

Young Man Named Spink Blows the Top of His Head Off. DUNQUO, May 27.—Andrew Spink, of Bellevue, blew the top of his head off with a shot gun. He was 28 years of age, single, and had no bad habits. He lived with his parents and had worked for several years in the lumber mill there. After supper he retired to his room. A few minutes later his family were startled by the report of a shot gun. On going into the room he was dead, with the whole top of his head scattered over the walls. It was evident from his position and where the shotgun was found that he had put the muzzle of the weapon into his mouth and then discharged both barrels by pulling the triggers with his toes. His parents are nearly prostrated over his death, and can assign no reason for it, except that he had been melancholy for several days.

EIGHT YEARS FOR A RAPIST.

Judge Macy Roasts a Jury for Recommending Acquittal. ATLANTIC, May 26.—Frank Sherman, of Anita, has been sentenced to eight years imprisonment by Judge Macy for criminal assault on a 13-year-old girl, although with her consent. Judge Macy gave Sherman a scathing lecture when delivering sentence, and criticized the action of the jury for sending in a petition asking for clemency for Sherman. Judge Macy said the jury was to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused and that he was the sole judge and wholly responsible as to the time the prisoner should be sentenced, and that the jury was entirely out of its province in petitioning for clemency after finding a man guilty.

SENSATIONAL DIVORCE CASE.

Wife Wants \$20,000 Alimony. Husband Separation. DUNQUO, May 26.—The divorce case of Conrad vs. Louisa May is the sensation of local court circles. May began suit against his wife for a divorce and she retaliated with a suit for \$20,000 alimony. Then she filed a motion for a more specific statement of his charge against her of repeated acts of adultery. This motion the court granted and the amended petition has been filed. In his petition plaintiff charges that his wife was in the habit of going riding with other men and he specifically charges in February last she was at a Monticello hotel with a male companion. He names three residents of that city as correspondents.

BIG FIRE AT BURLINGTON.

The Conflagration Spreads and Total Loss About \$25,000. BURLINGTON, May 24.—The Ray plow works was totally destroyed by fire. The fire then spread to a number of small dwellings in the vicinity. One was burned to the ground and three others partially destroyed. Three barns and a number of out houses were also burned. Every house within two blocks was damaged. The fire originated in the roof of the plow works from a spark from an engine and the entire buildings and contents was destroyed, making a loss of about \$17,000, with insurance for about \$3,500. No insurance was carried on the dwellings and the loss on these amounts to about \$8,000.

TRAGEDY AT MINGO.

Young Boy Fatally Shoots His Brother During a Quarrel. MINGO, May 26.—The people of Mingo were startled by the finding of Perry Neil, a boy about 12 years of age, by his father lying dead at his home with a gunshot wound in his left side just below the ribs. When found, he was lying on his back, with his entrails protruding. Subsequently his younger brother, Elmer, confessed that they had had some difficulty which ended by his shooting with the above results. The coroner's jury decided that the shooting was accidental.

\$7,000 FIRE AT CORYDON.

Two Bank Buildings With Others Destroyed. CORYDON, May 27.—About 3 o'clock a. m. fire was discovered in the building occupied by the Citizens State Bank. It was quickly communicated to the adjoining building on the south, occupied by Hayden's meat market, and thence to the Farmer's and Trader's Bank building. All three were totally consumed, together with their contents. W. S. Sprout's brick drug store on the north was badly damaged.

THE FROG AND THE FLY.

Fun in Des Moines Newspaper Circles. DES MOINES, May 24.—The Des Moines Daily News has made a great hit by painting a big colored cartoon on its building, headed "A Snap," and representing a bulldog snapping up a fly, over the words "Daily News \$1 a Year." The remarkable offer which has so largely increased the News circulation. The cartoon has been the subject of much good natured raillery in local newspaper circles.

Indictment Was Dismissed.

DES MOINES, May 28.—In the United States court in the case of the government against Dr. J. W. Kime, on a charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, the defense moved to dismiss the indictment and to require the defendant to give bonds to appear at the next session of the grand jury. This move was due to a technical error in the indictment. The mistake was sufficient to invalidate the indictment and the motion was sustained, and the defendant furnished the required bond.

Boy Shot Boy.

PRIMGHAR, May 25.—The 14-year-old son of H. O. Smith shot the son of R. R. Wells, of the same age, in the face, under the alleged impression that young Wells was a tramp. The injured boy will recover. They live east of Primghar.

A WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Clinton Paralytic Receives Fatal Injury. CLINTON, May 26.—While Mrs. R. E. Lee, of Clinton, was attempting to light a fire with a lamp, her clothes ignited. She was severely burned. Mrs. Smith is partially paralyzed, and has not been about much for a year, and becoming helpless, fell to the floor, where her daughter found her, having been awakened by her mother's cries. Aid was summoned and the wounds dressed, but owing to their nature and the condition of her general health, it is thought that recovery is impossible.

FELL SEVENTY FEET.

Cedar Rapids Man Suffers Minor Injuries From a Fall.

CEAR RAPIDS, May 27.—Eugene Russ, an employe of the Cereal Milling Company, fell from the top floor of the elevator to the bottom, a distance of 70 feet, a trap door giving way and allowing him to go down. Not a bone was broken, but it is feared he sustained internal injuries. The physicians think there is a good chance for his recovery.

CHILD SCARED TO DEATH.

Fright the Cause of the Death of a Little Girl.

OSKALOOSA, May 28.—The first case of being absolutely "scared to death" ever known in Mahaska county is reported from Muchlakinock. Little Susie, the 4-year-old daughter of Sam Watkins, was so badly frightened by a cow that nothing could be done to relieve the nervousness, and after suffering four days she died. She was perfectly healthy, so that no other reason can be assigned for her death.

BIG FAILURE AT KEOKUK.

Hambleton Mills Have \$20,000 and Owe \$20,000.

KEOKUK, May 28.—The Hambleton Milling Company has made an assignment. The assets are \$30,000 and the liabilities \$20,000. The company lost heavily by the recent floods, several large crops of corn at Gregory, Mo., being swept away. The business, depression of the past three years also had the effect of causing the company great loss.

Fatal Accident at Quimby.

CHEROKEE, May 28.—While a train crew was doing the switching in the yards at Quimby, the east-bound way-freight on the Onawa branch derailed two cars, smashing them badly. Two tramps who were stealing a ride on the trucks were probably fatally injured.

Must Pay For Them.

SIBLEY, May 28.—A Sibley justice court jury decided that a man engaged in watching his garden, who shoots his neighbors' trespassing chickens, shall pay for them.

"Gold" Democrats.

DES MOINES, May 27.—The national or gold democrats had a conference at the Savery house and decided to hold a state convention in Des Moines on July 7.

IOWA CONDENSED.

Farm loans wanted by Equitable Life Insurance Co., of Des Moines. It's the best company in which to insure your life. Joseph Dumont, a well known resident and somewhat eccentric character, died at his home in Lyons, of cancer, aged 83 years.

In the final meet, at Iowa City recently, Rush, of Iowa college, defeated Prall, of the S. U. I. team, in the 100-yard dash in 9.45 seconds, breaking the state and equaling the world's amateur record. Rush also equalled John V. Crum's record of 5.25 seconds in the 20-yard dash, defeating Prall in that event, too.

The Catholic church at Latuer-ville, Dubuque county, was broken into a few nights ago and robbed of its valuables, including the chalice and other sacred vessels, also the priest's vestments. The people of the vicinity, mostly Catholics, are greatly excited over the affair, and there would be a short shift to the miscreants should they be discovered.

Ottumwa dispatch: Patrick Brady, one of the Wapello county hoodlums, must go to the penitentiary. The supreme court has refused a writ of habeas corpus for Brady. Brady was convicted two years ago of making vouchers to the county for aid extended fictitious paupers, by which means he mislaid the county out of several thousand dollars. He was sentenced to two years at Fort Madison.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Larrington, of Lucas, recently met with what will probably prove a fatal accident. She, in company with several other children, were playing around an old coal shaft, when in some manner she fell into it. The shaft was sixty feet deep and the little one was severely injured. Help was sent and the child revived, but the doctor says it will be almost impossible for her to recover.

Clarion dispatch: W. E. Bullard, of Belmond, who was tried before Judge Birdsall in the January term of court and convicted of forgery, was acquitted by Judge Weaver. Judge Weaver took the case from the jury and directed for the defendant at the close of the state's evidence, for the reason that the evidence introduced by the state shows that the instruments claimed to have been forged were materially and fatally different from that charged in the indictment, and the note mortgages showed that they were invalid because the word "fraudulent" appeared upon the face of each. Bullard's indictment stated that the mortgage had been burned, and owing to the fact that the original mortgage was discovered among Mrs. Bullard's papers and introduced in court, Judge Weaver took the case from the jury on this technicality and dismissed Bullard.



MAT BARLOW'S MONUMENT. A STORY OF DECORATION DAY.

HE man's name was Matt, and it was Matt, and it was Matt, and it was Matt. Great is the conjuring power of names. After knowing dozens of men whose characters flatterly contradicted the idea we associate with the names given them by undiscriminating sponsors in baptism, we still cling to those ideas, and to us Tom is a wavering, weak-kneed individual, Joe suggests a reckless, pranksome fellow whose heart is in the right place and his tongue hung loose at both ends, and John suggests the picture of a steady, solid, sober personage, who seems a bit of a prig until we think of Henry, who creates about him an absolutely intolerable atmosphere of moral and spiritual snobbishness.

He whose name of Matt fitted him better than the shabby, shoddy garments which hung about him in disreputable folds was short and square set and stooping. Yet he was not so old as age goes—yet he was not so old as age goes—yet he was not so old as age goes—yet he was not so old as age goes. "I've been tramping it for night on fifteen," said his companion, a man of about his own age, but whose dress and person presented an appearance of even more acute forlornity. Surely, no two more unsightly human blobs ever disgraced a landscape than these, who lounged untidily on the benches of Washington square, blind to the blue and gold brightness of the early morning of one of the first Memorial Days this city ever celebrated. Now and then smart blue coated soldiers, with pinks in their button holes, either singly or in groups of two or three, stepped rapidly from the square, too intent on reaching the rendezvous where they were to assemble for the grand parade to waste a glance on the two vagabonds who had met, fraternized and exchanged experiences and confidences within the space of the last half hour.

"Fifteen years at tramping" is as good as a hundred," continued the first speaker, meditatively. "Seems as if a man gets it inter his bones by then, an' it wouldn't be any good for his own self to want to stop it, let alone other folks. Now, I'd been on the road for five years when this war business broke out. Directly it came I went to Canada. I wasn't goin' to take no chances. I didn't see nothin' of it, nor care nothin' for it, an' it was over I come back and hummed about the country ever since, without findin' things much changed any ways from what they was before. That's why I don't take no interest in this here racket over Decoration Day."

At that moment the thrilling music of the file and drum, as a small detachment of soldiers wended their way down Walnut street, flashing the Stars and Stripes in the eyes of the spectators who instantly collected at doors and windows, sounded in vivid contrast to his speech, and in Matt Barlow's dull face there flickered a faint spark of surprise. "I don't feel that way," he said, hesitatingly. "I'm kinder glad there's waver men than—you an' me—something had gotten into his voice and made it almost inaudible—"to fight for the country we're hummin' round in; an' I'm goin' out to the cemeteries to do honor to the soldiers, dead an' livin', who did it—if there's any honor to anybody in a feller like me bein' round anywhere. You see, it's differ-

"DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY." the undersigned he will hear something to his advantage. The name and address of the American representative of a well known English law firm followed.

"It means some of them English relations of course," mused Matt Barlow as he had used a dozen times before. "I useter hear Grandfather Barlow talk of money that had oughter come to us from the other side by rights, but never expected nothin' to come of it. Wonder if Lucy see it? Wonder if— and then the thoughts which gathered round that name became of a character not to be uttered aloud to a drink-soldier, frowsy tramp, even if he happened to be oneself. As he waited on the corner for the crawling horse-car which amply met Philadelphia's demand for rapid transit in 1874, he did mutter a few words audibly: "She'll act queer at first—she ain't married again—yes, there ain't no doubt but she'll act queer. But I kin make her understand that at first it was as much as my life was worth to turn up anywhere, and then, when the war was over, 'twas too late; she wouldn't have had me, Lucy wouldn't! But now that I'm bring something to her an' the children, as well as myself, by comin' back, it ain't so much of a prodigal son business."

"A deserter! A deserter!" The vagabond woke from an uneasy dream in which all the people in the car seemed pointing scornful fingers at him and hissing that title of reproach in his ear. He started as the blue-uniformed conductor laid a hand on his shoulder, to say sternly: "Wake up, you, or I'll put you off the car. You disturb everybody with your mutterings."

It had been a good many years since Matt Barlow had allowed himself to recall exactly why it was that he was wandering homeless about the country indifferent to the fact that his family must mourn him as dead, or why it was that he had hoped that they did so mourn him. But to-day it was all waking, waking within him under the influence of the day, together with the new desire he had vaguely formed to take a fresh start in life. When, a half hour later, he stood in the densely packed crowd in the cemetery and waited for the ceremonies of Decoration day to begin, he strained his eye to see the inscription on the huge obelisk, half buried in floral tokens, around which the guard of honor stood, but the sun was in his eyes. Of course it was the sun.

"What soldiers is that monument raised to, sissy?" he asked, hooded by a tall girl of 12 or 13, who stood beside him, holding a smaller boy by the hand.

"To the imperishable memory of the heroes of the 18th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell in defense of their country, this shaft is erected," read the girl in a clear voice. "Them's the survivors," she added in kindly explanation, as the sound of the band and the flutter of the red, white and blue banner was dimly discerned in the dis-

tance, "coming to lay flowers on it and make speeches." Matt Barlow shook so that he was forced to steady himself by grasping the shoulder of the small boy, who gazed up at him with a wondering face which struck some faint chord of recognition within him. "They won't know me," he muttered to himself in quavering accents. "Lucy herself, nor my own mother wouldn't know me as I look now. An', anyhow, they couldn't do nothin' to me."

The tune played was, to him, not "Marching Through Georgia," but "Honor gone, all's gone; Better never have been born."

over and over. The tattered battle flags carried with reverent hands above the heads of the marching ranks, almost as the host is carried in Old World religious processions, made his heart first burn within him, then sicken at the thought that his place should not have been here among those who watched it from afar off.

"Either with them—or them!" he thought fiercely, first glancing at the ranks of battle-scarred soldiers, then at the tall gray shaft, which seemed a finger to write on the skies its witness to the glory of the fallen members of the 18th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Some distraction was absolutely necessary. He picked up the 10-year-old boy, saying to his sister, "Bub here called a pup, is born soon after the arrival of the female. Its weight at birth is about ten pounds. The fur seal is polygamous, each male capable of holding a place on the breeding grounds having from one to one hundred females in his charge, constituting what is known as a 'harem,' the average number being about thirty. But the size of each family is subject to variation, depending not chiefly on the strength of the male but the preference of the female for a location, and on the topography of the ground. The young male is very similar to the female in color and appearance. He is not permitted to enter the rookeries in the breeding season. The old males are very particular in this regard, and the 'bachelors,' as they are called, are forced to herd by themselves on what is known as the 'hauling grounds,' located near the breeding grounds, but distinct from them."

"That's my father's monument." "Your father's, hey?" "Yes, he was the bravest man in the 18th Pennsylvania. My mother tells us so often. He died for his country."

"Who was your father?" Struck again by that dim resemblance to someone he had known, he asked the question, half shrinking from the reply, yet never dreaming what it would be.

"Matthew Barlow, an' my name's Matthew Barlow, but hers—" indicating the girl—"ain't. She's Dora Matilda, after her aunt."

"Well, and wherein lay the horror of it? Had he not wished and intended to hunt up his family and be reunited to the children who had been babies when he saw them last? And here he had stumbled across them without the least trouble. Across them—and across his own monument!"

"Where's your mother?" he asked in a whisper, not daring to look behind him.

"Out working. She cleans offices, mother does, an' she couldn't afford to take to-day off, 'cause it's desperate hard to get along anyhow, she says, an'—"

"Matty!" in the girl's tone of gentle rebuke there was a familiar cadence he wondered at himself for not noticing before. Rousing himself, he said to her tentatively:

"How do you know your father's dead? Maybe he'll come back some day with a lot of money and make you all rich."

Dora Matilda shook her head. "He'd have come back to us before this," she said confidently. "He was reported missing after the battle of Bull Run and mother says she's sure he's dead. She says, too, that she'd rather he'd left us what he did—an example of being brave and willing to die for the Union—than hundreds of gold and silver dollars."

"Your mother ain't married again, then?" "Surely it was Lucy's own self in the haughty fling back of the head and the answer which rung proudly out, 'Certainly not!'"

The deserter suddenly set the boy down. Something bore too heavily on his shoulders. It was that great shaft of stone, his monument. The hand kept on pretending to play patriotic songs, but really beating the air with the refrain, "Honor gone, all's gone!" Had he dreamed of something he was to bring to these children, by answering the advertisement which was to lead him, perhaps, to unlimited wealth and comfort? What wealth, what comfort could replace to them—or to him—the heroic image which his return would blot out from their young mind? The ten years of poverty which had been bitter to him had been sweet to them with a sweetness he could never know again. Let them work and toil on, and even if they tasted the bitterness of starvation or death, it would be better than anything he could give them, who, as the martial music kept reminding him, had better never have been born!

"Sister works too," the boy prattled on, "in a factory, and she saves money through the year to buy flowers for Decoration Day. Then when all the folks have gone away we put them on father's monument."

Matt Barlow reached out his hands toward the bunch of limp roses and fading mignonette which the girl held, and as suddenly withdrew it. "Keep 'em," he said gruffly, almost violently. "I thought I wanted one, but I don't."

That evening, as the stars and the gas lamps began to twinkle in unequal rivalry over Washington square, the man who had been sleeping heavily on one of its benches opened his eyes in response to a slight shake. Instinctively he felt in his pocket for his pipe while he inquired loquaciously:

"Back?" "Yes," said Barlow, closing his lips tightly. But as has been said the other was a man without curiosity, and he asked no other question than:

"Haven't got a bit of paper I could light my pipe with, have you?" "Yes, I have." A crumpled newspaper slip was taken from his pocket, twisted up and tossed to the man on the bench, and then Matt asked:

"Say, if you ain't going to use that card, could I have it?" "What card? Oh, the charity bure's thing! Ye ain't goin' out west on a farm, are you? Might as well be dead as workin', an' buried as on a farm."

"I an' dad an' buried," said Matt Barlow, slowly. "An' got a monument raised over me."

—Philadelphia Press.

THE FUR SEAL.

Its Breeding Grounds, Growth, Home Life and Productiveness. The male fur seal, or "beachmaster," reaches full maturity at the age of 7 years, says the Forum. At that time his weight is about 400 pounds, being considerably heavier when first in from the sea in the spring, or after feeding in the fall than in the intervening period, when he fasts on land and grows gradually lean and weak. The males vary considerably in color, the general shade being black or dark brown, with longer hair or bristles of yellowish white. These are especially long and numerous on the thickened back of the neck, forming the so-called "wig." The wigged males have a rough, coarse coat, and their skins are without market value.

The animal makes its home on the rocky shores of the islands in large, closely shored bands, forming what are called rookeries. It is extremely gregarious; individuals seldom venturing far from the main body, while on land, though wandering about singly in the sea. The female fur seal is much smaller than the male, and has soft, smooth hair of varying shades of brown, under which is the dense, short, brown fur. The female bears her first offspring at the age of 3 years, but her full growth is not attained till two or three years later. The average weight of the grown female is about eighty pounds. The young or fur seal, called a pup, is born soon after the arrival of the female. Its weight at birth is about ten pounds. The fur seal is polygamous, each male capable of holding a place on the breeding grounds having from one to one hundred females in his charge, constituting what is known as a "harem," the average number being about thirty. But the size of each family is subject to variation, depending not chiefly on the strength of the male but the preference of the female for a location, and on the topography of the ground. The young male is very similar to the female in color and appearance. He is not permitted to enter the rookeries in the breeding season. The old males are very particular in this regard, and the "bachelors," as they are called, are forced to herd by themselves on what is known as the "hauling grounds," located near the breeding grounds, but distinct from them.

A Sleep-Walker Shoots Himself. Ward Lukes, a young horse trader of Atlanta, Ga., whose home is in Lexington, Ky., sent a bullet through his breast while in a somnambulant dream, thinking there were burglars in his room attempting to kill him. His condition is critical. Luke says: I remember distinctly of having dreamed burglars were in my room, who were trying to kill me. I jumped out of my bed, and, walking across the floor to another bed, got my pistol, and I suppose fired, for the next thing I knew I was lying on the floor with a bullet hole in my breast.

An Enjoyable Performance. She—I understand that Mrs. Krochet played on the piano at the reception last night. Did they appear to enjoy her performance? He—Oh, immensely. It was the most enjoyable time of the whole evening. Everybody was talking away as if they would split their throats.—Boston Transcript.

SCRAPS. Elmo Crooker, a pretty girl of twenty-three, has captured a star rooster contract at Port Washington, N. Y.

The most extensive cemetery in the world is that at Rome, in which over 6,000,000 human beings have been interred.

A Chicago girl fell from her bicycle not long ago and the man who helped her to remount has since become her husband.

Sydney Smith of Argo, Ga., insisted upon hearing his own funeral sermon, which was preached just a few days before he died.

A. M. I. are three letters which mean "all modern improvements."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

S. F. Smith, who was recently elected mayor of Davenport, Ia., is the eldest son of the late Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America."

Fifty-six Kansas counties bear the names of soldiers of the late war. Only two of them, however, bear the names of privates, Osborne and Rooks.

In the ant hills of South Africa have been found suspension bridges passing from one gallery to another and spanning a gully more than six inches wide.

A new species of rabbit has been found in Mexico at an altitude of 9,000 feet, on the volcano Popocatepetl. It is very small, has short ears and no tail.

A ring recently exhibited at Antwerp was the admiration of diamond-cutters and merchants, because it was the first successful attempt to cut a ring out of a single stone.

The nest which is made into soup and eaten by the Chinese is that of a bird closely allied to the swift. The nests are made of gelatinous secretion from the mouth of the bird.

A modern philosopher says that if a woman gets what she wants and wears and a man what he wants to eat, there's no reason, if married, why they shouldn't always live together and be happy.

Compulsory vaccination, according to the London Lancet, has reduced the death rate from smallpox in England and Wales about 70 per cent during the forty-two years since the law was passed.

Now in memory let us fix That we have entered '96. Be thankful, too, that we're alive And drop from date-line '95."

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