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#### MAN.

##### Poetic Thoughts Concerning Him.

Man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told; and his very monument becomes a ruin.—*Washington Irving*.

To understand man, however, we must look beyond the individual man, and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows.—*Carlyle*.

Man is his own star, and that soul that can be honest is the only perfect man.—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

The scientific study of man is the most difficult of all branches of knowledge.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*.

The man of wisdom is the man of years.—*Young*.

Man whose Heaven-creed face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn.

—*Burns*.

Stood I, O Nature! man alone in thee,  
Then were it worth one's while a man to be.

—*Goethe*.

A man is the whole encyclopedia of facts. The creation of a thousand forests is in one acorn, and Egypt, Greece, Rome, Gaul, Britain, America lie folded already in the first man.—*Emerson*.

Such is man! in great affliction, he is elevated by the first minute; in great happiness, the most distant, sad one, even while yet beneath the horizon, casts him down.—*Richter*.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?—*Shakespeare*.

When faith is lost, when honor dies,  
Then man is dead.

—*Whittier*.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man.—*Bacon*.

A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humor, good-breeding, mirth, and gallantry; while he exerts these latter qualities twenty occasions might be invented to shew he is master of the other nobler virtues.—*Steele*.

God, when heaven and earth He did create,  
Form'd man, who should of both partake.

—*St. J. Deidam*.

Men are but children of a larger growth;

As apples before ripe to change as time,

And full as craving, too, and full as vain.

—*Dryden*.

Consider, man! weigh well thy frame;  
The king, the beggar, are the same.

Dest formed us all. Each breathes his day,

Then sinks into his native clay.

—*Gay*.

Nobler birth

Of creatures animate with gradual life

Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in

man.

The proverbial wisdom of the populace at gates, on roads, and in markets, instructs the attentive ear of him who studies man more fully than a thousand rules ostentatiously arranged.—*Lavater*.

Man, though individually confined to a narrow spot on this globe, and limited, in his existence, to a few courses of the sun, has nevertheless an imagination which no despotism can control, and which unceasingly seeks for the author of his destiny through the immensity of space and the ever-rolling current of ages.—*Colton*.

—*Colton*.

A MEDICAL journal states that the average Chinese baby weighs but five pounds. The journal did not state whether the Chinese baby's capacity for squalling was less, in proportion to weight, than that of any other baby, but if they howl in the Chinese language as loud as the American kid does in the United States language, how the poor mother must suffer. If any one has ever heard two Chinamen holding a conversation in their native tongue, they can readily see that a child who is just learning to speak a few syllables in the Chinese language would make Rome howl.—*Tech's Sun*.

#### CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

The Jumping Gall, the Acrobatic Bean, and Seeds that Explode.

"Here is a curiosity," said a botanist. It was a little ball of wood or fiber that when held in the palm seemed endowed with life, rolling over and over and flying into the air.

"I've had people come to me with these," continued the speaker, "and say they were bewitched. One man believed he had discovered spontaneous generation; another wrote an exhaustive paper which he tried to read at all the learned societies, showing that here was the beginning of both animal and plant life. In fact, the little gall, for that is what it is, has attracted a good deal of attention."

"So it is only a plant," said a reporter.

"Not exactly a plant, but the unnatural growth of vegetable matter on trees, bushes, or shrubs, caused by the secretion in the bark of an insect egg that hatches and causes the growth. In this case, you see, the gall is little larger than a mustard seed."

"The gall is produced in this way: The eggs of a very small dark-colored insect, known as cynips, are deposited in the leaf, and, from some secretion introduced into the wound, the vegetable matter entombs the insect in a ball of fiber separate from the leaf, from which it finally drops. The larva's movements in restraint create the curious activity."

"There are many kinds of galls, and though they are injurious to trees they are invaluable to man, and are staple commodities. The ordinary oak galls of commerce are made by a cynips. When they are green, blue, or black, the insect is in them, but when white it has escaped. England is the center of the trade, and receives galls from Germany, Turkey, Egypt, China, and Bombay. The galls are used for a variety of purposes. One sort of blasting powder is made of powdered galls and chlorate, but the most valuable product is ink. This is made from them almost entirely."

"Seeds often jump about in the same mysterious way. In Mexico strangers see a curious seed known as devil's bean, or jumping seed. In appearance it is a small triangular body. The first time I saw these seeds I was sure that they were arranged with mechanical springs, as they not only rolled about, but jumped several inches in the air. But open one of the seeds and the mystery is explained. The shell is hollowed out, containing nothing but a white larva, that has eaten out nearly all the interior and lined it with silk. Its motions occasion the strange movements."

"Some seeds move by an entirely different process—that of exploding. A friend of mine got some seeds in India once, and placed them on his cabin table. All at once came an explosion like that of a revolver, and he received a blow on the forehead that drew blood, while a looking glass opposite was shattered. The seeds had become heated, and all at once the covering exploded, scattering the seeds in all directions. That is their manner of dispersal, and a large number of plants have a similar method of scattering their seed."—*New York Sun*.

#### A Correspondence University.

A number of teachers from different parts of the country have formed an organization with the above title, with a view to keeping up their studies, so as not to fall behind the knowledge of their day. These instructors are graduates of all the leading colleges in the United States. Students have found that after leaving the college from which they graduated, they quickly lose the power of concentrating their faculties in pursuing new branches of study. The value of an education is the power it gives one to acquire almost any kind of knowledge by close, mental application. The object of the correspondence university is to stimulate them to methodical study, when their avocations are such as might distract them from continuous intellectual work.

It is intended to directly benefit those engaged in professional studies which can be taught by correspondence; graduates doing advanced work; under-teachers in schools and colleges; those preparing for college; members of cultivated families who are obliged to live in remote localities; officers and men in the army and navy; persons intending to try any of the civil service examinations; young men and women engaged in occupations which prevent their attending school, and yet who desire to learn. The fee for four weeks' tuition in any study of the grade required for admission to a college and in some collegiate studies, is \$6.35; in studies of an advanced grade, the fee is \$8.25. The list of studies now include agriculture, astronomy, botany, drawing, engineering, engraving, military science, music, physiology, zoology, mathematics, Greek, Latin, English, German, Hebrew, philosophy, history, political science, and law. Mr. Lucien A. Wait, the Secretary, of Ithaca, New York, is the proper person to address for full particulars.—*Demorest's Monthly*.

#### A Home Thrust.

A humorous editor, living in Austin, Tex., received a cruel rebuke from his wife not long since. She had been to the theater, and on her return home gave such a very amusing account of the performance that her literary husband exclaimed:

"Why don't you write that out just as you have told it to me? It would make first-class copy. You ought to write for the paper."

"No, I thank you. One crank in the family is enough," was the cutting reply.—*Texas Siftings*.

#### THE THEATERS OF LONDON.

An ENORMOUS BUSINESS.—The Lord Chamberlain's Autocratic Powers.

There are thirty-six theaters in London. They represent an investment in land of over \$200,000,000. They employ at least 10,000 persons—actors, stage hands, and people in front of the house. These are in direct and continual service. The seating capacity is 75,000. The average attendance is 51,000. The average admission is 11*½*d, or 35 cents. The average return, then, is about £1,000. This is for every performance, and including matinees. Most of the theaters give matinees—some of them two, and even three, a week. The Lord Chamberlain's play-reader revises plays, exercises an autocratic authority over theaters, bairnies, managers, and is decent or not as the spirit moves him. Let me say he is usually decent. His name is Mr. P. got, an ex-barrister. He has an office down near St. James' Palace. His duties are to license plays, and when he has said a play cannot be put on, that settles it; there is no appeal. Sam Morse appealed from one court to another in New York, but had he applied to the Lord Chamberlain and received an adverse answer that would have ended the matter then and there, and he would have saved considerable money. Not that the Lord Chamberlain ever meddles with plays; he is too important an official for that, and the supervision of this branch of his duties is perfunctory, quite. He has charge of public buildings and palaces; has an office at Westminster, and is a very high and mighty man all round; but the play-reader is a retiring little chap, with a literary turn of mind and a stern sense of duty. Whenever a play is to be produced it is sent to him with a fee of one guinea for each act. He immediately sends a receipt for the guineas, and that is the last you hear of them. Within a week you get notice whether you can play the piece or not, or if anything has got to be expurgated. It is not necessary for him to indicate why he will not allow any play or part of it; he only says yes or no, and there an end. A short time ago a Canadian friend of mine sent in a melodrama, in seven acts, to put before a London manager. The manager jumped at it and made preparation for its production, saying "Oh, the license is all right; he won't interfere." But he did. The play was sent around to him as soon as the parts were copied, and with them the necessary seven guineas. In a few days notice was sent to the manager that the piece could not be played. We went to see him, and asked to make alterations. He said that he didn't mind telling us that the Irish scene was the objectionable feature, and if we had a mind to cut that out and change the time of a scene, so that it would not deal with the Government of to-day, he would permit its production. Now the play had only one Irish scene, and it dealt with a peaceful village where there was a comparative prosperity, but out of which there subsequently came the thread of a plot. In London the troubles of the hero led to an appeal being made to the Home Secretary, who, by the way, is not represented, only referred to, and then not by name, and his refusal to interfere calls forth an effort to escape, and naturally enough leads to his being called "a hard-hearted man." Beyond this there is no reference to him, but that was the ground upon which the time of the action must be shifted. "Can I put it into the period of the Beaconsfield Government?" said the manager.

"That I can't say until I have seen what you make it there."

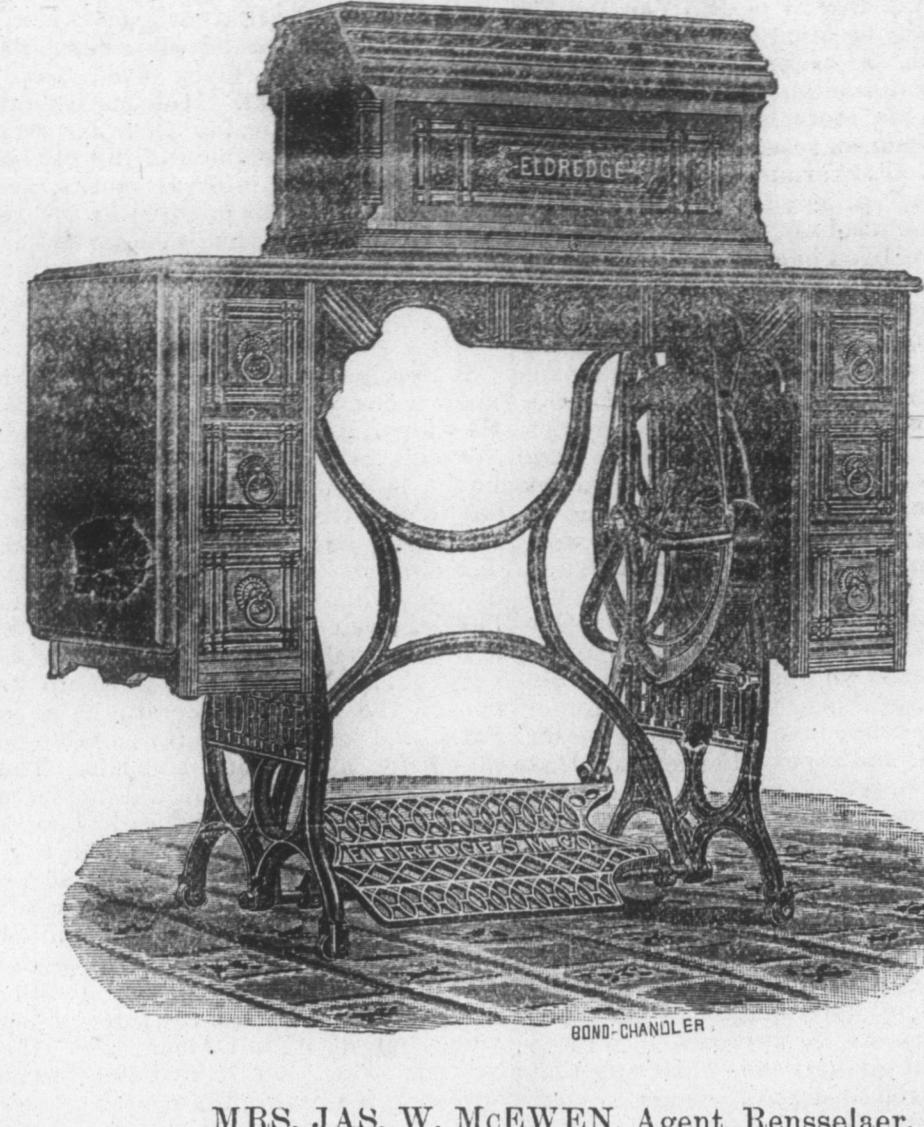
"Can't I take it to a time when the Home Secretary was an unpopular man?"

"I can't tell you. This you can do, however. You can take it out of the reign of Queen Victoria."

"But, bless you, that would spoil the play altogether. It of a necessity deals with the present."

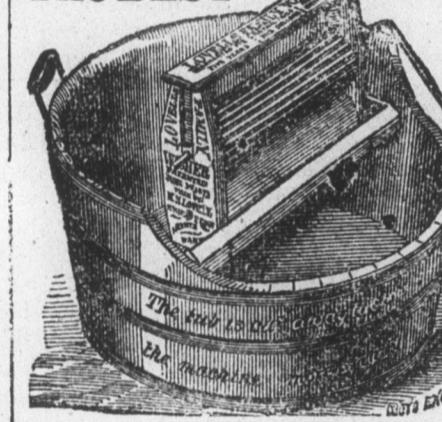
"Well, the play was not produced, and won't be.—*New York World*.

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