Republican Progress

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COMMENCEMENT.

[CONTINUED]

ALUMNI DAY.

Tuesday, June 11, was devoted mainly to the work and exercises of the Alumni Association. The annual additions to this association are giving to the University as large and intelligent a body of graduates as are to be found coming from any institution in the land. The exercises this year were especially successful and valuable. They also bore evidence of having been not only carefully planned and worked up, but also well executed. At 9 a. m. the largest and most interesting alumni business meeting ever held in the history of the institution took place in Independent Society hall. The business transacted was of such a nature as will, it is hoped, redound in the future, to the benefit of both Alumni and Alma Mater. At 10 a. m. the business meeting adjourned to the College Ave. M. E. church, where the annual address was delivered by ex-Senator Geo. G. Wright, class of 1839, now of Des Moines, Iowa. By far the largest number of alumni ever before present at one time, gathered to honor their fellow alumnus on this occasion, and the address was worthy of the orator, the alumni and their common mother. While the Senator took up the reminiscences of his life in connection with the city, the State, and the University, he so applied them to the present that all felt their force and application to the affairs of to-day. The address was practical, useful, and highly deserves not only the unanimous vote of thanks awarded the speaker, but also the publication which was ordered by the association.

At high noon the association again adjourned to the old building where Mr. Thos. E. Lawes of the National had prepared the Alumni Banquet. At a little past 1 p. m. about one hundred and fifty people sat down to an elegant and tasteful repast as ever tempted the appetite or graced the program of any society. The committee had given Mr. Lawes full and explicit instructions and he had as fully and completely met their wishes. For more than two hours about the festal board did old friends renew their friendship, talk over old times so dear to the college man, and find inspiration to again take up the struggle in their accustomed places in life. In one group might have been seen the survivors of '39, only two, Senator Wright and Dr. Waugh, but they were boys again and who dared say they did not live over the times that made them friends always. In another were Dr. Jas. D. Maxwell, sr. and Wm. H. Jones, now the two oldest living local alumni, but they forgot their years and were again living in the *thirties*, unconscious of the flight of time. Here was the class of '72 eleven strong, with the vigor and vivacity of boys and girls, oblivious of the fact that they are middle-aged men and women bearing the responsibilities of active life. Yonder was the class of '84, and there the class of '85, one and all having a genuinely pleasant and happy time. And so on, here and there, were scattered many representatives of other classes, all taking at their full value the hour and the occasion so auspicious and felicitous.

Following the dinner, the toastmaster, Hon. Jas. L. Mitchell, in piquant, telling style, introduced Judge Banta, respondent to the first toast, "In the Early Days." In succession came Rev. John L. Pitner, "Twenty Years Out;" Rev. T. J. Clark, "The Faculty;" Miss E. G. Hughes, "Women in the University;" "To-day," Wm. A. Mussett, the orator of '89; Rev. D. C. Stewart, "The Alumnus and his Alma Mater;" last, Senator Wright on "Indiana's Judiciary." These favorite elaborations, but "the feast of reason and flow of soul" was to the edification and delight of all. Many old students were glad to witness the familiar and pleasant faces of Mrs. Nutt and Mrs. Thompson, now widows, the one of President Nutt and the other of Prof. James A. Thompson, both of hallowed and blessed memory.

Altogether this reunion of the Alumni and friends of the institution was the most successful and brilliant yet celebrated. One and all commented upon the wonderful and complete success of the executive committee in providing so pleasant and enjoyable an affair. But to Prof. Beck and Miss Lutie Maxwell especially and justly belong the credit of planning and executing this reunion. For many weeks they have been writing letters and circulars, notifying friends, suggesting toasts, and doing other work necessary for the brilliant and elegant finale of Tuesday. And to Prof. Beck belongs the credit of executing Tuesday's program in the appropriate and felicitous style which brought pleasure and happiness to all, besides contributing in a very great degree to make this the most elaborate, brilliant and successful alumni day in the history of the University.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

The class day exercises of '89 were ludicrous, telling, enjoyable and successful. The vast audience which packed the chapel on Tuesday evening was in waiting long before the doors were open. Notwithstanding the jam and discomfort of a great crowd none retired until the program was completed.

The class oration by John R. Brill was a strong, sensible, suitable effort—one which does credit to Mr. Brill and to his class. "The history of the class" by Mr. Dibell was impartial, comprehensive and well written. Mr. Dibell himself is one of the most painstaking, thorough students in the class and he did his class day work in the same spirit. Miss Creed Myers and Mr. E. H. Griggs unveiled the future in a peculiarly pleasant and ludicrous way. They were generally ingenious and fortunate in their oracles and contributed much to the entertainment of all. The class songs were enjoyed by all and were sung with a will equal to the energy of the class on the day of their seniority. The best portion of class day perhaps was the lecture course. Mr. Beldon more than surpassed himself in his "Snobs and Snobbery" and Mr. Teal almost rivalled Mr. Beard himself in off-hand caricaturing.

We reproduce a portion of the Class Prophecy.

BY CREED MYERS.

CHAPTER I.

O, Father Zeus! I pray thee, listen to my petitions, and with thy right hand hurl down from Olympian heights thunderbolts that shall dash asunder the misty veil that everhangs the future, that I may see what is in fe, as now I see what is. It is conceded.

And as the mists roll away I see a modern Athens, more nobly built than the Athens of old; not only the eye of Greece, but the eye of the whole world; mother of Arts and Eloquence, native to famous wits. I can see the Acropolis of this modern Athens, and up its steep slopes I see myriads of people thronging. Everywhere is confusion, bustle, excitement and hurry. I stand wondering what it all means; but I am pressed forward with the throng, and at last stand at the entrance of the great hall. A mighty voice reaches my ears, and the eloquence that drops from the lips of this divinely mortal modern Demosthenes enchrouds and enfolds me in a maze of astonishment and admiration. O, for one glance at the face of the speaker! I frantically push forward; I take one long, lingering look; yet, the face is strikingly familiar; features more marked and rugged but still the same; the Fletcher Bascom Dreisler of the class of '89 I. U.

The scene changes. I stand in a crowded ball-room; the air is deeply oppressive, so I turn to one of the many beautiful conservatories of this magnificent home; I stand entranced, the air is full of sweet and rare perfume; the flowers are all at their fairest; the lillies are opening their cool white cups, the roses send forth a cloud of perfume. How fair and tranquil it is, the leaves stirred so gently by the sweet soft air, and the green boughs rustling with a noise like faint music! So fair, so still, so full of beauty! Can I leave it? No, a thousand times no! But suddenly voices break the stillness; temptation seizes me; I lean forward—to see a beautiful, saucy face upturned; I see a tall, slender man bending his graceful head. He speaks—and I listen—O, my darling Ethelrid, I love thee madly, fondly! She answers—O, I don't know; how many girls have you declared the same words to? You are a heartless flirt, Bert Feisbar! My heart sinks. O Bert, why did you turn out so?

It is high noon of a hot August day. I am standing in the dust of a country road, waiting for a passing road-wagon to give me a lift. But ye gods! what figure is this approaching? He seems to be worn and crippled, and somewhat toughened. All his habiliments have a decidedly base-ballish air. He moves limpingly forward, with trousers ragged and torn, shoes down at the heel, cap faded and old, and bearing with a tender and loving hand a much battered mask. As he comes nearer I recognize him. We converse—the story of his life comes stammering forth. On leaving college he had obtained an excellent professorship; had married the love of his senior year and life had passed pleasantly till, developing a taste for athletic sports, he gave up his position and became a professional base ball catcher. Which, not being at all pleasant to his gifted and intellectual wife, they had parted. In his new life success came at first, but soon embarrassments came thick and fast; hence his present deplorable condition. O, where is the creamy-white complexion, the mild blue eyes, and sweet, innocent look of our loved classmate? Truly, Fortune has dealt bitterly with E. H. Griggs. May she be more kind to him in the coming days.

The goddess Prophecy is capricious: I find myself sitting in the awful and magnificent sublimity of the Cathedral of Milan. Services have commenced. I see the singer rise and hear the wonderful voice that penetrates and fills the vast pile! but still it is the mellow, tender and tenor voice of my old classmate, Le Petite Mitz.

I am quickly borne away, and find myself standing in the Biological laboratories of the greatest college of America. And who is it that stands here, the master of it all? Yes, who is it that stands here in his element, supremely happy and supremely blest? Can't you guess? Well, don't try; I'll tell you—it is our handsome Dr. Chas. Bollman.

I am sitting in the theatre at Washington. Up goes the curtain. The play begins. Excitement seizes the audience. Some are seen standing. All are gazing in breathless interest. First, it is Dr. Jeckyll! now, it is Mr. Hyde! Now, who can it be? 'Tis Dr. Jeckyll; now 'tis Mr. Hyde, and so on till the end. The actor is our own gifted and versatile J. C. Bryan.

Passing along the streets of Louisville one day, I was attracted by what seemed to me a very familiar voice, raised to the loud auctioneering tone: "I am offered twenty cents for this piece of cotton, won't some one bid a nickle more? Twenty cents, twenty cents! going, going, gone!" The auctioneer was Webster Vourhees Moffett.

During a visit at Harvard, I entered the department of the German language, and found at the head of the department our classmate, J. B. Phillips.

The goddess Prophecy seizes me again and hurls me into a dime museum in the city of New York. I notice in great gilt letters these words: "The most wonderful freak ever exhibited in this, the sun-down of the nineteenth century." I go nearer. Suddenly I grasp the hand of the wonderous and wondering freak, with the words: "How do you do!" and "Heaven bless you, Tom Honan!"

Being in the city of Chicago and always greatly interested in all religious matters, I betook myself to the Y. M. C. A. building, a magnificent structure, and found as manager of the establishment Chas. E. Heiney, who is also one of the most enthusiastic workers in this great cause.

I am wafted again into the capital of Illinois. It is the campaign of 1900. I am urged to attend a political meeting; and I am well paid for my trouble. Never have I been so deeply interested in matters politic, for 'tis the first year of woman's suffrage. And in this year she is led on to victory by the Democratic party, and by the wonderfully eloquent leader of this party, who, this year, is elected to the first office in the state. Thousands scanning the election returns from Illinois read these words: "By an overwhelming majority the Democrats have elected their nominee for Governor, W. A. Mussett."

Will wonders never cease? I received one day a copy of the "Utah Breeze," a very humorous paper. On looking over it, I found that it was edited and published by our former usually sedate and sober classmate, A. R. Abel. He has been located among the Mormons for about fifteen years, had only six wives, has accumulated quite a snug little fortune, and is supremely happy and extremely funny.

Ten years have passed, and one misty, gloomy twilight of February I find myself in Bloomington again. At the first crossing stands an electric light pole, and in a moment I see a small agile figure hastily ascend the pole; I stand silently agape; what meaneth this crazy proceeding? But suddenly a bright light shines forth, and just as suddenly down slides the delicate and lithsome body. Something about this queer figure attracts me strangely. I follow him; the same performance is gone through with a dozen times, and weary with my long plod I turn to one of the old and remembered citizens and make inquiry. And here are the exact facts of the case: Five years before the time of which I am writing, a young fellow had made a pick for this job, that is, each night at a given time, to ascend the electric light poles, touch them off, decend, and at midnight rearcend and extinguish them. Through pity he had obtained his wish. On finding that his name was Russell King, I hastily wended my way to his dainty little home, and was lovingly received by Russ and his fair blonde wife.

In the criminal courts of Cincinnati a case of absorbing interest is being tried. People are wild with suspense; no one can imagine the final issue, unless they take into consideration the ability and eloquence of one of the lawyers. But at last the case is decided. One lawyer, J. M. Shea, has carried the day. The judge in this world renowned case is earnest, thoughtful H. C. Kinzie.

Bob Lyons has deservedly become the Chemist of America. Also, he has married, and he got the Pickens of the flock. Didn't you, Bob?

Somewhat broken down in health I am ordered off to a quiet, country district for a little rest. In one of my short walks about the country roads, a shower comes splashing down on me; I espy a school house in the midst of great overhanging trees. I quickly turn in this direction. Coming up under the trees, I stop to take a breath and a look about me. The trees are literally covered with bags and sacks tied securely to the limbs. I immediately say to myself: "Jim Mitchell is on the inside of that school house;" and that is exactly where I found him, teaching the hopefuls of a rural district, and keeping up his work in Bugology.

Now what do you suppose our pleasant and whole-souled Theodore Louden has gone and done with himself? Well, he has become a wicked naughty drummer. He constantly plies between Indianapolis and Spencer, because, in one thing at least, Theodore has never changed and never will. he still has a girl at Indianapolis and one also at Spencer, just as in the years of '87, '88 and '89 of long ago.

Class Prophecy.

BY EDWARD H. GRIGGS.

CHAPTER II.

The world is waiting breathless and awe-struck for the advent of '89. The government is delaying its principal appointments in the hope (alas vain) that some of us may be induced to take part in the administration of public affairs; most of us have been offered college presidencies (which we have refused); and one of our number—our illustrious Perigo—has been offered the entire control of the mammoth educational establishment located at Mud Lick.

We will suppose ten years to have passed away. We stand in the presence of a new world—a world in which the mighty genius of '89 has had time to express itself, and to become the all-potent factor in civilization.

We will look first at Remsberg. His passion for music was noticed in his college days, and his future fulfilled the promise of his youth. He chose a profession under the left wing of a muse—patroness of that most ethereal, and hence most divine, of the arts. For professional work he chose the grandest of musical instruments, at whose invention Pan turned over in his grave and groaned—the hand-organ. But for personal satisfaction and the delights of home he prefers the accordian or the Jew's-harp. He married in the spring of 1891 a young lady belonging to the "upper ten" of West Lebanon.

Beldon may be found any day on the public highways of Tampico and vicinity. He has a horse and a curious old covered wagon. He cries continually. "rags, old iron, bones, bones, old rubbers, rags, old iron." You may say "well done, Beldon," if you saw how well Beldon has done by all the little Beldons, for there's a lot of them I tell you.

I was in a certain Western town with another member of '89. We heard there was a circus in town and decided to go. As we were passing the side show my friend said "ah, see the motion of the Perigee." I looked up, and there, sure enough was our old friend Perigo, looking a little grey but tough as ever. "Step right in, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and see the great modern Hercules; the female Sampson; the only living tatooed woman, brought over at an immense expense; the wonderful Mesopotemian snake-charmer; the grand Chinese pyrotechnical display; the great Rocky Mountain grizzly, trained to pick his teeth; the wonderful 'missing link' captured in the wilds of Jackson county and now exhibited for the first and only time. The chance of your life-time for a quarter of a dollar." We went in and shook hands with the "missing link," who turned out to be Willard Robertson. He said he enjoyed his job and got three dollars a day. In spite of the symptoms he was never *Mate-d*, and there seems, at present, to be little hope of perpetuating this great scientific phenomenon. As we came out we passed by the paradise of Fakirs. We heard a familiar voice saying, "roll the ball at three for five. Fortunes made in five minutes. Stand aside boys and let this gentleman try his luck. Hughes came down and shook hands with us. He says he likes the job, it pays lots better than preaching. Hughes went to California shortly after graduating, where he met and married the love of his boyhood days. He has been very happy since, especially since entering upon his present lucrative employment.

Creed Myers had a strange adventure during her brief life. I forget now whether she met a calf or a calf met her; it was something about *Mat-calf* and her. But no one expected she would live long. She was always too good for this world. The light of a fairer clime shone in the delicate radiance of her eyes. Russell King used to say that when she smiled he always had a vision of angels. She was never known to speak except for the sake of charity or religion. So she bought a ticket on the through train—narrow guage route—that's warranted to make a bee-line for the celestial spheres. She is very happy now. Her only objection is that there is no night there, and, therefore, there is no opportunity for studying personal magnetism, and some parts of surveying and measuring circles—particularly *en*-circles— which she made so much of a specialty here.

Ella Ryan devoted herself for some time to training the "young idea." But finally "the greatest politician in the First Ward" claimed his own and she returned from that lofty height of civilization—Weed Patch Hill—to stand at the hymeneal altar. Life is all spring and roses with her now, and if he should ever get to be president—why she would be mistress of the White House.

Emma Bain married and went as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands. This may be a surprise to some, but not to those who looked deeply into her character. The rose of youth on her cheek early paled under the rigors of asceticism. She was filled with the spirit of the ancient martyrs. We hear that she enjoys her work, and has saved many souls, by investing in old shoes.

A circular was handed me which read as follows: "Howard L. Wilson, eye specialist; will only remain in the city two days; cataract a specialty." I was somewhat surprised, but was pleased to find Howard doing well and much pleased with his work. He was about to be married and seemed very happy.

Ada McMahan became a heretic and a lover of Browning, and ——— *married a Junior!* What more can be said? Let us draw the curtain of charity over one who could so far forget herself and her senior dignity. Her associations during her senior year were very bad. Had we the Hardi(ng) Hood to test the Stowa and faded relics we would only see a Star——buck among cranks.

Holmes, ah Holmes! The juniors got you also! "Et tu, Brute!" "You too, you brute!" The strains of Holmes, sweet Holmes" which she sang affected you with heart disease and you had to marry for your health! Prof. Starbuck, of the memory training department was asked why the thought of Holmes always called up Allison. He explained it as co-existence in time, space, history and experience. We do not question Mr. Starbuck's interpretation, but merely explain that such co-existence belongs to the absolutely inseparable.

Prof. A. Tompkins is a professor of course, but he has changed his specialty. He is at present Professor of Elective Affinities in the editorial department of a matrimonial newspaper, of which J. R. Brill is editor-in-chief. Brill was married shortly after entering upon his matrimonial business, and says that, to his mind, marriage is not at all a failure. He certainly ought to know, for he claims to have brought about the marriage of 423 men, including himself, and, strange to say, of exactly the same number of women, during the past year.

One evening in a small Indiana town I read the following circular:

A lecture will be delivered on Wednesday evening, on the Unscrutable Inexpressibleness of Professor Bryan's Emersonianism in connection with my Theory of Social Forces, by Dr. Mills, Ph. D., P. D. Q., etc. I found the renowned lecturer to be our old friend W. A. As all know a certain home on the corner bore an attraction for Millis, until finally Millis bore off the attraction. Since then his happiness has been perfect.

Commodore Moss of the U. S. N. is now a well-known name. Getting tired of Physic(s) he concluded to try something which would give him more exercise. So he entered the navy and rapidly rose to his present high position. Last year he led an expedition in search of the North Pole. Moss always was an energetic fellow, and he went on through every danger and difficulty until finally, on the 5th of August, 1894, he discovered the pole. But still he was not content. He threw aside his superfluous clothing and climbed the pole! His hat still remains on the top, where it can be seen by any one venturesome enough to make the journey. He is at present engaged to a beautiful Esquimaux girl. The only objection to her is that she is anti-vaccinarian and Moss will have to "chase around" for blubber.

With the history of our (to be) illustrious commodore, this second chapter of the immortal destinies of '89 closes. We trust that this brief glance at the future will encourage and stimulate us to go forward and realize those great predictions, that we may leave a heritage of honor and glory to our ever dear foster mother—I. U.

COMMENCEMENT DAY came bright and clear. After an invocation by Rev. J. L. Pitner the speeches followed in order. There were very many excellent productions and the exercises were very creditable to the class. Following are the names:

Wm W Holmes, Lima; F S Monical, Brooklyn; Bessie Rogers, Bloomington; F C Test, Lafayette; Christian Newman, Mount Vernon; C M Carpenter, Manchester; W V Moffett, Spencer; J B Phillips, Holt, Michigan; H I Wilson, Arcadia; Creed Myers, Gosport; J T Perigo, Booneville; A R Abel, Boundary; F B Dreesler, Waverly; Russell King, Indianapolis; Ada McMahan, Huntingburg; Willard Robertson, Brownstown; C F Remsberg, West Lebanon; R E Lyons, Bloomington; J L Mitchell, jr., Indianapolis; J H Shea, Lexington; J R Brill, Centre Valley; Effie Lensonda, Rockport; C H Bollman, Bloomington; H B Dibell, Wolcott; J R Mutz, Edinburg; Emma Bain, Martinsville; E H Griggs, Indianapolis; C E Henry, Andrews; C A Rhetts, Salem; F V Moss, Noblesville; A H Beldon, Tampico; T H Honan, Seymour; W A Millis, Paoli; Arnold Tompkins, Greencastle; Bert Feaslar, Indianapolis; J C Bryan, Bloomington; H C Kinzie, South Bend; Ella Ryan, Bloomington; W A Mussett, Grayville, Ills.; T J Louden, Bloomington; J B Hughes, Red Wood City, Cal.

Thus closed successfully one of the most enjoyable commencements in the history of the institution.

—Prof. Beck expects to spend the greater portion of the summer at his old home in Clark county. He has been appointed administrator of his father's estate, and will give his attention to the settling of the same. The Professor is a conscientious school worker—one of those men that do their full duty though it may be at their own physical expense. He has labored assiduously to make the Preparatory Department what it is: the best known and most highly spoken of school in the State, and he is never satisfied to let well enough alone, but has new plans to work up to at each session. May he be spared many years in his chosen field of labor, is the wish of the Progress.

—The Board of Trustees elected Judge Banta of Franklin to take charge of the Law Department next year. The Judge will likely move to Bloomington in a short time, and no one will be more welcome as a citizen. His salary is $2,500 per annum. He belongs to the class of '56, is a successful lawyer and will be a valuable accession to the Faculty.

—On Tuesday morning of last week the Alumni Association held a business meeting: Wm. E. McCord of Martinsville acted as Chairman, and Miss Lou. Maxwell, the Secretary, read the minutes. There were present over 100 graduates. Prof. Beck was appointed chairman of a committee whose duty it shall be to record the deaths among the alumni, and select a memorial orater for June, 1890. About $100 has been subscribed for the alumni alcove. Alumni orator for 1890 was elected: J. H. Bothwell of Sedalia, Mo., with Hon. W. D. Bynam as alternate. The following officers were then elected: President, Senator Wright; Vice President, Prof. J. K. Beck; Treasurer, L. D. Rogers; Recording Secretary, Ida Manley; Corresponding Secretary, Prof. J. E. Wiley; Executive Committee—B. F. Adams, jr., Prof. Joseph Swain, W. T. Blair, Misses Kate Hight and Louise Maxwell.

—The Library building of I. U. was let on Thursday last to McCormick & Redmond of Columbus, Ind., for $52,200. This does not

[concluded on 3d page.]

THE TOURNER CLOTHING HOUSE

Is the place for Cash Buyers.

WE HAVE A COMPLETE STOCK OF CLOTHING

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

WHICH WE ARE SELLING 20 PER CT. LOWER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN MONROE COUNTY.

WE OFFER, THIS WEEK, SPECIAL BARGAINS IN STIFF HATS, all colors, fine Flannel Shirts, Summer Coats and Vests, and Straw Hats. JUST RECEIVED: A new line of Dress Shirts, Collars, Cuffs and Neck Ties. It will pay you to inspect these goods.

West side square, one door north of alley.

The Tourner Clothing House.

—Everybody smokes the "X. Y. Z." cigar. For sale by all first-class dealers.

FOR TOBACCO, Cigars, Coffees and Teas, it will be the proper thing for you to call on the Robertson Bros., northeast corner of the square. They have everything in stock that you may call for.

BAD ODORS.—John Brown has prepared himself with tight caskes chemicals and the proper tools, and can clean vaults as well as men who have come here from the cities. Call on him and get figures. It is better to clean up your premises than to have sickness in the family.

—Smoke the C. C. C. Cigar.

ENGLISH Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle, Warranted. Sold by H. Lindley. Druggist, Bloomington, Ind.

—Smoke the C. C. C. Cigar.

DO YOU WANT novelties in Queensware and Glassware? Hemp. Wilson keeps everything you may want at his grocery store, under the Progress office.

THE RELIABLE and long established grocery house of Hemp. Wilson is still at the corner of 6th st. and College Ave. Only the best goods kept in stock.

—Smoke the C. C. C. Cigar.

ROBERTSON BROS. keep a choice stock of groceries, and sell them at a small margin for cash. They also make a specialty of the feed business. All manner of feed kept. Call and see them at their handsome room on the northeast corner of the square.

GATES Blended Java COFFEE

Is the CREAM of All the Package Coffees.

. . . For Sale by Leading Grocers.

We Ask You to Try It. . . . . .

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A. B. GATES & CO.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

MARSHAL'S NOTICE.

By instructions of the Council, all persons are hereby notified that the tools, apparatus, or belongings of the Fire Department will not be loaned to private parties, and any one taking such articles from the City Building will be prosecuted for trespass.

GEO. OWENS, Marshal.

Awarded First Prizes All Around the Earth.—Can the knot, to form which the inventors struggled for so many years, be unfailingly tied by seven simple pieces, in the McCormick? We answer, yes. It is the same answer that was heard from 30,000 harvest fields during last season. Never in the history of important improvements has such success attended the first year's work. From 46 pieces to 7 seems almost impossible and yet this is the change that we offered to the people of the world last season as our simple knotter.

J. W. SHOEMAKER, Agent.

Without a Cent of Repairs. McCormick Machine Co.—Gentlemen: The McCormick Steel Harvester and Binder which I purchased from you last year, has given me entire satisfaction. I cut nearly 200 acres of wheat and oats last year, and with perfect ease, without one cent of repairs. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one wishing a Harvester, as being one of the best machines made. I consider it lighter on horses than any machine in the field.

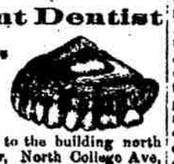
Respectfully, WM. M. FARMER.

JNO. W. SHOEMAKER, Agent, Bloomington, Ind.

This machine is on exhibition at Rogers' Livery Stable, near depot.

Resident Dentist

Dr. J. W. CRAIN.



OFFICE removed to the building north of the Fox Corner, North College Ave, east side, ground floor.

SALESMEN WANTED!

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock. A full line of leading specialties. Salary and Expenses paid to successful men. No experience necessary. Write for terms, stating age. (Mention this paper.)

C. L. ROOTHBY, Nurseryman, East Park, Rochester, N. Y.

July 17-'89.

STOCK-OWNERS, READ.

I hereby give notice to all owners of Live Stock that the ordinance prohibiting Stock from running at large within the corporation will be rigidly enforced. Prosecutions will follow upon the violation of the law by any one. This ordinance must be observed.

GEO. M. OWENS, Marshal.

JAS. HUNTER

is the leading Funeral Director AND FURNITURE DEALER.

I CARRY IN STOCK THE BEST LINE OF FURNITURE AND UNDERTAKING GOODS EVER KEPT IN BLOOMINGTON, AND WILL SELL YOU GOODS CHEAPER THAN ANY ONE. COME AND SEE ME BEFORE YOU BUY. SOUTH SIDE SQUARE, WEST OF CLARK'S GROCERY. se26-8

SALESMEN WANTED

SALARY AND EXPENSES paid or liberal commissions to local men. Out-fit free—no collecting. Permanent positions guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. Choice of territory if apply at once.

L. P. THURSTON & CO. Empire Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. April 17-3m. pd.

NOTICE TO STORE KEEPERS, HUCKSTERS AND FARMERS.

H. H. Dronberger & Co., Produce Dealers of Frankfort, Ind., have opened a branch house at Bloomington, Indiana, for the purpose of paying cash for Butter, Eggs and Poultry. They expect to pay the highest cash price at all times. Mr. J. D. Dillman who has had many years experience in the business will manage their affairs for them at this point. All goods will be promptly remitted for that are sent in by freight or express, and customers will get the benefit of our reduced rates on all railroad lines. Farmers of this section will do well to call upon them and receive instructions about raising Cabons, as they may as well get $500 for their poultry crop as $50.

H. H. DRONBERGER & CO., April 24, '89. Bloomington, Ind.

A Chance to Make Money. Salary and Expenses paid, or Commission if preferred. Salesmen wanted everywhere. No experience needed. Address, stating age.

The C. L. Van Dusen Nursery, Co., (till June 28.) Geneva, N. Y.

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Exclusive publisher of Bill Nye's Books.

[KANT & EAST, Attorneys.]

Notice to Non-Residents.

State of Indiana, Monroe County, ss.

In the Monroe Circuit Court, of Monroe county, in the State of Indiana, September Term, 1889.

No. 1650.

Sallie Davis vs. Leonidas Davis.

Be it known, that on the 19th day of January, 1889, the above named plaintiff, by her attorneys, filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Monroe County in the State of Indiana, her complaint against the above named defendant; and on the 29th day of January, 1889, the said plaintiff filed in the Clerk's office the affidavit of a competent person, showing that said defendant, Leonidas Davis, is not a resident of the State of Indiana, and said plaintiff having by endorsement on said complaint required the defendant to appear in said Court and answer or demur thereto, on the 2d day September, 1889, and answer to her complaint for divorce.

Now therefore, by order of said court said defendant last above named is hereby notified of the filing and pendency of said complaint against him, and that unless he appears and answers or demurs thereto, at the calling of said cause on the 3rd day of September, 1889, the same being the 2nd judicial day of a term of said Court, to be begun and held at the Court House in the City of Bloomington, on the first Monday in September, 1889, said complaint, and the matters and things therein contained and alleged, will be heard and determined in his absence.

ENOCH FULLER, Clerk.

May 15th, 1889.

Ohio & Mississippi Railway. The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the direct fast line between Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and all points East and West.

Four through passenger trains each way between Cincinnati and St. Louis are necessary to accommodate its large and constantly increasing volume of travel; three between Cincinnati and Louisville, and two between Louisville and St. Louis.

Its trains all enter Union Depots in Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, conveniently located near the centers of business. Transfers to other lines are thus avoided. At St. Louis direct connections are made in same depot with trains of all lines for the West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway gives special attention to colonists going West, either single or in parties. Our agents are prepared at all times to furnish information as to rates and routes to points West; price and location of lands, and when passengers are ready to start will call on them at their homes, if desired, secure tickets at lowest rates and attend to checking baggage and shipping freight through to destination.

At Louisville connections are made in Union Depot for all points East and Southeast, and in Union Depot, Cincinnati, for the East, Northeast and Southeast.

Through Pullman Sleeping Cars are run by this line between St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Washington, Baltimore and intermediate stations.

Pullman Parlor Cars are run on day trains via this line.

Travelers going to any point East, West, North or South, should make it their business to ask for tickets via the O. & M. Railway.

Passengers purchasing local tickets will save 10 cents on each fare, as the ticket rate is 10 cents less than the rate on the train.

For reliable information in reference to routes, rates, tickets, etc., to all points throughout the United States, call on Ticket Agents of connecting lines, or address

BENJ F. ADAMS, Ticket Agent, O. & M. Ry., Bloomington, Ind.

C. G. JONES, District Passenger Agent, Vincennes, Ind.

J. F. BARNARD Pres't & Gen. Manager. W. R. SHATTUC, Gen. Pass'r. Agt. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Treasurer's

Treasurer's Office, Bloomington

NOTICE is here... prepared to redeem County Warrants, etc., are dated prior to ... Interest on all orders above date will stop on June, 1889.

Treas...

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION

NOTICE is here... Board of Equalization ... County, Indiana, will ... House, in the City of ... third Monday of June, ... a. m., being the 17th day ... for the purpose of equalization of the personal property ... credits as assessed and ... several assessors of Monroe ... the year 1889.

Said assessments being ... to law.

WM. ... Auditor

MARSHAL'S ...

To the citizens of Bloomington:

It having been represented ... persons are or have ... from the fire cisterns ... persons, and all the inhabitants are hereby notified that ... fire cistern is a violation ... will be prosecuted as ...

GEO. M. OWENS.

Vandalia

The Great Fast ... The Shortest, Best and ... between the North ...

West Bound—Leave Chicago 1:07 p. m., 9:05 p. m., ... Arrive, Terre Haute, 2:00 ... m., 1:30 a. m.

Arrive, Effingham, 4:15 ... 3:45 a. m.

Arrive, St. Louis, 7:30 ... 7:00 a. m.

Arrive, Kansas City, ... m.

Going East—Leave Junction 1.45 p. m., 2.28 a. m., 2.50 ...

Arrive Indianapolis, 5.00 ... m., 3.45 a. m., 4.15 a. m.

Going North—Leave ... p.m. and 6:00 a. m.

Arrive, South Bend, ... 1.15 p. m.

East bound and west bound ... daily.

Making direct connections ... under the sun. Your ... sure and quick in Union ... Transfers or Lay-overs ... modations are unexcelled.

Any information regarding ... etc., address

CHAS. H. MEAD, Traveling Pass... Terre Haute, Ind.

E. A. FORD, G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Does Its Work Perfectly. McCormick Machine Co.—Gentlemen: I purchased one of your Steel Harvesters and Binders two years ago, and it has done my work perfectly. I have had no bills of expense to pay. It gets along wherever a common reaper can. I can recommend your Harvester as just what it is represented to be.

Respectfully, A. H. ...

JNO. W. SHOEMAKER, Agent, Bloomington, Ind.

This machine is on exhibition at ... ers' Livery Stable, near depot.

Agents wanted. Address E. A. Lozier & Co., 340 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio

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PARLOR SUITES, LOUNGES, FANCY CHAIRS, BABY WAGONS, CARPET SWEEPERS, MIRRORS, PICTURE FRAMES. ORGANS in stock, and sold on monthly payments. I have the Household Sewing Machine, the best Machine made, and the cheapest. I also keep

Clothing for Funerals,

which only costs about one-half as much as other clothing. Come and see me, south side of square, in Waldron's Block.