

Peter Rudolph was in town yesterday after some more building material for his large barn which he is erecting. In a conversation he stated that some miscreant took great pains in forgetting to close the gates to his pasture fence and as a result he often found his stock in his grain, doing great damage. Mr. Rudolph said he knew who the fellow was that enjoyed this piece of spite work and only needed a little more proof to make it exceedingly warm for the party and thought it might be a good plan to lay a stick of dynamite in the fellow's track to help give him a lift and also to discover his exact identity.