

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 agree to lend their best endeavors to the abolition of the custom.

—Last week, while making a blow on a lung tester, 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 Bailey & Capron'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, 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 fixedly 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 me 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.

—Cor. Detroit Free Press: The costliest pair of shoes I have ever seen covered the pedal extremities of a New York lady—\$39 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 hurled through the air over their heads, with the noise of an express train. The aerolite 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-north-east; 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 aerolite 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.

—Paoli 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. Dorem, 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 far 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 12c. per lb. at

The Bee HIVE Grocery

Best English Soda, 5c. per lb. at

The BEE Hive Grocery

Best American Starch, 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 PRODUCE.

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, mum; I find I am very discontented." "If there is anything I can do to make you comfortable, let me know." "No, mum, it's impossible. You can't alter your figger to my figger, 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 'xactly."

Indiana's State Seal.
A man is chopping down a tree; The sun is rising in the east; A buffalo bull comes tearing by, But the man pays no attention whatever to the wild-eyed, heavy-shouldered, westward-bound beast.

"Ma, don't they eat in heaven?" asked an inquisitive urchin last Sunday. "I don't know, my child, why do you ask such a question?" "Because to-day at church I heard them sing 'I'm going home to die' no more."

—A Missouri woman spent eight years in making a collection of seventeen thousand spoons, and sold the lot for fifteen cents, which shows that perseverance, as well as virtue, is its own reward.

—"Here we have the great Egyptian Wonder captured in the wilds of South Africa, with a loss of 5,000 men and an expenditure of 40,000,000 of treasure!" said the showman, shaking his whip in a threatening manner at a stuffed hide in a glass case.

"Don't go too close," said 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 cease? Pass rapidly on to the next cage and view the living skeleton, or the man who married his mother-in-law."

For a whole circus in itself, go to the gallery of Barnes & Lewis west of court house.

For commencement will be found a choice line of dress-goods, Neckwear, Parasols, Fans, Hosiery, Gloves, &c., at McCalla & Co's.

Three fine shoes have arrived at McCalla & Co's.

—A man habitually tied to a dog in a boundless nuisance whom 'twere base flattery to hit with a club, but a woman dogo-maniae 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 yelp comes, scratches the tidies, 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 strangling 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 can get such a name, cos it was named afore we can live yere," said a gloomy resident to a tourist; but we ain't a goin' ter keep the doggoned thing no longer'n we kin git a Post Office and the Legislature meets. We uns air older nor Rathdum or State Line, but we don't seem to grow a bit. People won't settle here, sunnow, an' we think as how it's all on account o' the name. They say as how six or seven thiev'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 o' its name."

—The mosquito is little, but his brave example is contagious. He makes the most cowardly come to the scratch.

—C. P. Bailey of San Jose, Cal., Col. Richard Potter of Atlanta, Ga., and Col. Robert Scott of Frankfort, Ky., are regarded as the great kings of America. Mr. Bailey alone having a herd of 5,000 Angoras on his ranch in Nevada. Last year he shipped eastward 10,000 lbs. of mohair at 60 cts. per pound, and during the past two years he sold \$30,000 worth of goods.

—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. "Yer 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, yer seen the ponies with the red blankets on, didn't yer?" "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 worryment, 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 a playmate. "What's the difference between that poodle 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. Them kind is awful easy when you know how." So thought Johnnie, and on his way home he built one on a similar model, which he tried to explode on the maternal head. "I say, ma, here's a riddle; made it myself. What is the difference between the figure of a lady and pa not letting me go to the circus last week? Give it up? Well, cause she's a sham dame, and tother's a da—oh! oh! ouch! that hurts, I tell you; can't you take a feller of your size?" The conundrum factory has been closed for repairs.

—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

Stockings from \$45 to \$60 a pair.

Brooklyn Eagle.
The rage for expensive stockings grows more violent every year. There would positively appear to be no limits to the lengths to which women will go in the way of expense for their hosiery. Only a few years ago it occasioned remark if a lady of wildly fashionable habits paid more than \$10 for a pair of stockings. Now we sell hundreds and hundreds of pairs at prices ranging from \$45 to \$60. You see in this present style the hosiery is depended upon to give the finishing touch to all toilets, and the nicest discrimination is needed in selecting color and texture. American women now go to greater lengths than Europeans in this respect. The custom of having the coat of arms or monogram worked in gold shreds on the instep is quite general, and has led to the general introduction of those very low-cut Dieppe slippers. The fashionable color now is black, and the general impression among women is that the leg never shows to a better advantage than when encased in a black ribbed stocking with long and narrow clocks.

—A London physician is responsible for the statement that English sparrows are subject to small-pox and also disseminate that disease. This is another argument in favor of exterminating that pest. It may also serve to explain the extraordinary persistency of the disease in appearing in and clinging to so many places in this country during the last few years. It may also throw some light on the mysterious manner in which the loathsome disease has been contracted in some quarters. For instance, the case in Jeffersonville which one doctor attributed to the bite of a mosquito from the infected district of Louisville, may have been produced by the visit of a sparrow already infected. It may be that the mosquito was unjustly accused and has all this time been suffering obloquy for the fault of another. If so, the wrong should be righted. The poor mosquito has been 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.

—Horse racing, says a western preacher, is an altar. 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, ceild, some plastered. The linings and ceilings are of white canvass, 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. They are laid out on ridges, 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."

—Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, cares nothing for splendor. He rides in an ordinary black coach, usually drawn by six mules, and followed by twelve Cavalrymen, mostly negroes, whose discipline is not too strict to permit them to smoke cigarettes while escorting his Majesty. The coachman and footmen are shabby in worn suits and silver lace. The Emperor wears the plainest of black clothes, and is very courteous to all who approach him. He has aged rapidly since his visit to the United States six years ago.

Resident Dentist.
Dr. J. W. CRAIN.
Office in the Groves corner, up-stairs. All work warranted.

FOR SALE.
A two story frame dwelling house of thirteen rooms, situated about one half block from the public square of the city of Bloomington. This property has been lately put in neat repair, with iron fence in front, good cellar, all necessary out-buildings, good walks, street macadamized, in fact everything about the premises is in first-class order. To a person desiring a nice, handy residence, or one wishing to keep boarders or roomers, here is a chance for a bargain, within the next thirty days, as the owner desires to remove, and will sell cheap.

For further particulars and terms call on or address, E. A. ST. EAST, Real estate agents, Bloomington, Ind., my-3-11.

BURNED OUT BUT NOT DISHEARTENED.

A Lot of Goods Were "On The Road" When the BIG FIRE OCCURRED.
Wall Papers, Window Curtains and Fixtures, Paints, Oils, &c., and I have Them For Sale at Stuart & McPheeters' Hardware Store. These goods Have To Be Paid for, and I MUST sell them.
J. W. SHOEMAKER.

Stuart & McPheeters,

North Side of the Square, East of Postoffice. BLOOMINGTON, IND.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Builders' and Blacksmiths' HARDWARE.

County Headquarters for

Pine and Poplar Shingles and Lath

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, GLASS, MOULDINGS, LOCKS, HINGES, NAILS AND SCREWS.

The Early Breakfast COOKING STOVE

AND THE GRAND OLIVER CHILLED PLOW Are Among Our Specialties.

A NEW DRUG STORE!

PETER BOWMAN has purchased the Drug Store on the West Side of the Square, North of the alley, AND HAS ADDED FRESH NEW GOODS. Cigars, Tobacco, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, and Pure Wines and Liquors. For medical purposes. An experienced druggist in attendance.

WALL PAPERS

AT LINDLEY'S. New Stock, New Styles, Low Prices. Drugs, Paints and Oils.

DR. FARIS, THE PRESCRIPTIONIST, IS NOW LOCATED AT LINDLEY'S.

Wall Paper, WINDOW SHADES AND Fixtures.

THE PROPRIETOR of the CITY BOOK STORE, takes pleasure in announcing to his old patrons, and the public generally, that he will open in a few days

In the Willson Room, opposite the Old Orchard Block,

A Large and Splendid Assortment of Wall Paper, Window Shades and Fixtures, which he will offer at prices that cannot fail to please.

Among the Wall Papers will be found many of the latest and most fashionable styles. In the department of

Window Fixtures.

will be found beautiful styles of

SHADE GOODS, ALSO WINDOW CURTAINS, in large variety, including beautiful

DADOS AND TAPESTRIES.

A lot of Wall Paper, injured by the fire, will be sold at a large reduction below the usual prices.

Ladies will consult their interests by not purchasing until they inspect my stock.

E. P. COLE.
Bloomington, Ind., March 21, 1883.

FOUR'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

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