Republican Progress.

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W. A. GABE, - Editor and Publisher.

NEWS IN BRIEF GUSTS

BLOWN IN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The President Vetoes the Bland Seigniorage Bill—Terrible Holocaust at the Burning of a House in West Virginia—A Pioneer Merchant of Grand Rapids Stricken Blind.

The Bland Bill Vetoed.

The President has vetoed the Bland seigniorage bill. He accompanies the vetoed bill by a message to which the following is the introduction:

"I return without my approval House bill number 4,955, entitled 'An act directing that the coinage of silver bullion held in the Treasury and for other purposes.' My strong desire to avoid disagreement with those in both Houses of Congress who have supported this bill, would lead me to approve it if I could believe that the public good would not be terribly endangered and that such action on my part would be proper discharge of official duty. Inasmuch, however, as I am unable to satisfy myself that the proposed legislation is either wise or opportune, my conception of the obligations and responsibilities attached to the great office I hold, forbids the indulgence of my personal desire and inexorably confines me to that course which is dictated by my reason and judgment, and pointed out by a sincere purpose to protect and promote the general interests of the people."

Coxey at Columbiana.

Columbiana (Ohio) special: Coxey has rejoined his cohorts. The army is amongst the Populists and the Commonweal is enjoying a big boom. The farmers at Alliance provided three wagon loads of provisions and two of wood. At Leetonia twenty-three coopers joined the ranks, and in a speech Cart Brown said he had been misrepresented by forty argus-eyed demons of hell who followed him around. He meant the reporters and has given orders to keep newspaper men out of camp. Three hundred people welcomed 168 soldiers to Columbiana and the citizens provided Johnson's foundry as a camp. Straw beds were provided. Thirty-six recruits from East Liverpool joined. This town has a Coxey Club with fifty-three members, of which John Harold is Chairman. After seeing the army, Harold said that while he sympathizes with Coxey's principles, he could not countenance such an array of tramps to enforce legislation.

Nine Roasted.

When Watchman W. B. Wilt returned to his home at McKendree, W. Va., he found that his home had been burned down during his absence on duty. He at once began to investigate, assisted by neighbors called from a distance. To the horror of the searchers it was discovered that Wilt's eight children and the hired girl had perished in the flames.

One by one their charred and unrecognizable remains were dragged out of the debris until all the family except the mother had been accounted for. She was later found alive, wandering about at some distance, crazed with grief. How the terrible casualty occurred is a complete mystery, as nothing could be discovered throwing light on how the fire originated, and Wilt's wife is not in a condition to tell any coherent story of the disaster.

Desperate Battle.

The other day a desperate encounter occurred at Young's Crossing, I. T., forty-five miles northwest of Gainesville, Texas, between United States Marshals and a gang of desperate horse thieves. Fully 100 shots were fired from Winchesters on both sides. A running fight continued for nearly an hour and resulted in the wounding and subsequent capture of Dick Warren, a cousin of the Dalton boys, and Will Fletcher, an all-round desperado. This gang is said to number sixteen. Another raid is expected shortly and it is thought the entire gang will be apprehended.

Died Together.

Miss Sarah Billings and her sister, Miss Linda, who reside alone in their country home, three miles west of Winchester, Ohio, were found dead in bed the other morning. On the table was a letter signed by both of the women, saying that they had taken poison because one of them was going to be married, and they could not bear the thought of parting. One was about forty years of age and the other thirty-five. They were very well-to-do, but had no relatives living.

Stricken Blind.

L. J. Morton, a pioneer merchant of Grand Rapids, Mich., who with his wife has been touring about California for several weeks, was stricken with paralysis as he was walking on the street at San Francisco. The shock seemed to affect his eyes only and Mr. Morton became totally blind. Doctors say the blindness is permanent.

Speaker Crisp Appointed Senator.

Gov. Northen has appointed Speaker Charles F. Crisp to succeed the late Senator Alfred H. Colquitt of Georgia. Not a word has passed between the Governor and Speaker, and the latter's name had not even been presented formally to the Governor.

Lakeside Nail Mills Closed.

The Lakeside Nail Mills at Hammond, Ind., closed on account of lack of orders. Over 200 men and boys are thrown out of employment. The works had been in operation five weeks after an idleness of six months.

To Fortify Esquimault.

Vancouver (B. C.) special: A detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery, fifty-five strong, under the command of Major Lawson, arrived here from Portsmouth, England, en route to Esquimault, where they will construct fortifications.

Dropped Dead.

Mrs. George Meyers, aged 76 years, dropped dead at her home west of Muncie. Heart disease was the cause.

Frozen on the Plains.

Robert Baker, a sheep-herder, was found frozen to death on the plains five miles from Laramie, Wyo. Baker and a man named Small were in charge of 2,000 sheep. The storm became so severe they decided to abandon the sheep and endeavor to reach town. Baker lost his way and was frozen to death.

Higgins Dies Game.

Thomas Higgins was hanged in the Chicago Jail for the murder of Peter McCooey on Sept. 3 last. The drop fell at 12:08 o'clock p. m., and his death was apparently painless. Higgins showed great nerve on the scaffold and met death unflinchingly, displaying a wonderful coolness to the end.

Gov. Waite Upheld.

Judge Glynn, in the District Court at Denver, dismissed the contempt case and quashed the injunction against Mayor Van Horn and Fire and Police Commissioners Barnes and Mullin, and empowered the latter to at once assume the duties to which they had been appointed by Gov. Waite.

Killed in a Pistol Duel.

At Golden, a mining camp north of Albuquerque, Jim Cheeves, insanely jealous of his divorced wife, quarreled with Al Perry over the woman. Pistols were drawn, and both fired simultaneously. Cheeves was shot dead and Perry cannot live.

HUSTLING HOOSIERS.

ITEMS GATHERED FROM OVER THE STATE.

An Interesting Summary of the More Important Doings of Our Neighbors—Weddings and Deaths—Crimes, Casualties, and General Indiana News Notes.

Minor State Items.

A STOCK company has been organized at Noblesville to build a canning factory.

PAPERS have been signed locating another large glass factory, employing 100 men, at Redkey.

MANFRED ELLERS of Miami, was struck with a flying board in a sawmill and probably fatally hurt.

THE American Strawboard Works, Noblesville, are to resume. The polluted water will be emptied into a large reservoir.

RECEIVER KRISHER of the First National Bank of North Manchester, has announced his second dividend of 20 per cent.

JAMES FLOYD, Elwood, while handling dynamite cartridges, accidentally struck one against a chair. It exploded, tearing off his hand.

WHILE blasting in a stone quarry, near Bedford, August Eiker was thrown several feet into the air. The charge almost disembowled him.

THE Anderson branch of the American Strawboard Company has been leased to C. W. Fairbanks, President of the Terre Haute Brewing Company.

MAN named Thomas Eowards, who claims to be a brother of Sir Robert Edwards, the famous London surgeon, is in jail at New Albany charged with begging.

A GOSHEN man loaded some sticks of wood for wood thieves. One of the sticks got into his own stove and he is now having one side of his house repaired.

BURGLARS were detected in the act of robbing a clothing store at Cambridge City. They fled but officers shot at, wounded one of them and captured him.

WILLIAM T. KELLEY, a glass worker, was struck by a locomotive on the Cloverleaf at Marion and killed instantly. He was a married man, 35 years old. His family lives in Pittsburgh.

A WAGON load of fine fish were sold in Goshen, the other day, at four cents a pound. They had the appearance of having been seined, and the owner said they had been taken out of the St. Joe river in two hauls.

FIRE originating from the smoke stack of a neighboring sawmill destroyed the barn of John Oswalt, four miles north of Wabash, together with three horses, a quantity of grain, hay, agricultural implements, and three horses will have to be shot. Loss, $2,000; no insurance.

PETER VIETEGE of Valpariso, has received a telegram from Germany announcing the death of his millionaire uncle, who owns vast estates in Germany, and who is one of the nitrate kings of Chili, and that a commissioner is now in Chili settling up the estate there. Vietege is a tailor by trade, and will receive one-fourteenth of the estate.

JOHN MARTIN of St. Paul, an old German, aged 70, jumped seventy-two feet from the Big Four bridge across Flatrock Creek, near St. Paul, and was killed instantly. The old man was deaf, and had no known relatives in the world. The other day he placed himself in front of a train to be killed, but was saved, only to take his life as above.

IT is said that Eel River, near Clay City, is lined with men who are fishing illegally. They use traps, seines and dynamite. One man has constructed a flood gate at the entrance to a kind of slough, and when the river rises the fish rush in. The gate prevents them from getting free, so that when the water goes down thousands of pounds are caught.

A DESPERATE attempt was made by the prisoners in the county jail at Vincennes, to escape by murdering Deputy Sheriff Lon Hahn. As Mr. Hahn entered on his usual inspection John Hill, by preconcerted arrangement, sprung up from behind the jail door, where he had been crouched awaiting the opportunity, and dealt the officer a blow with a club, knocking him down. It happened that Mr. Hahn fell against the door and slammed it shut, thus stopping all the prisoners who were in position to make a dash for liberty. Mr. Hahn was carried out and two physicians called to attend him. He is in a critical condition.

A SENSATION was created at Bloomington, recently, by the confession of Mrs. Hulda H. Hicks, living near that city, in which she stated that her husband, James R. Hicks, killed her 10-day-old child two years ago last January and threatened her life if she revealed the secret. She alleges that one night about 11 o'clock she was awakened and found that Hicks had choked the infant and broken its neck, alleging as the reason that it was not his own child. Hicks heard of the confession and made his escape. He was indicted by the grand jury for murder in the first degree. He is 30 years old and his wife is about twenty-four.

An atrocious murder was committed at Tolleston recently. The victims are James Conroy and William Cleary, who were employed as watchmen in the Tolleston Shooting Club grounds. The men in some way became involved in a quarrel with Albert Tooker; and were getting the best of the argument when the latter drew a big navy pistol and fired six shots, killing both men. After the murder Tooker took to the woods. A vigilance committee was immediately organized, and ten minutes later about seventy-five farmers, armed with shotguns, rifles, clubs, and hayforks, began scouring the woods and swamps.

A DEAF mute was killed by a train on the Michigan division of the Big Four near Sodus. He was walking directly toward the engine and paid no attention to the bell and warning whistle.

MRS. LEWIS HYMAN, wife of a prominent farmer near Poplar Grove, became mentally unbalanced through religious enthusiasm and made a desperate attempt to commit suicide. She rose from her bed at midnight and, in her night clothes, walked a mile and threw herself into Deer Creek. When found life was almost extinct, but she will recover.

THE Diamond Plate-Glass Works, with a capacity of eight hundred men, and the American Strawboard Mill, working 125 operators at Kokomo, are preparing to reopen after being closed ten months.

JOHN H. PERKINS of Lebanon, received a letter the other day containing $26 and a note, saying, "I send this for Jesus Christ's sake." There was no signature to the note. About eight years ago Mr. Perkin's store was robbed and about twenty dollars worth of goods taken. The supposition is that the money he received was sent by the robber, who has probably been converted since. The letter bears the Chicago postmark.

AT Fort Wayne the jury in the case of Martin Howley, charged with the murder of his mother, after being out sixteen hours, brought in a verdict of guilty, placing his punishment at life imprisonment.

THE farmers in Washington Township, Grant County, are somewhat mystified and considerably excited by the mystery surrounding an oil well sunk on the farm of H. M. Creviston recently. Guards are stationed at the place and no one else is permitted to approach within a hundred feet of the well. An unusual effort is made by the operators to lease lands in the neighborhood, and higher prices are offered than ever before.

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.

BY MRS. M. E. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XVII. Continued.

"Lawks, there's those two young women!" he exclaimed, breaking off his conversation.

"I maun just go and wake them, to be sure."

The farmers nodded, and slouched away, all but one man, who was rubbing down his pony with some hay.

"Hi, landlord!" he cried, stopping the inn-keeper. "I want you?"

"What is it?" asked the other gruffly.

"Did you say two young women were here?" demanded the man in a low voice.

"I did."

The stranger nodded.

"What like?"

"Well, one's a poor, pale, weak thing, and the other's a bold, black-eyed wench, good to look at."

Count Jura's brow's met; he thought for one second.

"The pale thin one is my wife," he said, boldly, at last, "and the other is her maid; she has enticed her mistress to run away."

"Lawks, you don't say!" ejaculated the man in astonishment.

"Where did they say they were going to, my good man?"

"Lunnon by the first train."

"Ah, I thought so. Now listen to me. Go up and wake them. Let them get to the station. See here is five pounds; it shall be yours if you do as I ask. I must get my wife back, but she is in the power of that other woman. When the train is just going to start, call the maid back about some mistake in the bills, and I shall get my wife safely away. You understand?"

"Aye, sir, quite. I'll help you, and most willing. Lawks, to think I let such a bold hussy into my house!"

"Be quick. I shall be at the station."

Count Jura led his pony across the road to the station. It was empty. He beckoned to a porter.

"Get me a carriage," he said, authoritatively, carrying the diamonds in his hand, the cloak flung over his arm; "and look here, a pale, thin, yellow-haired lady is coming; bring her to the same carriage. She is my wife."

"All right, sir." The porter touched his hat and pocketed the fee.

Count Jura put the diamonds safely under the seat and sat down peering behind the curtain to see the two women enter.

He saw Alice's slender form, the hood drawn over her golden hair, and behind her Myra's pale, revengeful face; the landlord following them, detaining them in arguing.

Alice shrank back frightened. The engine whistled; Myra motioned her to go; the porter lifted her into the carriage; Myra, white with anger, followed; but an arm was thrust out against her, she heard Alice's scream of terror; she saw Jura's triumphant face; there was a rush of shouting in her ears; then came the sound of a loud report, the sensation of sharp and awful pain, and Myra sank to the platform insensible, as the train with her betrayor and his victim steamed away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As the train moved away, Alice started to her feet and screamed wildly.

All that had passed had been so swift, she scarcely realized what happened; but the sight of Count Jura's dark face, and the revolver in his hand, roused her fear to its utmost.

"Let me go!" she cried wildly, struggling against his hold. "You have shot her! Coward! Let me go! I will——"

"Be silent!" hissed the man fiercely, pushing her down into a corner, and drawing her cloak across her mouth. "Another word, and I serve you as I served her!"

Alice shrank back, cowed by his brutal words and grew faint, and her eyes closed.

"Good!" muttered Jura as he watched her. "Now let us understand one another. You are in my power. I intend to take you abroad. You cannot resist me. I shall proclaim you as my wife, no one can deny it. You wear a ring. If you attempt to escape I shall say you are mad. No one will gainsay that. You comprehend me?"

Alice made no sigh.

He bent forward, and took her hand. It was limp and still. Her fear was lost in a dead faint.

"So much the better," he muttered. "That was cleanly done. Myra will not trouble me much more, I think. Will they stop me at Uxton?" He bit his lip suddenly. "Great Heavens! I never thought of that. They will trap me like a dog! What shall I do—what shall I do?"

He gazed out of the window as they whirled along swiftly.

He saw they were approaching a small village.

In an instant his determination was taken.

He touched the signal to stop the train—again: then again.

In a few seconds the train came to a full stop just beyond the few scattered cottages, and in another instant the guard was at the door in alarm.

"My wife is taken suddenly ill," explained Count Jura, abruptly. "We must lift her out."

"What is it?" demanded the guard excitedly.

"She suffers from heart disease. This is a sort of faint. The action of the train will kill her. Help me to lift her. There, that's right. We have no luggage."

The guard bore away Alice's motionless form, and placed her on the incline of ground beside the lines, while the Count grasped the diamonds firmly, put them down, carefully covered with the cloak, then knelt beside the girl, and began to try and restore her.

"Do not let me keep you," he said to the guard. "She will be better directly. I will get help from the village."

"One instant, sir. Your name and address; I must take that."

"Frank Meredith," said Count Jura, glibly, "Lincoln's Inn Fields, London."

He spoke the first name that rushed to his mind, and not until it was written did he remember that he had read it on the cards taken from Alice's pocket.

He frowned at first, then dismissed his vexation quickly. Much was yet at hazard.

"Where do you stop next?" he asked hurriedly.

"Not until we reach Uxton—a good hour's journey on, sir. Sorry I can't stay to help you. Hope your good lady will soon be all right. Good-day, sir."

The guard blew the whistle, jumped into his compartment, and once more the train was in motion, and speedily lost to sight.

Count Jura watched it eagerly.

"That was a bold move," he muttered, "but it was the only thing. Now, what to do next? Let her faint on; it is the safest thing that could happen. She will scream, perhaps; if so, I must gag her."

An ugly look passed over his face, then, after bending over Alice once again, he stood upright, and scanned the road.

The village seemed deserted, but while he was debating whether it would be wise to leave the senseless girl alone with the diamonds while he made inquiries, his eye caught sight of a cart coming leisurely along.

It was a miller's dray, drawn by three stout horses, going in the same direction as the train had gone.

Count Jura hailed it, and in a very few minutes the driver was beside him.

By dint of much eloquence he persuaded the man to believe his tale, and to consent to the travelling in the cart as far as the nearest town, and then lifting Alice easily between them, they placed her on some sacking at the bottom of the cart.

Count Jura placed his precious diamonds beside her, jumped in himself, and very soon they were lumbering along heavily.

He watched Alice like a lynx: the jolting motion soon began to rouse her, and he answered the driver's questions briefly while he kept his eye on her.

At the first look of returned consciousness, under pretense of making her comfortable, he bent over her.

"Scream or utter one word," he muttered fiercely, "and I shoot you like a dog."

Alice shrank away from his flashing eyes: all that she had undergone had undermined her strength: the fatigue and walking of the night before made every limb ache, she could not make any resistance to his cowardly threats; she had grown as weak as a child, but her brain worked wildly.

What was happening? Where was she going? Would no one come to her aid?

She sent up a prayer for help and release—if need be, for death, rather than be longer in this man's power.

Seeing her lie so quiet, Count Jura put it down to fright, and was well satisfied.

This girl was no spitfire, like Myra; he should be able to manage her well.

He talked to the driver leisurely, and managed to extract the knowledge he required.

The town they were approaching was some forty miles from Moretown, and branched off the line that led to Uxton. There he could get a train that would take him to one of the big manufacturing towns, lie hidden there for a day or two, then creep cautiously to London, and from there abroad.

He reckoned at the rate they were going it would be quite mid-day before they reached the town, but he was well content.

If the stationmaster at Moretown had telegraphed at once to Uxton to stop him there it would be an hour and a half or nearly two hours before the news that he had escaped would reach Moretown, and as, he thought contemptuously, there would be only one or two policemen handy, the chances were the whole thing would get into a good muddle, and he would get comfortably away.

Not one shred of pity was in his heart for the girl he was carrying away. He was lost to everything but love and desire. No woman had ever inflamed his heart as this fair, lovely, slender creature did, and he swore she should be his. As for Myra, the woman he had ruined, a sense of gratification that she was, perchance, dead was all her memory brought. He had long wearied of her, and sought to be rid of her.

He sat smoking comfortably as the cart jogged along, making his plans with calm minuteness, while Alice lay in an agony of fear, shame, and weakness. Her mind was peopled with many visions. She seemed to go back to her childhood, and saw once again the face of that lovely woman she had spoken of when Roy's mother had questioned her.

Then all the cruelty, the harshness of Aunt Martha, then that dark night, the ghastly murder in the woods, the memory of Roy's pale, handsome face, and then her hurried marriage.

Then her mind went over all the unhappiness that followed, and yet strangely through it all ran the picture of her husband's tender face as he looked at her the last night they were together.

A faint thrill of happiness went through her heart as she recalled his gentle words: even Valerie's revengeful form melted away, naught remained but him: and he was lost now—lost to her forever! she should never see him again. Though he might not have cared for her, though he had been cold and unjust, she loved him, and would love him on through all time.

She was awakened from her dreams by Count Jura shaking her roughly.

"Get up," he muttered: "we are here. Now, remember what I have said. Give me your hand. One word—a murmur, and you are dead!"

Alice staggered to her feet, and he drew her cloak and hood carefully round her.

She was in the maze of fear and weakness again: the driver, catching a glimpse of her white face, exclaimed sympathetically:

"Laws, be she so bad as that, poor lass?"

"She'll be better directly. Many thanks, my good man; this way to the station, you say?"

The driver nodded, and the cart moved slowly away.

The passers-by stared at the strange couple standing at the entrance to the town, and seeing this and feeling Alice's weight grow heavier on his arm, he turned round and addressed a policeman.

"Is there a hotel handy?" he asked, grasping the diamonds tightly. "My wife is ill."

"One just here, sir," the man answered kindly. "Shall I give you a hand? It's only a step."

The hotel proved to be up a quiet court, and Count Jura slipped a shilling into the man's hand, put Alice into a chair while he ordered a room.

"We are going to Bornchester," he said decisively; "shall only require it for an hour or so for my wife to rest. She is not strong."

The landlady and two sympathetic maids helped Alice upstairs, and he followed closely in case she should speak to them.

She made no effort to do this—indeed, she had lost all knowledge of what was passing.

The landlady was loud in her pity.

"You can't move her, sir," she declared; "she is just done—she is very ill."

"Pooh, nonsense! She is often like that; in fact—he hesitated an instant, then said boldly, "in fact, she is not quite right in her head, so, of course, she looks strange."

"Lor', sir! you do astonish me!" exclaimed the woman. "So sweet and pretty, too!"

"Yes—yes. Bring me something to eat, and a 'Bradshaw.' We must get to Bornchester by to-night."

"I'll send you one at once, but the next train, sir, I know doesn't start till nigh evening."

Count Jura suppressed the oath he was uttering till she was gone.

"That's devilish unlucky, but it strikes me she's just about right in one thing—my Lady Alice is going to be ill. Have I frightened her too much? It will be a fix if she can't be moved. Anyway, we are safe here until to-morrow morning, and then, ill or well, she must go."

* * * * * * *

Valerie paced her room like a caged tigress. She could have torn her tongue out for the wild, foolish words she had uttered before Geoffrey Armistead, and now all was lost. Her revenge had failed: shame, disgrace, discovery, lay before her.

Paul, her brother, was below—a thief, a convict—an eternal humiliation.

She came suddenly to a standstill. Two of the gang had been taken; who was the other? Had Jura been caught? If so, what had become of Alice? She must know all.

She rang her bell, and her maid appeared.

"Bring me some coffee," she commanded, sinking in a languid attitude on to a chair as the woman came in; "my nerves are quite upset."

"I'll bring it at once, miss," answered the maid. "I also think you was upset, miss. The castle seems turned topsy-turvy and it's just horrid to think of them awful robbers being kept here!"

"Kept here, Janet! What do you mean?" Valerie started with well-feigned surprise.

"Why, they are in the treasure-rooms, miss, with two policemen guarding them."

"Bring me the coffee at once."

Valerie stood upright as the girl withdrew.

"In the treasure-rooms!" she repeated. "I must get down. Paul must escape. I cannot bear the degradation. Miserable wretch, he has dragged me deep enough into the mire! And Jura, I must see if he is there."

She mused thoughtfully till the maid returned with the coffee.

"Where is everybody, Janet?" she asked, indifferently.

"My lady is in her room with a strange gentleman, and the Earl, with two others and a policeman, has just ridden away—to Moretown, I think I heard say."

"You may go, Janet. Don't come to me before dinner. My head aches. I shall try and rest."

She put down the coffee when alone, and with swift trembling hands changed her long gown for a black walking one.

She wound some black lace round her head and neck, then, unfastening her door, stole out.

The corridor was silent. She turned toward the wing in which poor Alice had lived in solitary grandeur. She conjectured that in all probability the staircase and door down which Alice had been carried that night would be unlocked: she could creep down and in some way get Paul to speak with her.

She was right. The door was unlocked—the whole of the wing was deserted. Since Alice had gone no one had been near her apartments.

She stole down the steps: the treasure-rooms were to the right. A door leading into them stood at the bottom of the steps, and here she paused.

Outside in the grounds she could hear the two policemen chatting together, then the prisoners were alone in the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lincoln's Place in History.

J. C. Adams in February Century: The abolition of slavery was only an incident of the war. It was an involved issue, and not the main one. Lincoln saw, from the moment that he became convinced of the intentions of the South, the one imperative, absolute aim he must keep in view. He seized the one transcendent issue of the hour, and, disentangling it from all that could confuse or deceive, held it up for his own guidance, and kept it continually before the nation. It was the preservation of the Union. It was the vindication of the great principle of the pacific federation of States for the cultivation of a larger life of order and fraternity. Of course Lincoln never reasoned about the matter at all as we have done. He had no time for that. He had no facilities for entering upon the subject from this side. So much the more is his wonderful genius approved, if thus, instinctively, and by the innate good sense and political sagacity of his nature, he came straight at the truth and took hold of his real work. He had the instinct of the highest statesmanship, the sense of what things are essential, pre-eminent, absolutely needful to be done. And for this high qualification for the work set before him his fame will grow with every century.

With this conviction firm and foremost in his mind, nothing in all those four years—no difficulty, hardship, peril, criticism at home or hostility abroad, persuasion of friend or threat of foe, trial to patience or test of courage—nothing could swerve or turn him from the central aim of his mind. To preserve the Union was his purpose; whatever would effect that end he would try. He would listen to none who had that at heart. He would listen to none who had not. He would sacrifice anything, any man, all the resources at his command, tears, treasure, troops, the blood of the bravest men, his own strength, pride, ambitions: but he would not sacrifice the Union.

Sources of Ivory.

The chief source of ivory is that obtained from the elephants of Africa and Asia. Ivory so obtained may be distinguished, owing to the African, when first cut, exhibiting hardly any grain, being first of a transparent tint, afterward becoming lighter in color. Asiatic, when first cut, is like African which has been cut for some time, but becomes yellow by exposure to light. The African has a closer texture, and is capable of being more highly polished than the Asiatic variety.

Besides elephant ivory, other substances have been largely used in the carving of the middle ages, notably walrus, narwhal, and hippopotamus ivory. It is interesting to note that King Ohtere of Norway visited King Alfred the Great in 890 A. D., after a walrus hunt in the North Sea, one of the objects of which was the obtaining of walrus ivory. Another very important source of ivory is that obtained from the mammoth, the extinct Elephas primigenius.

Large quantities of this ivory have been found in the frozen soils of Siberia, it being said that nearly all the turned ivory work of Russia has been made from this so-called fossil ivory. These extinct elephants, from which it is obtained, have been immured in the frozen soil for countless centuries. In prehistoric times herds of these animals roamed over Western Europe.—Chamber's Journal.

Longevity Among Federal Employes

The longevity statistics of Government employes gathered by the Dockery commission are interesting. It seems that there are 1,416 clerks 60 years old and over, 741 between 60 and 65 years of age, 376 between 65 and 70, 182 between 70 and 75, 66 between 75 and 80, 33 between 80 and 85, 6 between 85 and 90, and one who is past 90. There are 2,578 clerks between 25 and 30, the numerous-age class; 2,348 between 30 and 35, 2,033 between 35 and 40. Of the 17,076 clerks in the departmental service 8,751 are under 40 years of age. Some of the older people have been many years in the Government service; 5,938 clerks have served for ten years, 1,380 from twenty-five to forty years and thirty for forty years or more, while one has worked at his desk sixty years.—Good Government.

How "Tommy Atkins" Got His Name

I am much obliged to the many correspondents who from time to time enlighten me as to the origin of the name "Tommy Atkins." To save further trouble, however, I may as well mention once for all that I am in possession of what I believe to be all the information accessible on this important matter of history. I have always understood that "Thomas Atkins, private," was the fancy signature appended to a specimen from a soldier's account issued by the war office many years ago, and more than this I doubt whether anybody can tell.—London Truth.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

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NERVINE TONIC

AND

Stomach AND Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.

It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

IT IS A GREAT REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF

Nervousness,
Nervous Prostration,
Nervous Headache,
Sick Headache,
Female Weakness,
Nervous Chills,
Paralysis,
Nervous Paroxysms and
Nervous Choking,
Hot Flashes,
Palpitation of the Heart,
Mental Despondency,
Sleeplessness,
St. Vitus' Dance,
Nervousness of Females,
Nervousness of Old Age,
Neuralgia,
Pains in the Heart,
Pains in the Back,
Failing Health,
Broken Constitution,
Debility of Old Age,
Indigestion and Dyspepsia,
Heartburn and Sour Stomach,
Weight and Tenderness in Stomach,
Loss of Appetite,
Frightful Dreams,
Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears,
Weakness of Extremities and
Fainting,
Impure and Impoverished Blood,
Boils and Carbuncles,
Scrofula,
Scrofulous Swellings and Ulcers,
Consumption of the Lungs,
Catarrh of the Lungs,
Bronchitis and Chronic Cough,
Liver Complaint,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Delicate and Scrofulous Children,
Summer Complaint of Infants.

All these and many other complaints cured by this wonderful Nervine Tonic.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nervine Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual. Nine-tenths of all the ailments to which the human family is heir are dependent on nervous exhaustion and impaired digestion. When there is an insufficient supply of nerve food in the blood, a general state of debility of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves is the result. Starved nerves, like starved muscles, become strong when the right kind of food is supplied; and a thousand weaknesses and ailments disappear as the nerves recover. As the nervous system must supply all the power by which the vital forces of the body are carried on, it is the first to suffer for want of perfect nutrition. Ordinary food does not contain a sufficient quantity of the kind of nutriment necessary to repair the wear our present mode of living and labor imposes upon the nerves. For this reason it becomes necessary that a nerve food be supplied. This South American Nervine has been found by analysis to contain the essential elements out of which nerve tissue is formed. This accounts for its universal adaptability to the cure of all forms of nervous derangement.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.
To the Great South American Medicine Co.:
DEAR GENTS:—I desire to say to you that I have suffered for many years with a very serious disease of the stomach and nerves. I tried every medicine I could hear of, but nothing done me any appreciable good until I was advised to try your Great South American Nervine Tonic and Stomach and Liver Cure, and since using several bottles of it I must say that I am surprised at its wonderful powers to cure the stomach and general nervous system. If everyone knew the value of this remedy as I do you would not be able to supply the demand.
J. A. HANDEE, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

REBECCA WILKINSON, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Nervousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly, with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which done me more good than any $50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy; a few bottles of it has cured me completely. I consider it the grandest medicine in the world."

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITAS' DANCE OR CHOREA.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., June 22, 1887.
My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.
JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:
Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.
CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

Price, Large 18 ounce Bottles, $1.25; Trial Size, 15 Cents.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

Every person purchasing six large bottles from our advertised agent at $1.25 each is entitled to one bottle free. If not kept by druggists order direct from

Six Bottles for $6.00 **Dr. E. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.**

FARIS BROS.

SOLE

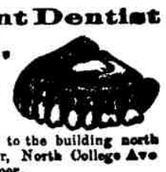
Wholesale and Retail Agents

—FOR—

MONROE COUNTY.

Resident Dentist

Dr. J. W. GRAIN.



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

C. C. TURNER,
—THE LEADING—
UNDERTAKER
—A—N—D—
Furniture Dealer.

I have the largest and best selected 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 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, north side of square, in Waldron's Block.

THE FINEST ON EARTH.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ills., and Combination Chair and Sleeping Cars Cincinnati to Peoria, Ills.,

And the Only Direct Line

between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

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 patrons 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.

E. O. McCORMICK,
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MONON ROUTE

ALWAYS GIVES ITS PATRONS The Full Worth of Their Money by Taking Them Safely and Quickly between

Chicago - Lafayette - Indianapolis - Cincinnati - Louisville

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