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OWE NO MAN A DOLLAR."

BY CHARLES F. SHERRILL.

not easy, my own dear wife,  
Death of our next-door neighbor,  
Death of the house of heart,  
And know the last of these little debts,  
We have been our business and care,  
What I have to do is to work hard  
And shake hands with the world to-morrow.  
Oh, the debtor is but a shamed-faced fool,  
Who has been on his back all day,  
While I am a King and you a Queen,  
For we owe no man a dollar.Our neighbor saw you in his couch to-day,  
With his wife and his flaunting daughter,  
We sat down to a cup of water,  
I saw that the tea-stop stood in your eye,  
Thought you tried your best to look at me,  
I saw that the last reached your heart,  
And you could not help but feel it,  
But know nothing more of your care,  
You'll join my laugh, and help me about  
That we owe no man a dollar!The neighbor whose shadow cast your eye  
In fact is a wretched soul,  
I wish that his lot was better,  
Why the man is there is a mystery;  
The wife is a little alive;  
Will live in style, though rags should come,  
So be good to her every day,  
That terrible debtor's collar!Oh, what would be give, to say with us,  
That he owned no man a dollar!You seem anxious, but I'll tell you more;  
You have met me, I met you,  
Sneaking along with a frightened look,  
You have met me, I met you,  
When I said, "I am your greatest pleasure,  
The man is there is a mystery;  
The wife is a little alive;  
Will live in style, though rags should come,  
So be good to her every day,He has a neck from the collar,  
You'll join my laugh, and help me about  
That we owe no man a dollar!The neighbor whose shadow cast your eye  
In fact is a wretched soul,  
I wish that his lot was better,  
Why the man is there is a mystery;  
The wife is a little alive;Will live in style, though rags should come,  
So be good to her every day,  
That terrible debtor's collar!Oh, what would be give, to say with us,  
That he owned no man a dollar!And now, for you to feel the force,  
I knew that a downright scold was repeating,  
In that gentle heart was heating!

To follow my daily steps, a giant's stride!

But we sleep let us humbly pray,  
For we have met next-door neighbor,  
And we'll pray for the time when we

From the weight of the debtor's collar.

Now we owe no man a dollar.

"The Stage War."

will drink the toast

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