

No Fun Being President.

It is not an enjoyable treat sometimes to be the editor of a paper, and would public opinion at so much per mould, and get complimentary tickets to the slight-of-hand performances, but with its care and worry, its heartaches and apprehensions, it is more comforting on the whole than being President.

When we were a boy, and sat in the front row among the pale-haired boys with checked gingham skirts at the Sunday-school, and the teacher told us to live uprightly and learn a hundred verses of the Scriptures each week so that we could be President, we thought that unruled, calm, and universal approbation waited upon the man who successfully rose to be the executive of a great Nation.

With years, and accumulated wisdom, however, we have changed our mind.

Now we sit at our desk and write burning words for the press that will live and keep warm long after we are turned to dust and ashes. We write healthy editorials on the pork outlook, and sadly compose exhaustive treatises on the chinch-bug, while men in other walks of life go out into the health-promoting mountains, and catch trout and wood-ticks. Our lot is not, perhaps, a joyous one. We wade through the long July days with our suspenders hanging in limp festoons down over our chair, while we write the death-dealing pen, but we do not want to be President.

Our salary is smaller, it is true, but when we get through our work in the middle of the night, and put on our plug hat and steam home through the all-pervading darkness, we thank our stars, as we split the kindling and bed down the family mule, that on the morrow, although we may be licked by the man we wrote up to-day, our official record can not be attacked.

There is a nameless joy that settles down upon us as we retire to our simple couch on the floor, and pull the cellar door over us to keep us warm, which the world can neither give nor take away.

We plod along, from day to day, slicing great wads of mental pabulum from our bulging intellect, never murmuring nor complaining when lawyers and physicians put on their broad brim chip hats and go out to the breezy canyons and the shady glens to regain their health.

We just plug along from day to day, eating a hard boiled egg from one hand while we write a scathing criticism on the *ad transitu gloria* cucumber with the other.

No, we do not crave the proud position of President, nor do we hanker to climb to an altitude where forty or fifty millions of civilized people can distinctly see whether we eat custard pie with a knife or not.

Once in a while, however, in the stillness of the night, we kick the covers off, and moan in our dreams as we imagine that we are President, and we wake with the cold, damp sweat (or perspiration, as the case may be) standing out of every pore, only to find that we are not President after all, by an overwhelming majority, and we get up and steal away to the rainwater barrel and take a drink and go back to a dreamless, snore-sleep.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

The Pot-Luck Club.

At a meeting of the Pot-Luck Club each male member, according to promise, contributed a specimen of the handiwork in the culinary art, and the result was quite novel.

"Here," said the artist, sketching the twentieth letter of the alphabet, "is a drawing of 'T.' His contribution was highly esteemed.

"And here," said the printer, producing a hand of type, "is some 'pi' of my own making." He said this in a crusty one.

"And I've brought a hot goose," said the tailor, dropping his son on the table. He was greeted with hisses.

"And I," said the poet, with a Milesian accent, proffering a manuscript "lave here some tender-loins." His offering was voted very befitting.

"And I hope," said a sad and timid-looking member, presenting his wife, "you will relish this 'rib'." And then he added in a stage of whisper: "I am spare her, therefore she is a spare rib."

The carpenter now stepped forward and said he had prepared "a little lane board"—placing the board on the table as he spoke.

The shoemaker said he thought some of the members needed a little brain food, therefore he had brought a "sole," also "tongue." The former was pretty scaly.

"And here," said a smart young man, with a gomeness in his voice, introducing his best girl, "is a little drunk." He was pronounced "too fresh," and his girl gave him the cold shoulder all the rest of the evening.

Then a newspaper humorist cast his eyes over the assemblage, called it a "rare meet," poured some gritty substance out of a cone-shaped piece of paper, and made Joe Miller turn over in his grave by remarking: "The best I do in the culinary line is the sand—this is here."

The club immediately adjourned out of respect for his gray-haired pun, saying that they didn't want any "taffy" their dessert.—*The Judge*.

PROF. STILLMAN has excavated at Knossos, in Crete, the remains of what he supposes to be the historical labyrinth famous from the story of Theseus and the Minotaur.

"I GO AGAINST my Will," murmured he sweetly, as he fondly leaned on William's arm, as they meandered to the theatre.

CALL AND SETTLE
All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned, are hereby notified that all accounts must be settled within thirty days from January 1st 1884, or they will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. I must have my money to carry on my business. I know what I say and no foolishness.

J. J. BUGLERBACH.

EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR.

BY ROBERT A. GUNN, M. D.

Everybody's Doctor contains 684 octavo pages, and is printed on fine paper and handsomely bound. It is sold at the low price of three (\$300) dollars a copy, so as to bring it within the reach of all.

The work differs from all other books on Domestic Medicine in having the diseases systematically arranged, according to their classification. Everything is described in the plainest possible language, and the prescriptions are written out in plain English, so that they can be employed by any intelligent reader.

Druggists will find this book of great advantage in aiding them to give advice when asked to do so.

Dentists will find much information in it that will prove valuable to themselves and their patients.

Teachers will be better prepared for the performance of their duties in the school room by studying it.

Parents will find it a reliable adviser in every thing relating to the rearing of their children.

Every family can save fifty times the price of the book every year, by consulting it.

It is complete in all its parts, and the most recent book of the kind published.

The book will be sent free by mail or express on receipt of three dollars.

Who says it's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring calekens and see how tough it is,—Scientific American.

A New Jersey man has been put in jail for having fourteen wives. Must be a great relief to him!—*Burlington Free Press*.

NICKLES PUBLISHING CO., Send for Circular 29 Ann St. Agents Wanted. Now York City.

Executors' Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned Executors of the Last Will and Testament of David Gray, deceased, will offer for sale, at public outcry, at the late residence of the testator, in Hanging Grove Township, Jasper County, Indiana, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1884,

the personal property of said Estate, consisting of

Six head of Horses; three head of yearling Steers; five head of Calves; five head of Cows; ten head of Hogs, two of which are ready for market; two Wagons; thirty ton of Tame Hay; and forty ton of Wild Hay.

Oats; Corn; four stand of Bees; one Mowing Machine; two Guns; one Cook Stove; besides various other Farming Implements, Household and Kitchen Furniture, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m.

TERMS—Sums of Five Dollars and under cash, and over Five Dollars a credit of one year, the purchaser giving note waiving valuation and appraisement laws, and bearing six per cent interest from date with sufficient security.

LEONARD GRAY,
J. H. R. GRAY,
Executors.

Simon Phillips, Auctioneer.
James W. Douthit, Atty for Ex'trs.
January 11, 1884.

STRONG FACTS!

A great many people are asking what particular trouble BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is good for.

It will cure Heart Disease, Paralysis, Dropsey, Kidney Disease, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all similar diseases.

Its wonderful curative power is simply because it purifies and enriches the blood, thus beginning at the foundation, and by building up the system, drives out all disease.

A Lady Cured of Rheumatism.

Baltimore, Md., May 7, 1884.
My health was much shattered by Rheumatism when I commenced taking Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, who had been sick for two years, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.

J. KYLE MONTAIGNE.

Kidney Disease Cured.

Christiansburg, Va., 1884.
Suffering from kidney disease, from which I could go no relief, I tried Brown's Iron Bitters, which cured me completely. A child of mine, who had been sick for two years, had no appetite and did not seem to be able to eat at all. I gave him Iron Bitters with the happiest results.

Mrs. JENNIE Hesse.

For the peculiar troubles to which ladies are subject, Brown's Iron Bitters is invaluable. Try it.

Be sure and get the Genuine.

Services of the Free Will Baptist congregation will be held in the Presbyterian church, Rensselaer, on the second and fourth Sabbath of each month. Covenant meeting on Saturday before fourth Sabbath of each month at 2 p. m. Sabbath services will begin at 10:30 a. m.

M. C. MINER, Pastor.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Incapacity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known.—They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at \$1.00 each a bottle by F. B. Leming.

Druggists will find this book of great advantage in aiding them to give advice when asked to do so.

Dentists will find much information in it that will prove valuable to themselves and their patients.

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THE INDIANA STATE SENTINEL!

1883 FOR THE YEAR 1884

An uncompromising paper. Meant in whatever form necessary, and especially to the spirit of society as embodied in the present Times.—*Editor*.

THE SENTINEL is the recognized leading Democratic newspaper of the State. Many new and improved features have been introduced, making it in all respects a

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It will contain well considered editorials on every subject, political or otherwise which may arise. The Commercial and Market Reports of the WEEKLY SENTINEL will be complete. Its Agriculture and Home Departments are in the best of hands, and will be a distinguishing feature. In a word, in its news, its editorials, literary, miscellaneous, and in its general reading, it shall not be surpassed by any paper circulated in the State. It will be particularly adapted to the family circle. No thinking man in the State can afford to do without the Weekly Sentinel, at the small cost at which it is furnished.

THE SENTINEL, is moreover an Indiana paper devoted to and especially represents Indiana's interests, political and otherwise, as no foreign paper will or can do, and ought, therefore, to have preference over the papers of other States, and we ask Democrats to bear this in mind, and

SELECT THEIR OWN STATE PAPER

When they come to take up subscriptions and make up clubs.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT.

The recent elections have revealed political conditions which will, without doubt, make the Presidential election next fall the greatest political conflict of our history. It is due to truth to say that the conditions shown are such that each party may reasonably believe that it can succeed by a mighty effort.

Here in Indiana, as in '76 and '80, we enacted a mighty struggle.

The corrupt party which has been for nearly a generation fattening upon spoils and plunder, will go from its long possession of a Gusanian flowing with the milk and honey of spoils, only when it has exhausted its utmost endeavor to stay. The Country is no stranger to the character and variety of means brought into requisition where Republican monopolists, bosses and plunderers united make an effort.

Fellow Democrats, there are conditions upon which we may reasonably reckon a probable success. These conditions, and they are the only ones, are a united and great effort. *EVERYONE SHOULD DO HIS DUTY*.

Even now the conflict is in the air.—The Sentinel will contribute its best effort to the end of a grand Democratic victory.

Its work can be best done when a weekly visitor to every Democratic home, hence we ask to become such a visitor, and add that now is the time for every Democrat in the State to subscribe for the Sentinel.

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