

CRAWFORD CO. DIRECTORY.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
 Sheriff..... J. F. Hull
 Clerk..... C. J. Fall
 Recorder..... C. J. Fall
 Treasurer..... Wm. Woodruff
 Prosecuting Attorney..... M. J. Condon
 Judge of Probate..... W. J. Becken
 C. C. Com. M. J. Condon
 Surveyor..... A. E. Newman
 Coroners..... W. H. F. Ross and M. O. Atwood

SUPERVISORS.
 Grove Township..... Wm. C. Johnson
 South Branch..... J. H. Hester
 Pease Creek..... T. E. Hastings
 Maple Forest..... John B. Calkins
 Grayling..... J. M. Finn
 Frederickville..... Duane Wille
 Fall..... Chas. Jackson
 East Plains..... E. P. Richardson
 Blaine..... Peter J. Kell

SOCIETY MEETINGS.
 M. E. CHURCH—Rev. G. W. R. Pastor.
 Services at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
 Sunday school at 12 m. Prayers meeting every
 Wednesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. All are cordially
 invited to attend.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 534, F. & A. M.,
 meets in regular communication on Thursday
 evening at 8 o'clock at the fall of the month.
 Transient members are first ready invited to
 attend.
 G. M. F. DAVIS, W. M.
 A. TAYLOR, Secretary.

MARVIN POST, No. 240, G. A. R., meets the
 second Saturday of each month.
 O. J. BELL, Post Commander.
 J. C. COVETRY, Adjutant.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
MRS. T. W. MITCHELL & CO.,
MILLINER & DRESSMAKER
 GRAYLING, MICH.

GEO. L. ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, ETC.
 Fine Lands Bought and
 Sold on Commission.
 Non-Residents' Lands Looked After.
ROSCOMMON, - - - MICH.

MAIN J. CONNIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 GRAYLING, MICH.

O. PALMER,
Justice of the Peace and Notary.
 Collections, conveyance, payment of taxes,
 and purchase and sale of real estate promptly
 attended to. Office on corner of Michigan and
 Front streets, opposite the Court House.

GRAYLING, MICH.

F. F. THATCHER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 Office and Residence in the Hospital Building,
 on Cedar Street.

G. M. F. DAVIS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 Office at Residence, corner of Michigan Avenue
 and Chestnut Street.

GRAYLING HOUSE,
W. A. WILD, - Proprietor,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 The Grayling House is conveniently situated,
 being near the depot and business houses,
 is newly built, and furnished throughout in the
 latest style. Every attention will be paid to the
 comfort of guests. Fine parlors for commercial
 travelers.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
WM. FORTIER, - Proprietor.
 This house is located conveniently near to the
 depot and business houses. Every attention
 will be paid to the comfort of guests.

OLIVER RAYMOND,
TONSorial ARTIST,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 Shaving and Hair-Cutting done in the latest
 style, and to the satisfaction of all. Also
 corner of Michigan Avenue and Railroad Street.
 June 1st

A. E. NEWMAN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 Fine timber lands is held after. Correct
 estimates given. Trespass estimated and collected.
 ed. Surveying done in all its branches. 1023

O. J. BELL,
 GRAYLING, MICHIGAN,
 DEALER IN—
FARMING LANDS
 Also agent for Bufo's Addition to the Village
 of Grayling. Farms and lots sold at reasonable
 prices, and on terms to suit purchasers.
 July 1st-14

J. R. McDONALD,
 MANUFACTURER OF
Boots and Shoes,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 Special attention given to fine sewed work.
 Repairs attended to promptly.

RASMUSSEN & HANSON,
 PROPRIETORS OF
CITY
LIVERY STABLE,
 GRAYLING, MICH.
 FIRST-CLASS RIGS
 To let at all hours at reasonable prices. Hunt-
 ing parties supplied with complete outfit,
 consisting of boots, guns, dogs, etc. Guides fur-
 nished, and parties taken to the hunting grounds
 at low rates.

Current Events

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

O. PALMER, Publisher and Proprietor.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1885. NUMBER 26.

SADNESS AND GLADNESS

There was a glory in his house,
 And it is dead;
 There was a heart that nevermore
 Can I be glad.

And when I sit and think of him,
 I am so sad,
 That half the world that nevermore
 Can I be glad.

If you had known this baby mine,
 He was so sweet,
 You would have given a journey just
 To his feet.

He could not walk a single step,
 Nor speak a word,
 But then he was so blithe and gay
 As any bird.

That ever sat on orchard bough,
 And trilled its song,
 Until the listener fancied it
 As sweet and strong

As if from lips of angels he
 Had heard it flow;
 Such angels as they had could paint,
 An angel!

You cannot think how many things
 He had heard it flow;
 Before the swift, swift angel came,
 And bade him go.

So that his neighbors said of him,
 He was so sweet,
 That he was never meant for earth,
 But for the skies.

But I would not believe a word
 Of what they said;
 Nor will I ever now although
 My boy is dead.

For God would be most wicked, if
 He would let
 In to the world a new
 And heavenly birth,

As often as a little child is found,
 With human breath,
 He, like another angel, resolves
 Upon its death.

But should you ask me how it is,
 I had years can stay,
 Though I cannot speak his little wings,
 And his way.

I could but say that God, who made
 This heart of mine,
 Must have intended that its love
 Should be his own.

Of His own love, and that if He
 Can think it right
 To turn my boy to stone,
 He will do so.

I cannot doubt that He will turn,
 In other ways,
 My winter darkness to the light
 Of sunny days.

I know that God gives nothing to
 Us for a day;
 That which He gives He never ceases
 To take away.

And when He comes and seems to make
 My life less,
 It is that by and by we may
 Meet Him face to face.

That He has made it brighter than
 The sun,
 A glory shining on and on
 For evermore.

And when I sit and think of this,
 I am so glad,
 That half it seems that nevermore
 Can I be sad.

satisfaction of the organist. Slightly tremulous at first, her voice grew steadier by and by, and rose clear and pure as the voice of an angel. Every one said they had never heard so beautiful a melody—dressed in pure white, and with such an innocent countenance. There was no question as to her suiting the people. Cosgrove felt vastly relieved. He got on excellently with Miss Folsom. She had no "quirks" about her, as have most musical individuals. She left everything to his judgment.

It was the most natural thing in the world that they should become friends. And as they became friends, it was quite as natural that she should tell him about herself. She was an orphan; she had been supporting herself as a music-teacher in the great city. She had practiced the strictest economy that she might continue to study under a good teacher. She was poor!

The summer had slowly drifted by. Happy hours are not always swift. Sometimes so much occurs in short space that one cannot realize the actual length of time. They are days that seem like months—so full are they of strange surprise and joy.

That was the way Joy Folsom found it. In the late August days she walked with quick step and bounding pulse. She sang with a new thrill in her voice. She was nineteen and tasting the business of first love. Ah, yes! In all the after years nothing half so sweet or pure may come to woman. One never again may know the same feeling of perfect trust and security. Look back to it through tears, O ye who have since lived and suffered, who have learned to doubt and to dread, who have stood face to face with selfishness, heartlessness, betrayal!

He loved her. They had not loved her. That was sufficient.

Joy had made any number of friends since coming to Pottersville. She could speak more accurately, had accepted them. For she was by nature too shy and retiring to make advances in any quarter. The Misses Asher had called upon her, and she had dined with them twice or thrice. But they were all so much older than herself and so stately in their bearing that she had not become very intimate with them. She felt a certain awe in their presence, which was by no means lessened at the thought that they were so friendly to Clinton Cosgrove.

Among others who had made kindly overtures to Miss Folsom was an elderly soul named Bisbee. She was a widow, and something of a gossip. Perhaps she had her eye on the soprano and the organist. Perhaps she had a vague notion how Trinity's organ loft stood veiled in shadow those still mid-summer afternoons, when Joy Folsom's slim white-clad figure in the gloom of the organ-loft played soft interludes and whispered tender sentences while playing. At all events it was Mrs. Bisbee who met Joy that morning—a morning she never afterward could put out of mind—a horrid morning of shock and darkness. Mrs. Bisbee had walked home with her from the postoffice to Joy's boarding-place. And there Joy had gone straight to her own room, dazed and choking.

Mrs. Bisbee had naturally enough spoken of church affairs; of the music of Mr. Cosgrove; of the boy-choir; and the Misses Asher's devotion to the organist.

"Every one understands it, of course," the wily widow had said, carelessly. "And really it is a very good arrangement, you know. He has nothing but his salary; he is as poor as any one."

"You mean Mr. Cosgrove is poor," said Joy, a sudden cold creeping up over her cheeks. "I don't quite understand that arrangement you mean, though."

"You don't? Why I thought everybody knew—I mean about Folsom, of course. She is a year or two older than he is, but that doesn't matter much considering her fortune. O, yes, Miss Folsom will be the making of him. I don't see how you can know when the marriage is to occur."

"Miss Folsom to marry Mr. Cosgrove," Joy repeated slowly, as if the intelligence were too stupendous for comprehension.

"Why, I supposed every one knew," the widow made answer.

Then, as they had reached Joy's home, no more was said.

The girl went slowly up the board walk to the house. It was as if a thunder-cloud had settled upon the fair world. Everything was black and hideous. All the sweetness had gone out of the flowers; the very tree leaves seemed to hang stiffly, as if death had struck the life source.

Suppose it were true. Then he had only been trifling with her. He had never asked her to marry him, because he had meant to marry Miss Folsom, who was rich. He had amused himself with Joy Folsom, because she was poor. Ah, yes! she was poor. In the city her home had been an attic chamber, bleak in winter, stifling in summer. Her work had been hard and incessant. Her progress had been so slow. O, life had been a pitiful struggle. And now the cup of happiness was dashed from her lips. The world was made suddenly dark and terrible.

Joy remained all day in her room—to suffer. Pride came to her assistance, and though it made the pain no easier, was something of a prop. The young all have this pride; as they grow older they get over having it. Sometimes they get over it too much. I know a woman whose husband has deserted her and she never will live with her again, and tells her he would die, because he never loved her, but married her against his will. And yet that woman keeps writing to him and pleading with him to come back. That woman has gotten over having pride—too far.

Joy felt that her life was wrecked completely. He should never again find chance to amuse himself with her. She would leave Pottersville at the earliest opportunity. She hoped she need not sing too many more Sabbaths. She hardly knew how she could ever sing again—she felt so crushed so hopeless.

The afternoon wore slowly by. She was forced to appear at tea-time, lest

her action be remarked. After tea she had promised Cosgrove to meet him at the church to rehearse a new solo.

The Asher always dined at seven. Their midday luncheon was made in formal repast. Cold meats and fruits and pastry were set forth, from which one should help himself precisely as he felt inclined.

At luncheon that particular morning the ladies had mentioned Miss Folsom in connection with an entertainment about to be given for charity.

"She would sing, I suppose?" Miss Abigail remarked.

"O, certainly, she would sing!" said Miss Folsom, the most energetic of the three.

Miss Dora offered no objection, but continued to make her gincher out of cheese and a sonnet hard ginger cakes.

Mr. Cosgrove spoke abundantly.

"I presume she would gladly take part."

"If it were not so warm, I should call on her this afternoon," Miss Folsom declared.

"We practice to-night," said Cosgrove, as absently as before.

"Then," said Miss Folsom, "I will come over to the church and see her."

"We shall have a heavy storm to-night," Joy heard some one utter this prophecy, as she went down the board walk, when tea was over. She heard the words, yet gave them scarcely a thought. She cared little for gathering shadows in the sky, or the way she already was dark as the night.

When evil news is brought, one always reaches out for little attendant circumstances to witness or disprove its truth. Joy had been tortured all the afternoon with the recollection of a thousand trivial acts and sayings of her lover. And so she had little interest in the color of the sky or the way she felt.

"I shall blow up the dust in the street," she went on, an unconscious of now and then a single drop of rain flying against her cheek, on toward the church. She went in, as usual, through the little door, and found the organ-loft, which she had never before, already a dark as the night. The wind heard voices in the organ-loft, and Miss Folsom stood looking over his shoulder. The gas burned dimly.

Joy retreated softly to the little study. She could not bring herself to face them. She felt as if she had lost all self-control. She would go away quickly. She opened the door—but rain fell in her face. She closed the door, she must wait a little. The wind was blowing terribly, moreover. She could not see a yard in advance. She would wait till the storm was over, where the light glimmered faintly through the half-open door—the light from the organ-loft. And she could still hear him playing "Largo." She sank down in the rector's armchair, overpowered and heart-broken. The storm without grew wilder. She could hear the wind lashing the sides of the edifice and tearing away the strong old English ivy. The music ceased; Cosgrove and Miss Folsom came down the steps from the loft into the study. Joy sat motionless and heart-stricken. What would they think to find her there? Would they perhaps ask, "What are you doing here? Oh, if only they might not know her!"

They did not appear to. Miss Folsom opened the door.

"What an awful storm," she said, in a shocked voice. "Do you think we can get across the street?"

"Better to wait here," said Cosgrove. "It will soon be over."

"But Abigail and Dora will be nervous. I think we'd better try."

Cosgrove hesitated.

The lady opened the door a second, and was passing out.

Joy could never explain to herself, or to others the singular impulse of the instant. Swift as lightning all thought of self had left her; she knew nothing but one thing—unaccountable impulse, to reach out and hold Miss Folsom back. This strange impulse, or instinct, seemed to thrust her from her seat and force her from a wild cry.

"Wait! Come back!"

Miss Folsom turned; at the same moment came a frightful rattle and crashing sounds which lasted for some seconds.

"Joy!" cried Cosgrove, amid the din. But the girl had fainted.

"A terrible storm," said every one, the following morning. Quite a respectable crowd came to take a look at the church steeple. Moreover, it was whispered about that the youngest Miss Asher had barely escaped from under.

"A regular Western cyclone," said some one. "We don't very often see our churches pulled down like that."

Just about the same time Clinton Cosgrove was calling on Miss Folsom.

"Won't you please explain how you came to appear so suddenly for Miss Folsom's benefit?" he began, in a tone that puzzled the girl.

"I had been there some time," she said, slowly. "I was waiting for you to be at leisure. I saw you were conversing with your affianced."

"My affianced!" repeated the young man in stupefied accents. Then the truth may have dawned upon him, and so much may be read in glances!

"Joy," he said reproachfully, "some one has been telling you tales—and you have been listening. Miss Folsom is an estimable lady, and a devoted friend—but Joy—any affianced—except—yourself."

And when they were married, in October, glorious month, the steeple had been rebuilt, and a reception was given them by the Misses Asher, who appeared in church in the richest of new dove-colored satins, the quaintest of laces. And if these estimable ladies ever had entertained any such hopes or plans as the widow Folsom had away in their forthwith packed them away in lavender and common sense, and buried them under the recollection that Miss Folsom probably owed her life to Joy Folsom.—Chicago Ledger.

OHIO.

The October Election Results in the Success of the Entire Republican Ticket.

The election in Ohio on Tuesday, Oct. 13, was for State and county officers, for 37 Senators, and 110 Representatives of the General Assembly, and upon four amendments to the constitution of the State changing elections from October to November, and on changing the term of office for Township Trustees. Gov. Hoodly was the Democratic candidate for re-election, and Rev. A. B. Leonard the Republican candidate for Governor. The election resulted in the success of the entire Republican ticket, as follows: Governor, Gen. Kennedy; Lieutenant Governor, Gen. Kennedy; Treasurer, J. C. Brown; Attorney General, J. H. Kessler; Judge of Supreme Court, T. A. Minshall. The Republicans have also secured a majority of the Legislature, which insures the re-election of John Sherman to the United States Senate. The following returns were sent out by telegraph on the morning following the election:

CLAY COUNTY.—The whole State Republican ticket is elected by 15,000 to 18,000 majority. The Legislature will be Republican on joint ballot, with a good working majority in both houses. The vote was heavy on the Republican side. The Western Reserve came out in full force, every one feeling it a duty to do all in his power to bring the country back to Republican control. This result will secure the election of Republican United States Senator, and the early enactment of a law regulating the liquor traffic. Another very probable result of the election will be to eliminate a third-party prohibition from Ohio politics.

COLUMBUS.—Returns come in more slowly than usual, but there is unusual regularity in the ratio of Republican gains. The vote of 12,000 in 1883 and 10,000 in 1884, the Republican gains have run from 10 to 40 per precinct and averaged 17. At this rate the Republicans will overcome Hoodly's plurality of 12,000 in 1885 and give Forsaker a plurality of 16,000. With the prohibition vote kept up at its present rate it will reach 24,000, and the largest prohibition gains are reported in Democratic precincts. It is however to be considered that the Republicans, with the better organization, got out their votes in the cities, while in the country, where the feeling seemed most in their favor, the vote was not so fully drawn out. The total vote of the day, with more than a half-hour's cessation at any time. This did not seem to have helped the Democrats as heretofore.

CINCINNATI.—At the close of this report returns had been received from 776 of the 913 precincts in the State, a total which gave Forsaker (Republican) a total vote 148,792; Hoodly (Democrat), 132,197; Leonard (Prohibitionist), 9,913; net Republican gain, 12,924. The remaining precincts in 1883 were 10,000 in favor of the close counties and districts are in favor of the Republican legislative ticket to the extent that they will have fully forty majority in lower house and ten in the Senate, and a substantial majority of the thirty-seven Senators the Republicans claim twenty-one.

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Ohio Elections for Thirty Years.

The following is the vote of Ohio since the organization of the Republican party and the election of Gov. Chase in 1855:

Year	Rep.	Dem.	Pro.	Other
1855	148,792	132,197	9,913	14,282
1856	152,345	128,648	11,765	15,132
1857	155,896	125,099	13,216	16,485
1858	159,447	121,550	14,667	17,838
1859	162,998	118,001	16,118	19,191
1860	166,549	114,452	17,569	20,544
1861	170,100	110,903	19,020	21,897
1862	173,651	107,354	20,471	23,250
1863	177,202	103,805	21,922	24,603
1864	180,753	100,256	23,373	25,956
1865	184,304	96,707	24,824	27,309
1866	187,855	93,158	26,275	28,662
1867	191,406	89,609	27,726	30,015
1868	194,957	86,060	29,177	31,368
1869	198,508	82,511	30,628	32,721
1870	202,059	78,962	32,079	34,074
1871	205,610	75,413	33,530	35,427
1872	209,161	71,864	34,981	36,780
1873	212,712	68,315	36,432	38,133
1874	216,263	64,766	37,883	39,486
1875	219,814	61,217	39,334	40,839
1876	223,365	57,668	40,785	42,192
1877	226,916	54,119	42,236	43,545
1878	230,467	50,570	43,687	44,898
1879	234,018	47,021	45,138	46,251
1880	237,569	43,472	46,589	47,604
1881	241,120	39,923	48,040	48,957
1882	244,671	36,374	49,491	50,310
1883	248,222	32,825	50,942	51,663
1884	251,773	29,276	52,393	53,016
1885	255,324	25,727	53,844	54,369

DEATH OF A HUMORIST.

Josh Billings Dies Suddenly of Apoplexy in a California Hotel.

(Monterey (Cal.) telegram.)

Henry W. Shaw, better known as "Josh Billings," died at 10 o'clock this morning, of apoplexy. The body will be embalmed and sent East about 8:45 this morning. Dr. Heinz was summoned to Hotel del Monte to attend Mr. Shaw, who was sitting in a chair in the vestibule, apparently enjoying the best of health. When the physician arrived at 10 o'clock, it comes spontaneously. Mr. Shaw complained of a severe pain in the chest and remarked, "My doctors East ordered rest of brain," and added, throwing back his long hair, "but you can see I do not have to work my brain for a simple lecture; it comes spontaneously." While he was talking he suddenly threw his hands over his head and fell backward unconscious. He was carried to his room, and at the end of three minutes life was extinct. His wife, who accompanied him on his trip to the Pacific coast, was with him during his last moments. His face has retained a perfectly natural expression and bears no indications of pain. He was to have lectured here Friday for the benefit of a local lodge of Good Templars. At the hotel he had made himself a general favorite by his good-natured ways.

Sketch of His Career.

Henry W. Shaw was born at Lanesborough, Massachusetts, in 1818, and was a grandson of Dr. Samuel Shaw, member of Congress from Vermont during the war of 1812. His father was also a member of Congress. His uncle, John Savage, served as Chief Justice of New York May 25, 1865, over the name of "Josh Billings," he being over forty-five years of age. His philosophy and quaint spelling have given him a high reputation for originality and a deep insight into human nature. His "Allman" attained at one time an immense circulation. While editing a small paper in Poughkeepsie, to which place he had come for the purpose of educating his daughters, he compared several of his humorous essays with those of Artemus Ward, and wondered why his own had failed to strike the popular taste. Concluding that the secret lay in the use of the fœnetic spelling, he adopted it in his "Essa on the Muel," and disposed of it for \$1.50, his first earnings in the line of literature. The essay was carefully copied, and further efforts in the same line soon made his name a household word.

During the last seventeen years he has delivered a thousand lectures. His research in the spelling of his proverbs and aphorisms there is at times a depth of wisdom and philosophy which gives him a higher place in the world than that of a mere humorist, and which is often overlooked by those who are amused merely by his peculiarities.

MICHIGAN AFFAIRS.

—Owosso's gas-works are now in full operation.

—Severe frosts have done much damage in Emmet County.

—Owosso is to have a new bank, with a capital of \$200,000.

—Marshall Catholics have formed a Catholic Union, to be incorporated for benevolent purposes.

—Martin Glass, 30 years old, threw himself in front of a train in Saginaw City, and was killed. He was insane.

—Manistique is to have a new Catholic church, which will be the largest and handsomest church building in the place.

—Mrs. Hannah Perrine, who died recently at Battle Creek, aged 67, left five brothers whose ages aggregate 375 years.

—A sister of the famous Indian Chief, Ignatius Potosky, who died last spring, is now at Harbor Springs, and claims to be 115 years of age.

—A private banker at Vulcan, known by the names of Guild and Basset, has disappeared, leaving depositors in the lurch to the extent of \$7,000.

—The Menominee River Boom Company expect the product handled this season will reach 363,500,000 feet, and that 45,000,000 feet will be carried over.

—Miss Morris, who was first bridesmaid at Miss Nevada's wedding in Paris, is a native of East Saginaw and a daughter of the late L. R. Morris, of Detroit.

—It is more than a year that the city of Detroit has gone without street signs, and the Free Press says it could much better have gone without its Aldermen.

—There is a vacancy in the postoffice at Carleton. Miss Emily Begal, postmistress, attended the skating-rink and was seized with illness while there. She was taken home and died two days later.

—Thirty-five men are now employed at the Michigan Mine, these being worked on the stock-pile chiefly. The force will be increased to about seventy men ere long, and the mine will be wrought steadily with that number of miners during the winter.

—The East Saginaw Board of Water Commissioners has, during the past season, done good work in the way of laying water mains, and thus affording fire protection to portions of the city which have heretofore been inadequately protected. The pipe laid this season aggregates over ten miles in length, and the material and labor will cost the Board in the neighborhood of \$75,000 or \$80,000.

—The following is the vote of Ohio since the organization of the Republican party and the election of Gov. Chase in 1855:

POISONED GUESTS.

They Attend a Swell Wedding and Eat Something Not Down on the Bill.

(Honesdale (Pa.) special.)

A decided sensation is produced here tonight by the discovery that a dozen or more of a swell wedding have been poisoned by some food that was furnished by a Serman caterer for the wedding breakfast. At noon to-day Miss Mattie Weston, daughter of a prominent merchant here, was married to Harry S. Batin, Superintendent of the Consumers' Gas Company of Chicago. The couple left on an afternoon train and had hardly delivered a thousand lectures.

COULDN'T FOOL WITH THE COURT.

A Hoosier Attorney Comes to Grief at Indianapolis (special.)

In the Criminal Court to-day the contempt proceedings against Wilbur Royce, an attorney, were disposed of. Royce was defending his brother against the charge of highway robbery. After conviction it was charged that the attorney engineers a scheme for the prosecuting witness to find his supposed stolen pocket-book and money in his coat lining, and then tell the court that the money had never been taken. The alleged plot was exposed in court, and the father of the young men, who was also a party to it, fled. The defense threw themselves on the clemency of the court, Royce saying he had intended to do so in contempt of court, but was only trying to get a new trial for his brother. Judge Norton reflected upon the act of the defendant in the most scathing manner, and then sentenced him to three months' imprisonment in jail, the full extent of the law, and to pay a fine of \$100. The latter was made light because of representations that it would have to be paid by Mrs. Royce, whose property has already suffered severely by reason of the acts of her husband and father-in-law.

KILLING OFF HORSE-THIEVES.

Two of Them Bite the Dust in Arkansas After a Desperate Fight.

(Little Rock (Ark.) special.)

Farmers in Independence and Sharp Counties, Northwest Arkansas, have been losing valuable stock for months past, but were unable to prevent the depredations. Last week a number of horses were stolen from the neighborhood of Batesville and by track while it was being repaired. A posse was organized and started in pursuit of the thieves. They were overtaken on Sycamore Creek. They had camped for the night. Though surprised, they made resistance, and a light followed, which resulted in the killing of two of the band. The remaining three escaped by hiding in the underbrush. None of the pursuers were seriously injured.

Western Hog Packing.

(Cincinnati telegram.)

The Cincinnati Price Current says that the number of hogs packed in the West last week is 145,000, compared with a similar number last year. The total from March 1 to date is 4,175,000, against 3,625,000 a year ago. The movement at various cities since March 1 is as follows: Chicago, 2,175,000; Kansas City, 710,000; Milwaukee, 191,000; Cedar Rapids, 164,000; St. Louis, 163,000; Indianapolis, 161,000; Cleveland, 126,000; Cincinnati, 103,000.

In far-away Madras, India, the municipal authorities have conferred the right of suffrage upon women.

In 1884 there were 200,000,000 pickles raised and salted in this country.

—Charles Gilliss, of Wayland, Allegan County, returned home and found burglars in his home. He ran over to a neighbor's and got a shotgun, and pursued the robbers, when he was fatally shot. The burglars escaped.

—W. F. Cornell inherits from his grandfather, Joseph I. Rogers, deceased at East Rapids, the unique legacy of a complete file of almanacs from 1812 to date.

—Miss Sarah Partridge, of Flushing, has raised 8,000 celery plants this season.