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—BY—

JAS. W. McEWEEN.

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SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION!

Mrs. KIRSCH's Class in Elocution will commence Monday April 6th. It will be held on each Monday and Thursday, from 4 to 5 p. m., at the Public School Building. It will close with a Prize Contest. First Prize, \$3. Second Prize, \$2.— Tuition for ten class lessons, \$2. A reduction will be made when two or more pupils from the same family join the class. Private lessons \$1 each. No book needed.

Notice of Election.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Jasper County Agricultural Society, at the Court House, on Saturday, April 18th, 1885, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and fixing the time for holding the next Annual Fair.
EZRA C. NOWELS, Sec'y.
Rensselaer, Ind., March 28, 1885.

A CANDIDATE THAT SPELL- ED COW WITH A "K."

Jap. Tupen in The Peru Sentinel.

As a wit and humorist, young Krueger, of Michigan City, is the fullest man in either branch of the General Assembly. He can see a point quick, serve a cause or friend with fidelity, tell a story or sing a song to perfection. The first office for which he tried was municipal clerk, and he got there, though not without making history. He was a young fellow and regarded as out of the line of political promotion. His persistency was interpreted an intrusion. The older heads shook and said that he was too young; other old heads, that he was without property, but the last and most influential old head gravely opposed his candidacy in these words: "Gentlemen, we can not afford to see a premium on illiteracy. It would be a sin to George Ames (the largest patron of the High School in Michigan City) to elect a man to the clerkship who spells cow with a 'k.'" The last charge came with so much gravity and was so serious that Krueger felt called upon to get off the track. It was a lively game the festive opposition gave him. He was frequently saluted with, "Well, Kreuger, I understand you have introduced the phonetic method of orthography," and as he would pass along the street the school children cried out, "k-o-w, cow."

We all know how nominating conventions are usually conducted. A few interested gentlemen get together, and one says rising to his feet: "Gentlemen, you will please come to order. I will nominate Mr. So-and-So to act as chairman of this meeting. All in favor of this motion answer aye. (Everybody answer aye.) Contrary, no. The ayes seem to have it." Mr. So-and-So, taking the chair says: "Gentlemen of the convention, the first thing in order is the election a Secretary." Then another gentleman gets up and says: I move Smith or Jones or Brown be called to act as Secretary. The President: "Gentlemen, you have heard the motion; all in favor of Smith or Jones or Brown acting as Secretary of the convention will say aye (everybody says aye); contrary no." "The ayes have it." Mr. Smith or Jones or Brown takes his place and the work begins.

"A bone and sinew" calls: "Mr. Chairman I move that Mr. Elking, Mr. Catron, Mr. Thornton or Mr. McMurphy be nominated for Mayor. In most localities there is a demand for McMurphy." As there is no opposing candidate everybody says aye, and McMurphy is nominated for Mayor. The first man name always gets on the ticket and owing to superstition of party, gets elected. Under this system two or three men may officer a county. Directly it be came apparent that the opposition to Kreuger was

unnecessarily severe, and he had no disposition to discourage the sentiment. An old Republican who was glad to combat anything the Democracy favored, volunteered this advice: "Never deny anything in politics (Mr. Blaine is to-day a sad example of a departure from this doctrine). If they accuse you of stealing a ham keep your mouth shut. Bring out your friends, if you have any, and we Republicans will see that you secure a majority at the polls." It happens that in Michigan City the German element holds the balance of power. Krueger is an apt scholar and did not require very much prompting. He quietly informed these people that his application for office was treated with disdain because his early training in English had been neglected.

"Est dot so?"
"Est ist vahr," was the response.
"Eh gott bevarro, der yankee-doodle fellers no vots for Dutchman?" the irate Teuton asked.
The intelligence that Krueger was to be sacrificed merely because he had been born in der Faderland spread through the German quarter like wildfire, and the wit occasioned by the letters with which he framed his words created a sympathy for him. It is not always the a man can even be laughed out of politics as the sequel will show.

The day of the convention came and Krueger's friends came also. He was the man of the hour, as everybody talked either for or against Krueger. It was the liveliest local Democratic gathering Indiana's "only harbor" had ever known. Each candidate was allowed to announce himself in a short speech. When Krueger arose the demand was made: "Spell cow! How old are you? How much taxes do you pay?"

This was the first time he had ever faced an audience, but fortunately he proved equal to the emergency. He did not say: "The atrocious of being a young man," etc., but it was something like this: "If you allow me time I will outgrow the fault of extreme youth. As to having no property, I am certainly not much to blame. But I am unwilling to remain that way, and if you can sink it in your hearts to give me this office I promise soon to have something on which to pay taxes, like the best citizens, whom I hope to emulate. Further than this I am charged with having spelled cow with a 'k.' Gentlemen, I plead guilty, and when I have explained I feel sure the great warm heart of this people will forgive me. I was born and reared until eleven years old where the learned and polite people, the priests, thinkers, college professors every educated man and woman, spelled cow k-u-h."

Applause responded to this, not only from the galleries but from every part of the house. Even the opposition joined, rather glad to acknowledge its self beaten, but there was one element particularly enthusiastic, and in beer and broken English fervently expressed its transport.

"How high ish dot?" was exclaimed with feruency. "Er ist a Dutchman und nicht forshamed for it." "I fight mit Sigel und I vots by Krueger."

Amid the vehemence of the support Mr. Krueger realized that he had made a mistake, but it was too late for correction. Instead of offering for clerk he should have come forth a candidate for the Mayoralty. He might have been elected to any office within the gift of that ardent constituency. It was a plain case of under rather the over-estimating political strength. He was nominated almost without opposition and elected in the same way; but the other names placed on the ticket by that convention went down beneath an overwhelming majority. Opposition to his ambition attracted the Republicans. Whosoever the Democrats fought enlisted their help. Every voting German felt a personal interest in the cause of Kruegers.

Everybody knows Walker of LaPorte County. I doubt if there is a superior mind in Indiana. He is capable of directing an army or managing the State Government. Why walking to the summit of the Hoosier Slide, strolling over the sand, through the pine forests or sailing out on the lake fills the measure of his ambition I never could understand. But he learned a lesson in this Krueger business. "I'll never accuse another Dutch candidate of spelling cow with a 'k,'" he said sadly. "I never dreamed that there was so much in that fellow."

AN INSIDE VIEW.

HOME LIFE of the HENDRICKSES.

Yesterday I called on our new Vice President and his wife. I found them comfortably settled at Williard's. The "war horses of the Democracy," as Hendricks is called was kind genial as he knows how to be, and Mrs. Hendricks happy and receiving her guests in her most affable manner. Apart from a slight weariness of the eyes, they do not show any trace of the political strain through which they have passed, or the social demands that they have fully met since their arrival here, and indeed, although surrounded by political and social friends, there was a home atmosphere that was refreshing. The home element is so strong in Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks that they seem to carry it with them wherever they go. Their home in Indianapolis is a genial, peaceful one, and would suggest the abode of the private citizen more than the political leader who has passed through many a fierce storm in public life, for our new Vice President has been through the furnace of bitter public opinion, but has been a rock unwavering in his principles.

The home of the Hendrickses is a large old-fashioned house of high-colored brick, sitting well back from the street, an unornamented lawn in front. Everything in and about the dwelling suggest order, neatness and practical life. The house is a two story one. A broad hall runs through its length. At the left as you enter are the large, square double parlors, furnished well, but plainly. Everything is substantial colors subdued. I was there a few days after his election to the Vice Presidency. The floral offerings that had been sent in by friends overjoyed at his election were many and very beautiful. There were wreaths, basket of the choicest flowers, bouquets, stars, emblems, and a noble ship that had been composed of most costly rose buds. Indiana went wild.

I was in Indianapolis during the week of the terrible mental strain—for every one was at the highest nervous excitement when conflicting reports were telegraphed to the different journals concerning the results of the election—and witnessed the intense emotions of that vast human sea as it surged through the Hoosier capital when they waited almost breathless day and night for the final official report, and when it did come, when it was known that Grover Cleveland and Thomas A. Hendricks were elected beyond a doubt, never shall I forget that human shout that went up from the lips of thousands as though it were from one. Certainly made them wild—they shouted, crowd laugh wild in glee, danced, wept and above the din the name of "Hendricks" fill the air. The live Hoosier means business when he is aroused. The people of Indiana want Hendricks, and they have him.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks are simple in their tastes and living. They are not show people; are full of self respect and personal true dignity.

Mrs. Hendricks is a practical woman, viewing life from a practical point. She is a woman who detests shams and gaudy ostentation, as does our Vice President. They believe that morality is something more than a name and gives

largely to the poor, and in spite of the tirade against her not long ago in one of the New York papers she is a just woman. Through all the political life of her husband, stormy as it has sometimes been, she has stood firm by him, never wavering from the firm true spirit of Democracy. She has been deprived of much of the social intercourse with her own sex, for it has been with men that she has necessarily been thrown. Yet she has never lost her womanly feeling. The home ties to her are the most sacred. Mrs. Hendricks is a good politician, and her husband has no stronger help nor support.

She is a commanding-looking woman—her dark eyes full of fire, her form erect and fine. When Mr. Hendricks was in California in 1876, his avoidance of publicity was most pronounced, preferring to live quietly at the unostentatious home of a relative to the luxury of the palace hotels of San Francisco. "He entered into all the games with the children," said the relative to me, "with the gusto of a boy, and is simple in all his habits and tastes." During his stay in San Francisco one of the leading men of the State called one bright Sunday morning to visit Mr. Hendricks to his home for the day. His elegant carriage stood at the door. With polite dignity Mr. Hendricks said to him: "Sir this is the Sabbath morning. I never allow ought to interfere with my obligations to God. I am going to church. After that I will ride with you to your home." And to church he went, and the gentleman waited until he returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks are Episcopalians, and strict in their observances. That the next four years will endear the to the people, politically and socially, there can be no doubt; and that Mrs. Hendricks will prove herself a power, all who know her are assured.

ANNIE COGGESHALL.

Lincoln's Start in Life.

Under what grinding disabilities Abraham Lincoln labored for some years may be inferred from the account of his arrival, in 1837, at Springfield, where the lawyer who had lent him law books had offered a partnership. "He rode," an old friend says, "into town on a borrowed horse, without earthly goods beyond a pair of saddle bags, two or three law books, and some clothing in a bag. He came into my store, set his saddle-bags on the counter, and said 'Speed, tell me what the furniture for a single bedroom will cost.' I took my pencil figured it up, and found it would cost \$17. Lincoln replied, 'It is cheap enough, but I want to say cheap as it is I have not the money to pay. But if you will credit me until Christmas, and my experiment here is a success, I will pay you then. If I fail, I shall probably never be able to pay you.' The voice was so melancholy I felt for him, and told him that I had a very large double-bed, which he was perfectly welcome to share with me, if he chose. 'Where is your bed?' said Lincoln. 'Up stairs,' I answered. He took his saddle-bags on his arm, went upstairs, set them on the floor, and came down laughing, saying, 'Well Speed, I'm moved.' The ludicrous idea of moving all his earthly goods and chattels by taking his saddle-bags up stairs had made his elastic spirit as mirthful as just before it was depressed."—[New York Graphic.

Three couples of our young folks attended the literary and musical entertainment at Rensselaer last Friday night. All report a pleasant time and a successful entertainment.—Monon Dispatch.

We understand that arrangements have been completed for the running of a Chicago train on the Great Southern to connect with a New Albany train at Fair Oaks.—Goodland Herald.

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