

Business Directory.

THE DECATUR NATIONAL BANK.

CAPITAL, \$50,000. SURPLUS, \$11,500.
Organized August 15, 1883.
Officers:—P. Smith, Pres., Daniel Weldy, Vice-pres., R. S. Peterson, Cashier, J. S. Peterson, Asst. Cashier.
Do a general banking business. Interest paid on time deposits. Buy and sell Domestic and Foreign Exchange, County and City Orders.

Adams County Bank

CAPITAL, \$75,000. SURPLUS, \$75,000.
Organized in 1871.
Officers:—D. Studabaker, Pres., Rob't B. Allison, Vice-pres.; W. H. Niblick, Cashier.

Do a general banking business. Collections made in all parts of the country. County, City and Township orders bought. Foreign and Domestic Exchange bought and sold. Interest paid on time deposits.

Paul G. Hooper,
Attorney at Law
Decatur, Indiana

A. BEATTY. J. F. MANN.
MANN & BEATTY,
Attorneys-at-Law,
And Notaries Public. Pension Claims Prosecuted. Office in Odd Fellows' Building.

J. F. FRANCE. J. T. MERRYMAN.
FRANCE & MERRYMAN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Office:—Nos. 1, 2 and 3, over the Adams County Bank. Collections a specialty.

J. R. BOBO,
MASTER COMMISSIONER
AND
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Real Estate and Collections.

MRS. M. L. HOLLOWAY, M. D.
Office and residence one door north of M. E. church. Diseases of women and children a specialty.

A. G. HOLLOWAY,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Burns' harness shop. Residence one door north of M. E. church. All calls promptly attended to in city or country night or day.

O. P. M. ANDREWS,
Physician and Surgeon,
MONROE, INDIANA.
Office and residence 2nd and 3rd doors west of E. E. church.

J. Q. NEPTUNE,
DENTIST.

Now located over Holthouse's shoe store, is prepared to do all work pertaining to the dental profession. Gold filling a specialty. By the use of Mayo's Vapor he is enabled to extract teeth without pain. Work guaranteed.

GO TO
H. M. ROMBERG
For Your LIVERY.
The Best Higs and most Reasonable Prices. 111

MONEY TO LOAN
On Farm property on long time.
No Commission.
Low rate of Interest.
Partial Payments.
In any amounts can be made at any time and stop interest. Call on or address,
A. K. GRUBB or J. F. MANN,
Office:—Odd Fellows' Building.

Look Here!

I am here to stay and can sell
Organs and Pianos
cheaper than anybody else can afford to sell them. I sell different makes.

CLEANING AND REPAIRING
done reasonable. See me first and save money.
J. T. COOTS, Decatur, Ind.

—AT—
MERRYMAN'S
FACTORY
You can get all kinds of

Hard and Soft Wood,
Siding, Flooring,
Brackets,
Moulding,
Ornamented Sash and

W. Vogelweide, 208 N. Main St., Decatur, Ind.

THE REIGN OF MUD.

IT COMES JUST AFTER THE MELTING OF THE WINTER'S DRIFTS.

It is No Joke to Travel Over Roads Covered With Disintegrating Snow—The Delights of Being Stuck In a Mire Highway. Von Dusenbinkle and His Pumpkin Seeds.

It is in the springtime that the curse of mud comes to make the life of him who dwells in the country an abysmal weariness, a nightmare and a drawn out succession of longings—that is, unless the modern movement for better roads has taken possession of the region and caused highways of solid foundation and smooth, hard surface to be substituted for the fenced in wagon tracks of heaped up earth that still form thousands of miles of the roads of the United States. The trouble opens when the drifts begin to disappear. Perhaps the drifts while melting are quite as trying as the



A VICTIM OF SPREADING.
mud itself in localities far enough north to be within the belt of considerable snowfalls. By a perversity of natural laws the drifts pile themselves up between the fences of the roads and also persist in spots along the way for days and sometimes weeks after most of the snow has disappeared from the fields. The track of a sleigh is much narrower than that of a wagon. Consequently when so much of the snow has gone that sleighing is no longer feasible and whatever traveling is done must be by wagon the wheels, when they come to the lingering drifts, have to make new tracks for themselves outside those that have been beaten hard by the tread of horses' feet and the runners of the sleighs. The result is often "spreading," which may be due either to dishing of wheels or springing of axletrees. The latter may even sometimes break.

The sketch that accompanies this article was drawn from memory, but it correctly shows forth the conditions to which I have referred, likewise the frame of mind into which the bucolic driver is generally thrown when he realizes that he has got into a "spread." It would not be decorous to repeat in type the language that sometimes flows from the bucolic mouth on such occasions.

It will be pretty clear to the reflective mind why the ruralist, who, to travel, must pass over drifted roads in the spring of the year, aims to go about as little as possible until the roads get settled, and that when he does drive, he does not use a light wagon. The drifts will not have more than begun to melt before the frozen ground begins to soften. The farther north it is the later the general breaking up period, and the colder the previous winter the longer this time of mingled snow and mud will last. It is not over until all the frost is out of the ground and all the mud is dried up. When that has taken place, the roads are settled.

The time of greatest horror is when there are alternate stretches of snow and mud along the highways. It is then that the mud has no bottom that can be found, and it is then that he who has to drive 10 or 15 miles has need of all his persistence and fortitude. This is doubly so if his route lie over a road that traverses first hill and then valley. The hill roads will be deep in disintegrating drifts, the roads of the vales fathomless with a slimy, mucilaginous mixture of mud and water. On the uplands the wagon may "spread," and in the lowlands the stiff mud may wrench off a wheel. Then, in order to traverse the deeps of the highway, he has to take a rail from the roadside fence and make a "drag." By this means he escapes the slough into which he has fallen only to be stuck in the next one. Then his horses, tired beyond equine endurance, balk.

After half an hour of alternate coaxing and whipping they are induced to pull together again, but with such frantic energy perchance as to break a whiff-



STUCK IN THE MUD.
fetree—which the driver, by the way, calls a whippetree. This sort of disaster is apt to take place on some lonely stretch of road where there are no houses, and where, if the damage be so great that help must be had, it cannot be got without a half mile tramp to the nearest dwelling.

The alternation of hill and drifts and vale and mud does not occur, of course, on the roads of the prairie states or any other flat region, but the hilly roads, after all, have certain advantages, for where there are hills there is gravel, and there are stones, and these tend to mitigate in some degree the depth of the mud. But the level reaches of western

New York and of Illinois and Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska are stoneless, and the soil is deep, and when soaked with the combined moistures of melting snows and copious spring rains is of about the same consistency as dough—that is, too wet.

The roads that traverse the strip of western New York country that lies between the Ridge—a natural road that was in geological cons the shore of a vast inland sea—and Lake Ontario are quite as fathomless at breaking up time as are any that exist in the flat states of the west. Those more fortunate individuals who live on and south of the Ridge have much enjoyment of the vernal plight of their friends who dwell in what they all call the Black North. There are many stories told of the floundering about of the Black North men at this season of the year, and here is one. It is possibly an exaggeration, but it has amused many generations of Ridge folks, and in the language of the present day "it goes."

Living in that section of the Black North that is bisected by an imaginary line drawn from Brockport, on the New York Central railroad, to the pole star, there was many years ago a farmer named Von Dusenbinkle. He was somewhat close in his ideas as to money—what our Connecticut friends would call "near." He would drive 20 miles and back—a day's journey—with 15 pounds of butter to get an advance of 2 cents a pound on the products of his small dairy, and he would spend half a day in haying time beating down the price of a pitchfork from \$1 to 80 cents. He used to keep his daughters busy in the fall gathering pumpkin seeds. These he would take to market late in the winter.

Well, one year the drifts in the Black North were so deep that the roads were well nigh impassable, and Von Dusenbinkle did not market his pumpkin seeds until the spring breakup was well under way. The mud was deepest along a strip of territory about a mile wide just north of the Ridge. That natural road was itself quite dry, and once he could get there with his pumpkin seeds he felt sure he would be all right.

His progress was slow, and the first indication the Ridge folks had that any one was attempting to reach terra firma from the puddingy region to the north was the sight of a commotion in the mire about a mile down the road. It was like a feeble, slow moving wave of mud as much as anything. On the sluggish crest of the wave a small black object was observed. Ridge folks gathered with spy-glasses to watch the phenomenon. After about an hour it became apparent that the commotion was caused by a horse and a wagon and a man journeying southward. First it was seen that the small black object on the slow moving



FARMER VON DUSENBINKLE.
wave crest was a hat. Then the man's head appeared, then a pair of horse's ears. Then gradually the entire "rig" hove into view, dripping with the mixture of earth and water of which the road was composed.

When the Ridge was reached, it was plain to all that the driver was Von Dusenbinkle. His teeth were chattering; for the mud and water were ice cold, but his face wore the expression that comes only to the countenances of men who have achieved. He bore the geying of the Ridge folks with fortitude till some one asked him jeeringly what he had brought with him. Then he looked for his bag of pumpkin seeds, but in vain, for they had been washed away and then formed component parts of the mud of the Black North.

The story goes on to the effect that it was then that the movement began to gravel the roads that lead from the Ridge toward the lake. At all events, most of the main highways are now redeemed from their old time spring fathomlessness, and if Farmer von Dusenbinkle still lives, and has some pumpkin seeds to take to market this spring he will be able to do so without running the risk of being smothered in the mud.

All joking aside, the period in every spring during which farmers in certain country districts are mudbound is a most depressing one, and one which cannot but tend to be the reverse of beneficial. It should be done away with, and right speedily. But it does not become those who dwell in cities—at least in some cities—to rail too much about country mud unless they are willing to admit that they are equally at fault. I know of one large city located not more than a thousand miles from New York that has miles and miles of streets that for depth and foulness of mud each spring-time would put to blush the most remote country road. And I know of another city almost as large, situated in an inland state, where some of the streets are just as bad. Perhaps some of the readers of this newspaper can guess the name of that city. I. D. MARSHALL.

The Queen and Her Crown.
In the face of the absolutely stupendous number of pictures which represent Queen Victoria on any and every domestic occasion with her crown on, it is rather curious to learn that she has not, as a matter of fact, worn it more than 20 times during her whole reign.

Rothschild's Colony In Palestine.
Baron Edmond de Rothschild's colony in Palestine shows such promise of success that he has purchased more land. In accordance with the baron's request the colonists have all abandoned the use of Yiddish and now speak nothing but Hebrew.

A HOOSIER HUMORIST

ODD TRAITS OF POET RILEY'S FRIEND, JAP MILLER.

The Hero of a Famous Poem Sells Notions and Talks Philosophy at Martinsville—A Quaint Autobiography and Characteristic Interview.

Have you ever read James Whitcomb Riley's poem "Jap Miller?" If not, there is a treat in store for you. Lots of people, perhaps the majority of Riley's readers, have supposed that Jap was a creature of the poet's dreams or perhaps a composite picture of Hoosier traits. But he isn't. He's real flesh and blood, with plenty of avoidpoups and lives in Martinsville, where the poem locates him. Riley's picture of him is more accurate than the average photograph. Here it is as it is printed in his volume called "Green Fields and Running Brooks." Jap Miller, down at Martinsville, is the blam'd-est feller yit.



JAP MILLER.
[Taken from life.]

Religion, law or politics, prize fight or baseball—Jes' tetch up Jap a little, and he'll post you on 'em all. He's the comicalist feller ever tilted back a cheer and took a chew of tobacco kinder like he didn't keer. Thar's whar the feller's strength lays—so commonlike and plain. Thar hain't no dude about old Jap, you bet you, nary grain.

They 'lected him to council, and it never turned his hod, And didn't make no difference what ennybody sed. He didn't dress enny finer or rig out in fancy close. But his voice in council meetin's a terror to his foes. He's for the pore man ev'ry time, and in the last campaign He stumped old Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain. And held the banner up'ards from a-trailin in the dust. And cut loose on monopolies, and cuse'd and cuse'd and cuss'd. He'd tell some funny story ev'ry now and then, you know, Till, blame it, it wuz better'n a jack-o'-lantern show. And he go furdur yit today to hear old Jap norate Than enny high toned orator that ever stumped the state.

Why, thar 'ere blam'd Jap Miller, with his keen, sarcastic fun, Hez got more friends than enny candidate that ever run. Don't matter what his views are, when he states the same to you. They allus coincide with yourn, same as two and two. You can't take issue with him, or at least thar ain't no sense In startin in to down him, so you better not commence. The best way's jes' to lissen, like yer humble servant duz. And jes' concede Jap Miller's the best man ever wuz.

As may be supposed, Jap is a very popular citizen in Martinsville, and the folks there were greatly pleased when the poem was first published. Jap was immensely tickled with it himself. He had several thousand copies of it printed on cards for distribution among his friends. The reverse of some of these bore his business card, advertising the general notion store he keeps. On the backs of others was the following characteristic autobiography:

In the backwoods of Shelby county, Ind., in the spring of 1857, surrounded by water, mud and decaying vegetation, I was born, leaving 13 brothers and sisters. My parents did not need me. So when brothers or sisters got mad they thumped me. During this early period of my existence I had all the diseases childhood is heir to. My head was two sizes too large for my weak body. Early in life I developed a wonderful appetite for anything and everything in the grub line. I am a natural product of the backwoods. Polished and refined by the varied society of Martinsville, if there is anything good in my character, give the credit to my neighbors for their religious influences. If you should find some of the bad, charge it to my associates, for I believe that I am a creature of circumstances. I am not a society man, but a lover of good company.

If you are in trouble, come to me. I know what it is. This world is full of sorrow and sadness, and it is also full of sunshine and gladness. Don't be timid, but come and see me. I cannot come to you. I believe in magnetism, but not in spiritualism. My advice is to wash, for there is a devil for every household. Don't let him in. If you are not doing something to make the world better, you are working for the evil one sure. Plant flowers, speak kind words and feed the poor, and when you cannot live any longer someone will shed tears. Don't commit suicide, but wait. A mob may get you. If you want to see me, come to Martinsville. If I am dead, come to heaven. Your friend, JAP MILLER.

Jap has written an account of his first meeting with the poet in a paper read at an Epworth league entertainment. He says when he first saw Riley he knew he was either a poet or a confidence man. They got acquainted quickly, though their questions and answers were all in the shortest possible meter. They sat in an alley back of Miller's store, and Riley made Jap promise to read Dickens. Before leaving, the poet promised to come back at 10 o'clock that night and tell Jap a Dickens Christmas story.

"That night at 10," says Jap, "I went back to the alley and he was there. No one said anything for some time. Finally the Christmas story was begun, and it was finished at half past 11. We wuz home. He did not say good night. I did not say good night. In fact, we said nothing at all—we simply faded out of the alley."

"OUR USUAL PRICE."

We have just received our new spring stock of Fine Foot Wear in all the latest styles. These goods are simply elegant and will be sold at our usual prices

"20 Per Cent. Below Others."

IF YOU ARE NOT PARTICULAR

We have a line of "left-overs" which we will close out at less than cost. We aim to keep our stock fresh and clean, and we will not carry any goods over. So if you are not particular about last year's goods, come and get them at your own price. They are first-class goods—only last year's stock. They are marked way down below "our usual price."

Spring Weather!

The wet season is coming on and to enjoy good health you should keep your feet dry. Our

RUBBER GOODS

will do it for you. Come in and we will tell you all about prices which are as usual, 20 per cent. lower than others.

Remember "Our Usual Price,"

20 per cent. below others.

A. HOLTHOUSE.

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Saturday, March 17, 1894.

—Direct from the East, carrying a full line of—
Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Hats and Caps.

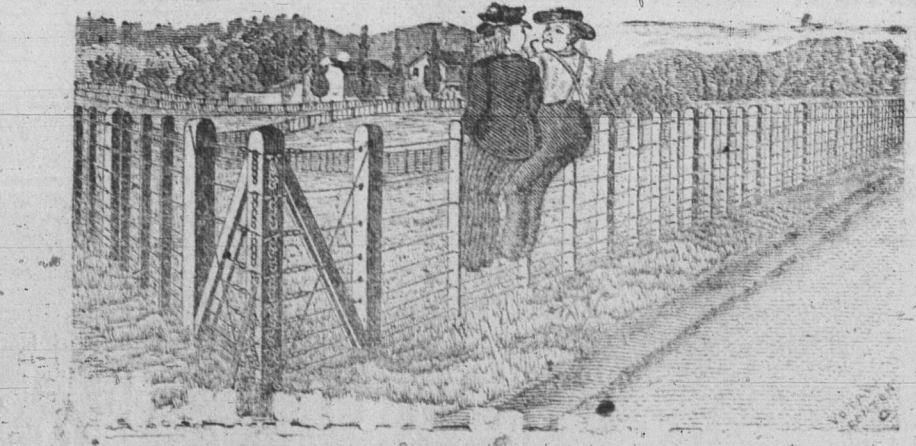
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MEN'S BOY'S AND LADIES' SHOES.

A chance for all to buy goods cheaper than ever known. We are here to stay and give bargains. All are invited to call and examine our goods. You will be surprised at our unheard-of low prices.

(STONE'S OLD HARDWARE STAND.)
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