

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered lives is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Society in Washington.

A writer in the *Century* characterizes Washington society thus: "Leaving aside the question of political morality, few people who have passed a winter in Washington will deny the charm of its society. Acknowledging all its faults, its crudeness—narrowness perhaps—and its lack of form, it must yet be acknowledged that it differs from all other American society in the fact that it is not founded on wealth. It is the only society which is really republican, though it has little resemblance to the 'republican court' of the first administration—the only one in America which has a well-defined basis. And that basis is public station, temporarily conferred, whether directly or indirectly, by the expressed wishes of fellowmen.

The holding of such public station necessarily implies intelligence, and such it is intelligence, as distinguished from lineage or wealth, which is the fundamental basis in Washington's society. Such a society does not feel obliged to adopt certain customs because it is reported at second hand that they are in good form in London. Its opinions are robustly independent, its information is extensive, and its subjects of conversation are many and varied.

"It is not to be imagined that such a society is well defined, or that its rules are clearly established—though it is true that the 'Etiquette of Social Life in Washington' has been most elaborately formulated in a little pamphlet, of which a fresh edition is perennially produced, and which is said to sell in great numbers. It is, undoubtedly, open to the criticism of being raw, to the same extent—but no more—that society in London is subservient and snobbish, and in New York illiterate and commercial. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the public levees of the President, where the doors are thrown open that every person in the street may enter them in a crush, and stand in slowly moving procession for two hours, in order that during half a minute of that time the President may be seen and his arm may be wrenched. But this is not peculiar to Washington alone.

Such 'public receptions' are inflicted upon Presidents in all cities which they visit. Hardly less incongruous are the Wednesday afternoon receptions of the wives of Cabinet officers, when their doors are also thrown open and hundreds of strangers tramp through their parlors 'to pay their respects.' The wives of Judges and Senators and Representatives have to endure the same thing on other afternoons of the week. It has come to be considered as part of the price of public station. But, no matter what office a man may hold, no one may come to his dinner table without an invitation. And it is in dinners that Washington society excels. Diplomats and travelers from every part of the world; men distinguished in political life, on the bench, and in war; men of science and men of letters; women of intelligence and culture, with the native grace and beauty for which American women are justly celebrated—there is no such wealth of choice in any other American city, and there are no other dinner-parties so entertaining as those of Washington."

Lecture in the Lime Kiln Club.

Pickles Smith was requested to walk up the hall, and when he had come to a halt before the platform Brother Gardner said:

"Brother Smith, I has bin informed dat you has been sued by a grocer for a bill of fo' dollars."

"Yes, sah."

"De bill was fur oysters, dried peaches an' jellies?"

"Yes, sah."

"And why didn't you pay it?"

"Kase Iz hard up, sah."

"Now, Brother Smith, de member of dis club who kin afford oysters on a salary of \$7 per week kin afford to pay fur 'em. If dat debt ain't squar'd up befo' de ne'x meetin' you will h'ar sunthin' drap!"

"Yes, sah."

"In bringin' dis performance to a close," said the President, as he nodded to Samuel Shin to strike the triangle, "let me say to one and all of you dat de present ailment of dis kentry am de want of common sense. De man who airs \$7 per week wants to lib an' dress as well as de man who airs \$12, an' dis piles up debts an' brings about trickery, fraud an' communism. Nobody am satisfied to be what he am. Eben de poorest of de poo' will go hungry sooner dan let anybody know dey can't buy fried oysters. De member of dis club who hankers fur luxuries made fur de tables of millionaires kin make up his mind to fur 'em or be known in dis hall no mos'. Let us perambulate homewards."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Sponges.

We don't mean those sponges that grow "in the bottom of the sea," and which afford food for much scientific speculation, as to whether they are animal or vegetable. No, the sponges of which we mean to complain are distinctly animal, and are of both sexes. We all suffer from them. Bores and sponges are necessary evils, we suppose, but not any more to be admired for all that.

Editors could a tale unfold of the way some people get their advertising done for nothing, and lawyers could tell of tons of legal advice given by them without receiving the slightest acknowledgment, pecuniary or otherwise. Doctors, also, are the victims of these questioners. Generally it is only the younger members of these professions who suffer. Men old in the tricks of these friendly sponges manage to evade them, but the young editor, lawyer, or doctor, though he knows he is being defrauded, has not the courage to cut short the confidential chat, by saying that he hopes to make his living by receiving pay for that which his friend expects to get for the asking.

No one expects a carpenter, blacksmith, jeweler, or any one who plies a trade, to do the smallest job for nothing, and yet those who willingly pay for such labor seem to think they have done nothing of which to be ashamed if they "manage" to get legal or medical advice without having to pay for it.

And among women the fault is as great. We have heard women boast of knowing "all kinds of fancy work and never paid a cent for lessons." Their desire to learn fancy work was greater than their delicacy of feeling.

Women who make their living by dress-making, millinery, teaching fancy work, or painting, are daily imposed upon by friends and strangers who come to them for suggestions and advice about material, shades, designs, and patterns—defrauding the worker of hours of valuable time without a thought of paying for the advice given, and often do not even thank the person for the suggestion which she has spent time and money in acquiring.

Strange to say, these sponges are often found among those who could well afford to pay for what they want; and stranger still is the fact that they would resent, with the greatest indignation, a refusal to oblige them, or an intimation that they were taking advantage of another's politeness, and thus getting for nothing that which the given, who has a right to expect something more substantial for than mere thanks. —*Minnie W. Armstrong, in St. Louis Magazine.*

The Formal "Call."

Whatever may betide, men have good cause to rejoice that they bear no part in the crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institution. It is an invention of the sex, and the sex groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Durham in beatific peace, while the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the sotto voce prayer that parties will be out, and that the matter can be dispatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of relief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes the tax of dress incident to the affair, the bad temper it invokes, and the hypocrisy and total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to custom, and then dimly realizes the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such thralldom, and it may take comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on those who have made him pay the piper for countless other freaks and whims of fashion and caprice. The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavor to mitigate the infliction of the formal call by convenient fibs, furnishes the masculine monster some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted whether he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond cut diamond; women annoying women. In such a transaction the wise man holds aloof and lets the dainty beligerents masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against one another instead of against the common tyrant, man. He is at liberty to be judiciously silent and hear the fair prattlers discuss each other in a style utterly unlike the fancy pictures of novelists and poets, and if he doesn't get some wholesome enlightenment he is hopelessly stupid.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Brignoli's Explanation.

Sign. Brignoli tells that once while he was singing in concert for a charitable object, the prima donna was suddenly attacked with singer's sore throat, and it became necessary that some one should apologize to the audience. The manager declared he was suffering from nervousness and could not do it, and he begged Brignoli to make the explanation. The tenor, going forward, said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say dat Mme. N—— eez a leetle horse dis evening."

Peals of laughter greeted this announcement, and the tenor looked puzzled, thinking the audience misunderstood him. He advanced once more, and with thundering emphasis roared out:

"I say dat Mme. N—— eez a leetle horse dis evening."

Another roar of laughter, amid which a voice in the gallery cried out: "Then, if she is a horse, why not trot her out?"

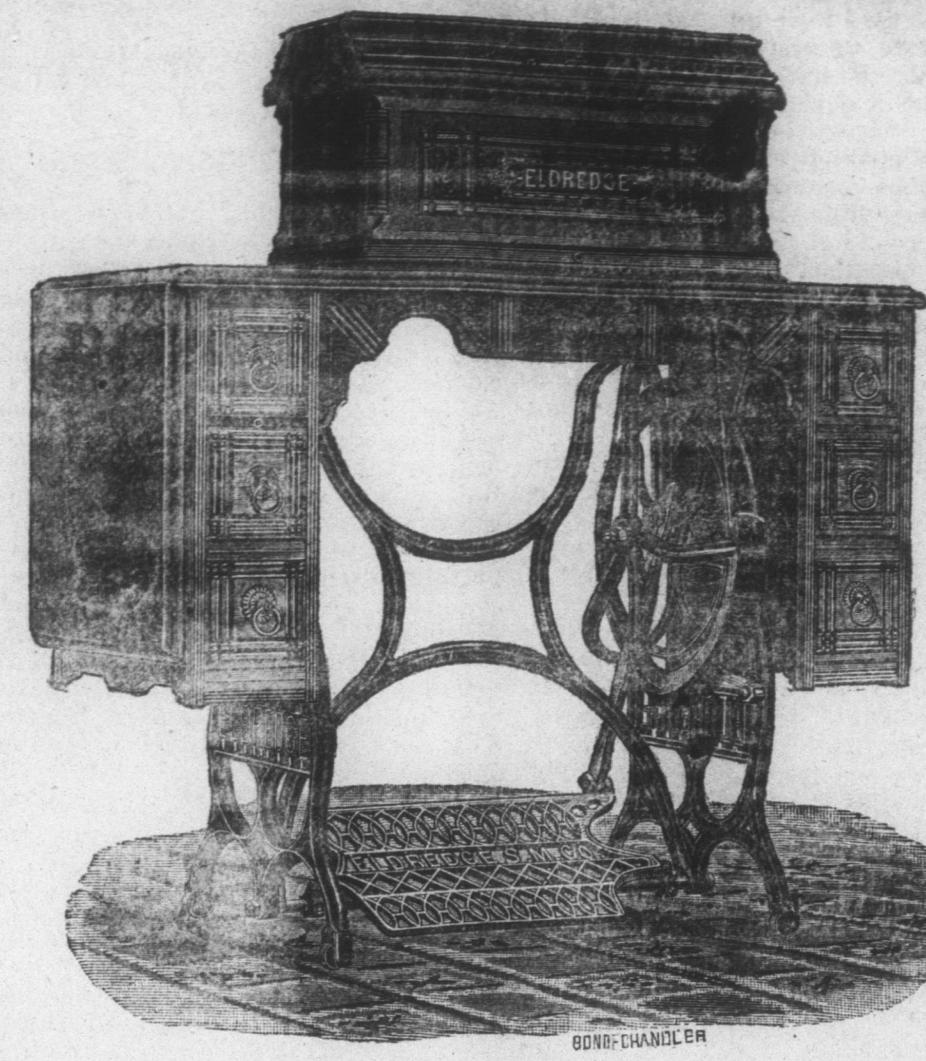
Then the mistake was plain to him, and Brignoli laughed as heartily as any one.—*Boston Herald*.

Wedding Flowers.

For recent weddings some beautiful floral designs have been made, some of which are novel. At one, the bouquet of the bride was composed of Lily of the Valley, several hundred sprays being used in this one bunch. The bridesmaids' bouquets were of Crimson King Carnations, fringed with "Maid of Guernsey" chrysanthemums; each bunch contained 150 carnations, and the edging of the wild white petals of the chrysanthemums was exquisitely lovely. At a charming wedding, the bride and bridegroom stood under a wishbone of flowers in heroic size which was swung from one end of the drawing-room from a stem fringed with autumn leaves. The top of the wishbone was studded with brilliant carnations of *La Purete* variety. The ends were also of this flower. The limbs of the wishbone were woven with white carnations. Smilax garlanded the bannisters. The plant decoration was small but choice. The bride carried a bunch of *Mermet* roses and the bridesmaids' bouquets were of crimson King Carnations and *Perle des Jardin* rosebuds. For another wedding, a lattice screen was made to cover the long mirror before which the marriage took place. This screen was composed of coils of smilax plaited, and the effect of this light lattice was very beautiful. Over the top was suspended a large basket of roses and spring flowers. There was a straw vase filled with pink rosebuds and mignonette, with a cluster of *Jacquemino*s at the center. The novelty in ornamental growing plants for the house is the hanging shell of *Lycopodium*, which is extremely pretty. Some of the shells are ordinary conch shells; others are made of glazed plaster, and colored with foam tints. The moss is arranged to droop, and it has a light and refreshing effect. Brackets filled with *Lycopodium* add grace and cheerfulness to any apartment. The only care required is sprinkling as often as the moss dries. Growing ferns are the fashionable ornament for the table. Recent adornments for an evening reception consisted of a floral piece representing a musical score, the bars woven in flowers on a white background, the whole supported by a floral harp. Over the mirror was a network of delicate smilax, which crossed the glass in deep festoons, on which rested tiny humming-birds and butterflies. Against the wall, on one side, was a lyre, on the other a harp. Around and on the mantle were arranged handsome plants; amid which stood a piano made of flowers. Over the folding doors leading to the library was suspended, from corollas of smilax, a flower violin and flute.

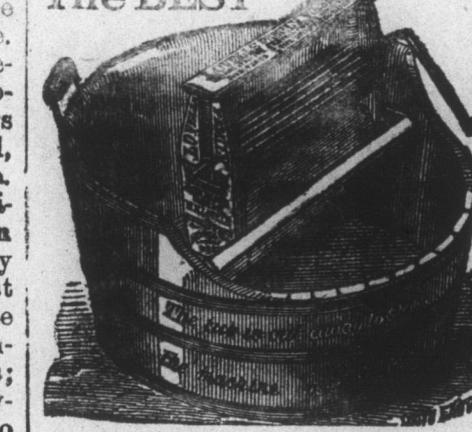
Birch-bark canoes, lined with tin and planted with ferns, or filled with cut-flowers and trailing vines, suspended from the chandelier, have a very pretty effect, in conjunction with other decorations, for evening entertainments.—*Floral World*.

THE ELDREDGE LEADS THE WORLD!



MRS. JAS. W. McEWEN, Agent, Rensselaer, Ind.

The BEST



WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL WASHER" to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED!

In every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from \$75 to \$150 per month. Farmers make \$200 to \$300 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only \$25. Sample to those desiring an agency \$2. Also the Celebrated KEYSINE WRINGERS at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

LOVELL WASHER CO., Erie, Pa.

THE WRIGHT

UNDERTAKIN & FURNITURE ROOMS.



T. P. WRIGHT,

NEW! ALL NEW!!

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

FARM MACHINERY,

EMPIRE MOWERS, EMPIRE REAPERS

EMPIRE BINDERS.

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

I am also prepared to do

REPAIRING.

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

WAGONS AND BUGGIES

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

NEW WAGONS AND BUGGIES

de 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

WITNESS my hand and
County of Jasper, ss:
William Morelan, the unknown heirs,
devisees and legatees of William
Morelan, deceased, — Morslan, wife
of said William Morelan, and the un-
known heirs, devisees and legatees of
— Morelan, deceased, wife of said
William Morelan, are hereby no-
tified that Ellen Kelly has filed her
complaint in the Jasper Circuit Court
to quiet her title to certain real es-
tate in said County, in which said
parties claim an interest and that
said cause will come up for trial on
Monday, October 24th, 1887, the same
being the 7th judicial day of the Oc-
tober Term 1887, of said Court to be
held at the Court House in Rensselaer
in said County and State, and com-
mencing October 17th, 1887.

WITNESS my hand and
the seal of said Court
this 2d, 1887.

JAMES F. IRWIN, Clerk
of the Jasper Circuit Court.
Hammond & Austin, pliffs attys.
September 2, 1887.