

Republican Progress.

Bloomington, Indiana.

W. A. GABE, Editor and Publisher.

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Corydon Republican: A good joke is told on a good brother residing in a township north of Harrison. This brother is a member of the church, and, by the way, a very bitter Democrat. He wanted a Democratic preacher placed on his circuit, and report has it that he wrote to the Bishop presiding at the recent annual conference of our brother's church, asking that circuit be supplied with a Democratic preacher. The Bishop read the letter carefully, and it is said sat down and answered it substantially as follows:

"DEAR BROTHER: Your favor received. Impossible to comply with your request, as the Lord very rarely calls a Democrat to preach." The brother is indignant.

The financial situation of the State of Illinois is of a character to furnish most pleasing reflections to the taxpayers of Suckerdom. In the first place, all the outstanding bonds of the State, amounting to about \$250,000, have been called in for redemption, and the money is in the treasury to pay them. In a short time the State will be without any debt whatever. But better than this, the future expenses of the State government are provided for without taxation. When the Illinois Central railroad was chartered, a provision was incorporated in the charter that the company should pay 7 per cent. of its gross earnings into the State treasury.

Salmon fishing on the Columbia River, Oregon, is very dangerous, owing to certain tidal peculiarities. Two hundred men at least are reported as lost during the past season. Over eight hundred boats are employed by the canning companies, and over a thousand men at the canneries.

Congressman Weaver says that he is ordinarily a very mild tempered man, but that somehow his passions got the better of him during that memorable Tuesday's session. But then it is always hard work for the average Greenbacker to keep his temper during a financial discussion, and a bill that contemplates the issuing of bonds is peculiarly exasperating.

At the end of last June, 250,502 names were on the roll of the Pension Bureau. The Commissioner estimates that \$50,000,000 will be required to pay pensions for the current year.

William H. English pays tax on property located in Indianapolis valued at \$625,345. He is the largest taxpayer in that city.

Seymour Times: You needn't try to love your enemies. The Lord can't be fooled. He knows you lie right along when you say you love those who treat you meanly. Let human nature have a chance, and though you needn't be at trouble to retaliate injuries received, you needn't act the hypocrite and pretend to love those who害 them.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPER: The following from the Cincinnati Trade List ought to be read by every one who is continually finding fault with his county paper:

A gentleman writes to us, that his country paper is so poor, that he has stopped it; therefore sends us three dollars for the Trade List. We repeat that we don't want subscribers on these terms. A man's country paper is worth the world, or if it is not it is his fault. If the country paper is properly encouraged it may be relied upon for information of more value to the people in whose interest it is issued than can be found in all the city papers in the United States. No man can afford to be without the paper that furnishes the official advertisements of his county, the public sales, markets, court news, and other local intelligence. If the paper is poor the people are more at fault than the publishers, for not giving it a liberal patronage. However poor the county paper may be, it is always worth more than it costs to those interested in the affairs of the county."

Old Time Winters. The January issue of "St. NICHOLAS," the "New Year's number," published on Tuesday, December 28th, gives the young people time to forget a little the glories of "the wonderful Christmas number." Among the contents are several capital things which were crowded out of December. "Bright Eyes," the young Indian girl, makes her first contribution to literature in a charming story of Indian child-life. There is an account of "The Children's Fall Brigade," another of the novel entertainments for children's festivals which have been suggested in the pages of "St. NICHOLAS"; "Every Boy His Own Ice-Boat," describing a splendid new sport for all skaters; the first of Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's "Stories of Art and Artists," which are to be one of the special features of "St. NICHOLAS" during the coming year; one of Frank R. Stockton's funniest fairy stories, a poem by H. H. Boyesen, pictures grave and gay, continuations of the serials, etc., etc. The issue rivals the Christmas number in good things.

A Particular Widower. He was a solemn looking chap from White Hall, with an odd mixture of sorrow and resignation on his lean countenance, and he startled the editor with the mysterious whisper of—

"She's gone."

"Who's gone?" asked the editor.

"Mariar."

"Who in thunder's Maria?"

"My wife; she's gone."

"Gone where?"

"Up above—died last night—want you to put it in your next issue."

"What ailed her?"

"Lockjaw. She lay for three weeks and couldn't speak; never had such a quiet time in the house before. Just do the notice up fine, an' I'll see that everything is fixed up all right."

Accordingly the editor scribbled away a moment, handed out what he had written for inspection, and curiously remarked:

"Dollar thirty-five."

The bereaved husband read it over carefully, and finally gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's all right," he said, handing over the required specie, "but suppose you could put a verse on the end, couldn't you?"

"Well, yes," replied the editor, "guess so. What kind of a verse do you want?"

"Somethin' tender-like and sorrowful."

"How would this do?" asked the editor, scratching his head with the end of his penholder:

A perfect female folks did consider her. She's gone and left a weepin' widower.

"That's kinder melancholy," reflected the stranger, "but I reckon it's a little—just a little—too personal. Just you try it again. I don't mind puttin' up hampus for sumthin' that'll rake folks' heart strings."

The editor gazed at the ceiling for a moment and then suggested:

The husband's lost a wife,

The children ma,

Die on Friday night,

From the lockjaw.

"Yes," broke out the mourner, wiping his nose with a black-bordered handkerchief, "but you see I don't own any young uns."

"What do you think of this then?"

She always was contented,

At life shd' never carp,

—Gone to be an angel,

And play on a golden harp.

"Don't believe that'll suit. You see Mariar couldn't even play on a pinnar, an' I know a harp would stump her, sure. Poor woman! she had a tender heart, though, and made the most elegant biscuit you ever saw."

"Hanged if I won't have to charge you extra," growled the editor. "I ain't a Longfellow or a Temeyson."

"I k-t-w," mepically replied the editor.

"Weepin' 'lower." "Jest try once more, 't yu?"

So the editor did try, and at last ground out the following:

"On earth could not stay Mariar,

So she died and went up higher,

"Sorter irreverent, ain't it?"

"Anxiously asked Mariar's relief."

"I wouldn't grudge a couple of dollars for a bang up verse."

Thus stimulated, the machine poet became suddenly inspired, and exultingly produced:

"Mariar!

"This is she is no more—

Since the singing seraphs

Upon the other shore.

The afflicted one uneasily took a chew of tobacco, and whispered:

"Beautiful; but there's one thing that spoils it. Mariar hadn't any more melody in her than an old plow, an' it's deliberat' ly to speak of her as a xecalist. None of them other seraphs (seraphs) you allude to as a xecalist."

"Well," thoughtfully remarked the discomfited editor, "if this ain't all O. K. you'll have to hire a special poet; I'm played out!"

Affection sore.

Long time she bore,

Physicians were in vain;

Lockjaw kethed her,

Death it fetc'd her—

Gone, to rise again.

"Tell you what," enthusiastically exclaimed the widower, "that's tip top. Here's your two dollars; you've airt them. A man that can make up such affectin' lines as them, has got a glorious future before him!"

And squeezing the exhausted poet's hand, the elated speaker left the office, after inquiring for Wicks' Bee Hive store, stating that he desired to purchase a pair of black kid gloves, in memory of Mariar.

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Old Time Winters.

At a meeting of the "Old Residents of Western Pennsylvania," at Pittsburg, last week, the President of the organization read a paper on old time winters, from which it appears that the severe cold that forged settlers for the waters of our bays and rivers, as well as those of the western end of Long Island Sound, extended pretty generally over the country north of latitude 35°. The winter of 1779-80 was the hardest ever known in the Ohio Valley. It was called the "winter of the deep snow." "The beautiful" was from six to nine feet, in depth in December and the drifts eighteen to twenty. About Christmas a heavy rain fell and a thick crust was formed on the snow, strong enough to bear up horses and sleighs. The "Annals of the West" show that the winter was almost as severe in Kentucky as in Western Pennsylvania. Several thousand families had rushed to Kentucky the summer previous, marvelous reports of the fertility of the soil inducing them to go hither. When the severe winter set in, starvation stared the emigrants in the

face, and they had to sacrifice all their live stock to sustain life. The hardest winter within the recollection of the writer was that of 1831-2, the year of the big flood. In December and January snow covered the ground there to the depth of four feet. This melted in February and swelled the rivers in that city, forty-four feet at Wheeling, and sixty-three feet at Cincinnati.

Fitting emblems are not always appreciated. The neighbors of a poor fellow who died erected a tombstone to his memory, and had placed above it the traditional white dove. The widow looked at it through her tears and said: "It was very thoughtful to put it there. John was very fond of gunning, and it is an especially suitable emblem."

The Republicans will have a majority of one in the next House of Representatives, without any of the Greenbackers, and with a Democrat chosen to fill the vacancy from New Hampshire.

California's Climate. From B. F. Taylor's "Between the Gates."

The climate of the coast stimulates men and women like wine. It gives them courage that is not Dutch but weather, and confidence that is not conceit but intoxication. It quickens the pulse and the step and the brain. It sends them well for pleasurable excitement. It strengthens the passions. It keeps everybody under whip and spur. It makes him impatient of patience. You live ten years in five. A man who has reached his law of limitation can migrate to California, and flash up brilliantly a little longer.

Boys and girls are born with percussion caps on. Touch them and they explode. They ripen early, in this sun and tonic air, into manhood and womanhood. You can see mothers of 14, and see no marvel. About 40,000 pupils are enrolled in the fifty-six public schools of San Francisco, and 7,000 in the 129 private schools and colleges. It is about as difficult to govern the young Californian as it is to catch up a globe of quicksilver from a marble table. Is it a boy? He shouts, runs, leaps, struggles, just as his pulse beats, because he cannot stop it. He has opinions, though his board is a peach in down. He is as positive as a trip hammer. Is it a girl? She is as volatile as cologne, her voice is as joyous, her step a dancer's, her laugh contagious. She is as dashing as a yacht in a white-cap breeze.

Sight of Lip in Pittsburg.

The Burlington Hawkeye man writes from the city of snowflake: Did you ever see a Pittsburger get a flake of soot off his face? He never rubs it. To rub off a flake of soot discloses the stranger. It also leaves a streak of black, half an inch wide, in place of the flake of soot as big as a three cent piece. This is not an improvement. The Pittsburgler to the man born blows it off. He is an adept in the art. If the flake nestles on his nose, he protrudes his under lip, gives one vigorous whiff, and the obnoxious Pittsburg snowflake leaves his face without a mark. If it lights on either cheek, the mouth is packed and stretched around in the direction of the smut, with the unerring accuracy of a garden hoe. It is astonishing what almost inaccessible portions of the face and head can be reached by a native burglar in this way. I have seen one who could puff a black flake off the back of his neck. Sometimes the beauty spot will nestle close in behind the left ear, where it is apparently secure from a blow as a calm center. But the native simply gives it a puff clear around his head, from left to right; the current passes over the left ear, caroms on the right, and comes back and picks up the wanderer and blows him away. They puff these sable flakes in any position as easily as a weekly paper puffs the summer circus.

The phenomenal growth of Bloomington in the past ten years, and its bright prospects for the future, have induced much inquiry from distant points, since the recent census. To avoid letter writing the following statement is republished for the information of numerous applicants:

Population as per recent census, 2,750.

Three Stock & Store.

Eight Dry Goods Stores.

Six Liquor Stores.

Two Bakers and Confectioners.

Three Hardware and Tin Stores.

Four Shoe Stores.

One Soda Shop.

One Book Store.

Five Butcher's Shops.

Five Shoemakers' Shops.

Two Livery Stables.

Five Barber's Shops.

Six Blacksmith Shops.

Two Flouring Mills.

Three Hotels.

One Millinery Stores.

Four Printing Offices.

One Photography Gallery.

One Furniture Store.

Truth never need be said in a hurry, but he must keep all the time on the jump; a lazy lie soon tires itself out, and ends in contusion.

Notice of Insolvency.

In the matter of the Estate of Enoch Dean, deceased.

At the November Term of the Monroe Circuit Court the Estate of Enoch Dean was declared insolvent. Parties interested are hereby notified that said Estate will be settled accordingly.

WEEK OF PRAYER.

The Pastors of the Evangelical Churches of Bloomington, after full and free consultation, announce the following programme for observance of the Week of Prayer:

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4

Subject—"Confession."

1:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, U. P. Church.

7:00 p. m. Union services, Walnut Street Presbyterian Church.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5

Subject—"Holy Living."

1:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Christian Church.

7:00 p. m. Union services at U. P. Church.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6

Subject—"Family Religion."

1:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, M. E. Church.

7:00 p. m. Union services, Christian Church.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7

Subject—"Saving Souls."

1:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting, Walnut Street Presbyterian Church.

7:00 p. m. Union services, M. E. Church.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8

Subject—"The Church of God."