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This favorite Album of Songs and Ballads, containing 32 pieces of choice and popular music, full sheet music size, with complete words and music and piano accompaniment is finely printed upon heavy paper with a very attractive cover. The following are the titles of the songs and ballads contained in the Favorite Album: As I'd Nothing Else to Do; The Dear Old Songs of Home; Mother, Watch the Little Feet; Oh, You Pretty Blue-Eyed Witch; Blue Eyes; Katy; Letter; The Passing Bell; I Saw Esau Kissing Kate; Won't You Tell Me Why, Robbin'; The Old Garden Gate; Down Below the Waving Lindens; Faded Leaves; All Among the Summer Roses; Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise; I Really Don't Think I Shall Marry; Dreaming of Home; The Old Cottage Clock; Across the Sea; A Year Ago; Bachelor's Hall; Ruth and I; Good Night; One Happy Year Ago; Jenny in the Orchard; The Old Barn Gate; Sack's Farewell; Polly; Whisper in the Twilight. This is a very fine collection of real vocal gems, and gotten up in very handsome style. Published in the usual way and bought at a music store these 32 pieces would cost you \$11.20. We bought a job lot of this music at GREAT SACRIFICE and as the holidays are past, we desire to close out our stock at ONCE. Will send you the entire collection well wrapped and postpaid for only 40 cents. Send immediately.

Address,
THE EMPIRE NEWS CO.,
11-6w13 Syracuse, N. Y.

CHESTNUTS IN RHYME.

Oh, what made the chimney sweep?
And why did the codfish ball?
And why, oh why, did the peanut stand?
And what makes the evening call?

Ok, why should the baby far n?
And why does the mutton chop?
Can you tell me what makes the elder blow?
Or what makes the ginger pop?

Say, why does the trundle-bed spring?
And why does the saddle horse fly?
Or what mean our madet e. il'ow slip?
And why do t e soap boilers lye?

What made the monkey wrench?
Or why should the old mill dam?
And who did the shoemakers strike?
Or why did the raspberry jam?

—New York St. r.

In a group of the New York Club the other night Star-Route Dorsey declared that three-fourths of the money contributed for political purposes during campaign excitement is stolen by the men in whose hands it is placed for various purposes. "It is a mistaken idea," he said, "that you can take a man to one side and give him money to be used illegitimately and expect any results from it. Scarcely one man in a thousand is proof against the temptation of putting the money in his pocket. The only way in which money can be made effective in a campaign is by the township canvass, in which several men are interested, each one being given a portion of the township for which he is made responsible, and the money for his work placed in his hands in the presence of all the others. In such cases each man becomes a check on the other. Each man knows what the other is expected to do and the work is pretty sure to be done."

Star-Route Dorsey is undoubtedly correct. Men who furnish money for illegitimate uses, deserve to lose it; while those who accept to employ it in that direction, while no worse than those who supply the funds, are none too good to steal. Frequently money is applied to illegitimate uses, and legitimate work is uncompensated. We trust the election laws will soon be so perfected that the improper use of money will prove dangerous business to such as may engage in it.

GENERAL CARNAHAN'S PLASTER.

Anderson Democrat: Gen. James B. Carnahan, a prominent and distinguished Republican boss of Indianapolis, returned from Washington, where he had been a prominent figure in the great national drill, to receive an indictment plaster, prepared by a Republican Committee of One Hundred, a Republican United States Judge and a Republican Grand Jury. The General realizes that the plaster stings like mustard or Spanish flies. It don't suit his Republican attitude at all. It blisters like fire, and eats like vitriol. But the General can't shake it off. It sticks. The General pleads innocence, pleads duty, pleads honesty, pleads that he suspected somebody, but the plaster sticks, and draws, and blisters, and burns, and eats. Possibly General Carnahan derives consolation from the columns of the Journal, and banquets the Committee of One Hundred, and invites the Judge and Grand Jury to his house to dine and tea; perhaps he does, but it is more likely that he gets up on his hind legs and pours out a lava tide of great big cuss words, strongly impregnated with sulphur. Any way, the General has to wear the plaster right on the place where he carries his Republican conscience.

PENNSYLVANIA LABOR OPPRESSORS — The reports from Hazleton, Pa., where the eviction of coal miners has also

much stir, show that the mining companies pay no attention to the law of 1884, ordering the payment of employees in cash and forbidding the deduction of bills of any sort. They continue the company store system, and add to it the employment of a company doctor, who is paid an annual salary, and for whose services miners with families are charged 75 cents a month, and the single men 50 cents, whether they call for the services of the physicians or not. With 500 employees this makes a nice little sum to add to the profits on coal. — One man and his son who worked a month for Wenzel & Co., the eviction landlords, had a credit of \$3.21 at the end of it. The store bill for this poor miner's family was \$47.15, a sum which will keep an ordinary family in a state of comfort never imagined about a mountain colliery. — Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND.

Way a Prestidigitator Fooled a Party of Loungers—Something Very Much Like Mind-Reading.

"How much can you influence any one?"

"I will show you the whole extent of my power, or any other man's, in this respect," said the professor, taking a pencil from his pocket. He borrowed a visiting card from one of the party, held it under the table and wrote a figure on it. Then he folded it up until it was like a ball and tossed it across the table to the writer.

"Put that piece of paper in your pocket, please, and button your coat over it. Now I'll tell you what I propose to do. Give me another card. Observe, I write on this card a series of numbers. It doesn't make much difference how many. They are:

5, 1, 3, 6, 2, 4, 7, 9, 8.

"Now, I propose, by an effort of my mind, to make you select the number from this list which is written on the folded card in your pocket, and which you have not seen. Take the pencil and card," tossing them across the table, "and cross out one of those numbers. Look me in the eye for a moment. Now!"

The writer deliberately chose the figure 4, and was about to cross it out when he suddenly resolved to take the 7. He changed his mind again, and abruptly drew the pencil through the figure 2.

"Take the card out of your pocket, please, and open it."

When the card was unfolded the figure 2 was written in the middle.

"I don't claim that I can do that every time," said the professor, taking no notice of the amazement of the others, "but it seldom fails. Sometimes I have the subject cross out three figures at a time. This done twice, and leaves three more if nine are written. Then let him cross out two more, and the one left standing is the one in his pocket. There is small trickery about it."

He then, at their request, tried the experiment on the other five members of the party. He was successful in every instance.

"That is all there is of spiritualism or mind-reading," said he; "the rest is simple trickery like this." As he spoke he stretched one hand across the table, gently took a \$2 bill from the hand of a waiter who was handing it in change to one of the party, and crumpled it up in his hand, which he still held over the table. Then he showed it to the man, and it was changed to a \$20 bill. Gold-borg tossed it to him, and he at once thrust it into his pocket with the remark that he was \$18 winner.

"Are you sure?" asked the professor. "Of course. I know when I put a \$20 bill in my pocket."

"It's a \$1 bill," said the professor, quietly. "The original \$2 bill is in the celery glass."

The man pulled out the bill, found it was \$1, threw it across to the professor, pulled the \$2 out of the celery glass, and gasped:

"Where's that twenty?"

"Here in my hand."

"Well, motion is quicker than sight." "Wrong again. Motion cannot be quicker than sight. The reason you don't see me substitute one of those bills for another is because I distracted your attention at the instant I made the change. Show us a poker hand if you've got cards with you."

"I haven't a y. I left mine at the club."

A pack was procured by the waiter, who regarded the magician with awe, as he said:

"Very many poker players, men of the world at that, do not believe that one expert card sharp could go into a party of four or five honest players and cheat them without discovery. Now I'll deal four hands."

He shuffled the cards in a number of ways, but always, so far as appearance went, very honestly. He then asked the men on his right to cut them, and had them cut once more "for purity's sake" by another player. Then he dealt them around, one at a time, to four players, including himself, and the other players picked up their cards.

"God! I'd like to play this hand," muttered the first man.

"I could down you," said the second man, with an important scowl.

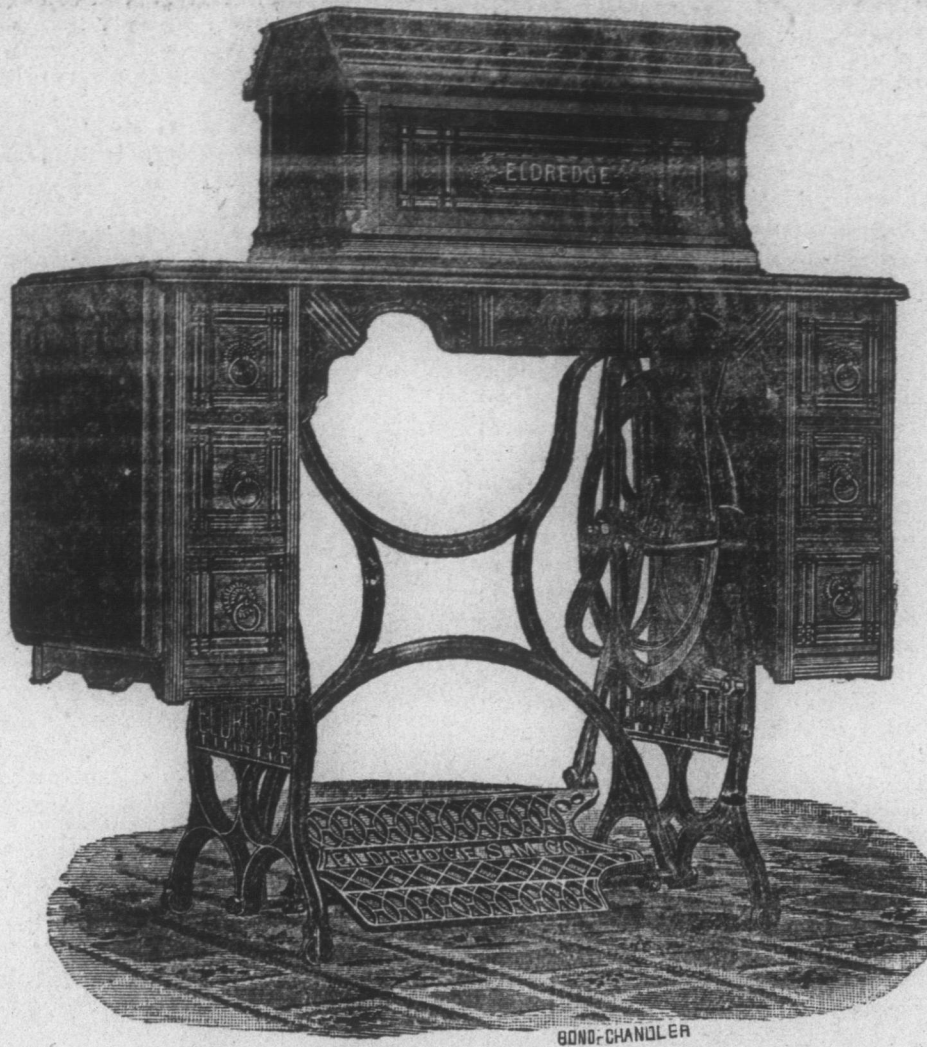
The third was the expression of a man who looks down upon his fellows, as he remarked: "I'd bet everything I could win on this."

Meanwhile the professor had slipped into his top coat and was drawing on his gloves. The first had three kings and a pair of queens, the second four aces and a king, and a third a straight flush, nine high, an almost invincible hand.

"What's yours, professor?"

The magician turned up the winning hand—a ten high straight flush.

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CHAS. A. ROBERTS, Dealer in



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I would respectfully announce to the people of Jasper County that I have made arrangements to sell

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EMPIRE BINDERS.

And will keep extras on hand at all times for the machines.—

[am also prepared to do

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in the best and most workmanlike manner, and at the lowest possible rates.

WAGONS AND BUGGES

repaired, and all other work usually done in that line.

NEW WAGONS AND BUGGIES

made to order, and of the best material and workmanship.

Shop on Front Street, South of Citizens' Bank.

R. H. YEOMAN,

Rensselaer, Ind., May 21, 1886

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner.

Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at F. B. Meyer's Drug Store. 4

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COUNTRYMAN,

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(Norman)

\$15 to insure mare with foal
\$20 for standing colt.

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\$15.00 to insure mare with foal.
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(The celebrated roadster)

FRANK GOODRICH:

Insurance \$10.

Insurance due first of January, 1888. Persons failing to return mares as directed, or parting with them, (or leave the neighborhood) before known to be with foal, forfeit the insurance. All possible care taken to prevent accidents, but will not be responsible for any that may occur. Pedigrees of above horses may be seen at my office. Call and examine the above stock, and you will be convinced that this is the best collection of draft stallions in the county.

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