

National Banner.

LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Notice to Subscribers.

Two more issues after this will close the fourth volume of the BANNER. As we send no paper after the subscription has expired, all of our patrons who began with the present volume will please observe that their time has nearly expired. To such we would respectfully urge a renewal of their patronage and hope to be able to supply them with a paper that will be a welcome visitor to the family. — We trust that our friends throughout the country will aid us by doing what they can to retain all our present subscribers, and add as many more to our list as are able to take a good live local paper.

RENEW your subscriptions to the BANNER.

The Good Templars meet in convention here to day.

FARMERS have commenced plowing for spring crops.

Mr. David Lash, of Lisbon, died on last Thursday morning, after an illness of some weeks.

In view of the near approach of Easter, people should see that their hens attend strictly to duty.

PEOPLE in all parts of this place are cleaning up their door yards, and commencing to make order.

A SELECT SCHOOL will be opened by Miss Cowley, across the river, on Monday next. See advertisement.

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THE inhabitants of that ancient village, Lagrange Center, are in ecstasy over the completion of the railroad track between that place and Sturgis. The capital of our neighboring county, on Monday last, was made the occasion of a grand jubilee—the citizens manifesting their joy over the important event by sounding the fife and beating the drum, flying of colors, &c.

COL. JOHN JACKSON—that sterling patriot of Benton—is a present sojourner with his son-in-law, F. Prickett, at Albion. As Prickett foolishly neglects to subscribe for the BANNER, the venerable Colonel ordered the paper to be sent him during his stay at the capital of our county, stating that he "could not do without it." It is remarkable, indeed, that Prickett does not become imbued with the patriotic spirit of his father-in-law.

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"Old dog Trax is ever faithful. Grief cannot drive him away."

THE CROPS.—Farmers in this section of the country are enthusiastic in their praises of the winter wheat that is in the ground, going into raptures in speaking of the depth of its green color and the number of its sprouts. The present indications are that the summer harvest will be a heavy one, and will load the granaries of our farmers to their full capacity, and building material before buying elsewhere.

OUR young dental friend, M. W. Fisher, started for Gardner, Ill., this morning. He is going out there to relieve the suckers of worthless teeth. May success attend him. Like a sensible young man, he subscribed for the BANNER, thereby securing the news from his old home and the world at large.

Kendallville Correspondence.

KENDALLVILLE, April 12, 1870.

A young man not far from this city, whose "darling" has gone on a visit to her friends in the east, was overheard soliloquizing about as follows, though not in rhyme:—

Why don't she write? I've had no letter
For a fortnight, now, or more;
Although I've trotted to the office
Every day, three times, or four;
Still there comes no white envelope,
With a sweetly-scented note,
To reward me for the labor
Of the last one that I wrote.

I know she's interesting now,
For it is interesting now;
For I read it two times over
Just as soon as it was done,
And I said with mental rapture,
That will surely touch her heart;
But I half believe it didn't;
She is proof against Cupid's dart.

Is she false? I can't believe it;
For she said she wouldn't;
But, perhaps she's found another,
And is just a fooling me.

Now, may be she didn't get it,
So I guess I'll write again,
I'll get her to answer to it,
Tw'll remove a load of pain.

J. Gappingham has removed his harness and leather store to Rossbacher block, and Jeff Dunbar has removed his news room to the Gappingham block, opposite the dry goods and clothing store of Jacobs & Keller.

D. F. Pepple leaves to day for Topeka, thence to Emporia, to seek his fortune in that "sunny clime." Success attend him. Senator Morton, who is regarded by Republicans as the embodiment of all wisdom, has sounded the "key note" of the campaign, and instantly, from Maine to California, every republican paper from the Tribune down to the "one-horse" concerns all over the country, are singing to the "key-note." After reading a dozen or more of those elogetic editorials, we at last read the "speech" itself, and find it principally made up of gilded promises of reform and economy. Surely, none but a shameless politician, with a record stultified, and pledge upon pledge unredeemed, could go before the people and assert again their confidence with pledges of promised reform and economy. Readers of the BANNER, when these speeches are circulated among you, as they will be, read them, but do not believe them.

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WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The question of "female suffrage" is in fact

an immense magnificant proportions—in fact it is the all-absorbing, all-engrossing topic—among the strong-minded—it is the question which is agitating the public mind of the "shrieking sisterhood."

It is furnishing a delightful, finely flavored dish for those ambitious women, who heretofore have been forced by a chain of upropitious circumstances—to let their light shine under a bushel—or in the tea pot.

We are, however, glad to see and know that a volcano is about to throw its molten lava from the bowels of the unpretentious, modest teapot upon the heads of the "lords of creation"—the hitherto acknowledged champions of the political arena.

We need a revolution—politics. The American mind is so organized that inactivity produces a fatal, mortal, stagnation. With us, as Americans, the want of enthusiasm works a forfeiture of patriotism.

We are also a speech making people—

and since the adoption of the Fifteenth

Amendment we have been robbed of a favorite, delightful political theme. Upon the decease of slavery, and the enfranchisement of the negro, the American eagle—

that great and glorious quadruped, emblematic of freedom, liberty and strength—has ceased to scream.

With what shall we spice Fourth of July orations and campaign harangues in the future?

To dilate in future upon the heroic struggles of our forefathers in their efforts to plant the tree of liberty upon American soil, would be to set before us a dish as stale as boarding house hash—

To make political capital out of the "late unpleasantness" would be to revive "dead issues."

We have done a "big thing" for

the negro, now let him alone, to take care of himself, and like the white trash "not,

but, do."

Woman: what a delightful soul—in

spiring, angelic theme?

When I think of her wrongs, contemplate her injuries at the hands of the American people, and reflect that since the foundation of this government she has by her patriotism, her heroism, her works of "labor and of love" contributed so essentially and materially to our success—I blush for shame and am ready to shrink from the depths of an overflowing bosom—Oh!

Buy your Paws at the Ligonier Foundry, where you can always get them repaired when broken. Plow handles and beams put in and for sale. — 24th

Buy your Boots where you can get a good bargain, and that is at the boot and shoe establishment of Canfield & Emery.

A new boot polish may be had at Geo.

Braden's. It is superior to any other polish.

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