

### WHEN NANCY FROWNS.

When Nancy frowns the table cloth  
Seems with the cups of saucers wet;  
The pepper boxes are overturned,  
The steak and biscuit both are burnt,  
The coffee is as black as mud,  
And through the rooms the kittens send  
When Nancy frowns.

The groceries all order wrong,  
And bring us butter that is strong;  
The cop gives out the wood is wet,  
The children o'er their playthings fret,  
The dinner is an hour late,  
When Nancy frowns.

The afternoon sees things still worse;  
The mistress cannot find her purse;  
Some not o'er welcome neighbor calls;  
The baby from his high chair falls;  
Some agent rings and will not go,  
Till he is fifty times told no!  
When Nancy frowns.

Nancy whom I have written 'bout  
Is our domestic, strong and stout.  
We dare not let her go as yet,  
For fear a worse one we may get.  
That's been our record in the past,  
Each one is still worse than the last,  
So let her frown.  
—Boston Globe.

### AT A BARN DANCE.

I made up my mind to do a really awful thing when I went to the Hay-Thesiger's ball. I am the only daughter of one of the richest commoners in England. I came out two years ago and I had not been out very long before I began to have offers. I once read a book called "How Men Propose." Some day I shall write a sequel to it. I am competent to do so. What's more, I could add a chapter to say how women do it, too, when they are driven to desperation, though that part is a great secret.

I am not exactly a beauty, but I do know how to dress. A woman who has that knowledge and the means to use it needs no more. I think I can say without vanity that my eyes are good. They are gray and sparkling and long, with very curly lashes. Yet there are plenty of jealous people who say that it is only "les beaux yeux de ma cassette" that makes me popular. I do not care any more. I am idiotically happy because I know perfectly well that in the eyes of one man I should be just as charming if the "Bellfield patent" had never "revolutionized the cycling world."

I quote an advertisement, but though we advertise we are not vulgar. Indeed, grandpa was a younger son and did not work for his living, preferring to drag up his family on a small allowance. Papa's tastes were different, luckily for me. He being merely a younger son's younger son, the family dignity had dwindled and hardly seemed worth while supporting at such pains.

So Saranna Bellfield is a catch and might have married a lord—two lords and a knight's eldest son, though that is beside the mark. My admirers said I was cynical, for sometimes I laughed at them. I couldn't help it. I decided at 19 that I had no heart, and that I would accept the first really eligible party that came along. It sounded easy. It was easy, until I went into the country to stay with a friend of mine, married to a clergyman who was an honorable—as well as merely reverend. I was sick of being the Miss Bellfield. I persuaded my friend to let me be a first cousin of hers, down at Cherrington-on-Tarn. She is a good, easy soul. His reverence had gone away to a conference. I overpersuaded her, and—well, I had a lovely time as Miss Kitty Bent.

It was such an innocent sort of name. I took no maid and dressed the part to perfection in pink gingham and muslin. Cherrington-on-Tarn is a very quiet spot; the seasons there consist of two school treats and a flower show. At all three I met the one man.

He was the doctor's son at home on a holiday, and he fell in love with me directly. I thought. He is tremendously clever; they think all the world of him in his hospital. He is good looking, I think. He did not propose to me, though there were opportunities. Jesse was absorbed with a baby, and she had no idea how often Miss Kitty Bent met Hugh Maydwell.

At first I did it for fun, but when I got back to London and Major Pelle-Farquharson began to be attentive, then I knew how much happier Kitty Bent was than Saranna Bellfield. I did not give way to my feelings. I rather hated to realize that I had any. House surgeons of big hospitals don't go in society. I dare say, they flirt with the nurses, horrid things; but that's all.

Then Major Farquharson came on my horizon, very young to be a major at all, and very handsome. Luckily I found how utterly selfish he was otherwise, as Dr. Maydwell had apparently entirely forgotten Miss Bent: • • • Mamma is a dear, kind-hearted thing, and when I announced that I intended to go to Mrs. Hay-Thesiger's with that horrid Mrs. Ewart Vane, she let me do it. I told Major Farquharson to be there; and then I told mamma he was going. It was naughty, but one day I got Mrs. Hay-Thesiger to give me a blank card for a friend of ours, and sent it to Dr. Maydwell. I wanted him to see me in my glory, and I wanted still more to see if I should like him in a ballroom as much as at Cherrington-on-Tarn. I went warily to work. I wrote a short note with the invitation, said I would be there, signed it K. Bent, and wrote on plain paper with no address!

Very bold and unwomanly, but what was I to do? I knew he liked Kitty; if Kitty, why not Saranna Catherine? It was his awful pride and independence that I dreaded. He had told me very meaningfully that he would never ask a woman to marry him until he could give her a comfortable home. He never apparently contemplated the

possibility that she might have means to supply that.

There was a lovely rose at Cherrington in the vicarage garden, Reve d'or. I used to wear the buds in my white gown. I got a dress for the ball of their exact shade. I wore one in my hair, quite in the old heroine style that has come back again, and I had a very simple posy to match, instead of carrying Major Farquharson's big, rather vulgar creation of orchids.

There were not five people who were in society at Mrs. Thesiger's. But the ball was thoroughly well done, and except Major Farquharson no one appeared to be at all sensible of the fact. There was a girl there who lived quite near his mother in the country; the two families were intimate, I knew. The girl was not very young any longer, though she was certainly pleasing. She had a few partners, and I noticed that when Victor Farquharson passed her with a smiling bow she looked disappointed. Years ago that girl had had what people call a disappointment. She had loved someone who did not love her. Perhaps she was all the more pained by the marked neglect of an old friend. I saw a touch of sadness in her eyes, and it made me realize sharply that the attentive cavalier who was asking so humbly what I would give him had no real good nature.

I knew by signs that he meant to be even more empress than usual. He was so handsome that sometimes my heart had beaten quite fast when he had made love to me. He was standing beside me with that devoted air he can put on so well, when I suddenly saw Dr. Maydwell. He looked older and rather faded; neat enough; but certainly not fashionable at all. He was very grave when he saw me. I suppose the young person in radiant golden brocade was not quite the same as Kitty in her liberty hat. He just glanced at Major Farquharson, and was obviously going to pass on without even asking me for a dance! Then it flashed across me that he had a foundation, and that he was angry. He looked quite stern. I dismissed Major Farquharson unmistakably: "Ten and eleven, if I am here."

I did not care for his annoyance. He had made Ellice Wedderburn unhappy, and he was showing Mrs. Thesiger how exclusive and superior he was, by being thoroughly useless. Just to make me a Pelle-Farquharson by marriage would be a supreme honor, he evidently imagined. My own opinion was rather different. I was not going to pay for his hunters and other amusements in exchange for that dubious privilege.

Then I held out my hand to Dr. Maydwell. "Have you forgotten me altogether?" He did look stern; but it rather became him.

"I expected to meet a lady who is not here, Miss Bellfield," he began very coldly. "This sort of thing is not much in my way, and I think I had better say good-night. I could not resist a chance of meeting Miss Kitty Bent again, but as that is impossible the sooner I get back to my work the better. It was absurd of me to come at all."

They were just beginning the barn dance, with that irritating persistent tune. I fixed my eyes on the swaying figures, some of them so awkward. There was a lump in my throat, and I really couldn't speak. The remembrance of the river at Cherrington, and the sunshine on it, came across me. He had looked so brown and so cheerful in his canoe; he was so pale, and so evidently indignant now, that I could hardly get the words out. I had never before of a man before. I was now, He evidently meant what he said.

"If I ask you to stay and sit out the barn dance you will, surely. I—I want to tell you something."

He acquiesced so feebly that I felt all my courage vanishing. We found a little room that was empty and sat down. I caught him looking at my roses, but he pretended he was doing nothing of the sort. It was he who began, after all, to the inappropriate accompaniment of the barn dance music.

"So you were playing in a little comedy down at Cherrington, and the Miss Bent I knew was a purely imaginary person. Surely it must be pleasant to be Miss Bellfield, and to have all London competing for your favor."

Major Farquharson had passed the open door and given a surprised stare at us, as he said this, and I felt I hated him for such rudeness.

"I was sick of being myself, that was why I did it. People pretended to like me, and made so much of me, and I knew it was merely money, money."

"And were you successful in finding out if you were charming enough to captivate without it?" His manner was chilly sarcasm itself. A memory of all the things he had said and looked overcame me.

"You ought to know," I whispered. It was dreadful, but you see I saw now that if he once went there would only be misery for me.

He did not even smile. "You sought to break a country heart for pasture ere you went to town," was his rejoinder.

Quotations are not in good taste made like that. He hurt me; he misunderstood me. I have my faults, but I am not heartless. I have only done as other people do—in fact, less than most of them. I plucked up courage and tried again.

"I think, Dr. Maydwell, you are masquerading as much as I was, or else you really have become quite different; you never talked like that when you were boating on the Tarn."

"No, I am a fool of myself by talking nonsense; most people do when it doesn't rain in August."

Now, could anything be stupider? Here was Hugh Maydwell—a man who had got gold medals in physiology, or pathology, or something—conducting a conversation as if he had not two ideas in his head.

"At any rate you were very much more civil to Kitty Bent than you are to Saranna Bellfield, yet they are one and the same."

"Indeed, they are nothing of the sort," he broke in hotly. "The one was a simple country girl full of pure thoughts and high ideals. She was as poor as I am; we met on the same level. With Miss Bellfield, in her fashionable splendors, with her great fortune, I have nothing, can have nothing to do. Your trick was an unfair one; you took advantage of my ignorance. Only a woman would be clever enough to put on another manner, another nature, with a big hat and a pink gown."

Somehow I was cheered by his remembering the color. It was a Paris dress really, and had cost a frightful amount. For that adorable simplicity they know how to charge. I daresay he thought that if he married somebody on nothing a year she would wear frocks and hats of that pattern. All the time the dancers were in front of us and that tune kept buzzing on.

"I did not put on another nature—I couldn't if I tried. I think you are most cruel. I suppose you think I change my friends as easily as I do my clothes?"

"The way in which Miss Bellfield treats her friends can be nothing to me."

He was hateful, and yet every minute I felt I could not, could not let him go. Quite suddenly I knew that I loved him; that nothing in the world mattered, because I knew that he loved me. How did I know? Oh, I can't explain, but I did. I grew bolder.

"You cared once about being my friend, or at any rate you said you did."

"Miss Bellfield, I think I ought to offer you my congratulations and to say good-night. That idiotic barn dance is over."

"Congratulations?" I said it with a whole string of notes of interrogation.

"I mean upon your engagement to Major Pelle-Farquharson." He rose as he said this and was turning quickly away when I stopped him. He told me afterward I spoke quite passionately.

"I am not engaged to Major Farquharson or any one else. People have no right to say such things. Down at Cherrington—"

"Down at Cherrington the village gossips might have fancied that a penniless doctor had been indiscreet enough to ask a penniless girl to wait for him for an indefinite number of years; they were just as far from the truth, probably much further."

All my security vanished. I felt wretched—so wretched that my eyes were full of tears; one even fell on the roses in my hand. He saw that tear, but he was just as obdurate, just as angry; apparently not even relieved to hear that I was free, when I might have been Lady Sandellion but for him.

I didn't care what I did or what he thought. "She would have waited all her life."

How I got out those seven words I wonder still. More tears fell as I said them, and there was an awful silence. Then he began in such a different voice.

"You cannot mean what you are saying. He was standing and looking down intently. He has the best eyes I ever saw, they are so honest, but I could not face them after that deed of daring."

"I mean it with all my heart."

"You make it hard for me," he continued. "When I let Kitty guess I cared for her I thought perhaps a time might come when I could claim the right to ask her to be a poor man's wife; you are a great heiress, and if I am poor I am proud. You force me to tell you that I love you, not to put the foolish question that has but one possible answer."

Then I revolted once for all against the tradition of what is maidenly and right. "Hugh, can't you understand, must I tell you that all my money is nothing to me and that I only want you?"

He told me later that it was too pathetic, that he had always dreaded to see a woman cry. But he kissed me, and somehow it all perfectly right and natural.

Half an hour later, just as we were so happy, that horrid Major Farquharson came for his two dances. "Take care of one of my roses till No. 12, Dr. Maydwell," I said, "and come here then to find me." You see, I was reckless, and I wanted the major to see how things were. Hugh took the flowers obediently and went off. Positively they had put in another barn dance, Major Farquharson wanted to sit it out, but I knew better. He must have been obtuse not to have guessed. I felt so utterly content I thought everybody would notice my face. We danced. There is something hopelessly sentimental about a barn dance. I was in mad spirits now. Mamma and papa are dear and quite manageable; there would be scenes, but I should have my way in the end. Providentially the Maydwells are a very old family, and mamma, who came of no family at all, so to speak, is very particular on that point. Hugh's mother had a pedigree that would bear the most searching scrutiny.

To face the parents was a minor affair, indeed, after the awful ordeal I had come through. My partner was very gloomy. He did not respond to my liveliness, and was as stiff as a poker in the dance. He took me into the conservatory in the interval and I let him say his say. He said it most condescendingly. Lord Sandellion had been careful to let me realize what an honor he was doing me, but even he was nothing to Major Farquharson. I listened with a sort of satisfaction, and then I refused him point blank.

I had no want of fluency in this case, but I have never seen any created being look as amazed as he did. I am no scalp hunter, yet I absolutely revealed

in the prospect of telling Hugh this of course.

I glanced up at him and added coolly: "The fact is, I am engaged already."

"That being the case, there is nothing more to be said, except that you have behaved heartlessly to me." He tried to put on a disconsolate air, but it was a dead failure. I smiled:

"You cared nothing for me, so I need not say I am sorry; you must have a wife who will admire you, and I never did." He was very angry, but far too dignified to show it.

And I went back to Hugh.

We were married at the end of the season, and I am the happiest woman in England. I thought I would write this in case any other poor girl is burdened with a fortune, as I was. I read a story once about proposals from ladies. One girl in it told her friend that "it simply wasn't done." She was wrong, you see.—Black and White.

### About the American Voice.

The American voice has won an enviable reputation for its supposed disagreeable quality. This reputation is in part deserved, for no careful observer can fail to notice that many of our people in ordinary conversation are constantly in error in regard to their natural pitch and utterly fall in purity of tone, says the Boston Transcript. They speak in either too high or too low a key and the tones are more or less forced into a disagreeable mixture of the nasal-muscular quality. Apologists have attributed this defect to the nervous temperament of the people and to the disastrous effects of a variable climate. But the true explanation is found in a lack of proper training. The American voice, when properly educated, is no less melodious and agreeable than that of any other nationality.

Bad quality of voice is due simply to bad habit in its use. Correct the habit and the voice is changed, and becomes what it was designed to be by the Creator. It is amazing that so many young men spend, after a long period of preparatory training, four years in college and almost an equal period thereafter in professional schools, and then go to the pulpit or the bar totally untrained vocally for the successful prosecution of their life work. And it is even more amazing that multitudes fitted by their culture to adorn social life destroy their chances of success by a lack of vocal training. They might have been good singers, readers or reciters but for their own neglect.

If a correct system of vocal physiology and technique were engrained into our public school system there would be an immense gain to the culture of the nation. Not all are public speakers or readers, but everybody talks, and to converse in a well-modulated, melodious voice is an accomplishment worth striving hard to obtain.

### Keep Away from a Strained Hawser!

"It's a good thing to do to keep away from a hawser when there's a strain on it," said a South street stroller, "and well away from it. The other day I saw a big steamboat start out holding on to a bow line to help pull her head around against the strong tide that was running. It was a big hawser, but somewhat worn, and the strain on it was tremendous. It creaked and creaked as it stretched and shifted on the spile as the boat moved out and the men standing near all moved back. Presently bang! it went, parting over the strop, and away blew the free end out over the water toward the boat. The loop remaining around the head of the spile, freed from the great strain upon it, recoiled a foot or two. "That would break a man's leg if it hit it," said one of the men on the wharf, and he told of a case in which a man's leg had been broken by the recoil of the loop of a parted hawser. This loop, watersoaked, and with its fibres packed hard under repeated strains, was solid and heavy. It was easy enough to imagine that it would have broken a man's leg if it had hit it. It is a good thing to keep well away from a hawser when there's a strain on it."—New York Sun.

### Why Rice Isn't in the Bible.

A book before us says: "Rice is not mentioned in the Bible, as it did not grow in the countries in which the Bible happenings occurred." We think the author is mistaken. The fact that the word "rice" does not appear is no evidence of the non-existence of a product that in the Bible era was feeding the majority of the world's people. From the earliest ages the blanket expression, "corn," has been used to cover all manner of grains and seeds used for food. In England the word now applies to barley, rye, oats, and more specifically wheat; in Scotland it usually means oats, while here it only refers to maize. The word "corn" frequently occurs in the Bible, and when we consider the enormous commerce of Palestine, particularly in the days of Solomon, it is natural to suppose that rice was among the imports, and that, like wheat and other grains, it finds shelter under the market term, "corn."—Aberdeen Examiner.

### She Knew Him.

Henry Irving, whose face has, through advertisement and illustration, become familiar to many people, was one day at a seaside resort, when he noticed a little girl looking at him fixedly.

"Well, my dear," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," was the shy reply.

"Well, who am I, then?"

"You are one of—'s pills."

And, indeed, his face had figured in an advertisement of the widely spread pills.—Minneapolis Journal.

### A Valuable Member.

De Hamme—That baseball player you took on last week any good?

Barnes Turner—Yes, indeed. He catches every egg that is thrown at us.—Indianapolis Journal.

Life is full of trials—and we know some lawyers who are glad of it.

### HIS SPECULATION FAILED.

Avarice Lost to One Man Forty-five Thousand Dollars.

During the recent real estate boom in a new town in the Northwest, a man who was visiting the place invested five thousand dollars in a piece of land. The story of the investment, as told by himself, is an instructive example of the greed and foolishness that are so often begotten by a speculative spirit:

My wife was very much opposed to the trade, and after I had been at home for a few months I began to think I was a fool for not taking her advice, and leaving the speculation alone. Land prices went down, and I felt certain I should lose on the investment.

A year went by, and I had taxes to pay and no opportunity to sell. Matters were very quiet in land. I was fifteen hundred miles from the property, and at the close of the year I should have been glad to take four thousand dollars for it in order to avoid a worse loss.

Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when, one morning, an agent of a railroad company came into my office, and after making several cautious inquiries about my piece of land, finally offered me twenty-five thousand dollars for it.

I refused his offer! Large as it seemed in comparison with my original purchase money, I at once thought, "If the land is worth that to a railroad company, it must be very valuable. I will hold on to it until I can get thirty thousand dollars, or possibly more."

The agent went away, but returned in a week with another offer. The company, he said, would go as high as fifty thousand dollars for the land, but not a cent beyond that. My breath was taken away by the offer, but again I refused, thinking to make even more.

Fifty thousand dollars was a larger sum than I had ever dreamed of making, but the chance of getting fifty-five or sixty thousand dollars induced me to refuse the agent.

The very next day the sudden boom began to collapse. It had reached its climax, and values all went down with a rush. I spent the next week hunting for that railroad agent. When I found him, he would not make me an offer of even five thousand dollars for the property. The railroad had suddenly changed its plans, and the land was useless to the company.

A few days ago I traded that piece of land for a small lot in my own town, worth, perhaps, twelve hundred dollars. You can draw your own moral. And yet I know a hundred men who would have done just what I did. Avarice is one of the strongest passions of the human race.

### Skeeters Worse than Snakes.

About three miles above Mississippi City I called at a negro cabin on the highway to ask for a drink of water. A mule stood near the door with a fore-leg badly swollen, and I asked the negro what ailed him.

"Bin dun bit by a snake, I reckon," was the reply.

His own left foot was bandaged in a piece of bedquilt, and when I looked at it he explained:

"Bin done bit myself, but the pizen is about out."

"Lots of snakes around here?" I queried.

"Heaps of 'em. Ole woman was dun bit las' week."

"Whew!"

"An' my boy Robert was dun bit dis mawnin'. See dat dawg? He bin dun bit 'o' times dis 'yar. Cum down yer ways."

He walked about ten yards from the cabin, and he showed me two moccasins on a log at the edge of the swamp.

"Good lands! but I should think you'd be scared of your lives here!" I exclaimed.

"Wall, it's a little skeery, sah, 'specially fur de chill'un, but what worrits me de mon's is dem plaguey skeeters. I can't abide 'em nohow. De snakes won't bodder if you don't run ober 'em, but dem skeeters is Jess bou' to light down an' take hold an' pull yer ear right off!"—Detroit Free Press.

### New Anesthetic.

A new anesthetic was shown to the County Medical Society last evening which is said to be free from the dangers attending the use of morphine and cocaine and from the disagreeable after-effects of ether and chloroform. It is local in its effect, completely deadens pain, but does not destroy consciousness. Its effect is limited as to both locality and duration and some of the doctors present thought that this as an objection to its use; nevertheless, it seems to be a step toward that totally harmless and perfectly working anesthetic which the profession so ardently desires. It is possible that the new agent may find its greatest value in the dressing of wounds made by the surgeon's knife, a process which often is only less painful than the original operation itself.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### When Cuss Words Are Excusable.

Young men, don't swear. There is no occasion for it outside of a printing office, where it is useful when the paper is behind time. It also comes in handy in proof reading, and is indispensable when the ink works bad and the press begins to buck. It is sometimes brought into use when the foreman is mad, and it has been known to entirely remove that tired feeling of the editor when he looks over the paper after it is printed. Outside a printing office it is a foolish habit.—West Baden, Ind., Journal.

### Montana's Divorce Percentage.

Montana's percentage of divorces to marriages during twelve months recently ended was 14.23. There were 223 divorces granted in the State during the year.

You never find your merits are so small, Your vices are so many and so great, You never find you are no good at all Until for office you're a candidate.—Judge.

### INDIANA INCIDENTS.

#### RECORD OF EVENTS OF THE PAST WEEK.

#### Queer Hallucination of an Aged Couple—Divorced Wife Succeeds in Stopping Her Husband's Pension—Bad Condition of Georgetown Postoffice.

Still Guard Against Indians.

Two miles west of Rich Valley live an old couple who cook, eat and sleep in one room, and who have their team of horses in one end of the squalid apartment. A day or so ago a passerby, Abe Shilling, entered the place and found the pair alone, with their horses tied to the posts of their bed. An ugly looking shotgun stood near the door at half cock. The people greeted Shilling very coldly and he didn't tarry. They are said to be possessed of the hallucination that Indians are running at large over the country, and for that reason have collected their belongings all in one room.

#### Feels the Wrath of a Woman.

Willis Hampton, who resides near Tazewell, has been deprived of his pension in a peculiar manner. He has been drawing \$17.50 a month for a long time. Some time ago he had a disagreement with his wife. Mr. Hampton secured a divorce and his wife went West. Some weeks ago she wrote to her former husband that unless he sent her \$50 at once she would see that his pension was stopped. Mr. Hampton refused the request and thought the threat idle. The woman put herself in communication with a special pension examiner, and the result was that Mr. Hampton was rerated, reducing his pension from \$17.50 to \$12 a month, the reduction to anticipate to the time of original issue. Hampton has already drawn \$1,429.47 more than he is entitled to, and in consequence the pension department refuses to allow him to file his voucher again until the year 1900, by which time the amount alleged to have been overdrawn will be offset or covered back into the treasury of the United States.

#### Dramatic Acquittal of George Cory.

The wildest excitement prevailed in the Superior Court room at Brazil, when Prosecuting Attorney Lewis rose during the Cory murder trial and, addressing the judge, said he had not the conscience to insist on the court sending Cory to prison on the evidence given for the State. Cory's attorneys asked Judge McGregor to instruct the jury to acquit Cory, which was done. The court room rang with cheers for several minutes and Cory broke down and wept for joy. George Cory shot and instantly killed Eugene Fry during a fight at Alum Cave, June 1, 1892. The case was "venued" from Sullivan County.

#### Letters Delayed for Years.

Postoffice Inspector Vickery investigated the Georgetown postoffice Friday, and discovered a most startling state of affairs. He found three wagon loads of newspapers which had never been delivered, and a great number of letters to citizens in the vicinity that had lain in the office for years. Some of them were valuable and important letters, one of them containing a check from a prominent Chicago commission firm to a local fruit grower. This one had been mailed three years ago. The postoffice was in charge of a woman named Mottweiler, who had been the postmistress for years.

#### Fined for Hugging Pretty Girls.

Charles Lutz, a Chicago man, who is credited by his employers with being a good clerk, was arrested at Terre Haute. He is charged with hugging young girls early in the morning while on their way to stores or factories. A dozen young women appeared in the police court and identified him. He insists he is innocent. He was fined and sent to jail for thirty days.

#### All Over the State.

Numerous cases of robberies by highwaymen are reported at Muncie.

Miss Mary Jones, of Franklin, was badly burned by an explosion of coal oil.

John and Robert McCullom, druggists, of Fairland, have made an assignment.

Sallie Gooding was found lying in the snow near Anderson, almost frozen to death.

The infant child of Mrs. Herman Fockler, of Evansville, was drowned in a tub of water.

Liebert Brothers, stationers, of South Bend, have been closed for the second time by creditors.

Miss Louise Johns, the 15-year-old daughter of W. F. Johns, near Wilkinson, gave her friends the slip at the church door, and springing into another vehicle, she was driven to the home of a friend, where she was united in marriage to Frank Sheets.

Miss Louisa Mottweiler, the erratic postmistress of Georgetown, whose retention of large portions of the mail received at her office instead of delivering it to those to whom it was addressed caused her arrest and dismissal from office, was discharged from arrest by Postoffice Inspector Vickery of Cincinnati, who had charge of the case. Inspector Vickery found among the mail retained in the office over fifty love letters, running through a period of the past two years. Her failure to deliver these letters broke off several marriage engagements. When these letters were opened they revealed some very warm love affairs, and some of them falling into wrong hands, caused much excitement on being read. In all two wagon loads of newspapers were found in the office, dating from November, 1893, to Jan. 10, 1896. Miss Mottweiler is undoubtedly insane. She kept the post-office money in a bucket, which she had hidden away in the office. She had made but one report to the department in a year, but all the money the office was entitled to was found in the bucket, making her accounts balance to a cent. She is an old maid of 45 years.

John Perry Parish, of Rushville, who owns a fine farm in Washington township, Rush County, has made an assignment. Assets and liabilities, about \$12,000 each.

While customers were being shaved in the Thompson & Stansberry barber shop at Franklin, there was an explosion of gasoline in the rear which singed everybody before escape could be made, and which destroyed the furniture. E. G. Barnhizer, undertaker, immediately adj. Joining, was also damaged several hundred dollars before the fire was suppressed.