

BLOOMINGTON PROGRESS

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For Vice President, BENJAMIN WILSON of Mass.

*We are too bad to first tempt our
enemies to capture the West, and subdue
it to our power. We have not
the means to fill up our Grant after it, and
then it had to come. He has never got
the funds, and he never will be.* —HORACE
GREELY.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

For Governor: GEN. THOMAS M. BROWNE.

For Lieutenant Governor: LEONARD S. VTON.

For Congress: LEONARD S. VTON.

For State Senator: GODLOVE S. ORTH.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Secretary of State: W. W. C. COOPER.

Attala of State: JAMES J. WILDMAN.

Treasurer of State: JOHN R. GLOVER.

Reporter of the Supreme Court: JAMES R. BLACK.

Clerk of the Supreme Court: CHARLES SCHOLL.

Superintendent of Public Instruction: JENKIN W. SMITH.

Attorney General: JAMES C. DENNY.

For Congress—6th District: GEN. MORTON C. HUNTER, of Monroe County.

For State Senator: CAPT. G. W. FRIEDLEY, of Lawrence County.

County Ticket.

Representatives—ANDREW W. REEVES, of Rockwood Township.

Treasurer—I. MILT. ROGERS, of Perry Township.

Sheriff—Capt. LAWSON E. MCKINNEY, of Bloomington Township.

Appraiser of Real Estate—WILLIAM LEONARD, of Clark Creek Township.

Commissioner for 1st District—GEORGE CHESTER, of Bean Blossom Township.

Commissioner for the 2d District—JHN WALDRON, of Bloomington Township.

Some things about the Baltimore Convention should be stereotyped into the minds and memories of the people of the nation. Among these things are: First, that the only enthusiasm about the whole concern was that called forth by the performances of the favorite rebel tunes; second, that the Northern Democratic leaders who were there, tamely and tacitly submitted to all manifestations of rebel delight without so much as a feeble protest; third, that the hydra head of the Tammany reptile ever and anon showed up in front of the person of Hoffman and his co-peers; fourth, that John Cochrane, the corruptest man of them all, was on hand to peddle promises to reluctant Democrats, and thus buy them in. These four facts should be kept before the people.

Horace Greeley remarked shortly after his nomination by the Dolly Vardens at Cincinnati, that if he was President he would find some way to get what he called the surplus gold out of the Treasury. There seems to be no doubt that he has fallen in with a lot of associates who, in the event of his election, would cheerfully relieve him of any duty of that kind. And those associates are by no means unacquainted with the shortest methods of Treasury depletion. They can empty a Treasury quicker than Horace himself could sign a bald bond. His friends of Tammany will personally stand sponsor to the promise to get out the gold shall be fulfilled.

The eager rebels who came up with such smooth faces at Baltimore and took open-mouthed the Cincinnati platform, are now declaring that they only swallowed such part as suited them and spilt out the balance. "If anybody," say they, "thinks that we believe the amendments are part of the Constitution, then anybody is an egregious ass. Just wait till we get things our own way, and we'll show you."

Importing Votes.

A well founded rumor says that Hon. T. A. Hendricks is in close communication with certain Eastern Democratic rings, for the purpose of raising money for the Indiana campaign, and that large sums have been pledged to him. The ex-Senator is known to be a skillful financier, and the importance of the game he is now playing will call forth every effort of his fertile mind.

Of his ability to raise money, and of his knowledge how to use it, we have had signal evidence heretofore. When he was a candidate for Governor in 1868, he was chiefly instrumental in raising the money to buy, and in actually paying for and importing several thousand Democratic voters along our Southern border. The river counties were, in fact, overrun with a rascally horde of purchased scoundrels, every one whom, as soon as he had voted for Hendricks, slunk back across the river and resumed his pastime of drinking whisky and shooting "giggers." The same game will be tried again, only on a much larger scale, and with more money at command. This is Mr. Hendricks' third race for Governor. If successful, he expects to go to the United States Senate; if defeated, he is shelved for a long time to come. It is a race for life with him, and his exertions will be commensurate with the prize at stake. He is now in communication with leading Democratic committee-men and ring masters in the east, who are to contribute largely to the expenses of the campaign. Under the innocent guise of drinking Saratoga water, he is raking in checks and promises to pay, from his Tammany friends, and will, in turn, here pitch in to know a prominent gentleman of this into a car. You and the people

with stamps, and prepared to repeat on broader scale than ever, the importuning operations of former years.

—Ind. Journ.

Colonel John S. Williams.

John S. Williams, Democratic candidate for Congressman at-large, was formerly Collector of Internal Revenue for the Lafayette District. We are in possession of information that from the time of his retirement from office up to his nomination for Congressman, he was in arrears to the government \$8,000 or \$9,000; that the Department frequently urged him up to pay the balance due, but that he failed and refused to settle until finally the government ordered suit brought against his bondsman, when, being driven to a settlement, Col. Williams paid up.

There is another matter we would like to have Col. Williams explain. A few months ago he applied to the Pension Office at Washington for appointment as a special agent to examine into alleged frauds in the pension service. In making this application for an appointment under the "odious administration" of Grant, Col. Williams asserted that of his own knowledge a very large majority of the pensions now being paid to soldiers in Indiana are fraudulent. The Commissioner of Pensions did not credit Col. Williams' assertion, and declined to appoint him. He did, however, order an investigation through other parties, and found Col. Williams' assertion to be utterly groundless.

If Col. Williams has any denial or explanation to make on either or both of these points, we would be pleased to hear from him.—*Indiana Journal*.

A child of Joseph Underhill, of Doolittle's Mills, Perry county, about eighteen months old, attempted to climb up the doorstep, a few days ago slipped, and struck its chin upon the step, causing it to bite its tongue, from the effects of which it died that evening.

Joe Hooker is sure that Horace Greeley will be the next President.

And Joe Hooker was "sure" that he would destroy Lee's army at Chancellorsville—so sure that, after he had swung his right across the Rappahannock, he blasphemously boasted (as stated at the time) that "the Almighty couldn't prevent his gaining the victory." His opinion, since those disastrous days, has been of little account to anybody.

The location of the Cincinnati and Terre Haute Railway, is still unsettled. We learn that a permanent line has been run from Middlebury to John Clark's yard, seven miles north of Worthington. It is not known yet where they will tap the I. & V. Railroad, as the Company have Spencer, Farmer's Station, Watson's and Worthington all in view, and are waiting "for something to turn up." A number of hands are now at work on the road near Henry Grinn's. —*Worthington Times*.

On Friday of last week, the wife of Archibald Kemper, who lives in Washington township, Harrison county, was stung by a wasp, and died in fifteen minutes thereafter. Mrs. K. was about sixty years of age, and highly respected by her neighbors and acquaintances.

The present season is as remarkable for its heavy rains, as the last was for its drought. There has not been so much rain in New England for five years, as during this summer, and the same is true of nearly every section of the country. In Alabama the damage inflicted by the recent flood is estimated at five millions of dollars, and in the central portion of the State, the waters were higher than ever before.

The VALUE OF A NEWSPAPER.

The following is the experience of a mechanic concerning the benefits of a newspaper:

Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night, for I am a carpenter by trade, I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent her after their newspaper, which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea, my wife said to me, by my given name:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

She replied, "If you will take this paper, I will see the tailor for it."

I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While resting one noon, and looking over it, I saw an advertisement of the County Commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built.

I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, which cleared three hundred dollars, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily, and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper, I would not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on my house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper.

ABOUT WHISKERS.—Did you know that in 1846 a pair of whiskers or such a thing as a moustache was abominated in this section. We

town who says he never saw a man with a beard till 1850; that his father, as well as the other old gentlemen of his town, never wore a whisker, but shaved every morning and taught their children that "whiskers were an abomination and a sin." He says that at Chapel Hill in 1846 a young gentleman from Raleigh (and now a prominent citizen of that city) made a weak attempt to cultivate a moustache, and it raised such a commotion in college that the Faculty took hold of it and sent the Rev. Dr. Deems, now of New York, and then one of the Board, to the young man to reason with him, and get him to shave his upper lip. The doctor appealed to the young man, for the sake of his sainted father, "to cut it off," and if not for his sake, for God's sake, "to cut it off." And the hairs disappeared.

Only sports and circus riders and such wore whiskers in those days. Our informant now wears a heavy beard, and is not a little proud of his moustache. How times do change.—*Wabash Recorder*.

Hydrophobia.

There is a regular mad dog panic in Louisville, a large number of persons having been bitten during the past few days. The feeling is intensified from the fact that several persons in that city have died of hydrophobia this season. At the present the following from the County Gentleman may be of use:

"I can give some facts which may be of use to so nobody, thereby saving life. The time between the biting of an animal by a mad dog and showing signs of hydrophobia is not less than nine days, but may be nine months. After the animal has become rabid, a bite or scratch with his tooth upon a person, or slobber coming in contact with a sore raw place, would produce hydrophobia just as soon as though he had been bitten by a mad dog. Hydrophobia can be prevented, and I will give what is well known to be an infallible remedy, if properly administered, for man or beast. A dose for a horse or cow should be about four times as large as for a person. It is not too late to give the medicine any time before the spasms come on."

"The first dose for a person is one and a half ounces of elecampane root, bruised; put in a pint of new milk, reduce to one-half by boiling; then take all at once in the morning, fasting, until afternoon, or at least a very light diet after several hours have elapsed. The second dose the same as first, except take two ounces of the root; third dose same as last, to be taken every other day. Three doses are all that is needed, and then need be no fear. This I know from my own experience, and know of a number of other cases where it has been entirely successful. This is no guess work. These persons I allude to were bitten by their own dogs, and were puffed up to see if they would go mad. They did go mad and did bite the persons.

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The total abstemious Good Temples of Wisconsin have been puzzled to decide whether the manufacture of cider by members of their order be quite compatible with the temperance tenets which they are pledged to promulgate. As it is not unusual, where principle and profit pull different ways, a compromise was ultimately effected in favor of profit, in the shape of a resolution that members "may make cider without knowledge of the purpose for which it is to be used." For all they are bound to know to the contrary, their product may be purchased only for the purpose of being converted into vinegar, which fluid is not likely to produce injurious results, unless drunk to excess. The only question is whether the same argument would not apply to cider itself, even to wine or whisky, none of which are harmful if excess be avoided.

DOES IT BENEFIT?—A few days ago, says an exchange, a lady from a neighboring village called at one of the stores, and meeting the proprietor, with evident astonishment, said: "Why, you do not keep store yet? I thought you had gone out of business?" I have seen your advertisement in the paper for over a year now." This was a poser for the storekeeper, and so he concluded to try the benefit of advertising again. This lady is only one of a large class who look to their papers for information regarding persons with whom they deal, and many a good customer is often lost through a misfortune of this kind.

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

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shouts, throw your hat after them and give chase. Most horses are so unreasonable as to increase their speed when people are doing all they can to induce them to stop, by waving their arms, swinging their hats, and shouting "Whoa!" in a voice like the shriek of a locomotive. It therefore becomes the duty of every bystander to exert himself to stop them by halloing, waving his arms, and if convenient, throwing a stick or piece of board or a brickbat at the fugitives. There is nothing soothes an excited horse like this style of performance; and when twenty to thirty men, with a springing of boys, yelling, cawing, and gesticulating like demons, beset the path of a runaway team, that team ought to stop. If it doesn't the fault of the horses.

A remarkable story comes from Bombay, which suggests the propriety of employing monkeys as police detectives. A Madras man making a journey, took with him some money and jewels, and a pet monkey. He was waylaid, robbed, murdered, and buried, by a party of assassins. The monkey witnessed the whole affair from a tree, and as soon as the villains had departed, he went to the nearest police officer's station, attracted his attention by his sights and groans, and finally led him to the grave of his master. He then enabled the officer to recover the stolen property from the place where it had been concealed, and then went to the bazaar and picked out the murderers one by one, holding them fast by the leg until secured. They have confessed the crime, and are held for trial.

—*Ayer's Hair Vigor*.

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.

This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous, and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,
LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE \$1.00.

—*Ayer's Hair Vigor*.

is hereby made, that they settle without

further delay—many bills have been due

four years.

—*W. O. FEE'S*.

I will close out my stock of

Heavy Boots and Shoes,

a general assortment of Mens' and Boys'

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

including some fine wool

BEAVER OVERCOATS,

Ladies' Beaver and

VELVETEN CLOAKINGS,

and many other articles

—*W. O. FEE*.

At lower prices than any store (new or old) in town will sell such goods.

So please call.

—*W. O. FEE*.

at the—*LOWEST PRICES*.

My stock of General Merchandise is

complete, and every article will be sold