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BLOOMINGTON PROGRESS.

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WILLIAM A. GAGE, Editor and Proprietor

Indiana News Items.

—“Tom and Jerry” is a conspicuous beverage at Terre Haute.

—Phineas Mott, of Logansport, has not where to lay his head. His little girl dropped the coal oil lamp.

—The Terre Haute Gazette says that the grass-widows of that place are organizing for the spring pastures. The grazing is good.

—The cold weather has driven the editor of the Rochester Sentinel to change his wardrobe, and he offers the spurs for sale.

—Prof. J. W. Foster, the eminent geologist, is at Terre Haute for the purpose of reporting upon the mineral resources of Southern Indiana.

—An arbitrary wife of Vigo county will not permit her husband to use any tobacco unless she is the purchaser. He only chews the plugs she chooses.

—Morgan Schell was out hunting turkeys in Madison county last week, and just as he was drawing a shot on an ancient gobbler, a fine buck stepped in between and was killed. The turkey escaped.

—A Perryville lady “caromed on the red” head of her husband through the window of a billiard hall, with a brick bat. He ended the game with a vigorous run.

—No boy in Wabash can perform the duty of luring his mother without paying one dollar and costs, as Jasper Vandyke did.

—Billy Boggs, of Kokomo, thrust the muzzle of his gun into a pile of rails and fired at a rabbit which had taken refuge there. The gun went off in various directions, taking with it a chunk of Billy's cheek.

—That old colored lady acquaintance of George Washington has got to Michigan City. She declares that “she knew George personally, and had often seen him, when a young man, ‘drunker nor a biled oil.’” So?

—Kicking the snow from the butt of your gun while you rest your hand on the muzzle will have the same effect as raising the hammer with your toe. Geo. Hamill, of Sullivan tried it, and has a hole in his hand.

—A Vernon youth, who had to borrow a hat in order to escort home a fair one who had set her cap for him, was considerably embarrassed while bidding her an affectionate good-night at the gate, by the appearance of the owner of the hat, who unceremoniously demanded his property.

—Charles B. Power, who kept hotel in Kokomo, has left his wife and gone to Iowa with his chambermaid, who leaves three disconsolate husbands in different parts of the country to mourn her untimely taking off.

—Pete Hickman and wife, of Warren, have a family of eleven children, the oldest of whom is now forty years of age, and never had a death in the family. They think this thing can't go on much longer, and have ordered an elaborate family monument.

—Two fingers, formerly the property of Charles St. John, two toes, recently in the employ of Peter Whitney, and divers burns now in the possession of John Schooley, may be reckoned in the net proceeds of an accident at a Brazil furnace last week.

—A horse shoe two hundred feet in diameter, built entirely of rock and hewn stone, ornaments the farm of Daniel R. McKin, of Boonville, Warrick county. It is four feet thick, the heel and toe corks being raised about two feet. The material of which it is built must have been brought from a distance, as there is no stone near the spot.

—Pleasant Hill, Montgomery county, must be a pleasant place of residence for quiet gentlemen of a retiring disposition. It contains a population of about seventy-five persons, which includes thirteen sewing machine agents, seven insurance agents, four churn peddlers, two washing machine peddlers, three patent right agents, four merchants, two blacksmiths, one saddler, one shoemaker and two wagon makers.

—Noblesville has been visited by a sharper who swindled the bee keepers in the following manner: He sold them, for ten dollars each, a very useful hive, telling them they could manufacture all they wanted for their own use, although there was a patent on it. The bee took, and shortly after his departure the purchasers of the hives received dues for ten dollars each for infringing on another man's patent in manufacturing. They paid a second ten dollars to avoid a law suit.

A Cure for Small-Pox.

A correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) Herald gives the following as a sure cure for small-pox, which may be of benefit to sufferers:

I have with append a receipt which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent and cure the small-pox, even though the pittings are filling. When Jenner discovered the cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame on his head; but when the most scientific school of medicine in the world—that of Paris—published this receipt as a panacea for small-pox, it passed unheeded; it is as unfailing as fate, and conquer in every instance. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the receipt as I have used it and cured many children of the scarlet fever; here it is as I have used it to cure the small-pox, when learned physicians said the patient must die:

Sulphate of zinc, one grain; fox glove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two table-spoonfuls of water.

When the above has been thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water. Take a spoonful every hour.

Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses, according to age. If courtiers would compel physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest houses. If you value advice and experience, use this for that terrible and dreaded scourge.

Selbstness of Travelers.

This subject is pleasantly treated in the Cincinnati Chronicle, and as all who have traveled know something of this peculiarity, we give place to the writers remarks:

“A characteristic observed by one who travels now-a-days on our railroads is the selfishness exhibited among passengers in the matter of seats; boorishness, many plain-spoken people denominate it. To strive and retain an entire seat is the rule with them, no matter how many may be standing up. The male hog stretches himself out on the seat and goes to sleep, or pretends to. The female—well, the selfish female piles a lot of baggage alongside of her, and when asked if the seat is engaged, says it is, whether it is or not. Some add a story to the effect that ‘the gentleman has just stepped out a moment.’

I thought I would wait and see the gentleman come in, the other day. The car was crowded with passengers, many of them standing up; among them your servant. There was one vacant seat beside a lady. She had placed a shawl and parcel in it. ‘Is this seat engaged?’ I inquired in my bluntest manner.

“It is,” she replied, nodding me a dismissal and looking out of a window. But I was weary of standing (“I’m weary, she cried,”) and would not be dismissed with a nod, nor if I could get a seat.

“Is the seat engaged by a passenger?” I persisted: “or is it simply engaged by this shawl and parcel?” There was a keen and well-defined dagger in each eye as she flushed them quickly upon me and sharply replied, “A gentleman, sir.” She dwelt with suggestive and unpleasant emphasis upon the word “gentleman.” I thought, and I determined to see who the gentleman was whose seat was being so jealously guarded during an indefinite period, as I had heard her tell the same story for miles. So I gently but firmly removed the shawl and parcel and sat down, remarking that it must be disagreeable for her to make these explanations perpetually, and I would just keep the seat for the gentleman until his return.

While it rested me, it would relieve the *lady* from the necessity of further explanations. She looked out of the window, with a toss of her head, but I could see the color mounting to the very tip of her ear. It is hardly necessary to say that during the two hours I remained a passenger, no gentleman, or any one else, appeared to claim the seat.

The other day I saw a lady, with two children, who had been standing for some time, quietly removed the baggage from a vacant seat that was reversed in front of an affectionate young couple, and took possession. “I don’t want them things on the floor,” said the young woman snappishly. “Very well,” said the other, “hold them in your lap.” Passengers smiled approval all around, and one exquisite young man, who had spread himself all over two seats, exclaimed, “That woman will do to travel, by Jove!”

If passengers understood their rights a little better, and would assert them, there would be a reform on the seat question. When a passenger buys a ticket he buys a right to one seat (if he can get it), and no more. For myself I never feel called upon to apologize for taking that seat, when I can find it.

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FOR SALE BY MCCOLLOUGH.

Mr. A. H. Conner comes down like a little man, and refunds eighteen thousand dollars to the State. Has anybody ever heard of a prominent Democrat refunding any money which he had come in possession of unlawfully?—EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

No that would be diametrically opposite to Democratic precedent, practices and principles. Their policy is to steal all they can, stick to oil they steal, and when a Republican voluntarily “sheds oil” money obtained illegally, they show their rascality by showering him a flood of vile epithets. When they see a fellow down, then their courage prompts them to pounce on him and hit him. Such is the chivalry of modern Democracy.

LADIES, the nicest assortment of Perfumery in the town has just been brought on by Shuecker & Co.

The Boston Times says: That

little boy used sound sense when, in reply to his teacher, who told him he would never be President of the United States unless he attended

to his lessons, said—“I don’t expect to be; I’m a Democrat.”

Horace Greeley gives the following advice, in his lecture to young farmers:

“Above all, don’t seek an office.

You that are here in the enjoyment

of your incomes as farmers, remember this. Office-seeking is becoming the curse of the country, and I know of no greater nuisance in the body politic than holders of office.

When a man accepts a small office at the hands of a government, or a people, he is lost; he never will be worth anything to himself or his neighbors. Some young men think if they can only get a clerkship in Washington, they will be fixed for life; so they will be, but what a fix! They are then buried, and their lives worse than wasted.”

The fact that Tweed has drawn over a million dollars illegally that is known of during the few years that he has been running municipal affairs in New York, and that he has amassed a fortune of three or four millions in five years, will not prevent his triumphal re-election to the New York Senate; for his district is overwhelmingly Democratic, and the Democratic party never “goes back” on its thieves where it has a clear majority.

The Free-Traders contend that we can not compete successfully with Europeans in manufactures because we haven’t the *capital*. That’s what’s the matter. And they would have us to continue in Free Trade, or so near to it, as must drain us of our gold as fast as produced. It is a cardinal point of the European manufacturers, in which they are assisted by their various agents and organs in this country, to keep us too poor to manufacture successfully. In carrying out a policy indicated many years ago, announced in the British Parliament, that “the infant manufacturers in America must be strangled in their cradles.” England has managed to drain us of our money so effectually as to bring about a general financial crisis once in about ten years, with general suspension of specie payments and bankruptcy.

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