

Republican Progress

Printed each Tuesday Morning, by
WILLIAM A. GAGE, Editor and Publisher.

News Items Solicited.

The date on the label, on which your name is printed, shows the time to which your subscription is paid. The list is revised every week and subscribers should notice the date, and see that they have the proper credit, and also that they are not in arrears.

The funeral directors protested against the practice of uncovering at funerals, as injurious to public health, and agreed to lend their best endeavors to the abolition of the custom.

Last week, while making a blow on a lung tenter, an Indianapolis man broke two ribs. What a terrible thing for the State if that man had taken to oratory!

Robert G. Martin, of Lapaz, Marshall county, suspected some parties of stealing wheat from his barn. He wrote his name on small bits of paper and mixed them with his wheat, and soon after found them in the wheat at Baily & Cappone's mill, and caused the arrest of John Steel and Warren Chart, who sold the wheat.

A petition will be presented to the county commissioners at their June term, requesting permission to build a bulletin board around the entire square, so that patent medicine and show men may plaster it with ragged bills. It would be so ornamental and suggestive of enterprise and refinement, you know.

One of the local preachers was somewhat annoyed by the practice his congregation has of turning in their seats whenever the church door opens to admit a worshipper. On last Sunday he made the following announcement: "If you will give me your close attention, I will endeavor to watch the door, and if anything worse than a man enters, I will warn you in time, so that all may make their escape."

In the matter of dress, it has been agreed by the Dunkards, as

assembled at Flora, that the men will still attire themselves in the broad-brimmed hat and closely-buttoned coat; that they will wear their hair long and parted in the middle, and adhere to the ancient customs of the denomination as closely as possible. The women are to dress plain and wear the shaker bonnet.

The Rochester Post sets itself against the proposed reduction of two cents a gallon on whisky. "What good would it do?" asks the Post. If our lawmakers want to popularize themselves they should reduce the tax on the drink and let the price per gallon remain where it is. It has come about that statesmen do not grasp the issues of the day with sufficient comprehensiveness."

An old gentleman who lives in a neighboring town, is famous for the soiled condition of his linen. A friend who had been looking freshly at the bosom of the old gentleman's shirt, said: "Col., I have known you ten years, but there is something about you that puzzles me very much. If you'll promise not to get angry I'd like to ask you a question?" "All right," said the Colonel, "what is it?" "Well, then, Col., do tell me who wears your shirts before they get dirty?"

Sheep culture is no longer a matter of doubt or experiment in the Arkansas Valley. Numerous streams of pure running water, tame and wild grasses, cheap food, and market facilities, present great inducements to sheep owners. From a very small beginning, made some five years ago, the business has increased to good proportions.

"Trust our cashier," said the bank director; "why, I've absolute confidence in him. He doesn't belong to the church, doesn't teach a Sunday school class, isn't even a temperance man. There's a cashier you can rely on. He's a man who likes above all things to go fishing, and you'll find him starting out with his pole and a bottle of whiskey, and he vents his propensity for wickedness by lying about what he catches." —Boston Post.

Cong. Detroit Free Press: The costliest pair of shoes I have ever seen covered the pedal extremities of a New York lady—\$30 was paid for them. The same lady

wore a pair of stockings which cost \$90. They were made of black silk, and midway between the ankle and the knee was a green tree embroidered in silk, and resting on the branches of the tree were bright-plumaged birds, some in the act of flying. On the "bulge," or largest part of the stockings, was a huntsman, clad in red shirt and trousers, taking aim at the birds in the tree. Upon the instep was the monogram of the lady wrought in gold letters. Between the knee and the upper part of the stockings were eighteen narrow bands of many varying hues.

On the 16th of February some peasants working in a field near Brescia, in Italy, were startled by hearing a loud report like thunder. Looking up, they saw the clouds torn open, and a large body followed by a train of bluish smoke hurling through the air over their heads, with the noise of an express train. The exultant buried itself in an adjoining field, the fall causing a shock like that of an earthquake. The report was heard at Verona and Piacenza, many miles distant. When they had recovered from their fright they hurried to the spot, and found a clean hole about three feet deep, running in an oblique direction from north-northeast; and on digging down they came to a solid block, in the form of a truncated cone, weighing from 400 to 500 pounds. The surface, which was still hot and emitted a sulphurous smell, was covered with a greenish black crust, full of small holes, such as would be made by finger tips in a soft paste, which may have given rise to the report that one of the fragments bore the impress of a hand. The proprietor of the clover field in which the exultant fell flew into a rage at his crops being trampled down by people coming to see it, and broke it up, when it was carried away piecemeal. So he gained nothing but damage to his fields, while those who picked up the pieces found a ready sale for them, one man receiving 7,000 francs for a lump that weighed twenty-five pounds.

A correspondent in Smyrna, Turkey, sends the following, and states that it is reliable: Take a piece of oilskin cloth, such as we use to cover tables, but of a soft, pliant kind, sufficiently large to cover the loins; place it over the flannel shirt, and bandage yourself with a flannel bandage; profuse perspiration will ensue on the loins and you are quickly rid of that wearisome complaint, lumbago.

—Pauli News: Banks Stinson and Ed. C. Simpson started last Monday for Buffalo, Wyoming territory. By their departure Orange county loses two young men of fine promise for future usefulness. They are well educated, moral and industrious, and have the best wishes of the whole community. The News wishes them unbounded success.

—When a Troy man disappears mysteriously, his wife sends round among the neighbors to find out whose wife is unaccounted for. A woman has a curiosity about such matters.

—Gus De Smith, who is the greatest bore in Austin, called on Dr. Dosem, and complained that he, Gus, was troubled with fits of despondency, and wanted to know what to do for it.

—You must go out riding in a buggy every day with some cheerful companion who will talk to you and amuse you."

—You are a cheerful man, doctor, and you have got a buggy, have you not?"

—Yes; but we doctors never take the medicine we prescribe for others."

—The Cincinnati Journal says: The "booming" of Dakota has induced many people to rush into that wild, cold region, without the means of making themselves decently comfortable in their new homes. It is folly for people located in the older states to sell off hard-earned property and run away to western regions of which they know nothing beyond the exaggerations of advertising land speculators. There is still room in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky for people who are not constantly dreaming of big fortunes jumping right up out of the ground at them. Emigration is all right in its proper way, but people in search of new abodes should, before they start, know something of the place in which they are to land.

Head Light Coal Oil, 15c per gallon at the

Bee Hive Grocery

Bloomington XXXX Flour, 65c. per sack of 25 lbs. at the

Bee Hive Grocery

Arbuckle's Coffee 15c. per pound. Other good Coffees same price, at

BEE HIVE GROCERY STORE.

Canned Peaches, 3lb cans for 16c. at the

BEE HIVE Grocery

All goods delivered free of charge, when bought at

BEE HIVE Grocery, next to Postoffice.

Green Coffee only 10c. per lb., at the BEE Hive Grocery

New Lake Salt, \$1.40 per bbl. at the BEE Hive Grocery

Everybody goes to
The BEE Hive Grocery
for cheap groceries.

Bacon Hams 12½c. per lb. at the Bee HIVE Grocery

Best English Soda, 5c. per lb. at the Bee Hive Grocery

At BEE Hive Grocery,
New White Fish.

To the Farmers.
The Bee Hive Grocery WANTS YOUR
WOOL AND PRO-
DUCE.

NEXT DOOR TO THE
POSTOFFICE,

Bloomington, Ind.

—Ellwood Cooper of Santa Barbara, the leading olive grower of California, says that he has trees eight years old that have produced two thousand gallons of olives to the acre. This would be equivalent to 250 gallons of oil to the acre, and the oil finds a ready market at \$5 a gallon. The yield of one acre would thus be \$1,250, which for a hundred-acre ranch would be a pretty fair income. But these figures are not represented to apply to any except the very choicest trees and an uncommonly good year. But even computing the profits of olive culture to as low a figure as one-tenth, a twenty-acre ranch would support a family very comfortably after six or seven years of waiting. One of the great advantages of olive culture is the fact that irrigation is not needed. In a climate where there is often such a scarcity of rain as in California, this is a matter of much importance. The olive tree also grows very old. There are trees in Asia Minor that are known to be over 1,200 years old, and are still in full bearing. In considering the profits of fruit culture, however, the dangers of insect pests, disease, and overproduction must be kept in mind; and these are usually passed by without mention in the glowing descriptions of Southern California.

—A thoroughly American city has been laid out in the state of Chiapas, Mexico. The site is a beautiful plateau of land, through which runs a never-failing stream of mountain spring water, clear as crystal, full of fish, and affording power for any amount of manufacturing machinery, at an altitude of 3,000 feet above the sea level, on the line of the Mexican Southern Railroad. It is called Allen City. Around the city are laid out and taken up twenty-four coffee-farms, each touching the city plat. There will be over 3,000,000 coffee trees in nursery cultivation during the coming year, all to be transplanted and raised to bearing within the next four years. All goods, stores and supplies, agricultural implements, machinery, building materials and furniture for the colonists are exempt from duty; also all exports and imports of productions of the country, and stock for work or breeding purposes are exempt for ten years. The colonists thus far are from California.

—Said the lady of the house to the hired girl: "Going to leave, Mary?" "Yes, mam; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you comfortable, let me know." "No, mam, it's impossible. You can't alter your fitter to my fitter, no more I can. Your dresses won't fit me, and I can't appear on Sundays as I used at my last place, where missus' clothes fitted me exactly."

—After the circus parade, says the Cleveland Voice, two small boys met on the street. One of them, his face glowing with excitement, said: "O, Johnny, did you see that fellow with a snake around his neck?" No word from Johnny. "You seen the man in the lion's cage, of course?" No word or sign from Johnny, save and except a cloud over his brow. "Well, yet seen the ponies with the red blankets on, didn't you?" "Naw, an' I didn't," said Johnny at last, bursting into tears. "I had to stay at home and mind our baby, but I kin lick the stuffin' out o' you!"

—Jones says he has never seen a gray-haired Indian in his life, and he has seen some over ninety years old. It is because an Indian has no trouble or weariness, or anything that way. His wife chops all the wood, gets up cold mornings and builds the fires, drives tramps away, and blacks his boots. And he is not tormented by tax collectors, lightning rod peddlers, book agents, or life insurance solicitors.

—BARNES & LEWIS means good pictures at all times.

—BARNES & LEWIS have just completed a fine set of views of our State University, and portraits of the Faculty. Call and see them.

—BARNES & LEWIS have a fine collection of pictures in their gallery. Go and see them.

—"Got a conundrum for you, Johnnie; invented it myself," said a boy to playmate. "What's the difference between that puddle you are dragging by the chain, and a rotten tree trunk?" After a little deliberation Johnnie said, "One is a led dog and the other a dead log. They are laid out on riddles, in the vineyard, to dry in the sun, and left until dry, when they are taken to the shed by heavily loaded wagons. These grapes make fine tasting wine."

—Mr. Spurgeon, though in much better health than when he preached last spring, still bears traces of the suffering he has undergone. His feet are gouty, and this detracts from the promptness and agility with which he ascended to the pulpit in former times, when the female members of his congregation would rise and peep over

—A man habitually tied to a dog is a boundless nuisance whom we base flattery to hit with a club, but a woman dogo-maniac is infinitely worse. You can kick a man's dog out of the house, but when a woman makes a social call on you with her dog, into the house that flea bitten yelper comes, scratches the tiles, sleeps on the ottoman, and there's a social revolution unless you affect to enjoy it.

—In Fiji thirty years ago war was made quite as much with a view to dining off captives, who were actually carefully fattened before slaughter, as for any other cause. In some cases meat was cut, cooked, and eaten in the presence of the victim, who was previously compelled to dig the oven and collect the wood for heating it. The sick were buried alive, and the death of a great man was celebrated by a general strutting of widows. Beside every great chief's house living beings were buried. They had to stand clasping the supporting pillars while earth was rolled over them. When a chief launched a new canoe a number of persons were bound hand and foot and laid on the ground to serve as rollers.

—Hangtown is a railroad station in Washington Territory. "I dunno just how we cut ter git sich a name, cos it wor named afore we cum ter live yere," said a gloomy resident to a tourist; but we ain't a goin' ter keep the doggedon thing no longer we kin git a Post Office, and the Legislator meets. We uns air older nor Rathdume, or State Line, but we don't seem to grow a bit. People won't settle here, sunhow, an' we think as how it's all on account o' the name. They say as how six or seven thievins in Cayuse Injuns wor strung up on that ar tree in front o' my house. They stole a lot o' horses down at Spokane, an' was gotched here. But that's no good excuse for callin' us hangmen and our place Hangtown, is it? We uns air thinkin' o' movin' away from here, cos the town is just as good as killed, an' all on account ov its name."

—The mosquito is little, but its bite is contagious. He makes all this time been suffering obloquy for the fault of another. If so, the wrong should be righted. The poor mosquito has enough of its own to answer for without being compelled to carry those of the sparrow. Suppose some of our scientists investigate the matter, not only in the interests of humanity, but that justice may be done to the mosquito.

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—Horse racing, says a western preacher, is an abomination. No, sir, you are mistaken. It is simply a run-around.

—A number of citizens took advantage of the excursion rates to Louisville, among others, Recorder Hall, and County Clerk Browning.

—Miss Alexander writes to some of her friends here, of Southern California, and from the letter we are permitted to make extracts:

—There is little drinking for so great a supply of wine here. Some of the Indians get too much and need the police. Some of the wine sheds contain fifty thousand dollars worth of wine, much of it six, eight and ten years old. The sheds are all made of brick but not many dwellings of it. They are mostly of frame, ceiling, some plastered. The linings and ceilings are of white canvas, papered, canvas ceilings whitewashed. The grapes for wine are mostly cultivated here. The dark mission grape and the light green muscat, which are splendid for canning without sugar, also the seedless grape Sultan. Near Santa Anna, the raisins are cultivated from the muscat grape. This is eight miles from Anaheim. As we drove out to view the country, we stopped at a country house where three wealthy brothers kept house with a young Chinaman for cook, and near a dozen more were packing raisins in an open shed. Mr. McPherson, the owner, tells us his help eat two boxes of raisins a day. These Chinamen had their tents, provisions and cooking utensils, doing their own work, which took but little time. The raisins were large and beautiful, \$2 a box. These were all of the muscat grape.

—"I say, ma, here's a riddle; made it myself. What is the difference between the figure of a lady and a mother to her little son; it might seize you?"

—"Have no fears, madam, for the safety of your offspring," observed the showman, eloquently, "for does not the Good Book teach us that wonders will never seize? Pass rapidly on to the next cage and view the living skeleton, or the man who married his mother-in-law."

—"I say, ma, here's a riddle; made it myself. What is the difference between the figure of a lady and a mother to her little son; it might seize you?"

—"Don't go too close," said a mother to her little son; "it might seize you."

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