

Republican Progress

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WILLIAM A. GALE, Editor and Publisher.

IN ADVANCE, \$1.00 A YEAR

The work of the Pension Office is increasing so rapidly that there is a likelihood of the office being swamped unless there is a let up. During the past week 6,247 new claims were filed; 2,347 claims were rejected, and 2,147 allowed; and the total number now pending is 287,137. The Mexican pension claims are coming in larger numbers, and it is not seen how it is possible to dispose of the number before the end of the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1888. The \$6,000,000, and over, appropriated for this class of claims must be paid out before that time, or else, whatever balance is on hand turned into the Treasury. This will probably necessitate another appropriation by Congress as it is next to impossible to finally dispose of the 40,000 claims which it is estimated will be filed. The claimants are beginning to understand the situation, and are accordingly pressing their claims for all they are worth.

The Wichita papers are sounding the alarm and crying against any more wild-cat additions in that city. The Eagle, in its wise comparison, points to Indianapolis as a place where a lesson could be learned. Of course you can go to a bucket shop and invest in margins—so can you go to Wichita and gamble in real estate. It is all the same. The Eagle, however, cannot stop the real estate gamblers. They are determined to go on, however, and we hope people will unload before the crash comes.

At a meeting of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, held at Washington City during the week, a committee was appointed to consider the question of the best management of inebriates, and to suggest legislation to that end. The committee, in its report, says: "The inebriate is a public nuisance to be abated. A man can not do what he likes with his own. The social compact is a public trust, and society demands protection from violence and also from the deterioration of the race. * * Confine- ment should be for a number of years, or for an indefinite period. Less than a year will seldom prove of any benefit." The committee recommends that a home for inebriates be built upon a farm in the neighborhood of Washington, and further suggests that the liquor licenses should be doubled in price, and that the revenue derived therefrom be applied to the maintenance of the inebriate-asylum, thus rendering apparent the relation between cause and effect.

Last week, in New York State, a robber, single-handed, entered an express car while the train was in motion and commanded the messenger to throw up his hands, and failing to do so promptly the robber shot him, and then cursed him roundly for disobedience. He took the keys, opened the safe, and secured a large amount of money and got away safely. Was it Chambers?

By the recent redemption bill the old trade dollar is practically put into circulation again. The coins are redeemable on presentation at the sub-Treasury and some merchants are taking them again from customers. Like a deal in a bucket-shop, it will not do to hold on too long, however. All trade dollars not presented for redemption within six months will fall back again to their 85 cent value.

One gallon of whisky costs about \$3, and contains on the average 65 ten cent drinks. Now if you must drink whisky, buy a gallon and make your wife the bar-keeper; then, when you are dry, give her ten cents for a drink. When the whisky is gone, she will have, after paying for it, \$3.50 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away in the savings bank, so that when you have become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, and shunned and despised by every respectable person, your wife may have money enough to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave, provided she does not manage to spend it at the dry goods and dress making establishments.

A man giving his name as Henry Adams has been swindling Ohio farmers. He offered them the agency of a tool sharpener if they would sign an order for a sample, which hundreds of them did. The orders turned out now to be promissory notes, and the farmers don't know what to do about it.

In a Month or So.
In a little while, a month or two, The buttercups and violets blue, Will bloom and flourish on the hill, The birds their sweet notes loudly trill, The roses sweet will bloom and die, And summer breeze gently sigh, The soda fountain soon will bloom, The girls crowd the ice cream room, The sun will go to bed, The moon will wear the dress of lawn, The dust will lie thick on the road, The boy will kill the harmless toad, The bull-frog sing his doleful lay, And crickets chirp at close of day, The boy each day his bat will take In every puddle, creek and lake; The base ball man will wild the bat, The farmer wear the big old hat, The peddler will knock fat people out, And the sun will be all the go.

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Some Booming Stories.

Four men with four cigars occupied a smoking apartment in an O. & M. sleeper, Friday evening, all bound for St. Louis. They were all business men that was evident, and they were all boomers.

"This boom is a great thing," said one. "It seems to extend all over the country, and I think it's because the Government has been paying off so many bonds that the people are putting their spare money into real estate. Now, it's wonderful up there in Wichita. There's a man in Wichita now worth \$160,000 in cash subject to draft, and six months ago he came to the town a tramp. He was arrested for vagrancy, but when he got off he went to work, saved a few dollars, bought an option on a lot, sold it, and kept turning it over until he is now worth \$160,000."

"Now," said another, "I'm in the real estate business myself in Springfield, Mo., and I think that there isn't anything to prevent Springfield being the metropolis of the west. The other day my wife had about \$300 which she had saved by going without clothes all winter, and which she told me to take down town and put in the bank. As I was going down the street I met a friend who wanted to show me a lot. I looked at it and concluded I'd take it and paid the \$300 down, and the deed was made out for me in the real estate office when another man came in and looking over the paper, said, 'I'll give you \$1,200 to let that man put my name in that paper instead of yours.' I took it. He sold that lot for \$5,000 next day. There was a friend of mine who—" "Here, that's enough," interrupted another. "That's pretty good. But you mark my words. Fort Smith is the coming town; three railroads crossing there and seven started for there. I bought a lot there for \$500, sold it for \$700, bought it back again for \$900, and to-day I telegraphed my agent to sell it for \$1,500. When you're talking of booms, just remember that the Fort Smith boom takes the cake."

The fourth party seemed unequal to the emergency for a moment, but finally rallied. "I'm from Kansas City," said he. "There was a man without any legs or arms, and with only one eye, came to our town five weeks ago and held his hat in his mouth on the street corner for pennies. In two weeks he had bought a lot in the suburbs and sold it, and bought another and sold that, and now he's got a glass eye, two artificial legs and a pair of arms, and can write his check for exactly \$11,000."

There was a deep silence, during which the railroad wheels rattling over the rail joints seemed to reiterate "rats," "rats," "r-r-r-rates," and the conductor wanted to know if the other thirty-six of the famous forty liars were on the train. If they were, he'd bet dollars to doughnuts the train would never reach St. Louis.

It is asserted, on good authority, that carbonic acid gas injected into the system has a wonderful remedial effect upon consumptive patients. It had been tried in Paris and recently in the public hospital at Philadelphia, where some thirty patients were treated in this way. Dr. McLaughlin, the superintendent, reports most surprising results and predicts that it will lead to a revolution in the treatment of pulmonary diseases.

THE PSALM OF THE BOOM.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers that the town is full of gloom, for the man's a drunk who slumbers in these bursting days of boom. Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal; every dollar that thou turnest helps to make the old town roll. But enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end or way; if you have no money, borrow—buy a corner lot each day! Lives of great men all remind us we can win immortal fame; let us leave the chumps behind us, and we'll get there just the same. In this world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of our day, let us make the dry bones rattle—buy a corner lot I say. Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; still achieving, still pursuing, booming early, booming late."

The Discovery of Fultz Wheat.

To the Editor of the Millstone.

Sir—As you want to know,

where and how I discovered Fultz wheat, I will give you a true statement of it:

In 1862 I was harvesting for my neighbor, Mr. Christian Yeoder. I was binding after the reaper, and as I was going along I came to a place where the wheat was all down, except three heads which were standing erect. I cut them off and put them in my hat. During the

evening I handed them to Mr. Yeoder, and requested him to plant the berries, remarking that it might be a new kind of wheat. He asked me to take and plant them, which I did that fall. The first year I got about half a pint from the three heads; the next year I gleaned about six quarts. At the following planting I tried drilling, but the drill wouldn't sow it thick enough; then I put another kind of wheat on top and sowed them together, and at harvest time hunted out the heads of the new wheat, and threshed them, obtaining something over a half bushel. Then I had more to work with and could drill it. In the harvest of 1865, I had quite a large quantity.

Of the first lot I distributed one bushel went to Mr. C. Detweiler. He sowed it in orchard along a fence, and the snow drifted on and smothered it, so that it didn't do very well. He pronounced it a fraud, but tried it again the following year sowing three acres from which he derived ninety-seven and a half bushels. It is the best wheat we have for yield, and is of a uniform good quality.

This is the history of the discovery and start of Fultz wheat.

Respectfully yours,

ABRAHAM FULTZ,
Allenville, Mifflin co., Pa., Feb. 18.

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—See the Buttons, Laces and Embroideries,

At the Bee Hive.

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—THREE FIRES

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—IN ONE DAY.

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—BLUE MONDAY IN BLOOMINGTON.

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—GREAT DESTRUCTION BUT LIBERAL INSURANCE.

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—A fire broke out in the main building of the Poor Asylum, Monday forenoon, at about 10 o'clock, during the prevalence of a high wind, and before the fire engines could reach the ground the structure was entirely destroyed, leaving nothing to mark the spot but the blackened walls and the frame portion of the building. The fire is believed to have caught from a stove, in one of the upper rooms, occupied by a couple of old women staying there. There was \$4,700 of insurance on the brick or main building, which, if collected, will go far towards rebuilding a better structure than the old one. The property was insured in eight companies and placed with five agencies.

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—A NOTHER.

At 12:30 o'clock same day an alarm was sounded and the people who hurried in the direction indicated, found that Bollenbacher's spoke factory, south of the corporate limits of the town was on fire. The wind was blowing a gale, and it was difficult to work in the vicinity of the factory in consequence of the long tongues of flame that leaped in every direction. The steamer and the hand engines were finally got on the ground and did as much as was possible, under the circumstances, to save the property. It was soon evident, however, that the factory, sheds and material would be destroyed, as the wind was blowing so fiercely that it was difficult to bear the bells or whistles, and the fire was darting out in every direction, rendering it very dangerous to work near the building. The sheds north of the factory buildings, stored with dressed spokes, did not burn, and here and there were small ricks that escaped, but the main building with the numerous machines and the engine house with its machinery, are a total loss. There was an insurance of \$12,000 on the stock, and \$4,000 on the buildings and machinery. The firm have an extra engine and a number of lathes that were used at the factory to get ready for business.

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—A THIRD ALARM

was rung about 3 o'clock, and it was discovered that the old Berry property, corner railroad and 6th streets, had caught fire in the roof, but quick, active work stopped it in time.

The fences and meadows west of

the McQuiston place was on fire at the same time, and the grass in the old college campus also caught from sparks dropped by a passing locomotive.

It is difficult to estimate the loss

on a fire like that of the spoke factory, but Mr. Bollenbacher says his insurance will not make him whole.

If the Berry property had burned

it is probable that the entire north side would have been destroyed, as the wind was blowing a hurricane from the west.

The fire department did some

bold work on Monday and never

faltered during the five hours of

almost constant labor. Mr. Bewyer's well trained mule teams did

much to assist in moving the steam-

er from one point to another.

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The largest stock of Shoes in

the city,

At the Bee Hive.

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