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DR. FISHER will give especial attention to all Modern Operative Dentistry. Also to placing Gold over Porcelain Crowns, and making Artificial Teeth out plates. Appt's-50

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DENTIST.**

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I HAVE JUST OPENED a new Stable on 21st street, Bloomington, Ind., at John Alexander's old stable building, on land Buggies, Carriages, Spring Wagons, and Hacks for sale, or to exchange for stock. I will pay the highest market price for mules and horses. Don't fail to call and see me before you leave town, as it will be to your interest. Feb. 20, '94. DAVID MOGINNIS.

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the leading**

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EVER KEPT IN BLOOMINGTON, AND WILL
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THE LEADING
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I have the largest and best selecter stock ever brought to Bloomington, and will sell you goods cheaper than any one

I have a fine display of
**Chamber Suites,
PARLOR SUITES, LOUNGES
FANCY CHAIRS, BABY WAGONS
CARPET SWEEPERS, MIRRORS,
PICTURE FRAMES, ORGANS kept
in stock, and sold on monthly payment.**

I have the Household Sewing Machine the best Machine made, and the cheapest.

I also keep

Coaching for Funerals
which only costs about one-half as much as other caskets. Come and see me, north side of square, in Waldron's Block.

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The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's R. R. Safety Seats. Washed R. R. Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and the only line running Through bedding Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Kookuk and Springfield, Illa., and Combination Chair and Sleeping Car Cincinnati to Peoria, Ills.

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The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its piston speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D. either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis, or Toledo.

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Special Rates and Time Tables if you want to be
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JAMES BARKER, G. F. A. CHICAGO

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Fine Job Printing

DONE AT

THIS OFFICE.

THE BRUMMER.

By JOHN DE WITT.

With another's wife, without.
He ate the wine and salt;
He always got a few.
The train is to come,
He'll show the newest cross;
He'll never miss a sale,
In hope to get a sale.

He travels just for fun,
To see the world and view,
Sometimes they get a gun
To get rid of a few.
Though tired from a ride,
There's nothing worse than to
See all the buyers ride.

He's quick, open and bold,
And, trust me, he's true;
How good he'll be to you.
He's wife and children dear,
Though oft compelled to roam
Away for half a year.

The life a "drummer" leads
Is full of much needs.
Has got to be all won.
He's out there or out of town,
He's always been a bore;
Before his time he's old.

Because he's always new,
The only place I hear
The "drummers" don't exist.
Is there a place where they
One of the "showmen" race?
He sat on a long nose;
Asked questions not a few.

Then sighed as all agreed
That "drummers" did not dare,
To seek for entrance there.
"Well, all I got to say,"
"Is that let me down day
Dust me live below."

JANET LEE

—OR—

**In the Shadow of the
Gallows.**

BY DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"In that case, then, I ask permission to speak in my own behalf."

Janet Lee lifted her head proudly. All eyes were turned upon her. The sun was streaming through the window, but the light golden rays of the sun were full head—there was no sharper head in New England—was upheld with the pride of the Lee's, her clear-cut features impressed all there with sense of beauty, while her composure and courage appealed to the sympathy of all around her. Men and women gazed at her in wonder, marveling at her self-posse-

"Since my father's apprentice is the only witness against me, and appears as my accuser, I crave the privilege of questioning him."

Janet Lee seemed to grow in stature as she turned to her father's apprentice, whose countenance betrayed a perturbed spirit.

"Ere Easty, if all who go to Will's Hill are in league with the evil one, why may not you accuse of being in league with the evil one?"

"I can prove by Ann here I followed you to see what you did with the cake and milk."

"How do you know it is wrong to go to Will's Hill?" Don't ever see the evil one again!"

Even Easty hesitated and twice choked down the swelling in his throat before he answered.

"Polly Goodman swore she saw the evil one on a Monday."

"With horns and flaming eyes," added Janet Lee.

"She saw the horns," said Ezra, doggedly.

"And a barbed tail—did she not say there like the fuke of an anchor?"

"Yes, 'twas like a fuke, she said, and so she did not fall into the trap."

"And just then her sister, Ann Bigger, came up behind my father's cow. That was the evil one her sister Polly said."

"One of the magistrates smiled, and some of the people held down their heads to conceal their amusement.

"It is your promise to make her?" Janet Lee asked abruptly, as if it was a matter of course.

"'Tis false!" Ann exclaimed. "I never got his promise," wharupon Deputy Danforth coughed, and the women put their hands to their faces to their faces.

"First," Ezra asked her, "Era—was that the way of it?"

"Must I answer her?" said the apprentice, shifting his feet, and evading the glances of the curious crowd.

"It is not necessary," Janet continued, briefly. "Why, all I have to do is tell you on Ann Bigger to bear you out."

"My affairs and Ann Bigger's to be sure up here?" the apprentice demanded wrathfully.

"But Janet demurred: "You brought Ann in, not I. Has Ann not made you come, and at her bidding?"

"Then," said the other, "Proctor there comes at your bidding."

Janet turned to the magistrates with the utmost composure and said:

"Arthur Proctor has asked me to marry him, and I have given my promise."

"Then, addressing her father's apprentice sternly:

"Did you not say to Ann there was nothing short of death you would not risk to please her?"

"It is fair Ann's affairs and mine should be made public!" whined the apprentice.

"It is fair or manly to make my affairs public—why not betray my master?"

The people now picked up their ears as Janet's voice rose. She turned to Deputy Governor Danforth directly, and, pointing to Ezra Easty, continued:

"This man is disgruntled to my father. Father and son and grandfather have attributes metive to me such as animal creatures like himself. If this poor wretch, who dares not look me in the face, be not my accuser, then so much more is he to be pitied, for he must be the tool of others and is innocent of the charge he brought against my master."

"Would be as fair for me to charge this poor wretch as for him to testify against me. And when you listen to a tale of this sort you invite all who have a grudge against another to perjure themselves against me."

"I will say to the end that malice is at the bottom of this master, and I will assert my innocence."

When Janet Lee ended her speech with support from the magistrates the listeners looked at her, but too late, for Dorothy Lee dropped limp upon the floor. There was a commotion; some shouting for air, others calling for liquor or water, in the midst of which Dorothy rose, and looked about in a dazed manner like one waking from a dream. Deputy Danforth spoke to the magistrate and the testimony submitted revealed the truth; how the wench had lodged, and was now being tried for her master's crime, her quarrel with and shot their son.

The wench of Salem had more to talk about than they could do justice to in a week.

When John Lee, said Governor Danforth in a manner that indicated indecision, "you have a brother named Martin?"

"John Lee bowed.

"Do you know where your brother is now?"

"I do not."

"When did you see him last?"

"It will be two weeks to-morrow."

"Let Dorothy Lee be sworn."

When Mistress Lee rose all the women present knew her to be a woman above reproach, and one whose kindness was proverbial.

"Dorothy Lee, when did you last see your husband's brother, Martin Lee?"

Dorothy Lee, limp, tried to speak.

"Suddenly there came a knock at her door, but too late, for Dorothy Lee dropped limp upon the floor. There was a commotion; some shouting for air, others calling for liquor or water, in the midst of which Dorothy rose, and looked about in a dazed manner like one waking from a dream. Deputy Danforth spoke to the magistrate on his left, who returned the stick.

"Your husband says he is two weeks since he saw his brother Martin Lee."

Dorothy bowed.

"How long between them? They had some angry words?"

Again Dorothy inclined her head.

"Your husband taxed his brother with great folly?"

"He did."

"When Martin Lee walked away, did not John Lee say he wished Martin had

not been born, to bring disgrace on the name of Lee, and he did not hope never to be born again."

Again Dorothy strove to speak, and again her tongue refused to obey her.

"Officer," said the magistrate, "let Ann Bigger be sworn."

Ann stepped forward briskly. Her tongue was not tied like that of her master.

"This was, were you present when Martin Lee parted from his brother?"

"I was, and heard all that passed—every word."

"I never knew Ann to miss anything that went on in the court," said Janet, quickly, as she glibly told her story.

"I think it will be to Martin Lee's advantage to have his wife and children present, and where he will not be known in Massachusetts."

"No," said Daniel Meade, "he will not dare to come back on account of John Winslow's horse and sheep. 'Tis more like he will return to sea."

"He will not come back—if he be alive, and if he be not, he will be killed."

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