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Republican Progress

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

IN ADVANCE, \$1.00 A Year

John B. Gough died in the harness. It was on the lecture platform in Philadelphia. He was speaking on the theme of all themes that stirred his eloquence. "I," said Mr. Gough, "have seven years in the record of intemperance. I would give the world to blot it out; but, alas! I cannot." Then stepping to the footlights with one of the immutably expressive gestures of which he was master, he said: "Therefore, young men, make your record clean—" The sentence was left unfinished. The orator sank into a chair. His work was done. No human estimate can say how well done, but thousands of happy homes in America and England are brighter gems in the crown of John B. Gough's immortality than ever shone on the head of earthly king.

Years ago down in Wooster, Ohio, a Miss Mary Fleming was jilted by her suitor on the eve of marriage. For this damage done to her affections the young lady brought suit for \$5,000. Judgment was rendered, but the young wover had not the wherewithal and the payment was never made. Forty years have passed since then; the young lady's wounds gradually healed and she married Mr. Bartol, while the impetuous young man grew prosperous and wealthy, and is to-day General Tom Eckert, the general manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company. For some years past, Mrs. Bartol has been a widow and has been driven to various expedients in order to make a comfortable living for herself. Suddenly she remembered the long standing debt of her quondam lover; she made inquiries and found that it could still be collected with the securing interest. She has therefore brought suit against General Tom for the amount and hopes to spend the last years of her life in comparative ease on the proceeds of the result of the foolishness of her youthful lover.

As all subjects appear to be of equal interest to the irrepressible Talmadge, he has selected evolution as an easy thing to knock into pieces. This is the way he strikes out at the Darwinian philosophy: "Natural evolution is not upward, but downward. There was a time when men were ten feet high; now five feet eight inches is their average height. When you can find an oratorio developing from the whizzing of buzz saws, or pippins from a basket of decayed crab apples, then you will see evolution going upward. They say there is a missing link, but I tell you there is a whole chain missing between the ape and man. Evolutionists say when one species develops higher, the old species dies out. If the ape developed man, why is it there are yet whole kingdoms of apes and monkeys."

Munhall, the great revivalist, has commenced operations in Los Angeles, California, and the following short extract from a published report of his sermon will give some idea of his style as a raconteur: "I knew a man who determined to cut down expenses for the church. He said he would do without coffee to help the missionaries. His wife said she would do the same. A daughter said she would do without butter. The eldest son said he would do the same. A younger son said: Well, father, I will do without salt mackerel. We do not have it more than twice a month, and I don't like it anyhow."

Our principal observatories all work at specialties. At Harvard the relative magnitude of the stars is the chief object of study; at Princeton, spectroscopy; at Allegheny Observatory, the dark part of the solar spectrum and the effect of the invisible heat rays on the earth; at the National Observatory, positions and orbits of satellites at Cincinnati, double stars; at Chicago, Jupiter's surface, and at Albany and Yale, perfecting maps of the heavens.

The system of beatowing large sums and pensioning the widows of great men who die, is radically wrong, and should be set down upon. The widow of a president, a congressman, a general or other high-paid individual, is no better than the widow of a common laborer; but the latter, if she owns a little home, must help to support

the high-toned widow and her aristocratic family of sons and daughters who are educated to thumb the piano or play billiards, while holding common people in contempt.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

The Record of Burials Alive.
Ignorance of People Concerning the
Mysteries of Dissolution—Sitting Up in Grave Clothes—
A Woman who Treasures Her Coffin
Plate.

Every year adds a mass of testimony more or less convincing of the popular and professional ignorance prevalent concerning the phenomena of death. Accounts are published from time to time of premature burials, of suspended animation, and of confined corpses which have at the last moment electrified their respective circles of mourners by giving some sign of vitality just sufficient to induce them to undressing grave. Some exploded these cases, others buried them over, and in a few instances they are cut out and pasted into scrap-books devoted to a collection of data bearing on the subject. Within the space of fifteen years, for example, the amount of such matter that may come to the notice of the average casual newspaper reader is enormous. It will be enough to fill many a large scrap book, and it will embrace testimony relating to all the phenomena of death by a reporter who has made a collection of his own.

Such a collection would include case after case of premature burial, simulated death, and resuscitation of those supposed to be dead. In case the collector were disposed to make a hobby of the subject he would have no difficulty in completing his data with testimony as to the different phases of death by statements of the dying, and by the manner in which a collection can only might be made, but actually has been made, and in all instances where it was practicable every case has been carefully authenticated.

Any one who will take the trouble to review such a mass of testimony will be pretty well convinced of two things: The first is the lack of understanding of the multitudinous details of death. The second is the ignorance of the simplest methods of resuscitation, and the fact that may be effectively employed under certain circumstances. The inevitable conclusion to be reached from these premises is that there is no absolute proof of death in one case out of a hundred, as no scientific tests are applied. In the majority of cases after respiration ceases the attending physician is called. He pronounces the patient dead. The minister is summoned, and then the undertaker, and the body is interred, often simply in the appearance of a body. The limbs are stark and rigid, the under jaw is fallen, the eyes are set, the lips discolored, and an ashy pallor has swept over the countenance. Yet for all this the vital spark may not have been entirely extinguished. A prolonged period of inanition, cataleptic conditions, syncope, or trance may account for these appearances. This is proved by the numerous instances in which exhumed caskets have given indications of an appalling stringency, in which lining, pillows, and shroud

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SPRING FLOWERS. SCHEMERS WHO ANTICIPATE THE SLOW-COMING SPRING.

EVEN CANVASSING IS DULL AND UNPROFITABLE.

Tramp's Trade Talk.

Now the warm weather will soon be here—only about a month longer to wait—"the flowers that bloom in the spring," in the way of the schemers who are always trying to extract money from the pockets of the unwary, are springing up like weeds in their garden, and threaten to choke out the really meritorious plants which have endured the cold blasts of the winter, sustained by the expectation of a reward when the summer comes again. These remarks, it may be well to say before going any further, are supplementary to an interview which a reporter held with a man the other day, who is engaged in the highly laudable work of canvassing for a newly invented letter balance.

Said the reporter to the canvasser: "You are getting back in this part of the country a little earlier than usual, are you not? If I remember right it was not until we had the Equinoctial storm last March that you struck this town."

"Right you are," replied the street merchant, "it was not until the last of March that I made my grand entrance into this city clothed in a summer suit and a straw hat, which I had worn all the summer before. You see I had been making the southern circuit, and had hung around New Orleans so long that I had no money to buy a new suit of clothes, and barely enough to pay my fare on a steamboat to Louisville; and when I got there I had to have a new stock of goods—I was handling cheap jewelry then—for which I was compelled to put up my gold watch—a present from my father the day I graduated at Yale—and when I got to your town I was pretty nearly carrying the banner; but the first day I opened up here was Saturday, and keeping one eye on the Marshal—I had no license—I managed to work the country people for \$27.85 worth of my stuff, and that night put up at a swell boarding house, flying high, I paid for a week's board in advance, got a hand-me-down suit of good appearance of the "Corner" for \$14, a new pair of shoes and a hat, and on Sunday morning bloomed out as a dandy. I tell you I felt good; I had struck my dirt the first dash in the box, and I froze to the place until I was a four time winner, leaving the city in a parlor car for Chicago with \$24 in my pocket."

"Well, what then?" asked the now thoroughly interested newspaper man.

"Oh! I was a fool as usual, and when I got to the Lake city the prosperity which had attended my efforts here was too much for me. I went to drinking champagne in the hotel bar room and ended in a "coot" dive, swigging bad beer with sailors. Oh! what a fall was that my countrymen! But I soon straightened up again, went to Philadelphia, tramped through the country to Atlantic City, on to Cape May, up the Hudson, followed the lakes to Detroit, and down to Louisville, which I reached the night after the election on my way South. I spent a week renewing old acquaintances and reviving old associations, and then started for the south to spend the winter, reaching Augusta, Georgia in time for Christmas dinner."

"Ah!" said the reporter, "I've made a southern circuit myself, tell me something of how things are in the sunny South this year, and why you are on your way back North so early in the season."

"Well," answered the man who is as much at home in one city as another, "I'll tell you the South is no good this year. It's about as cold down there as it has been up here. Terrible winter; never saw the like during the many years I've been visiting that region. People actually froze to death in Georgia and died of cold in Florida. Had about as much snow, sleet and ice in Alabama and Georgia as they had in Michigan and Indiana. Business knocked clean out of sight. Crops destroyed and prospects for money-making blasted, made me realize more than a month ago that the sooner I headed for the Ohio river the better it would be for me and my future."

"What points in the South did you touch during your last fly around the circle?" inquired the newsman.

"When I left here in October," answered the elevated species of tramp, "I went directly to Nashville, from there to Atlanta, Chattanooga, Birmingham, and on to Mobile. Found business dull at all those points. I then hurried on to New Orleans, found the exposition of this year a worse fraud than the Cotton Centennial, and concluded to play a few engagements over the Texas circuit, but found nothing to improve my fortunes materially, and worked on back reaching Augusta, Georgia, as I said before for Christmas. I staid there until the first of the year, when I paid Florida a flying visit and nearly froze to death. They never had such a cold spell in that State, as this year; oranges froze solid on the trees, and the loss to the growing crop in this way is estimated at over two million dollars. That was no place for me; I soon found that out. The

Northern people down there were absolutely freezing to death, and you couldn't get them to listen to anything but curses of the country, and as that was no money in my pocket I started for the North, touching at Charleston, South Carolina, Raleigh, and then "On to Richmond." I found everything flat and uninteresting there, and so I determined that, inasmuch as I liked this town anyhow, for a cold langsyne, I would make a break for it, and here I am. Been here since last Saturday and made \$4.00. How's that for a city such as your people boast of?

Just here the man with the letter balances made a break toward a gentleman who looked as if he mailed about three letters a day, and tried to sell him one of the appliances. The attempt was a failure, and he came back to the reporter to say: "The canvassing business has all gone to the devil. I ain't what it once was, and a fellow like me who has never done anything else in his life, is very apt to indulge in sorrowful reflections on what the old days used to give us in the way of profits."

"How much have you made in a day on the street when business was what you considered good?" asked the reporter.

"Oh! I earned \$200 many a day when I was on the medicine racket," was the reply, "and I remember that myself and partner ranked in over \$300 at a fair in Vincennes, Indiana, but that was in the days when people had plenty of money and didn't care much what they did with it. Now if we can make living and traveling expenses, we consider that God is good, and that he tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Martinsville Republican.

Judge John C. Robinson, of Spencer, is preparing to move to Indianapolis where he has formed a partnership for the practice of his profession. His going will be welcomed by several of the "hungry and thirsty" Democrats of this district, in whose way he has been standing.

The Argonaut club met at the residence of Dr. Blackstone, Monday evening, and were handsomely entertained by Mrs. Blackstone and her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Kessinger. The program was very interesting, it having been a consideration of the life of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Washington. The papers read were all of a high order of literary merit and were intensely interesting.

W. R. Cravens, the genial Postmaster and merchant of Center Valley, Hendricks county, was in the city Tuesday, and gave us a pleasant call. By an advertisement in another column which he left with us, it will be seen that he offers his store at Center Valley for sale. He is selling out for the purpose of moving to Bloomington, where his sons, John and Theodore, are in business, and that he may be handy to the State University.

—Indianapolis Journal: The lecture of C. D. Hildebrand, the "reformed" outlaw, at the Grand Opera House last night, was well attended. The gentleman was rambling in his discourse and well nigh incoherent at times. It consisted mainly of a tirade against the church and ministry, because he fancied they had not treated him as cordially as he thought they should, and of an exposition of injustice and cruelties practiced in the prisons. He also took occasion to eulogize saloon keepers and gamblers as men much nobler than preachers, because they never went back on a man simply because he had been to prison or had practiced robbing. As a moral effort it was very unwholesome.

—The Louisville, New Albany & Chicago railway company have purchased from the Indianapolis rolling mill company, the Bedford & Bloomfield narrow gauge road, forty-two miles in length, extending from Bedford in Lawrence county to Switz City, in Greene. The purchase price was \$200,000 cash.

The L. N. A. & C. connects with the latter, though a small concern, is the main feeder over which the L. N. A. & C. obtained large supplies of Indiana dolomite limestone, now in demand all over the union. The purchaser takes possession on April 1st. Its decision to buy was doubtless hastened by the knowledge that the Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago people were expecting to make the Bedford and Bloomfield a part of their St. Louis line from Greensburg, and now they will have to survey an entire new route. By this purchase the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Company virtually obtain control of the entire dolomite stone traffic of the State. The purchase money will probably be used by the rolling mill company to put its plant in operation again. One of the first moves of the L. N. A. & C. people now that they have purchased the Bedford & Bloomfield road is to convert it from a narrow to a standard gauge, and when a similar change is made on the T. C. & St. L., Indiana will be cleared of narrow gauge roads, all of which have proved decided failures in this favorable country for building standard gauge railroads.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Gougar will draw a crowd house here.

Cures of sciatica are reported as having taken place in Paris after a single application of Dr. Devote's method of freezing the skin above the painful parts with a spray of chloride of methyl. The operation is said to be applicable also to facial neuralgia.

REPUBLICAN PRIMARY ELECTION.
You are hereby notified that a Primary Election will be held in the Court House, Bloomington, Monroe County, on Saturday, March 13th, 1886, for the purpose of selecting candidates for the following township officers, to be elected the first Monday of April, 1886: *Two Justices of the Peace, Two Constables, One Assessor.*

The polls will be opened at half past 12 o'clock sharp, and kept open until 3 o'clock p.m.

None but Republicans will be allowed to vote.

Judges will be present to receive and count the votes.

The candidates receiving the highest number of votes will be declared the nominees.

WM. F. BROWNING, Chairman Monroe County Republican Central Committee.

HENRY F. DILLMAN, Secretary.

TOWNSHIP CONVENTION.

The Republican voters of Van Buren Township, Monroe County, will meet in convention at their usual place of voting in said township, on Friday, March 12th, 1886, at 1 o'clock p.m., to nominate candidates for the following township officers to be elected on the first Monday of April, 1886: *One Justice of the Peace, Two Constables, One Trustee, One Assessor.*

WM. F. BROWNING, Chairman Monroe County Republican Central Committee.

HENRY F. DILLMAN, Secretary.

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