

Republican Progress

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After the Battle.

In New York the campaign was conducted with the single view of holding the mugwump vote, and as a necessary concomitant a respectful silence on the question of Cleveland's administration. In a word, this handful of self-sufficient, better-than-political heebies, were coddled and encouraged, while the great mass of Republicans in the rural districts, always the hope of the party in New York, were ignored because the principles they believed in, and for which they had battled for years, were in the background. A campaign conducted on Indiana's plan, with national issues at the head of the Republican column, would have buried Boss Tweed's late partner by an overwhelming majority. The mugwumps contributed to the defeat of Blaine last fall, and their support was not a desirable thing, when it was necessary to alienate the bone and sinew of the party in order to secure it. The falling off of the Republican vote in the country precincts shows that the voters did not approve of the unholy political alliance. The Republican party has no need of wandering after false gods in any campaign, and when it does, it is likely to fall in the ditch as it did in New York. A clear-cut, hew-to-the-line campaign on distinctively national issues, a forceful exposition of the Southern question, a plea for a free ballot and an honest count below Mason and Dixon's line, without any quasi support of the false political pretenses indulged in by President Cleveland, would have created an enthusiasm among the people that would have swept the Democracy out of existence.

The splendid support accorded Blaine by the Irish voters was largely lost to Davenport, by the suicidal policy indulged in, and while the mugwumps were saved at the spigot, the grand vote that was attracted by the man from Maine and that promised to stay with us, was lost at the bunghole. It was the old maxim of penny wise and pound foolish on a colossal scale.

In Virginia the Republicans made a fight that has never been equaled in vigor and candor, in any southern state, since the war. But they were overmatched, not because on a fair showing they would not have won the state, but because the election machinery was in the hands of men who did not hesitate to use it for corrupt purposes. The sad tale of Bob Lee that was the campaign in Virginia, was most potent, for it aroused the old war feeling, and the Confederates carried matters with a high hand and an outstretched arm. The appeal was made direct to rebellionism, and with the studied suppression of the colored vote tisane ballots and all the pressure brought to bear by the old slave power, the result was not hard to predict. The gallant cannoneer by Wise and Mahone will be remembered by northern Republicans, for it produced a political agitation that may hereafter permeate the whole fabric of the South. The bold riders of Fitzhugh Lee, who carried the flag of the rebel General Pickett at the head of their column as they swept through the valleys of Virginia, have accomplished their purpose, but it yet remains to be seen whether it is necessary to evoke the spirit that is supposed to have surrendered at Appomattox in '65 in order to bring victory to the party that goes into a trance whenever the "bloody shirt" is mentioned. The result in Virginia will do much toward whetting the almost blunted purpose of the North, and may induce the belief that the flags of the South were but temporarily furled when Lee gave his sword to Grant.

The Associated Press news from Richmond, Va., the day of the election, stated these facts:

"At 1 p. m. a number of precincts had polled over three-fourths of the registered voters."

"At several precincts where the colored vote predominates, long lines of voters are patiently awaiting their turn. It is probable that when the sun goes down, many will have failed to deposit their ballots."

"At the close of the election," says the secretary of the Republican committee at Lynchburg, "268 colored voters were left in line in the Third ward when the polls closed."

Captain John S. Wise says "250 of our (Republican) vote was left out in Jackson ward, Richmond."

A "freeze out," as this being left in line is called, is reported at Norfolk.

Mr. Mahone in a message, says "the election machinery is in the hands of the Democrats and under their absolute control as provided, and to this very end, by the late Democratic Legislature."

These statements speak volumes to the American people. The greatest question before the country is: Are we to have continued election frauds, or have the people been sufficiently aroused, by the ultimate danger of fraud, to overthrow those persons who commit or wink at it?

Will some one, who can, please explain why certain wards in Rich-

mond were able to cast three-fourths of their registered votes by 1 p. m., while in other wards in which the colored vote predominates, long lines of voters were still waiting for an opportunity to vote when the polls closed?

The election clerks and judges delayed the voting intentionally in the colored wards, or these wards were made too large for the purpose of preventing a full vote, while other wards were more highly favored.

Why the Democrats are so elated over the election is difficult to understand. They simply held their own in territory which is peculiarly their own, and by most peculiar methods for the most part. If they had been defeated in New York, it would have been equivalent to the destruction of the party, consequently the whole power of the administration was concentrated in that state. There is nothing in the whole thing over which Democrats should please themselves or Republicans be disengaged. The capture of the Legislature in Virginia and consequent loss of the Republicans of Mahone in the United States Senate is a result accomplished by methods that ought to make every citizen of the Republic blush.

The Democracy of Virginia is to be commanded for their for bearing in grinding out a majority for Fitzhugh Lee. With the machinery in their own hands, the wonder is that they have completed the work of piling up the figures.

The Republican correspondents in Virginia must have been isolating on a barren ideality. The ante-election cry about entering a Southern state has had its day. Last year it was West Virginia, and in 1880 it was North Carolina, but the result is always the same.

The Democrats in the late election managed to hold what they already had. Wherever the party organs display poultry and grow in the face howling victory.

Sioux City will be the new capital of Dakota. They are easily situated out there.

The support of the mugwumps was fatal in New York.

It was other wise in Virginia.

Does the saddle Fitzhugh Lee?

Resolutions by the Bar.

The following resolutions, in testimony of the deep respect in which Judge Miers was held by the members of the bar, were offered in open court on Friday, Oct. 30th, by Geo. W. Friedley:

On the 1st day of May, 1885, Hon. R. W. Miers was appointed Judge of the 10th Judicial Circuit, to fill the unexpired term of Hon. Francis Wilson, deceased. Yesterday the term of Judge expired, and we the members of the Bar of Lawrence county feel that it is due to him as well as to ourselves that we express our regret at the termination of the relations which have existed between Judge Miers as the presiding Judge of the Lawrence Circuit Court and ourselves as members of the Bar. He has discharged the duties of his important position with ability and fidelity, and while despatching the public business rapidly he has carefully guarded the rights of litigants, and has been uniformly kind and courteous to the members of the bar.

After the death of Francis Wilson the members of the Bar of this Circuit, at a public meeting held in the town of Paoli, declared by resolution that in their judgment it would be fit and proper that who-soever should be appointed to fill the remainder of his term should give to the widow of Judge Wilson one-half of the salary he might receive after deducting therefrom all necessary expenses. Judge Miers, in the spirit called forth on the resolution, has generously carried out the will of the Bar as thus expressed.—Bedford Mail.

Proper Dress in Coats.

The fall overcoat this year will have a fly breast, be of soft goods lined with silk. The Venetian corkscrew, melton and pin-check worsted cloths will all figure upon the backs of stylish young men. The fashionable coat will scarcely touch the knee, but the real fast young man's will probably end three or four inches above where his trouser legs get bagged. The dizzy little jacket overcoat, which frequently revealed the tails of the dude's dress coat in New York last winter, has been turned down and labeled "unpopular." Public scorn was the disease that caused its death, and it was too much to take out on a cold night, anyway.

At what absurd trifles some women get angry. A female book agent, who had cornered a poor fellow, the other day, looked daggers when somebody sang out, "Man over-bored."

At what the clothing men expect to show in the line of winter overcoats is a long, straight garment of moderately heavy cloth, with a cap for the shoulders. This coat buttons up close to the neck and reaches within six inches of the heel. It was brought out last season, but was not generally worn. The Newmarket coat will remain in style for long, slim men and the medium length is always good.

A new style winter coat is being turned up, but it hasn't been given a name yet. "We call it something English, you know," said a clothing man yesterday. Large stoc-

ks of foreign ready-made overcoats have already arrived in this country, and they are distinguished by such names as: The Katif, Prince Charles, the Linster and Brighton. There is nothing to distinguish the Katif coat from Buffalo Bill's garb save that it will be worn by tenderfoot citizens.

In undercoats the four buttoned cutaway will be used on semi-dress occasions; the Prince Albert will always be used where swallow-tails are not quite the things, while for business the single and double breasted jackets, with "patch" pockets, will be worn. Many of the jackets will be made with plaid.

"On the whole," said the leading merchant, "the styles are becoming better every season. Of course the eccentric young men overdo everything."

Sunday Morning—11 o'clock Christians. Rev. Sam. Jones.

I saw a horse once—a magnificent blooded bay—muscular and of good movement, and he wouldn't work to anything in the world but a light striped buggy. He would go with that; throw up his head and travel off at a 2:40 lick to a striped buggy. That's one of the Sunday-morning-11-o'clock fellows. Get out of his way. He is a striped-buggy Christian, fit for nothing under God's heaven, but fit for the furnaces of perdition—Sunday morning 11-o'clock Christians—that's what they are.

There is not a preacher here today but what would sell that class of members to any one for ten cents a dozen, and then beg the fellow's pardon for cheating him. You are a fraud and a humbug, and everything that God despises. You are making a record of that line. You Sunday morning-11-o'clock fellow, you are making a record that the devil himself would not face for this universe. Jesus, my precious Savior, who suffered in the Garden of Gethsemane, with the blood bursting from His body, and an angel comes down and says: "Pillow your head on my wing," and who said, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

That blessed Savior who was nailed to the cross and died for you, and you don't think enough of him to go to church except Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, you old frauds you. You're a fraud, and if there's anything lower down you are that too.

Almost a Fatal Mistake. In an Arkansas town several nights ago, a mob led by a desperate man, marched to the jail, drug a murderer from a cell and hurried with him to the outskirts of the town. Each man wore an expression of determination—feats hardened by awful resolve. The prisoner attempted to speak, to beg for his life, but burly hands closed around his throat and the prayer he would have uttered went out in an inarticulate gurgle.

When the infuriated men reached a large oak, they halted. One of them threw a rope over a limb. "Gentlemen," said the prisoner, "please give me a chance to say a word."

"Be quick about it," some one shouted.

"Gentlemen, I admit that the evidence is all against me, but as truly as we stand here, I killed that man in self defense."

"Killed what man?" was asked.

"Bill Bottford."

"Say you ain't the man that killed Bill Bottford."

"Yes, unfortunately, I am the man."

"Men," shouted the leader, "we have come in one of making a terrible mistake." Then turning to the prisoner the leader added:

"We thought, sir, that you were the man that stole Nat Boyd's fish trap. Hop down from the box. Ye are free."

A man in the average of fifty years sleep about 6,000 days, works 6,000, eats 2,000, spends 800 in walking, is sick about 500 days, and others versus Joseph O. Harbison et al., will sleep.

A new fashion for ladies is to coil a long, green snake around the waist in place of a belt. They seem to be a sort of delirium trimmings.

Drinking water, says a hygienic writer, may be tested in this simple way: "Fill a pint bottle three quarters full of water. Dissolve in it one-half teaspoonful of the best white sugar. Set it away in a warm place for forty-eight hours. If the water becomes cloudy it is unfit to drink.

A writer in the Bulletin Générale de Therapéutique says that refrigeration of the lobe of the ear will stop hiccup, whatever its cause may be. Very slight refrigeration, such as a drop of cold water, is said to be sufficient.

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Indiana Student: It is perhaps well to mention the fact that the Board of Tru-tees of the University, at the June meeting, decided to award the "Honor Scholarship" each year to the student of each commissioned high school in the state, who graduates with the highest standing in his class, and also to each of the three students

who graduate from the Preparatory department with the best three records.

The Honor Scholarship exempts its owner from the payment of all fees incident upon attendance at the University, with the exception of library, laboratory and graduation fees, thus saving to him fifteen dollars per year or sixty-dollars during the college course.

We hope, ere long, to see each commissioned school taking advantage of this liberal offer.

Notice of Final Settlement of Estate.

In the matter of the estate of James C. Steele, deceased.

In the Monroe Circuit Court, September Term, 1885.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as Administrator of the estate of James C. Steele, deceased, has presented and filed his account and vouchers in final settlement of said estate, and that the same will come up for examination and action of said Circuit Court, on the 25th day of November, 1885, at which time all persons interested in said estate are required to appear in said Court and show cause, if any, why said account and vouchers should not be approved.

And the heirs of said estate, and all others interested therein, are also hereby required, at the time and place aforesaid, to appear and make proof of their heirship, or claim to any part of said estate.

SAMUEL P. THOMPSON,
Administrator.

Nov. 4, 1885.
Buskirk & Duncan Atty.

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W. D. KELLEY, Member of Congress from Philadelphia. T. S. Arthur, Editor and Publisher "Arthur's Home Magazine," Philadelphia. V. L. Conrad, Editor "Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 1, 1882.

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