

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1835.

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MY LITTLE LAD AND I.

BY CLARK W. BREWER.

I take a little hand in mine,

And walk the village street,

With child at chamber as we go,

I leave the house,

And present satisfaction,

From every one we meet;

Dear little lad and I.

I take the little hand in mine,

To find a neighboring hill,

A laughing mountain rill,

By which, when weary or fatigued,

We pass to drink our fill,

Dear little lad and I.

I take those little hands in mine;

My heart upon my hand;

Made with spirit, voice,

Made rich with notes of glee;

I feel a breath against my cheek;

A breath of life to me,

Dear little lad and I.

I take those little hands in mine;

I hear a brother's tongue;

Repeating child thoughts and songs

So sweetly and sing;

Harmony with spirit, heart,

Nor having single strayed,

Dear little lad and I.

I take those little hands in mine,

I think of other days;

One generation, full of years

Between our parting ways,

And yet our souls clasp hands across

The chasm in close embrace;

Dear little lad and I.

MRS. JOHNSON'S WILL.

A WIFE Caught in His Own Trap.

Mr. James Fox was the junior partner in the firm of Plumley & Fox, the principal solicitors in the somewhat dead-alive old established town of Shimbrough. He was a small, well-set-up young man of two or three and thirty, with carefully trimmed black whiskers, a silken manner, and an unbroken flow of more or less entertaining small talk. Hence it came to pass that he was an exceedingly popular man among the ladies of Shimbrough, both old and young, and had his ways laid in the direction of matrimony; he would have had small difficulty in inducing any damsel or widow to share his lot. But the handsome solicitor was ambitious; his share in the business did not at present bring him in more than a moderate income, and he had long ago determined that when he married he must consider not only beauty but more solid advantages.

Heresses, however, were not plentiful in Shimbrough, and so, although Mr. Fox's attentions frequently fluttered a bosom, he was careful not to commit himself too far, and not even the local gossips could fairly say of him that he had knowingly raised false hopes.

This was, indeed, one young lady who had made a deep impression upon the solicitor's heart, but she was a daughter of a country magnate, with whom poor Mr. Fox was not even on visiting terms.

He had dined twice with him, for Mr. Fox was an excellent walker; but her mother had doubtless warned her against him, for when next they met, some six weeks afterward, Miss Laqueron, however, was lovely and rich, and Mr. Fox was not a man to be easily discouraged. He knew that if he could only afford to cut the office and blossom into a landed proprietor, he would have just as good a chance with her as anybody else, so he watched patiently in the hopes of one day discovering the road which leads to fortune and success.

The firm of Plumley & Fox was a highly respectable and old-fashioned concern, which avoided litigation and kept almost entirely to family business. Plumley was a fairly good lawyer, but Fox's legal knowledge was of the most limited character, and he was much too lazy to take the trouble to increase it. So it came to be understood between them that while Plumley did the office work, Fox kept the clients in good humor by calling on them apropo of nothing and amusing them with his jokes and stories. This business was technically termed "keeping the connection together," and it suited Mr. Fox very well indeed. It was while he was thus keeping the connection together that Mr. Fox made the acquaintance of a certain rich old widow lady, named Mrs. Johnson, and so well did he play his cards that before long Plumley & Fox became Mrs. Johnson's family solicitor and agent, and confidential adviser. The firm made a pretty good thing out of Mrs. Johnson. In accordance with the usual arrangements, Plumley transacted the business, and Fox became a constant visitor at her home, and worked his way into her good graces by his wonderful powers of amusing conversation.

There was yet another accomplishment which stood our solicitor in very good stead, and this was an accurate knowledge of chemistry and medicine, which he had picked up a boy at the office of his uncle, the chemist. The horrible smells young Fox had created in his experiments, and the ugly stains he had made on his hands, determined him to forsake medicine for law, but he never entirely forgot his early experience. He could talk fluently about every known drug and disease, and about a great many which had not yet been discovered. He diagnosed Mrs. Johnson's symptoms at least as well as MacBolton, the Scotch doctor, and would even have prescribed for her had not the stalwart Scott angrily threatened to kick him if he did so. But he retained a very prominent place in the old lady's affections, and it began to be whispered about that he had an excellent chance of succeeding to her very considerable property.

The disposal of Mrs. Johnson's money was a master which had long furnished speculation of unsatisfactory interest to the town of Shimbrough, and filled many a yawning gap in conversation at afternoon tea.

Mrs. Johnson had but one relative in the world, Miss Lizzie Roberts, the daughter of her late sister. This young lady, however, it was agreed, had not the slightest chance of being mentioned in her aunt's will. A handsome, well-bred girl, she was left at her parents' death to make her own way in the world, inheriting nothing but the battle of life and the dislike of Mrs. Johnson, who had not seen the child since it quitted its baby clothes. This strange antipathy was traceable, as people said, to time-gone-by, when Mr. Roberts, Lizzie's father, then renowned for his manly beauty, had been an assiduous visitor at the house of Mrs. Johnson's parents. She being the elder, daughter, and taking all his attention for herself, had felt it keenly as a personal insult when her sister dared to "snatch him away"; and even later on, after having made a much more brilliant match herself, she could never forgive this early defeat. Death even had

The Republican Progress.

A REPUBLICAN PAPER DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE LOCAL INTERESTS OF MONROE COUNTY.

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BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XX.—NO. 5.

THE NEWS.

Intelligence by Wire from All the World.

FOREIGN.

—A coalition for the defense of the Republic has been formed by the different sections of the party in Spain, the Castilian group excepted.

—Mr. Chamberlain says he favors home rule for Ireland upon American lines—each State controlling its local affairs, but all to be subsidiary to the General Government.

—An impasse has been caused by the recall of Gen. Appert, the French Ambassador to Russia. The Czar, it is said, will recall by ordering the Russian Ambassador to Paris to transfer his residence to Cannes, or to the frontier line.

—Gladstone was reported as having added to his expatriation scheme a proposition to establish a Lieutenant Governor at the Dublin Parliament to represent England, with certain veto powers, and the News predicted that if this plan failed the coercion act would have to be again enforced.

—The British Government has withdrawn its troops on the Nile to Assuan.

—Within the past year more than twenty thousand Jews left Russian Poland for the United States.

—A Russian who arrived in Paris to be treated by M. Pasteur to prevent rabies died in a grove, with all the symptoms of hydrocephalus.

—London disputes that a desperate battle took place between the French and Hova in Madagascar, about the end of February, in which the French were defeated with heavy loss.

—The Reichstag has rejected the Socialist motion providing for the establishment of workingmen's courts of arbitration. The resolution asking the Chancellor to introduce a bill establishing industrial courts was passed.

—At a banquet given by the municipal authorities of St. Nazaire, Mr. de Lesseps asserted that the Panama Canal would be completed in 1889.

—A London dispatch states that a quarrel has taken place between Lord Randolph Churchill and William Henry Smith, and that the latter threatened to withdraw from the Conservative party unless he receives an apology from Churchill.

PERSONAL.

—Mrs. D. Felipe, a dressmaker in San Francisco, was journeying eastward with her young son, killed herself with a pocket-knife in a hotel at Omaha.

—President Cleveland has appointed Gen. O. O. Howard to the Major Generalship recently made vacant by the retirement of General John Pope.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mr. James Russell Lowell contemplate starting on a European trip next month.

—The body of Florence Ruge, who last October mysteriously disappeared from her home in Chicago, was last week found in the Chicago River, near Adams street bridge.

—Secretary Manning, while walking up the stairs to his office in the Treasury building at Washington, was attacked by verigo so severe as to require the aid of his physician.

—Dr. J. H. K. Lane, who participated in his brother's Arctic expedition, died last week at Summit, N. J.

—The young Brazilian prince who is about to visit New Orleans will receive all proper courtesies at the hands of the commanding officer at Jackson Barracks.

—Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, is the first of the Republican Senators to dissent from the Edmunds policy. He believes that the pending nominations should be promptly acted upon.

—Ex-Senator Ward Hunt, of the Supreme Court, died at Washington, aged 73.

FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

—I know that the testatrix had destroyed all former wills, so that there is none at all in existence, and by law, therefore, the property will go to the next of kin. I know, also, that Mrs. Johnson had relatives who had made a deep impression upon the testatrix's heart, but she was a daughter of a country magnate, with whom poor Mr. Fox was not even on visiting terms.

He had dined twice with him, for Mr. Fox was an excellent walker; but her mother had doubtless warned her against him, for when next they met, some six weeks afterward, Miss Laqueron, however, was lovely and rich, and Mr. Fox was not a man to be easily discouraged. He knew that if he could only afford to cut the office and blossom into a landed proprietor, he would have just as good a chance with her as anybody else, so he watched patiently in the hopes of one day discovering the road which leads to fortune and success.

—The worthy Fox was baffled for a moment, but after deep deliberation he hit upon a great idea which his chemical studies suggested to him. Chuckling to himself, he went to a chemist's shop, purchased several drags and mixed and refined them until a magnificent black ink was produced, which had the grand advantage that in about ten days after being committed to paper it would fade to nothing. He wrote to the old lady, "I see nothing—in fact, it is the same paper, but to do?" If he wrote cool letters to Miss Nellie she would be offend, and all his chances would be lost in the event of her inquiring into his conduct.

—With what ink? With what ink did you write out that will?" burst out at last Mr. Fox.

—With what ink? repeated the old gentleman indignant, "with your ink. As I found the inkstand up stairs dry, and the old lady was in such a deadly hurry, I rushed down myself to get some, and seeing your bag in the hall, I took it from the little inkstand which you always carry about."

—Mr. Fox turned deadly pale, and, without saying another word, vanished, like his ink, before anybody had found time to ask for an explanation. When the rest of the company had composed themselves again Mr. Plumley said:

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—Under the circumstances it was not surprising that the German waters specially did Mrs. Johnson so much good that her careful nurse considered the cure could be shortened, and accordingly the couple returned to England much earlier than had been expected.

—Whether, however, the waters had really disagreed with the old lady, or something else had upset her, was never quite clear, but soon after their return to England her health and strength began seriously to fail.

—She complained bitterly that Miss Nellie had induced her to undertake an unnecessary and needless journey, and ever since she had neglected her altogether.

—The end of it was that one day, in the height of her anger, she burnt the then existing will, and made Mr. James Fox the sole heir to everything she possessed. This decision seemed to have exhausted her remaining energy, for she died not many days after.

—Mr. Fox, however, was not apprised of the state of affairs by his partner and friend, almost lost his head from investing some money in hat-bands and craps, and looking as mournful as if the sorrow of the whole world rested on his shoulders. Miss Nellie, too, melted away in tears, and could only be comforted by her Jamie, as she now called Mr. Fox. But the latter seemed to have exhausted his remaining energy, for he had always been fond of her late friend.

—He attempted to comfort her by saying with cool civility: "I hope you may soon meet again with such a happy home as you have had here."

—On hearing this Miss Nellie's tears suddenly dried up, and, with eyes filled with astonishment and wonder, she cried: "It is you whom I expect to make me this happy home!"

—Mr. Fox, however, simply shrugged his shoulders, saying: "I do not deny that I may have once had such ideas; but of late I have grown wiser. Everything alters in this world; why, then, should our opinion not do the same? This is what we call Progress."

—Upon this he bowed and left Miss Nellie crying and fainting in an arm-chair.

—He did not say anything of her till a few days later, when a gentleman called upon him saying that he had been entreated with Miss Nellie's affairs, and suggesting that perhaps Mr. Fox, before they went any further, would prefer making some private arrangement about his breach of promise with his client.

—"What proof of that promise has Miss Brown except her saying so?" asked Mr. Fox.

—"Oh," answered the young man, "I have seen a box full of letters from you."

—"Have you read them?" continued Mr. Snags.

—"Not yet," replied the other, "but I have seen the box."

—"Well, you had better go and read them first before you take any further steps, and if you can find a single line from me to

THE TAX ON PARROTS.

—Mr. Snags, does the government collect a tax on parrots?" asked Mrs. Snags.

—"No, of course not."

—"Then what is this poll-tax I see mentioned in the papers?"—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

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