK-TICK-TICKING.

An Old Clock Sounds What is Interpreted as a Death Warning.

During the recent electrical disturbances of the atmosphere, an aged lady, a member of a family living on Hill avenue, lay very sick, and in the same room was an old-fashioned clock, the machinery of which had become disarranged, so that it had not run for several months. Late one night, after the family had retired, save the watcher at the bedside of the sick lady, and even she was dozing, the old clock ticked several times very distinctly, frightening the patient terribly, as she recalled the superstition about the ticking of a clock under such circumstances indicating a speedy death in the family, and in great alarm she aroused her attendant. She too, after a brief interval, heard the tick-tick-ticking of the clock in question, and nearly fainted with fright, and on this the remaining members of the family were called. Finally the old lady felt compelled to act, and she addressed the clock as she quered, "Am I to die? and again the mechanism ticked very perceptibly several times. Then she wanted to know if it was the spirit of her son George addressing her, and again the clock ticked. In great haste a courier was dispatched for a physician, and when the regular attendant presented himself it was after midnight, and the terror of the family can be more easily imagined than described. The physician was at his wife's ends what to suggest, for the fright of all parties was too intense to prevent him from treating the matter with contempt as the idle fancy of a dis-tempered brain, but finally he nerved himself to do this very thing, and as he did so again the clock started upon a measured tick, as if to warn him against his skepticism, for the fright of all parties was too intense to prevent him from treating the matter with contempt as the idle fancy of a dis-tempered brain, but finally he nerved himself to do this very thing, and as he did so again the clock started upon a measured tick, as if to warn him against his skepticism, for the fright of all parties was too intense to prevent him from treating the matter with contempt as the idle fancy of a dis-tempered brain, but finally he nerved himself to do this very thing, and as he did so again the clock started upon a measured tick, as if to warn him against his skepticism, for the fright of all parties was too 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THE HOUSEHOLD.

WRITTEN FOR THE INDIANAPOLIS NEWS.

GENTLE BREADWINNERS.

(By Catherine Owen, author of "Ten Dollars Enough," etc.)

Chapter 7.

MINCE MEAT, MINCE PIES, CANDIED LEMON AND ORANGE PEEL.

Dorothy first set about the mince meat, which was from an old manuscript book of her mother's. The recipe was as follows: (Give price as once to avoid repetition.)

- ONE POUND OF LEAN BEEF (about four ounces loss in boiling).....\$.20
Two pounds butter..... .20
Two pounds currants..... .20
Four pounds raisins..... .20
Two pounds brown sugar..... .15
Two pounds molasses..... .15
One-half pound candied orange peel..... .15
One-half pound candied lemon peel..... .15
One-half pound candied citron..... .15
One brimming pint of California sherry..... .25
Half a pint of brandy..... .15
One teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and one tablespoonful of powdered sugar..... .10
One level tablespoonful of sifted salt..... .05

When Dorothy had found her proceeds of her bracelet she asked Mr. Bevan to write to a friend of his to send her out a ration of California sherry and one of brandy. The wine costs two dollars, the brandy three a gallon, which was the wholesale price.

Orange and lemon peel candied were dear, and not found at the country store, therefore Dorothy decided, although the fruit was dear, to buy it at that season, she must candy some for her mince meat. Lemons were cheap, and she did more than she needed of them, for future use.

Dorothy found later, when she came to buy more largely, that she could buy both orange and lemon peels at wholesale for little more than it would cost to do them, if she had to buy the fruit for the purpose, but it was not so fragrant as that which she did herself, nor so handsome, and then after she was prepared for it she took care to save all the lemon peels from lemons; orange peels were carefully laid aside before the fruit was eaten, and each thrown into a separate jar of strong salt and water. When the jar was full she caudled them.

This time, however, there was no time to let them lie in salt and water, and Dorothy had to give them extra boiling in clear water instead.

I will here tell how they were done, as where many oranges are eaten or much lemonade used they make quite a difference in one's Christmas fruit bill.

If fresh lemon peels are used, they require longer boiling than those which have lain in the salt and water; the water in both cases needs changing while the boiling till it no longer tastes salt or bitter.

To Candy Lemon or Orange Peels.—Remove all loose skin and pulp, but do not touch the white inner skin, cut them in quarters and boil till very tender, but not until they break. They take from three to four hours; lemon peels sometimes more. Remember if not thoroughly tender before they go into sirup, they will harden in it. When you can run a straw through them take them up, drain them on a cloth or sieve and prepare a sirup with a pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water; boil and skim it, then add the peels and let them slowly boil till clear, then boil fast till the sirup is thick, take them up and lay them on a dish. Make a sirup of a pound of sugar and half a pint of water; when it has boiled till a long thread hangs from the end of a fork, take it from the fire, work it while hot into the back of a spoon against the sauceman until it begins to look cloudy, then each piece of lemon peel must be dipped into the candy and laid on a dish sprinkled with sugar, and set in a warm place to dry.

As Dorothy was going to cut her up and eat some, she must keep a little of the rich sirup, but to keep they must be candied.

To Dorothy, who had plenty to go on with while watching the peels, they were no trouble.

Mrs. Bevan volunteered to help seed raisins, and Dorothy asked May to do so. All three sat down; a long, damp cloth was spread on the table before them, and a bowl of warm water in which to dip sticky fingers occasionally. Dorothy and May split the raisins with a knife and removed the seeds. Mrs. Bevan preferred to press the raisins between her fingers and take them out either way is good; the only thing is that the seed should be effectually removed. Sometimes, even after the seed is out of the raisins, they cling to the finger, and so go into the bowl with the seeded ones; hence, the use of the damp cloth to receive them. When the raisins were almost all cut they were washed first in quite warm water to dissolve the sugar which held them and the dirt in masses; then the colander containing them was set into a pan, an abundance of lukewarm water poured over them, the currants were gently stirred, the hands and the colander lifted up and down; the water was thrown away then. More water poured through the fruit until it ran with only a reddish tinge, without dirt; then they were left to drain and put on a coarse cloth to dry, and from that into dripping-pans, a thin layer in each, and set back of the stove, where they would not burn, and every now and then they were shaken up.

The apples were then carefully pared, cored and chopped, the seed freed from skin and chopped very fine, and Dorothy was very particular to get the seed from the kidney, which will cling to the seed as flour, and is very free from membranes; she was careful in chopping to do only half a pound at a time and to keep the bulk in a cold place. Then the raisins were chopped, the beef also till it was fine as oatmeal. Then the currants, now dry, were searched, most carefully searched, for stones or twigs, the peels were sifted, and then all the ingredients were mixed together. The wine and brandy added, and spices. For these last, although she began with the stated quantities, Dorothy knew she must go by taste, a teaspoonful of freshly-ground spices being equal to much more of inferior quality. When the whole was well-stirred the mince-meat was ready, although it would be better in a month than now.

There were fourteen pounds of mince-meat, and Dorothy knew, although there are many recipes, there is no one more rich than that her mince-meat had been considered so rich that some to whom she had given it in times past had added apple. It cost 15 cents a pound, and the best confectioner's mince-meat sold at 50 cents. She had made a sort of rule about doubling her money on what she made, but in the case of work which would not be sold she thought she was justified in doing more than this; indeed, she would not sell more by selling too cheap. She would fix the price at 45 cents, with the commission off that would insure her 40 cents. The profit she knew, should her mince-meat sell well, would be more than she could buy at wholesale, and the peels used this time were several cents dearer than they would be at another time.

She packed the mince-meat into glass self-sealing jars, three pounds in each, and then she made a few little English mince patties. As these are only as samples of the inside, I don't think I will make real puff paste, but use "rough puff" rather less expensive and that takes less time. "I would make that paste for you, Doris, only it never is the least like puff paste with me—but only nice, flaky short paste." "I know, aunt, I can't imagine why—but you'll see it will be almost as much as real puff if the oven is nice and hot." Quick or Rough Puff Paste.—Twelve ounces of butter, sixteen of flour, the yolk of one egg, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, ice water. Dorothy put the flour into a chopping-bowl, and as it had been in rather a warm place she set it in a cold one, and let it get thoroughly cold, the butter also was cold and firm—she chopped butter and flour together till the butter was about as large as white beans; then she added a half teaspoonful of salt and made a hole in the center and put into it the egg yolk, lemon-juice and ice-water to make a firm paste she handled it very lightly, and did not knead it at all—so that the contents of the chopping-bowl were turned on the board there were loose pieces of butter, and the paste was just holding together, she floured the rolling-pin, rolled the paste to half an inch thick, keeping it as square as possible; then she cut out all the round shapes placed them in the center of the paste and

folded it in three, very evenly, turned it with the rough edges toward her and rolled it out again, dredged a little flour over it, folded it again in three, and rolled, this she repeated once again. The process had been gone through at an open window, so that it might not be necessary to set the paste on ice between the rolling as must have been done had the warm kitchen softened the butter. Now, however, it was getting soft and sticking to the board, therefore to the ice-box it went for half an hour, while Dorothy prepared ingredients for three ginea cakes she had to make.

When the paste was firm she cut a third of it, leaving the rest on ice, rolled it to the eighth of an inch thick, turned a small plain round paty pan on it and cut round it, allowing the knife to slide outward, so that there was a narrow margin.

When she had cut a dozen she laid each piece on the paty pan, pressed the bottom gently, taking care not to touch or smooth the border in any way, then into the center of each paty she put a large spoonful of mince meat, not spreading it but leaving it in a high mound and quite free from the border, now the mince-meat was ready, she brought and rolled out a shade thicker, as many rounds cut allowing a trifle larger margin a narrow cut made with the end of a knife in the center of each, and the border slightly moistened, each cover was then put on the paty pan, pressed the bottom gently, and the mince-meat border (not the edge) made to adhere by gentle pressure with the little finger, round the bottom of the mound of mince meat, leaving the edge quite unpressed; each paty was tightly brushed all over with white egg, beaten with a teaspoonful of water, then the cakes were fully left untouched. The reason for this was that if pressed, pastry is denuded and can not rise, if brushed with egg the edges would be glued together and could not rise in leaves as it should do.

They were baked in a quick oven and watched that they took no drying, and that of ripe corn, and that every one was the same, and when they were taken out, one that was not indeed burned, but had a darker side, was rejected as not perfect enough to send, although Dorothy had no intention of getting orders for the patties, but merely to introduce her mince-meat—it was not in her nature to send anything less than perfect.

While these were baking she had been getting the ginea cake material ready, and by night they were baked.

"Now, aunt, I shall make a pound of macaroons to-morrow for the exchange and the rest of the other exchanges and the orders you got me. Aunt, I want to put forth all my strength on those fancy cakes Mrs. Bissell told you she wanted for her what club."

HOW TO COOK EGGS.

(By Helen Campbell.)

How it is that for average housekeepers in this American nation eggs are regarded as the symbol of extravagance it is hard to say, though this applies to eggs in but one form. The conviction is not allowed to affect the manufacture of cake, puddings or custards. It is only when they are used as nearly as possible in a natural state, that the housekeeper cries out: "Boiled eggs! We can't afford eggs. There is nothing so extravagant!"

Why this faith so deeply rooted, who can tell? It may be the inheritance from old colonial days, when the peels and hens were unobtainable save at their own chosen seasons! But old colonial cook-books show no lack of sweets to the formation of which many eggs must go and far south and west it is the same story. "Eggs are indigestible," the landlady tells you in rural New England, and offers you fried breakfast and salted biscuit as a substitute.

"Don't raise 'em round here except accidental like," was the report of a western landlady, while in the south delicious fried chickens may be had, but how seldom the egg, the beginning of all chickens!

For this conclusion she herself is probably responsible. If "the boys" had been taught from the beginning that the amount of nourishment in an egg is equivalent to quarter of a pound of cooked beef, they would have learned to feel that four could hardly be essential, and that two were really a good meal. As to their indigestibility it is not the egg that is in fault, but the manner of cooking it, and the variety of ingredients that are taken with it. We boil and fry and turn out leathery omelets when required, but know few of the possibilities of really well-prepared eggs. The poorest peasants of southern Europe, France, Spain, Italy, Greece, can prepare an omelet, juicy, savory and light, or serve you eggs in any number of ways, and there is every reason why we should follow their example; dispense with the indignant amount of meat we eat, and thus with some of the diseases produced by too much meat, and make breakfast less of a problem to the anxious housekeeper. Let fresh fruit, wheat in grainlet or some other form, good coffee and eggs, there is certainly both variety enough and nourishment enough for even a hard workingman, and the cost, at most, is no more than that of meat, and for much of the year far less. I give one or two foreign methods which are as simple as the most in various families, and add one or two other equally desirable native ones, though, alas! native only where the cooking-school has domain.

Poached eggs, as done in Spain, Mexico and the east generally: Use a thick earthen pan (never an iron one), and let it heat over a fire. Mince a small onion very fine, or use parsley and sweet herbs instead, or a mixture of all. Melt in the earthen pan a large spoonful of butter, and add half a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoon of pepper and the onion, etc. Drop in the eggs one by one; do not stir, but let them brown a little then turn without breaking yolk, and brown on the other side. In Spain and elsewhere, they are served on the same dish and as hot as possible, and then the flavor is most perfect. This may be varied by breaking the eggs, and stirring in a soft toast, or by adding three minutes, or just long enough to make them firm yet creamy. For a plainer form of scrambled eggs, omit the butter and salt, omitting herbs and onion, beat the eggs, five or six in number, add a teaspoonful of milk, and stir steadily till the mixture thickens, serving on slices of soft toast. This also may be varied by adding a spoonful or two of finely-chopped ham or tongue.

Omelet Plain.—A very thick, smooth, iron pan must be used, the smoothness being essential. Break five eggs in a bowl, give them twelve strokes with a spoon or fork, add salt and pepper to taste, a little butter, melt a piece of butter as large as an egg in the pan, and as soon as it boils pour in the eggs; hold the pan-handle in the left hand and carefully and lightly draw up the eggs from the bottom as it sets a little, shaking the pan backward and forward to keep the eggs from sticking. When the omelet from the beginning fold one side over another, let it stand a minute, then slip or lift with paucate-turner to a hot dish and serve instantly. It will be light and creamy inside, firm and golden brown outside. From this foundation unending varieties may be made; herbs or minced onion added; green peas, oysters, fish or ham, and one of the most delicious forms—Gruyere cheese—grated and sprinkled over before folding.

Cheese Fondue.—Brillat Savarin was the first to formulate this dish, which makes a delicious and savory course. Five eggs; but the size of an egg; one cup of grated Gruyere cheese; a saltspoonful of salt and a mere sprinkle of cayenne. Beat the eggs well; add cheese and seasoning; melt the butter and add the mixture, stirring steadily until it is quite thick and creamy. Serve on a very hot dish. The same preparation can be treated on an omelet and slip on to them and bake in a hot oven till the eggs are set; about five minutes. Cream may be used instead of gravy, or simple white sauce.

BABIES.

(By Marian Hart.)

OUR BABY, who has just attained the age of one year, has been a very interesting subject of study. One learns every day an immense deal of wily-wisdom talked by callow pessimists

and their dyspeptic elders, of the unassisted factoriousness of life, the worse than uselessness of living, the first-aid considered it know-it-to-be-blame, the latter confound cause and experience. This world is a dear and bonny home, thanks to the dear Lord who made it so very good that his creatures in all ages and of all ages have not been able to spoil it. Of our queen-mother, Nature, it may be said that she sometimes can not stand her inferiority, neither can ingratitude chill her infinite kindness. Each spring-time is a resurrection; each fruit-season brings the thrill of a pleasant surprise; each Christmas-tide stirs our souls as if the birthday of Birthdays—the red heart all at once with the living fire set in the mid-breast of the first winter—were then celebrated for the first time. Still, as when the morning stars chanted the completion of the young earth, all things leave the Father's hand fair and new.

Our Baby, to whatsoever name he may come, the freshest, most exhaustingly interesting creation the angels ever lured to our level. "Come away," said a girl pulled at her friend's sleeve. "You don't care to listen to that pair of new mothers. They are only comparing notes and asking advice about their lambs. I heard one say just now: 'I had no idea until mine came that a child was such a solemn responsibility.' I always stop up my ears and run when they begin that sort of cant." The other resisted: "But I do not care to hear this! They are discussing the reform—dress for infants—may be you don't know that we have a baby—my sister—at our house. That makes all the difference in the world, you see."

With the tenacity of the cradle in "our house" other topics beside the reform-dress shall be only topics prominent. We next saw a child in the street without seeing it. The gutter-baby, pat-a-cackling mud pies on the curb-stone; the catkin baby making round eyes at the little Arab through the carriage window; the sickly baby, the healthy baby, pretty babies and homely babies (if such exist) all pull at the check-string of our hearts, each reminding us in some way of that tiny bundle of warm unconsciousness at home, lapped in love and fed on kisses. We loiter before windows which display baby-clothes; emulate the sweet nonsense of Fradles and his "dearest girl" in selecting the toys we will buy for the boy when he begins to walk; notice, when the children are in school catalogues, we blush and laugh foolishly, and nobody except his father and mother is privy to the secrets of the savings bank account begun in his own name when he was one day old. "All the difference in the world!" Yes! And in the universe.

Once I saw a wretched baby. I confess to a sensation of chagrin when a young mother does not confess this directly. In some one particular, if not all, he resembles no other child ever born, and surpasses the rest of the infant creation. Many years ago I witnessed an illustration of the vicissitudes of vanity that struck my girlish senses of fitness, but which I recall now with reverence. A neighbor's child was, as the old wives insisted, "marked" by a snake on which the mother trod in the garden one day before it was born. The recollection of the deformed baby lent an awful fascination to "Miss Vernon" when I read it many years ago. When she was a young girl and had never walked when she died at the age of six. Her skin was covered with scales, her head was flat, her eyes were narrow and black. Chancing to call at the house one day, I saw the poor little thing—she was always a wretched baby, and she wriggled across the floor to the mother's feet and grasping her dress, laughed up in her face. Such a laugh! The cleft tongue shot out with a hiss; the forehead receded entirely under the low forehead; the eyes gleamed—the whole effort was indescribably revolting. And the mother, a handsome woman in her best and staidest dress, leaning over her child and kissing and called her the "dearest, loveliest, rosiest ever made!"

Our baby is always an "incomparably sweet angel," the rose of the world. The divine ingenuity that lays up against his coming such store of mother-love does not cease to work, the present moment being her supply. The care of baby takes more of mamma's time, draws more heavily upon her nerve power and physical strength than all her other duties combined. She is not her own property by day or by night. There are many anxious as happy thoughts of him. She never quite forgets him, and he is present unless he is asleep, and then holds her breath to listen for his.

All this and so much more to the same effect is true that we declare without reservation that the active business of motherhood gives occupation to the hand, head and heart of any one woman. She can no more escape the weight than can her husband from the burden of his craft or profession. The one is to her what the other is to him. This is the kernel of our "talk." You discouraged mother, bewailing your pinched hands and stagnated mind, remember the liberty of a toilsome girlhood, for the glad days that are no more, ready to cry out upon marriage as thralldom and maternity as degradation—make the mistake of reversing the order of duties. Your husband, with a just sense of your active business, will not when prudence bids him bide by the staff, or watch over investments; when he espies a chance to make money postpones to a more convenient season the merrymaking. His holidays are sandwiched between so many weeks that he almost forgets the flavor of one before another comes, should he complain you would call him faint-hearted and think him lazy.

Yet yours is the nobler and far more important work. He makes money that perishes with his using (and other people's). You make men and women who will live forever, and through all the life-time bear the imprint you stamp upon them. He seeks fame that will be his during his few years. You are carving tablets for the never-ending years. The sublime patience of him who "paints for posterity" should be in you informed by a more sanguine faith, a wider justice sense of value. None of us can, if only for her own sake, afford to slir over one of the duties that develop into more distinct and grander proportions with our children's growth. In living their lives over with them we keep ourselves young, yet gain a serene dignity of womanhood. Instead of growing intellectually heavy, we must avail ourselves of every means within our range of studying with and for them. The true-hearted and far-sighted mother keeps a place open in society to which she may return with her young daughter when her own experiences are over. She sees mercy in sharp experiences of her own, and she will save her boys and girls from like blunders and like sorrows; that she may teach them wisdom, make herself wise.

"It is not"—writes a mother of the death of her first-born—"it is not for the day-old baby that mourns, but the little one who was to keep me from being lonely when my husband is not with me; who was to run down the street to meet papa when he comes home, the boy with whom I meant to study his lessons over the winter fire, and whose summer sports I was to share; the college lad whose home-going I thought he would glory in; the man whose arm would be around his old mother's support. All these I have laid away under the snow to-day with the we creature that never opened its eyes upon mine."

Such are the stages in the forward life of the renewed youth of every mother who still bears the burden of a living child. Her spring is her reward and her monument. If this life be not worth living, none is.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.

How Many a Life Can be Saved Before the Doctor Comes. [Good Housekeeping.] In a serious burn as soon as the fire is extinguished the clothes must be removed. If not already thoroughly wet, the injured part should be drenched with water and the clothes cut away. Everything must be sacrificed to getting them off without pulling, and no slight saving of time should be made. If patches of the clothing adhere and will not drop off, they must be allowed to remain. Dip cloths in a thick solution of common baking soda in water and lay them over the burnt surface, bandaging them lightly to keep them in place. As soon as a dry spot appears, this dressing must be renewed. Wash and water by squeezing some on it. There will be no smarting while it is wet and excludes the air. If a rubber sheet is not at hand a piece of oil cloth, a gossamer cloak, or any waterproof article can be spread on the bed with a blanket over it to receive the water. If any part of the heat should be applied to them, and a stiff collar given if the pulse is weak. The bed cover-

ing should be warm and light. A doctor should be sent for as soon as possible. The gravity of a burn is in proportion to the surface involved. A deep burn is much less serious than a superficial one twice the size. Pain is a good sign in severe burns; it shows that there is still vitality to suffer. Scalds can be treated in the same way. In slight cases painting the surface with thick mucilage will sometimes give relief, or pouring oil over it and then covering it with a thick coating of flour. Anything that effectually excludes the air will relieve the pain. Persons suffering from these accidents should have concentrated nourishing food, and as much of it as they can take, or pouring oil over it and then covering it with a thick coating of flour. Anything that effectually excludes the air will relieve the pain. 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Anything that effectually excludes the air will relieve the pain. Persons suffering from these accidents should have concentrated nourishing food, and as much of it as they can

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

Spring comes on apace. Not likely to have much, if any, more hard weather this year. We are ready for it. Ready for the hard weather, and ready for spring. As to the latter, we ask your attention to

NEW DRESS GOODS.

They are fresh spring styles and quality, in checks, stripes and fancy mixtures. Very tasteful in design, and quite as attractive in the price as in the pattern. Come, have a look at them.

L.S. AYRES & CO

P. S.—We have a lot of real Lace Barbs and Scarfs which we will sell at ONE-FOURTH THE ORIGINAL PRICE.

SOLID SILVERWARE.

Bingham & Walk.

JEWELLERS, 12 East Washington Street.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER

AT THE B. AND O. SHIRT FACTORY, 42 North Illinois St.

A. D. BOWEN, Proprietor.

NEW GLOVES.

720 pairs 4-button at 48c. 872 pairs 4-button, embroidered, at 89c; worth \$1.25.

TUCKER'S GLOVE STORE,

10 East Washington Street.

Advertisement for COAL and COKE with a logo for 'NORFOLK BLOCK' and 'PITTSBURGH COKE'.

MART T. OHR, Telephone 128. 14 N. Pennsylvania St. 128 Indiana Ave.

WHITE AND FANCY COLORED SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

PAUL H. KRAUSS,

Men's Furnisher, 26 and 28 North Pennsylvania Street.

N. B.—A large and select stock of French Shirts just received.

NEW WHITE GOODS,

NEW EMBROIDERIES, NEW LACES, NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS

OPENING DAILY AT WM. HÄRLE'S, 4 West Washington. Established 1822.

INDIANA STATUTES AT LARGE,

1862-1887. In parts, \$1 each. Acts 1883 now ready. Acts 1887 in type. Address S. R. Downey, Attorney, Rising Sun.

HEADQUARTERS FOR LINCRUSTA WALTON

HARDY & AMTHOR, 43 West Washington St. Opposite Transfer Car.

WIEBKE & PRANG, DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF COAL AND COKE,

Office and yard, 27 Middle Street. Orders routed to all Massachusetts Ave. Telephone 1099

INDIANA TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT CO.

95 East Market St., offers undoubted protection for valuables of every kind. Boxes for rent at 50c per week.

NEW BOOKS.

A Billions of Dough-and-Ready by Eric Harte. How shall My Child be Taught. By Louis Hopkins. 1.00. How to Cook. By Mrs. Terry Cook. 1.50. The Conception of the Infant. By Geo. A. Fullerton. 1.00. The Sing of David, and Other Poems. By Rev. Alfred Tommas. 1.00.

THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO.

FOR SALE BY THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO.

CITY NEWS.

Jessie Eisenberger is suing for divorce from Charles Eisenberger. Twelve real estate conveyances were filed yesterday: consideration \$10,453.43. The Journal criticizes against the gaming lawlessness now prevailing in this city.

The paterfamilias of Ella Castle against Frank L. Butler has been compromised by payment of \$250.

The governor has pardoned Walter S. Hunt, a convict in the prison south of Indianapolis for years for larceny. He is said to be fatally ill with consumption.

The slender suit of Walter T. Scores against Henry Hage et al. which has been pending for some time for want of jurisdiction, has been transferred to the circuit court.

Architect Bohlen has been instructed to prepare plans for a new city dispensary building, to occupy the site of the present structure. Where the money is to come from to build is not apparent.

The anniversary meeting of the Young Ladies' Missionary society of the Seventh Presbyterian church will be held to-morrow evening, at which time there will be an address by Mr. Camasugi, of Japan.

Yesterday a quantity of razors and other property was stolen from Noah Sull's barber shop, 125 Virginia avenue, and several razors, brushes and some small change from George E. Voglesang & Co., 304, same thoroughfare.

The Phoenix Mutual Life insurance company yesterday sold what is known as the J. K. Sharps building, at the corner of South Delaware and Maryland streets, to Charles Dammeier and George Vonderaar, the consideration being \$24,000.

Effie Lowery, the young girl reported missing from home by her mother, was found yesterday with a relative on South Mississippi street and she claimed that she had been driven away under circumstances compelling her to remain. She was not advised to go back.

The ball committee report having secured \$3,075 stock subscriptions, of the \$10,000 needed, and it is expected that the remainder will be taken in time for the meeting this evening at the hotel Bates, at which time delegates will be selected to wait upon the National league at Pittsburgh.

At the meeting of the Women's club yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Horace McKay read a paper on "Charlotte Brontë" and Miss Mary A. Talbot Morrison one on "Ellis and Acton Bell" and the conversation was led by Mrs. Charles Martindale. This was followed by an account of her visit to the Sorosis club, by Mrs. May Wright Sewall.

SUPREME COURT.

Abstracts of Opinions Rendered Friday, February 18, 1887.

CRIMINAL LAW—PLEA OF GUILTY—PRACTICE—PLEADING.

13,507. John A. Potter vs. state. Madison C. C. Reversed. Elliott, C. J.

On the 20th of March the appellant entered a plea of guilty to the information filed against him, and on the 22d of that month judgment was entered. On the 30th day of the same month the appellant asked leave to withdraw his plea of guilty, but the court denied his plea. It was not said that the court erred in refusing to permit the appellant to withdraw his plea of guilty. The presumption is in favor of the ruling of the court, and, in the absence of clear and strong showing that there was an abuse of discretion the ruling must be sustained. An information may be assailed for the first time by the defendant in error, and in such case the court does not change a public offense. Mere uncertainty or inaccuracy in charging the offense will not be sufficient, for the assignment of error does not perform the same office as a motion to quash. It is indispensably essential to the validity of an information for obtaining money by false pretenses, to aver that the pretenses, which the money was obtained were false, and one lacking such averment does not state a public offense.

ARSON—HUSBAND MAY BE CONVICTED FOR BURNING WIFE'S DWELLING-HOUSE.

13,442. William H. Garrett vs. state. Henry C. C. Affirmed. Howk, J. It is not necessary in an indictment for arson in burning a dwelling-house, that it be charged who was the occupant of such dwelling-house. It was necessary to aver that the house was the property of another person, and also, that the name of the other person should be given. Where a husband and wife dwell together, which is the property of the wife—such house is the property of another person within the contemplation of the statute covering the offense of arson, and the husband may be successfully prosecuted for burning it. Evidence tending to show that the husband furnished certain money to pay for building the house was not admissible.

Amusements.

To-night closes the successful engagement of "The White Slave" at the Grand, and the Bennett & Moulton opera company at the Museum, "Olivette," being the bill at the latter place. The Casino has done a good business in the minstrel line this week.

Next week is not overcrowded with amusements. Monday and Tuesday the popular "Black Crook" will be presented at English's by the Moulton & Baker combination—a company of sixty people and a triple ballet. Wednesday is not to be advanced. The last three nights of the week Frank Mayo, with a strong support, will present his greatest success, "Nordic," which has drawn full houses everywhere. At the Casino Fisher & Hassan's company will play "A Cold Day" all the week. It is full of good music and specialties, and is expected to make a great hit. At the Casino, the Madison Square Celebrities will appear all the week in comedy, burlesque, vaudeville, dancing, acrobatics, etc. The company is said to be a very fine one for the work. The Mexican who feeds on glass is among the many wonders to be seen.

Professor Bahr's annual at Plymouth church last night was a success in all respects. His pupils all acquitted themselves with credit to themselves and their instructor.

A Spirited Meeting of Contractors.

The contractors of Indianapolis held a spirited meeting at the Builders' exchange rooms last night. The subject under discussion was the lumbermen's proposition to sell members of the exchange lumber at a discount from the price charged outsiders. The debate was interesting and at times exciting. A motion, led by President Martin, opposed the scheme, on the ground that a failure to comply with contracts by individuals might involve the exchange as an incorporated body. When the motion was accepted the proposition, Mr. Martin refused to put the question, which action caused some harsh criticisms from members of the other side. Mr. Bennett, representing the lumbermen, finally withdrew the proposition, with the remark that the carpenters did not know what they wanted, and the meeting adjourned without definite action.

School Board Work.

At the school board meeting last night, Superintendent Jones stated that there was a necessity for more seats in the buildings of the southeastern part of the city, or the building of a new school-house. He also recommended that a new school-house be built at the corner of Delaware and Seventh streets, and the enlargement of No. 14. The recommendations were referred to the committee on buildings and grounds. W. H. Lester was awarded the contract for the enumeration of children, at ten-sixths of a cent per capita. Miss Ella Green was promoted to the post of assistant principal of No. 10. Bills amounting to \$281.05 were allowed. A card from an unbeliever in christian religion was received and referred to the judiciary committee, protesting against the opening of the schools with anything like christian ceremony.

A Reception to Pastor Barnard.

Rev. Mr. Barnard, the new pastor of the Mayflower Congregational church, was given a cordial reception by the members of the church last night. The social entertainment was under the direction of Mrs. Ira B. Glover, Messrs. C. F. Hansen, C. M. Eadie, Mrs. S. L. Merrick, Miss Winnie Willard, Mrs. Anna Walker and Mrs. Baughman were the principal participants in the rendition of the program.

Prosecutions Needed.

The meat inspector yesterday condemned five carcasses of sheep which had been slaughtered for food, and the point is again in order that some wholesome prosecution by him in the city court might stop this disreputable business. So long as no punishment follows, men care little for the occasional condemnation of a sheep, hog or bullock, for the whole affair scarcely represents five dollars invested.

The Mechanical Wonder.

Every day more people are getting interested in that clock-wonder at 22 West Washington street. Everybody is very much astonished about its workings, and doubtless go away wondering what the next curiosity in mechanism will be. To-day is the last day in this city, and we can honestly say that nobody should fail to pay it a visit.

H. T. CONDE, general agent for the Calligraph writing machine, has presented the military carnival a No. 2 improved Calligraph machine, which is to be voted to the most popular commander of a military company or uniform rank K. of P. of this city. This popular machine, just received from the factory, is now on exhibition in Albert Gall's show window.

JOSEPH F. KUNZ having embarked in the merchant tailoring business at 159 East Washington street, with a full assortment of foreign and domestic fabrics, invites the patronage of his friends and the public generally. Prices reasonable and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Conna, Gentle Spring! Ethereal Hillside!

It's a "fleshy" early yet for "ethereal mildness," but Dalton, The Bates House Hatter, has a full and complete line of the very latest spring styles in hats. Store open to-night.

DAKOTA, The Bates House Hatter.

DAKOTA, The Bates House Hatter.

NOTICE TO GENTLEMEN.

While some may consider it too early in the season, there are others who will feel interested in the fact that we are ready to show a complete line of Youman's celebrated New York stiff hats.

The spring styles excel, by far, any previous productions, both in symmetry of design and quality of goods. An early inspection is solicited by H. HAMBERGER, Sole Agent for this City.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSION

Via Iron Mountain route and Southern Pacific railway, leaving St. Louis 9:10 a. m. February 23 and March 2. This is the only southern route issuing excursion ticket to all points in southern California and including San Francisco, and is also the only southern route permitting passengers to return a different route without additional cost. Very low rates. For circulars and full information, call on or address

COKE ALEXANDER, District Passenger Agent Mo. Pac. Ry., 69 W. Maryland st., Indianapolis, Ind.

GRAIN foods for dyspeptics at VAN PELT'S.

REDUCED RATES SOUTH. Via the "Old Reliable" C. H. & D. railway, New Orleans and return, \$24.00; De Funiak Springs, Fla. and return, \$27.50; other points in proportion. Please call for full information at Grand Union ticket office, corner Illinois street and Kentucky avenue, 146 South Illinois street and at the depot. W. H. FISHER, General Agent.

The great sale watches, diamonds, silverware and jewelry at MARCY'S, "The" Jeweler.

TYPE-WRITERS

For sale or rent; paper and supplies. Sole agents for the "Remington Standard," WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENDISSE, 84 East Market street, Indianapolis, Ind.

SMALL oysters and clams—Schaffner's.

Go to A. Booth & Son's, 40 North Illinois street for oysters, fish and game. All groceries handle them. They are the best. Fish and oysters received daily.

PLAIN and fancy ice cream and cottage cheese R. W. FURNAS, 54 Massachusetts avenue.

In many cases crup is deadly. Parents seldom know what to do. Use Dr. Ransom's Hive Syrup and Tolu (or Honey Syrup), according to directions, and you will never pass another night without it.

OYSTERS, fish, game, etc.—Schaffner's.

TRUSLER'S Toilet Cream, Reliable cough remedy and face power sold by J. D. Gould, druggist, 201 Indiana avenue.

BEST and juiciest steaks—Schaffner's.

ZENER, FRIEDLEY & Co. represent the strongest companies, insure at the lowest living rates, and adjust and pay their own losses. No dealing with strangers nor waiting for adjusters if you have a loss. They also have money to loan in any amount at the very lowest rate of interest. Office 31 and 33 North Pennsylvania street.

Go to A. Booth & Son's, 40 North Illinois street for oysters, fish and game. All groceries handle them. They are the best. Fish and oysters received daily.

Hoop's Sarsaparilla enriches the blood.

SPECTACLES, gold, silver and steel eye-glasses and opera-glasses, cheap, at MARCY'S.

KAHN & Co., 14 East Washington street, are closing out their fall stock at 40 per cent. reduction. Take advantage of this, if you want a nobby suit or overcoat.

ORANGES, bananas, figs, dates—Schaffner's.

For fine watch repairing, go see MARCY, "The" Jeweler. Best place in the city.

BEST oyster—Schaffner's.

COTE D'OR

Is a pure wine which no one should fail to try. For sale by all first-class druggists at only 50c per bottle.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Many persons are afflicted with skin eruptions, boils or ulcers. Brandreth's pills taken freely will in a short time effect a complete cure of all such troubles. Ulcers of long standing have been cured by them. Carbuncles have been checked in their incipency by them. The worst fever-sores, bed-sores and the like have been driven from the skin by them. Only begin in time and a few of Brandreth's pills will prevent many a sickness. Taken freely they will cure any disease.

"TEN-CENT ROYAL" GLUES EVERYTHING!

Broken glass, china, wood, etc. Drugs & Gro.

INSURE your property in companies of national reputation, known to be strong and reliable and prompt and liberal in adjustment and payment of losses. A. AROBERT, Agent, Vinton block.

BIG BARGAINS in ladies' and gent's gold watches at MARCY'S, "The" Jeweler.

BEST filled oyster—Schaffner's.

OPENING OF SPRING GOODS

MONDAY.

H. P. WASSON & CO.

Advertisement for HENRY SCHWINGEL'S BIG REDUCTION IN PRICE OF SUGARS, 31 North Pennsylvania Street.

Advertisement for HAZELTON PIANOS GABLER PIANOS, Beautiful new styles for 1887 being received. Cases in mahogany, walnut, rosewood or ebony. Over 1,500 of these beautiful instruments in use in this city. LOW PRICES. EASY TERMS. PEARSON'S MUSIC HOUSE, 19 North Pennsylvania Street.

Advertisement for D. H. BALDWIN & CO., Wholesale and retail dealers in Decker Brothers, Haines Brothers, Fisher and D. H. Baldwin & Co. Pianos, and ESTEY and SHONINGER Organs. Parties at a distance desiring bargains should not fail to write for fuller description. Tuning and repairing a specialty. 95, 97 and 99 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis.

NEWS FROM THE SKY.

Venus is looking as bright as a Roman candle ball now. She may be seen, when the clouds give her a chance, at twilight. She will continue to grow bigger and brighter, because she is approaching the earth and rising higher every day.

At about 9 o'clock at night (the clouds permitting) you can see Saturn almost overhead, near the twin stars of Gemini. If you have got a telescope this is a good time to look at his rings and moons.

All day now you can see Children's Star Shirt Waists at THE WHEN. The best fitting and the best made Waists in the world, and sold at the usual low prices by

THE WHEN

Advertisement for ONE MINUTE COFFEE POT Against the Field. IT WINS WITHOUT AN EFFORT. In the competitive exhibition of coffee-making before Mrs. Ewing and her cooking school, where that lady's method was pitted against the Minute Coffee Pot, the judges, with one exception, voted the red ribbon to the Minute, without a minute's hesitation. Don't be without a Minute Coffee Pot—and why be without our justly famous C. and D. brand Coffee?

J. T. POWER, WASHINGTON MARKET,

78 and 80 North Pennsylvania St.

THE NEW YORK STORE

Established 1853.

REPAIRS.

Bear in mind that this week we are allowing 10 per cent. discount on Linens, black and colored Dress Goods, Laces, Ribbons, Embroideries, Veilings, Collars and Cuffs.

SPECIAL BARGAIN.

FIVE HUNDRED

REAL "MOHAR" UMBRELLAS

AT

\$1.19, \$1.40, \$1.45, \$1.75.

ALL PRICES IN PLAIN FIGURES.

PETTIS, BASSETT & CO.

ELECTRIC LIGHT, ARC AND INCANDESCENCE.

Write to anyone where our lights are in use as to efficiency. Send for illustrated catalogue.

JENNEY ELECTRIC CO.,

Indianapolis, Ind.

PAYMENTS FAVORITE STOVES AND RANGES.

OR P. M. PURSELL,

CASH. 84 East Washington Street.

CARPETS

Will Be Higher.

Advertisement for W. H. H. ROLL, CAN SAVE YOU 25 PERCENT ON SPRING PRICES. Buy your Carpets now, and lay them away. W. H. H. ROLL, 30, 32 and 34 South Illinois Street.

ANESHAENSEL & STRONG

91 North Pennsylvania Street.

GAS COKE AND CRUSHED

W. G. WASSON,

24 South Pennsylvania St.

ECONOMICAL BUILDINGS

I have Circulars describing the principles of Economical and Convenient House-building, which I would be pleased to give to anyone who will call or send address. Can furnish lots and money with which to build on small cash advanced. 100 E. W. Washington St. Indianapolis, Ind.

NOBBY DRESSERS

Should see the latest things in

SPRING OVERCOATS

At the MODEL. Our assortment is doubly as large this season as ever before. The lower grades, the medium grades and the fine grades are all represented in force. In style and make they are fully up to the MODEL'S high standard.

Call and see them.

MODEL.

Advertisement for HAINES BROTHERS' NEW STYLE UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES. A few years ago Haines Brothers discontinued the manufacture of Square Pianos. Since that time they have devoted their entire attention to Upright Pianos. These Pianos are remarkable for their prompt repeating action, brilliant and sparkling quality of tone, while the cases are large and elegant. Call and see them.

PIANOS AND ORGANS FOR RENT

D. H. BALDWIN & CO.,

Wholesale and retail dealers in Decker Brothers, Haines Brothers, Fisher and D. H. Baldwin & Co. Pianos, and ESTEY and SHONINGER Organs. Parties at a distance desiring bargains should not fail to write for fuller description. Tuning and repairing a specialty. 95, 97 and 99 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis.

REAL ESTATE.

We have some desirable business, residence and vacant property that must be sold. Money to loan at 6 per cent. on good Marion county property. Business, office and dwelling property for rent.

C. F. SAYLES,

75 East Market Street.

USE THE CELEBRATED FRENCH BREAKFAST COFFEE

FOR SALE ONLY BY

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

Importers, Packers and Coffee Roasters,

4 Bates House Block,

164 East Washington St.

Headquarters: 33 and 37 Vandy St., New York.

ACCORDING TO PROMISE,

We will pay \$5 for "New French Process" Soap wrapper No. 3790, \$1 for "Ivy" wrapper No. 4001, \$1 for "Old English" wrapper No. 5,413. Bring your wrappers to

UPSON'S SOAP STORE,

No. 6 Circle street.

Hereafter our notices will appear in the local columns.

FRENCH LINE MAIL STEAMERS

FASTEST LINE TO THE CONTINENT.

In New York service five new ocean greyhounds, unequalled in dimensions, speed and elegance, leave New York every Saturday and arrive at Havre the following Saturday, where passengers are transferred direct from docks by company's own special train to Paris and other continental cities. N. W. Kozminski, General Western Agent, Chicago. Agents in Indianapolis: Trenton Bros., 1 West Washington St., Alexander Metzger, Odd Fellows' Hall.

FOR HOUSE CLEANING

FEATHER DUSTERS.

BEST QUALITY.

REDUCED IN PRICE.

I. N. HEIMS,

44 and 46 East Washington St.

GLENDALE FEMALE COLLEGE.

Second session of THIRTY-THIRD YEAR, begins January 23, 1887. New pupils may enter at that time or after the holiday vacation, January 4. For catalogue and information, address

REV. L. D. POTTER, D. D., Glendale, O.

BEST BARGAINS IN THIS STATE

Best Hose supporters, women's 5c. We are open Saturday and Monday evenings. Toronto issue 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, yard. We always show exactly what we advertise. Best handles in the city 10c. They are cheaper than dress goods and are better. Best standard calicoes 12c. Twenty-eight year-old lace for 10c. Blankets, heavy, large, 50c. Our special sale occurs every day in the year, except days and holidays excepted. Nice neckties, men's silk, 10c. Don't give a quarter for them elsewhere. Men's suspenders, very strong, 10c. Boys' suspenders 10c. Best excellent neckties, 10c. Boys' socks, large, 1 pair for 25c. Best kid gloves in this city 15c. We know what we say. 50c for kid gloves that bring 10c elsewhere. Buck skin gloves, men's, 50c. The best all wool flannels, made in Indiana, 25c. Ladies' stockings, ladies', 10c. Second-class, 5c. Fancy stockings, 10c. 100-underwear for men 50c. Ladies' corsets 25c. We keep 18 different makes of corsets and sell them less than any other house. Child's wool stockings 10c. Alaska drugstore 10c. Ladies' linen collars 10c. Best bleached muslin, yard wide 10c; exactly as. Bed comforters 75c; good ones. Men's red underwear 75c; best for the price in town. Men's linen collars 2 for 25c. Some of them were by East of Wagon. Paper collar 10c,