"Macaulay, who had all that wealth, and fame, and rank, and talents could give, yet derived his greatest happiness from books."—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

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Welcome to our distinguished Literary Visitors in Convention to-day,

The Librarians of Indiana

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: INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE :

Between INDIANA UNIVERSITY and DE PAUW UNIVERSITY, to be held at the STATEHOUSE (Hall of House of Representatives), THIS EVENING.

QUESTION:

Does the political and social situation demand the rise into power of a new Political Party other than the Democratic or Republican?

ADMISSION—**25c.** Seats on sale at the Bowen-Merrill's.

Welcome to those factors of the Nation, in Convention to-day,

THE TEACHERS OF INDIANA

You are ever welcome.

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Our latch-string is out for those tried and true Custodians, also now in Convention assembled,

THE TRUSTEES OF INDIANA

Come and see us and be our guests. We are still in holiday attire.

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P. S. We have all the "Reading Circle" Books.

THE NERVOUS AMERICAN.

His Boston Brother Tells What Is the Matter with Him.

Boston Home Journal.

The ingenuity of the human race seems to have been applied steadily for the last few years to the shattering of nerves, and a more diabolical aptitude for a chosen field of work was never shown.

The American of to-day is said to go in a rush. You have heard all that, and do not care to have it repeated. But it is not the rush that makes him nervous, it is the nervousness that makes him rush. And this all comes through his ears. Let him go about his business with plugs in his ears, and in a few days he will be a well man—if not a corpse—for he will shut out the multifarious nerve-wearing, nerve-jarring, mind-distracting sounds with which our modern city life is getting filled.

It is jump here, jump there. A jar on the nerves at this point, and another at that, and so on all day, until a man seeks his rest, fagged in body and mind, and not quite so well able to stand the strain of the next day.

Let us look at what any modern Boston man's day may be, purely in respect to the noises that he hears which tend to drive him to distraction, and which may in some way account for his inexplicable crossness upon arriving at home, and I do not here mean to refer to the noises that all flesh is heir to, squalling babies or angry cooks, but merely to those unnatural shocks which set one's mind to jangling and cause thoughts of Bedlam to rise unbidden.

The man who lives in a flat will probably be awakened in the morning by the milkman or the janitor coming downstairs three at a jump, and striking his iron-shod hoofs into the woodwork at every step. This over, he will be aroused out of his next doze by the violent juggling of the furnace and the crackling and snapping of the steam in the pipes. Again will he be aroused by the violent slamming of the lid of the ashbox by the next-door Biddy, and by this time there is such a conglomeration of sounds that he cannot distinguish any one above the rest which is the most offensive.

He is just sitting down to his breakfast when the postman pushes the front-door bell button, and that instrument of continued surprise, the electric bell, shrieks out "Br-r-r-r-r-rtt" in a tone which says as plainly as anything, "Aha! I made you jump that time." And the breakfast hour is made still more hideous by the shouting of the hawkers behind the house.

As he comes out of the house his opposite neighbor is putting in his winter coal, and it is being done through the medium-ship of a sheet-iron spout. And the harsh, subdued, rasping roar issuing from one of those long iron spouts through which the load of coal is being transferred from the wagon into a hole in the sidewalk—is there any sound more exasperating or irritating? It is as if a sheet of sandpaper were being drawn to and fro across one's tympanum, or as if one had moved into a world where everybody was filing saws for the music there was in it. The person who can listen to the noise produced by shooting a load of coal through one of these torturing spouts without being convinced of the existence of a place of future punishment is a doubter beyond all hope of saving.

He boards an electric car to go down town, and directly under his feet there arises a roar and a grinding of wheels which seem to connect with his brain, via his heels, and to add to the confusion that is constantly growing greater as he nears the center of the city. Each car he meets goes by with a rush and a roar, the hissing sound on the wires accelerating in one great crescendo until the meeting is made, and then diminishing like the wail of a lost soul.

A railroad bridge is crossed, under which a train is rushing at top speed, roaring and clattering and sending up a cloud of steam. And as the jam of vehicles is approached there is added to the other noises that of the cracking of whips, the swearing of drivers, the clattering of hoofs upon the pavements, as some poor horse slips and tries to regain his feet, and through it all there is the continual dinging of the gongs on the electric cars, and perhaps those on a piece of fire apparatus which goes dashing by. This clang of gongs sounds like an unending death knell to the nerve health of the public. It is a signal of danger, not only to the pedestrian at the crossing, but also to the mental balance, the brain poise, and the patience of the populace. It is a streak of clanging discord which runs along the spine of the city, carrying terror and nerve ruin into half a million pairs of ears every day.

He hardly arrives at his office when he is called up by telephone, and he has but placed it to his ear when there is sounded upon his tympanum the exasperating "brt" and buzz of the buzzer before conversation can be had. Before the shock of this has worn off he seats himself at his desk, and there commences in his immediate neighborhood the "click-click-click" of the typewriter, which may be borne with fortitude for a short time, but which is deadly in the long run.

As he sits at his desk the sounds from the street come to him in a confused but continuous roar, punctuated now and then by the slow passage of a cart loaded with iron strips, which rattle above everything else. And after the day's work is done he leaves his office for the quietude of home. As he steps out of the door the arc light opposite hisses and spits at him; a newsboy's strident voice beats upon his ear; the gongs ding at him again; drivers curse and pull up their horses, while he slips around in the slush, and the roar goes on.

After a dinner that may or may not be peaceful, according to how much effect these things have had upon him, and also due somewhat to the effect some similar things have been having on his better half, he is entertained by the tones of a German band playing "Two Little Girls in Blue" in a whole bunch of keys, and he is soothed to rest finally by the shriek of the siren whistle, that shriek which has no parallel in all the noises made by man in his varied arts, or by nature in her wildest moods. It is an ear-splitting, brain-boring, peace-destroying screech. A more maddening or a more demoniacal noise never disturbed the repose of an honest man or startled the souls of the wicked.

And this is what comes of a man harnessing for his own use all the powers of nature. But something must break somewhere if the pace is kept up.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR PRICE'S

Cream Baking

Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

QUESTIONED BY WING

Mrs. Foy Cross-Examined by Daniel Coughlin's Attorney.

The Witness Worried and Excited and Forced Into Several Admissions That Were Not Expected.

TWO IMPORTANT LETTERS

In Which the Woman Demanded Money for Her Silence.

Both Addressed to Lawyer Forrest, Who Was Counsel for the Cronin Conspirators at the First Trial.

CHICAGO, Dec. 26.—Crowds surged through the corridors and attempted to gain entrance to the court room where Mrs. Andrew Foy was to be cross-examined in the Coughlin trial. Ex-Judge Wing subjected the witness to a severe questioning. She was interrogated as to Coughlin's visit to her husband on the night of May 9, and admitted that she heard nothing suspicious in the conversation. Then she was asked about Coughlin's visit on the next night, and testified to having heard the defendant telling her husband about the search for Cronin's body. She repeated her story of the visit of May 12, when, she claims, that Coughlin said her husband was in no danger, and that even if he (Foy) was arrested she would be well cared for by Alexander Sullivan, etc. After more questions regarding subsequent visits ex-Judge Wing advanced a step towards the witness and asked impressively:

"What promises has the prosecution made to you for testifying?"

Mrs. Foy had apparently anticipated the question, and replied dramatically: "Before God and man, I swear the prosecution has not promised me anything."

The attorney asked: "You don't love your husband, do you?"

"No, sir; I don't," she replied curtly.

"I see the prosecution has filled your house with policemen lately?"

"No, sir; the house is not full of policemen."

In reply to the next question Mrs. Foy admitted that her husband left her three weeks before policemen began guarding her house. She said she did not like Coughlin, and was noticeably disconcerted when the attorney asked her if she did not at one time send her regards to him while he was in jail. Recovering herself she said that that was a joke. "Those were sarcastic regards," she said.

A murmur of excitement ran through the court room when Judge Wing asked: "Mrs. Foy, isn't it a fact that you have accused your husband time and time again of being the man who threw the Anarchist bomb at the police several years ago?"

The attorneys for the prosecution were instantly on their feet and protesting against the question and shouting to the witness not to answer, but she cried out excitedly: "Before God, I never did; I never did."

"Now," went on Judge Wing, "Didn't you say you would go to Judge Grinnell and place your husband alongside of Spies and Parsons by what you should tell him?"

"No, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Foy, despite the protests of the attorneys for the prosecution.

WING'S SENSATION.

Judge Wing then sprung a sensation by advancing to the witness with a letter in his hand and asking: "Mrs. Foy, did you write that letter?"

State's Attorney Bottum sprang up in surprise. Against his protest the witness quickly took the letter and read it. "Yes," the witness added, reluctantly. After a silence, "That looks like my writing."

"And did you mail that letter to attorney Forrest?"

"I guess I did."

State's Attorney Bottum wanted to have the letter read aloud at once, but Judge Wing stated that he would introduce it in evidence later.

Judge Wing then presented another letter, and asked if it was not written by Mrs. Foy. This also the witness admitted after considerable hesitation. Then the defense took up another subject and the excitement occasioned by the introduction of the letters had scarcely passed away when a fresh outbreak occurred.

Judge Wing asked: "Now, Mrs. Foy, did not the prosecution give you any money?"

"I object," interposed attorney Bottum.

"Let her give the answer," cried a heavy voice from near the reporters' table. Every one in the court room turned in astonishment.

Attorney Daniel Donahue, of counsel for the defense, was the first person to discover the source of the remark. "Mr. Devoy, will you please stand up," he said. It was then seen that the remark had come from John Devoy, one of the members of the "Cronin committee."

"Does the court command me stand up?" asked Mr. Devoy.

"Did you make the remark?" asked Judge Tuthill.

"I did."

"You must not interrupt the trial, Mr. Devoy," ruled the court, mildly.

Mr. Devoy apologized, explaining that he addressed his remark to Mr. Bottum. The defense was not satisfied with the mild rebuke the court had administered, and suggested that he ought to be excluded from the court room. Judge Tuthill, however, decided that as a newspaper man and a member of the "Cronin committee" Mr. Devoy was entitled to a place in the court room.

Mrs. Foy, when questioned by ex-Judge Wing as to whether she knew John Devoy, admitted that she was well acquainted with him. The defense then proceeded to lay the foundation for testimony tending to impeach Mrs. Foy.

"Do you know George A. Burgley, formerly a detective and working under ex-State's Attorney Longenecker?" asked Judge Wing of the witness.

Mrs. Foy's manner changed perceptibly, and she stammered out that she thought she knew the man.

"Did he visit you in 1891?"

The witness murmured something about "Two or three times."

MRS. FOY'S LETTERS.

The first letter produced by Judge Wing, and which Mrs. Foy admitted having written, was obtained by the reporters at this point. It is addressed to Mr. Forrest, marked strictly private, in haste, and reads thus:

"Dear Sir—I see and hear of you going to Ottawa in October next. Well, I want to tell you that before that time Dr. Cronin's murder will be no longer a mystery, as I am in full possession of all the facts about it, and, what is more, I am the wife of one of the chief conspirators, and I know all the principals in the cruel murder, and have their names and have talked with the most of them, and I'm going to make a sworn statement of all I know in a very short time unless I get some reward for all I have suffered since that fatal night that I sat up waiting for the father of my children to come home in the morning, and then be told he was helping to remove a soul to eternity. His dirty story of spy and traitor would not suit me, as it did lots of more ignorant people. I knew he was a better man than any of the scoundrels that killed him, which I can prove by their own actions. As for my husband, he has become a human monster. He has scarcely ever been a full night in his own house since the murder. He has become a drunkard and an outcast, and I have gone through more care and suffering than I thought any human being could bear. He left the house on Saturday night, and promised to come in a few hours, but he came at half past 5 o'clock in the morning, and he done the same last night, as he knew I won't sleep, no matter how long he is out; and I am in very poor health and poor in pocket and every way. So I have made up my mind to put a stop to it all. I am not going to suffer any longer for such an ungrateful, bad crowd. I will tell all I know, and that is a good deal, for they are all a bad crowd, anyway. If you wish to answer me or see me you can do so at once, for I have made up my mind, and I am going to do as I say.

"P. S.—If you wish to answer me put a personal in the paper, the Evening and Morning News, a friend of justice, and I will answer it."

No name is signed, and the letter bears the date of June 28, 1892. The second letter is also unsigned, addressed to Mr. Forrest and dated Jan. 21, 1893. In it the writer says satisfaction must be had or all will be told, and ends as follows: "If you want to answer me you can do so, but do it at once. Give Dan my regards."

BINGLEY'S STORIES DENIED.

Continuing his questions regarding detective Bingley while the reporters were reading the letters, Judge Wing asked: "Mrs. Foy, did you not tell that man that you wished you knew more about the case, as Foy, your husband, was the only man who had told you anything and the others would not trust you?"

"Never, never," was the only answer the startled woman gave.

"Did you not tell him that you had never heard the name of Alexander Sullivan mentioned, except in the common gossip of the neighborhood?"

"No, sir, I never did," insisted Mrs. Foy.

"You never said that although he repeatedly asked you to tell him if you knew anything?"

"I never said it and he never asked me."

"Do you know a man named Martin Garrity?" pursued Judge Wing.

"Yes, I do."

"Did you not tell him that your husband was the only one who told you anything, as the others would not trust you?"

"I never did, before God."

"Did you ever say in his presence to your husband: '—— you; if you had not told me I would not have known about it?' "

"No, sir," replied the witness, her temper rising, "I never used such a word. I called him a black coward once, and that's the worst I ever said."

"Did you ever tell Garrity you wished you knew something against Alexander Sullivan, so that you could drag him into the case, because if you did you would be made comfortable for the rest of your life?"

"I did not," said Mrs. Foy.

"Did you not say to your husband: 'You scoundrel, you Anarchist, you threw the bomb because you were not at home that night. I'll go to Grinnell and tell him about it.' Did you not ever tell your husband that Michael Kennedy was the man who drove the white horse, and that you would like to spit on him?"

"I did not. I never did it," repeated the witness.

Over the revealing of one of the witness's name there was a lively fight. The defense wanted to withhold it and ask the witness a general question.

a general question. After the presentation as evidence of the letters, both sides announced that they were through with Mrs. Foy, and she left the stand.

Mrs. Louisa Hermann succeeded Mrs. Foy in the witness chair. She testified to having seen Patrick O'Sullivan at the Conklin residence on North Clark street on the morning after the alleged murder.

John P. Lindgren, the son-in-law of the old Carlson couple, who own the famous cottage, testified to the rough and hasty painting of the cottage floor shortly after the murder is said to have been committed.

To-morrow experts will testify regarding the similarity of the stains in the cottage which were not painted over and to the bloody marks found in the trunk.

Howard Case Nearing a Close.

JACKSON, Tenn., Dec. 26.—In the Howard trial to-day the defense recalled E. H. Brockway, who swore he knew Ross; that Howard was not the same man; that the Ross, Ledger and Moore letters were not in the handwriting of Howard. The defense closed its proof to-night. The government will take all day to-morrow in rebuttal, and the argument will probably commence on Thursday, and will be pushed day and night. Assistant Attorney-general Bullock spoke six hours in the first trial and Mr. Canada over five hours for the defense. It is probable the defendant Howard will speak on Friday. A struggle will be made for three speeches by the defense, but that is not certain, as the court announced in the beginning that only two speeches on a side would be allowed. If Mr. Trout is allowed to speak for the defense, Howard's argument, which will be the greatest effort of his life, may be postponed until Saturday. The case will go to the jury Saturday night or Monday morning.

BOOKMAKERS ARRESTED.

Washington Authorities Determined to Prevent Winter Racing.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—About 500 persons were in atendance at the Ivy City track, this afternoon, when racing was resumed, after a recess of nearly two weeks. It was positively known that all bookmakers attempting to do business in the tent would be arrested, yet it was announced that twelve books would be opened. When the hour arrived for them to open, however, only one man appeared, the others having decided not to sacrifice themselves. Henry Bennington, of Brooklyn, N. Y., opened his book under the name of the Detroit Club, and sold 106 tickets, bringing about $700. Four detectives and three officers in citizens' clothes surrounded the stall while the bets were being made, and just as the flag fell starting the first race the detectives closed in on the men and notified them that they were under arrest. The raid caused little or no excitement, as everybody understood that it was a part of the programme. The police took charge of the cash box, sheet and tickets, which, together with Bennington and his clerks, were loaded into a patrol wagon and carried to headquarters. Shortly afterward they were taken before Judge Miller of the Police Court, and released on bonds of $1,000 each. Ralph Gall and Walter Hewitt were the sureties. They will appear in court to-morrow, but it is not known how soon the case will be decided. It is rumored that the district attorney is anxious to secure an indictment at once, and to that end will prevent the case coming up before Judge Miller if possible. If, however, the case is heard by Judge Miller, it is probable that a decision will be reached much sooner, and in the meantime the racing will continue. After the first race, and the arrest of Bennington, interest subsided, and the remaining five races dragged wearily. There were plenty of bookmakers on hand, but none seemed anxious to open in the face of the overwhelming police presence. President Engman stated this evening that the persons arrested would be discharged by Judge Miller to-morrow, and that racing will be continued to-morrow and thereafter until a final decision could be secured as to the legality of racing at Ivy City.

One Way to Earn a Living.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

A young girl about twenty years old came into my room one wintry morning to sit an hour with me, and knowing that she had, as it were, carried out a new line for herself, I asked her to tell me about her work. She replied:

"Well, I had to earn my living. I have no talent for teaching, and I have really no training for any business, but it occurred to me there was need in many homes of the well-to-do of women who were able to fill up a gap. I came to the city of H. a stranger, having only as reference the pastor and one or two members of the church to which I belong, and announced myself as an 'emergency woman,' giving my references. I have rarely met an idle day. I keep my room at the Young Women's Christian Association, and go out by the day from 7 until 7, though I am not over particular about my hours. In this way I get all my board and a dollar a day and glad entrance into many homes, where I believe I am a help and blessing, and I almost always receive not only kind treatment, but often my burdens are borne in a most beautiful way. What do I do?

"Well, sometimes I stay two or three days and care for the children while the mother runs off to the mountains or to the seashore, or goes to Philadelphia on shopping expeditions. I do not so much take the place of a nurse as of the mother or housekeeper, in which position my homely New England training serves me good purpose. I go out nursing where a trained nurse is not so much needed as a help to a weary mother. It is astonishing how many places I fit in, and my sphere seems broadening. I intend to give faithful service, and it seems to me one of the greatest needs in all our cities is just such women as I am to help bear the burdens of mothers."

A Shrinkage of Fortunes.

Holland, in Philadelphia Press.

It is, of course, impossible to estimate the shrinkages in private fortunes which have taken place since that day of panic of just one year ago. We hear all sorts of stories about these losses. It is common report that one of our ablest bankers has suffered a depreciation in a single industrial security of more than two millions of dollars, and that his house may, through the inability of customers to meet their margins, be compelled to mark off a loss quite as great.

One of the most intimate friends of President Cleveland is reported to be worth half a million dollars less to-day than he was upon the day of his esteemed friend's election to the presidency, this loss representing the shrinkage in his properties. Brokers who talk about William C. Whitney, and his name is much discussed in financial circles, are of opinion that the Democratic success, through the anxiety it has created, and through the wretched policy of the administration early in the spring, has cost Mr. Whitney, through depreciations, more than one million of dollars.

Chauncey M. Depew said to me just before he went to Europe that he presumed the greater number of the wealthy men of this country would find on figuring up their possessions on the 1st of January that they were from 25 to 40 per cent. less than they were a year ago, and in some cases very much more.

And he spoke of the extraordinary object lesson furnished by the experience of the railways in this country, believing that from 15 to 20 per cent. of the capital invested in them now represented bankrupt properties, and at a rough estimate placing the depreciation in these properties at not far from a thousand million dollars.

RACE RIOT IN FLORIDA

Fifteen Colored Men Reported Wounded and Four Killed.

Companies of Militia Sent to Wildwood, the Scene of Trouble, to Restore and Maintain Order.

CRUELTY OF THE MOJAVES

Pretty Young Squaw Put to Death by Superstitious Indians.

Because She Gave Birth to Twins She Was Called a Witch—The Babes Brained and the Mother Burned.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Dec. 26.—At Wildwood last night there was a riot in which two white men were wounded by negroes. Troops were called and this morning Abe Lambright, who shot one of the whites, and five other negroes were arrested and lodged in jail by Sheriff Chapman, in charge of the Leesburg Rifles. There was considerable firing before the arrests were made. At least seventy-five shots were exchanged. Several negroes were slightly wounded. Isaiah Ryan, colored, was killed last night, but was not reported until this morning. Three of the supposed leaders of the riot, colored men—Abe Lambright, Jeff McCallister and Anderson Brown—are now in the jail. James Lambright, the negro who started the difficulty with Rube Caruthers, is still at large. It is not definitely known how many negroes were killed last night and this morning. It looked for a while that Abe Lambright would be lynched, but a grand mass meeting of the white citizens of Wildwood was held to protest against lynch law and to advise peace and compromise. There are about fifty white men under arms. It was reported this afternoon that negroes were organizing in the direction of Lady lake. Telegrams have been sent to the Governor, and it is understood he has ordered more troops to Wildwood. They will arrive here at 11 o'clock to-night. Every road leading into the town is picketed and the movements of the negroes closely watched. The people are very much excited. Rube Caruthers, white, who was shot last night, is not dangerously wounded. Ira Smith is in a very critical condition.

A dispatch from Tampa says: Acting under instructions from Governor Mitchell, the Tampa Rifles, forty-two strong, left on the express train for Wildwood to aid in quelling the negro riot. The Governor also ordered a special train from Ocala to that place to convey the Rifles of that city to the scene of the riot. The latest news from Wildwood is to the effect that fifteen negroes were wounded, four killed and four captured.

Dying Negro Lynched.

BAINBRIDGE, Ga., Dec. 26.— Calvin Thomas, the negro who feloniously assaulted Mrs. Seliers, an account of which appeared in the press dispatches to-day, did not die during the day, as expected by the attending physicians, and he was taken out last night by unknown parties and hanged.

BARBAROUS MOJAVES.

Young Squaw Burned and Her Twin Babies Killed.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Dec. 26.—A horrible story of the wild law and superstition of the Mojave Indians is told by J. F. Saunders, who arrived last evening from The Needles, a town on the Colorado river, on the Atlantic & Pacific railway. He had heard the details just before he took the train, and they seem to be corroborated by an account given in a local paper, which he brought with him. The Mojave Indian reservation is about half a mile from The Needles, and the aborigines are virtually their own masters having their own laws and superstitions. From Saunders's account on Tuesday last, a triple murder was committed under the plea of a tradition, by the Indians. One of the prettiest squaws of the tribe, known as Loneta, was married, according to the savage rites, about a year ago. She was a comely girl, only eighteen years old, and had picked up some education. Her husband was one of the bravest, and appeared to be very fond of her. Sunday last she gave birth to twins and, as a result, a grand pow wow was called, for, according to the Mojave tradition, the squaw who has twins is a witch and a consort of evil spirits. The penalty has always been death for the babies and the mother. Loneta's husband was so fond of her, however, that he made a strong plea for her and her babies, but it was of no avail. The medicine men held that the old custom must be observed, and the two children were brought forward and brained with a club Loneta was kept for a more trying ordeal, which she suffered without complaint. Every one of her personal belongings were gathered and put into her "shack" and she was ordered inside. She bid her husband farewell, and went in. The entrance was closed, straw and brush were piled about the frail structure and fired, and in two hours nothing but a few embers remained to tell the tragic story. Officers at The Needles learned the facts too late to interfere, and the poor squaw with this horrid torture passed to the happy hunting ground where her ill-starred offspring had preceded her.

Two Women Struggle with a Burglar.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 26.—A masked burglar entered the house of Mrs. Ellen Kelley, five miles southwest of Argentine, Sunday. She and her daughter Eliza live alone, and there was considerable money in the house The women awakened to find the burglar in their presence. Mrs. Kelley got hold of a long sharp corn knife, and a three-cornered struggle followed. The robber received a wound in the head, inflicted with the knife, and the robber beat both women badly about the head and face with his fist, while the daughter received two severe wounds in the head, inflicted by the robber with the corn knife. Finally, the daughter succeeded in giving the alarm and neighbors came to their assistance. A large posse is in pursuit of the robber, and lynching is not improbable. Mrs. Kelley is seventy years old.

Riot at a Dance.

ASHLAND, Ky., Dec. 26.—A party of white men attempted to break up a negro dance at South Point, O., last night. A general fight was the result. Joseph May, white, was shot and killed by James Hale, negro. George Heath and George Turner, both colored, were dangerously wounded. Many others suffered painful knife wounds.

A Disappointed Woman.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Dec. 26.—Mrs. William Thompson made a desperate attempt at suicide last night by swallowing a large dose of corrosive sublimate. She will die. She made the attempt because of her failure to receive a Christmas present.

YES, THEY LOVE CLEVELAND.

Americans at Hawaii Hope He Will Lead the Troops.

Honolulu Correspondence of Philadelphia Press.

Everything at present is peaceful in the city, although active preparations are being made for war, which it is hoped will never take place. We Americans cannot believe that Cleveland will be insane enough or the American Congress sanction the firing of a shot and killing their brothers in defense of the restoration of a woman who, if she were a resident of an American city would be arrested for offenses against the moral statutes.

To say that the Americans here were surprised and chagrined at the one-sided and unfair report of ex-rebel Blount, but feebly expresses their feelings. The Americans hope if there is to be any fighting that Mr. Cleveland will come over and lead the United States troops. If he will we guarantee that the American people will not be longer bothered with a man who, in his second term, attempts to assume a role of dictator. It seems like a mockery of justice to the people here for a man of Cleveland's well-known characteristics to talk "righting a great wrong," "international morality," etc.

The action of Mr. Stevens, the United States minister here at the time, was honorable, manly and patriotic. He did nothing but what any loyal American would have done at the time of the revolution. It is generally understood that Blount was in Spreckles's employ, and received a good round sum for services rendered his master.

Mrs. Durimus, the ex-Queen, is still at her home on Washington street. The feeling against her has increased since the news of the proposed restoration, and she is now guarded by a special officer of the provisional government, for fear some zealous supporter of the republic will assassinate her. There is some talk of exporting her, but the plan has not yet been decided upon. She has just mortgaged her property for $32,000.

The government has begun the process of weeding out the adherents of the ex-Queen, who have been allowed to hold office since the present officials took possession.

The formation of a permanent government has now been decided upon, but just how to arrange the matter is puzzling the present officials. It is probable that an educational or property qualification will be required for suffrage.

The following extract is from the Hawaiian Star:

"Nothing has been more persistently dinned in the ears of the visiting correspondents than the royalist boast that if the foreign war ships would only leave port the ex-Queen's friends would rise and clean out the provisional government in half an hour.

"This claim comes from a person which has occasionally been invincible in peace and has always been invisible in war. It is the same party which had neither the men nor the courage to protect Kalakaua in 1887; to save its own revolution from a sequel in burlesque in 1889 and to defend the throne in 1893. In fact, since the nine men in buckram were invented neither history nor fiction has disclosed more pretentious and unmitigated martial humbugs than are the strutting cohorts of the low-comedy Queen. They are of the wind windy, the General Boums of piff-paff politics.

"We could but wish that every man-of-war in these waters would leave for a Christmas cruise. When they came back they might still find the Royal Furiosos earning their bread by the sweat of their jaws, and as for the government, it would be where they had left it, as solid and undisturbed as the base of a New England hill.

TWO DEPEW STORIES

Characteristic Anecdotes Told by the Popular Chauncey.

The Man Who Had a Scheme for the Largest Railroad System on Earth and the Flattering Oriental Caller.

New York Recorder.

The genial and ever interesting Chauncey M. Depew, whose good nature and good stories have made him so popular just as his many talents have made him famous, returns to us from abroad this morning. He has been absent on one of his vacation runs in Europe, and has traveled further and seen more than is usual on such occasions. This time he journeyed as far south as Rome, and, it is said, even "toyed with the chips" at Monte Carlo. Nothing could be more apropos, therefore, than two of his new stories coming fresh from the other side—one by mail from a friend in Rome, and the other by word of mouth from a jolly comrade who had it from Depew himself in Paris.

The stage setting for both episodes is the same. President Depew is seated at his large desk, affecting the utmost gravity, but mentally recalling the last B. and S. he had with the Prince of Wales at Homburg. The clever and amiable Duval enters, L. U. H., and approaches the president in a shockingly familiar manner.

"The old chap with that gigantic railroad scheme is here again, Mr. Depew," he says. "This is the twenty-third time he has called, and I think you had better see him. It is evident that his staying qualities are better than we thought."

"Perhaps you're right," I replied to Duval. "Show the rooster in."

A tall man, with a face as full of angles as a trust company's office is full of widows, entered, bearing an immense roll of canvasback paper—not ducks—and declining to take the proffered seat, he unrolled an enormous map of the United States, partly across the desk, but chiefly upon the floor. I fastened my eyes upon this elaborate production of pen and ink and saw it was a railroad system starting from New York and gathering up all the cities of the West—very much as the octopus throws out its tentacles to fasten upon all victims within its reach. I recollect that he had planned an air line from New York to Oshkosh, over which the exploiter of the idea assured me two hours and a half time could be saved, as compared with any existing route. As I have never been to Oshkosh I didn't know how badly a man might want to go there or how much worse he might want to leave that town. But after my visitor had harrangued me for ten minutes—and I will admit that he displayed powers that would qualify him to shine as an after-dinner talker—I turned to him and said:

"Do you know what it was that William Pitt said to his secretary when he heard that the great Napoleon had won the battle of Austerlitz?"

The man's face was a study. First he wore an expression of interest, then of curiosity, next of doubt and finally of contempt as he remarked with chilling deliberation:

"I don't give a d—— what William Pitt said to his secretary when he heard that the great Napoleon had won the battle of Austerlitz."

"But, sir, you surely must recall those memorable words?" I said, with all the gravity I was able to summon, although I was consumed by internal spasms. My manner was so serious that the old fellow eyed me for an entire minute, and then, clearly believing that the best thing to do was to humor me, he asked:

"Well, what did he say?"

"William Pitt said to his secretary when he heard that the great Napoleon had won the battle of Austerlitz, 'Pete, roll up the map of Europe.' "

The prospective railroad builder of the new world gazed into my eyes with a stony glare; then, turning suddenly upon his heel, he strode as far as the door, leaving his mastodon map behind him. I still stood, following him with my eyes—feeling intuitively that the incident was not closed—when my visitor stopped, returned slowly to the side of my desk and said:

"I 'tumble to myself,' and if you'll give me a pass to my home in Michigan, I'll stay there the rest of my life."

HAS AN ORIENTAL FLAVOR.

The second tale comes straight from the Via Nazionale, but the stage setting is exactly the same. There is an Oriental flavor about it, when accompanied by the admirable acting of Mr. Depew that cold type cannot impart. Here is the way Mr. Depew related the incident the other day to a friend as they walked up the most beautiful street in new Rome, under the shadow of the American church:

"It was the hottest afternoon of last August, and I was seated in my office trying to dispose of a vast amount of business that had accumulated during my absence at the world's fair. I was dictating to two different stenographers, and staining every nerve to complete my work when a large and elaborately engraved card was brought to me bearing the words, 'Abdarahman Khan, Teheran,' followed by several lines of Persian characters that I did not bother to read.

"When I was dining with the Prince of Wales on one occasion I met Osman Khan, and a delightfully agreeable man he was. At the world's fair, from which I had just returned, I had been presented to the official representative of the Shah, and I at once assumed that he was the distinguished visitor who was awaiting audience in the outer room. I realized that, important as were my duties, I would have to see him at once, and I hastily put on my coat, which, in the heat of the day, I had cast aside, and gave directions that the distinguished Persian gentleman should be admitted. I remained standing to receive him and my first sight of my visitor convinced me that he was all I had pictured him.

"He was faultlessly dressed in a suit of finest broadcloth that fitted him perfectly. His coal-black mustache and goatee were marvels of the barber's art, and the rich, warm blood of the Orient tingled in his olive cheeks. His bow was grave and courtly, as became a near companion to the king of kings, Nasr-ed-dine.

"I motioned the visitor to a chair, into which he dropped and curled his feet up under him in fashion most befitting a Persian nobleman.

"We exchanged greetings in English and the beauty of his accent passed not unobserved. He was fulsome in his compliments, after the manner of the Eastern races, and told me of the kind things that the salt steppes of Khorassan to the hilly, were said of me throughout Persia from mountainous fastnesses of Fanistan. According to him, the children cried for men in Laristan; the young men made after-dinner speeches about me in Luristan; all the pretty women had my picture framed in Khuzistan; the old women referred to me with highest respect in Azerbijan, and I had even earned the love of the Kurdistan. Naturally, I was flattered. Any man would have been. We all have a certain amount of vanity. I confess to it. This man pleased me very much. I mentally resolved to give him a dinner at the Lotos Club. But here was a hard fact. A condition, not a theory, confronted me. Here was this sleek, solemn-faced Persian curled up in one of my chairs. He'd expect coffee and nargilehs, and, heaven knows, he might insist upon a sword dance by one of the ladies of the harem!

"Much as I appreciated his call, and highly as I was flattered by his kind words, I realized that something radical had to be done; so I turned to him and said in the best Persian I could command:

"'I'm awfully glad you called, Conn. I wish we were able, here in New York, to enjoy the leisure and sociability that exists in Teheran. But, you see, the trouble is, Conn, that we have to work here. With us, business is business——'

" 'Ah, yes, my frent; business ees business; ant I haf te pest lot of rugs in ter utter room tot efer kum from Ispahan.' "

Life Was a Burden

Because of the intense pains in my stomach and side, and also on account of gall stones.

After eating I would be in great distress. I became so reduced in flesh that my friends thought **I would not live long.** I grew worse and my removal to a hospital in Syracuse was under advisement, when my father had me give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. There was an improvement at once and I have continued taking it, until I **am now well.** I have gained in flesh and can eat

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

heartily without distress. I now enjoy life and I owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. MARY SHUTE, Cazenovia, N. Y.

Hood's Pills assist digestion and cure headache. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

A HUSTLER IS A MAN

Who does things with all the energy that is in him. He doesn't sit down and mope under any circumstances. He keeps moving—AND HE GETS THERE. There are Hustlers in business and they Advertise. Such of them as are in Indianapolis advertise in

THE JOURNAL

Because it always brings results.

Results!

Profits!

That's what business men want. They get them if they use the papers to tell what they have to sell.

MGR. SATOLLI IN WASHINGTON.

The Bearing of the Pope's Representative in the Capital City.

Washington Letter, in Boston Advertiser.

Satolli, the Pope's representative, pays very little attention either to the White House or to the President. Only once has the representative of the Pope in America crossed the threshold of the Executive Mansion. When he first came to this country and settled down here in the capital city he made a call upon the President. An audience was arranged with him and by means of an interpreter a few moments' conversation was carried on between the two men. At that time there was more or less discussion about the visit and there was complaint over the fact that Mgr. Satolli had been received at the White House at all.

To silence this complaint Secretary Gresham made a formal statement to the effect that Satolli did not call upon the President in his official capacity, but only as a private citizen desiring an audience with the President of the country in which the Pope had commissioned him to reside. Since that time the Pope's representative has not seen the President nor made any attempt to secure an audience with him. As far as the official standing is concerned Satolli has none in this government.

As a private citizen he is at all times as welcome to call at the White House as any other distinguished foreigner would be, and would be received in the same way and granted the same kind of an audience; but Satolli seems to shun the White House rather than the opposite, and now that he has made one visit there he manifests no desire to make any further call upon the head of the government. Perhaps when the educational process through which he is now going has been completed and he has learned the English language he may be more ready to go to the Executive Mansion. But now all of his conversations have to be carried on through the active aid of an interpreter, as he has not yet mastered the intricacies of our language despite his several months of hard study.

One characteristic is the power of his memory. His duties require him to make frequent speeches before American congregations, and therefore in the English language. He writes his speeches out in Italian, formulates in his own language and on paper what he wishes to say and in just what words he wishes to say it, has these speeches translated into English by his interpreter, and then commits the English to memory. So wonderful is his memory and so thorough his mastery of detail, that no one would suspect from listening to his utterances that he was not an English scholar. Although not understanding the words he speaks, he gives them an inflection and pronunciation that is nearly perfect, and proves that the power of imitation has been strongly cultivated within him, for he copies every emphasis taught him by the interpreter.

When Satolli first arrived in this city his quarters were out in the Catholic University, but he has just transferred himself to the new residence purchased for him by the Catholic Church at a cost of $60,000. Within all the large house there is not a woman to be seen or found. All his servants are men and brought with him from Italy. They all speak in Italian, and only his interpreter talks in the language of this country. Satolli has only one fad, and that is a fondness for birds. In almost every room of his house there is a cage of birds, and the whole residence seems almost like a mammoth aviary.

As a pure and reliable stimulant use "Old Process" whisky, made by R. Cummins & Co., distillers, Loretto, Ky. Sold only by druggists.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"

Has been used over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. For sale by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 25c a bottle.

Tender lungs cannot long withstand the irritation of a violent cough. They first become inflamed and then tuberculated, unless the mischief is arrested. One bottle of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar will generally cure the worst cough and prevent all danger. Sold by all druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.