

Noble County Register.

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THE Noble County Register

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COLLECTIONS in Noble and adjoining Counties promptly made, and on reasonable terms.

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RESPECFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Ligonier and vicinity.

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THIS House is the general stage office. Passengers conveyed to and from the cars free.

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E. B. WOODWARD,

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all kinds of conveyancing and all other business appertaining to that office.

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MEDICAL NOTICE.

D. S. CARR & LOWER,

HAVING associated themselves together in the practice of MEDICINE AND SURGERY, would inform to the citizens of Ligonier that they will give prompt attention to all calls either day or night.

OFFICE two doors' north of the drug store, Ligonier, Feb. 4, 1858.

HENRY HOSTETTER,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

OFFICE on Main Street, Ligonier, Indiana.

LAND AGENCY.

THE undersigned has established an Agency for the purchase and sale of Real estate in Noble and adjoining counties, and has effected arrangements which offer superior inducements for those wishing to buy or sell the same in this section of the State.

Particular attention will be paid to Renting Houses, Leasing farms, and other business which it may be necessary for non-residents to leave in the hands of an agent.

LAND WARRANTS

Issued and obtained for those entitled to the same under the late act of Congress.

JAMES McCONNELL,

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND General Agents for Buying and Selling Real Estate, Examining Titles, Making Collections and Paying Taxes.

Auburn, Indiana.

2-0m.

FROST'S AMERICAN SPEAKER,

An excellent work for selecting pieces for Declamation, can be found in ARNOLD'S

A Suggestion to the Ladies.

Yankee Doodle has, they say,
A tact for imitation;
See how eagerly he takes
To foreign innovation.

We are a nation of copyists;
A short time ago we took
And yet of foreign shrines 'em too;
We dance a strict attendance.

A Yankee over-coat we wear—
No girl could be bigger;
A shirt upon a pole cut out
About as neat a figure!

Frances loop, the imperial form,
The Yankee ladies follow;
And in immensity of spread
They win the Empire hollow!

The latest novelty that comes,
Was born across the channel;
The little Queen, to please the Scots,
Has kilted the red flannel:

And presto! to our happy shore,
The world won't tingle passes,
With bonnie Highland lasses.

One in a while why can't we have
A truly Yankee notion?
Not such profound allegiance pay
To fashion! 'cross the ocean!

What could be finer now than this,
(And mind ye, too, how fashion!)
A trumpet red white and blue;
With silver stars all flashing!

Then comes Yankee education,
(And Scottie's skirts, confound 'em!)
Our girls shall take the world by storm
With the stars and stripes around 'em!

From Putnam's Magazine.

UNCLE JOSH.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

CONCLUDED.

hope and no help for his fluttered and fainting patient.

When the millennium comes, let us hope it will bring physicians of sufficient fortitude to forbear dosing in hopeless cases. It is vain to look for such in the present condition of things, and Dr. Sawyer was no better than his kind; he hemmed, hawed, screwed up one eye, felt Miss Unice's pulse again, and uttered oracularly:

"I think a portion of some sudorific febrile would probably allay Mrs. Unice's hectic."

"Well I expect it would," confidently asserted Josh; "can I get it at the store, doctor?"

"No sir! it should be compounded in the family Mr. Crane."

"Dew tell!" responded Josh, rather crestfallen, but brightening up as the doctor went on to describe, in all the polysyllables he could muster, the desirable fluid; at the end Josh burst out joyfully with—

"I sw—sw! taint nothing but lemonade with gum arabic in it!"

Dr. Sawyer gave him a look of contempt, and took his leave, Josh hanging under the profound and happy conviction that nothing ailed Miss Unice if lemonade was all that she needed; while the doctor called, on his way home, to see Parson Pitcher, and to him confided the mournful fact that Miss Unice was getting ready for heaven fast; could live scarcely another week by any mortal help. Parson Pitcher grieved truly, for he loved and respected Unice, and held her as the sweetest example of unobtrusive religion in all his church; moreover he knew how Josh would feel, and he dreaded the task of conveying to him the painful intelligence, resolving, nevertheless, to visit them the next day with that intent, as it was now too near night to make it convenient.

But a more merciful and able Shepherd than he preceded him, and spared Josh the lingering agony of an expectation that could do him no good. Miss Unice had a restless night after Dr. Sawyer's visit, for, with the preternatural keenness of her disease, she read the truth in his eye and tone, and though she had long looked on to this end, and was ready to enter into rest, the nearness of that untired cure agitated her and forbade her sleep; but faith uniting in bitter need, calmed her at length and with peace written upon her face she slept till dawn; a sudden pang awoke her, and her start roused Josh; as he lifted her on his pillow, where the red morning light showed her gasping and gray with death, he turned all cold.

"Good-bye, Josh!" said her tender voice, fainting as it spoke, and with one upward, rapturous look of the soft brown eyes, they closed forever, and her head fell back on Josh's shoulder, dead.

There the neighbor who "did chores" for her of late, found the two when she came in. Josh had changed since his mother died, for the moment Mrs. Casey lifted his wife from his arm, and laid the patient peaceful face back on its pillow, Josh hung himself down beside her and cried aloud with the passion and carelessness of a child. Nobody could rouse him, nobody could move him, till Parson Pitcher came in, and, taking his hand, raised and led him into the keeping room. There Josh brushed off the mist before his drenched eyes with the back of his rough hand, and looked straight at Parson Pitcher.

"Oh Lord, she's dead," said he, as if he alone of all the world knew it.

"Yes, my son, she is dead," solemnly replied the Parson; "it is the will of God, and you must consent."

"I can't! I ain't a goin' to," sobbed Josh—"taint no us talkin' if I'd only expected somethin', its that d—d doctor! Oh Lord! I've swore, and Miss Unice is dead! Oh, gracious goody! what be I a goin' to do? oh dear! oh dear! oh Miss Unice!"

Parson Pitcher could not even smile—the poor fellow's grief was too deep!

What could he think of to console him but that deepest comfort to the bereaved, her better state. "My dear friend, be comforted! Unice is with the blessed in heaven!"

"I know it! I know it! she allers was nigh about fit to get there without dyin'! Oh Lordy! she's gone to heaven and Iha'in't!"

No—there was no consoling Uncle Josh, that touch of nature shows it. He was alone, and refused to be comforted; so Parson Pitcher made a fervent prayer for the living, that unawares merged into a thanksgiving for the dead, and went his way, sorrowfully convinced that his holy office had in it no supernatural power to aid; that some things are too deep and too mighty for man.

Josh's grief raved itself into a worn-out dejection, still too poignant to bear the gentlest touch; his groans and cries were heart breaking at the funeral, and it seemed as if he would really die with agony, while the despairing wretchedness of the funeral hymn, the wailing cadences of "China," poured round the dusty and cobwebbed meeting-house

to which they carried his wife in her coffin one sultry August Sunday, to utter prayers and hymns above her who now needed no prayer, and heard the hymns of heaven.

After this, Josh retired to his own house, and according to Mrs. Casey's story, neither ate nor slept; but this was somewhat apocryphal, and three days after the funeral, Parson Pitcher, betaking himself to the Crane farm, found Uncle Josh whittling out a set of clothes-pegs on his door-step, but looking very downcast and miserable.

"Good morning, Mr. Crane," said the good divine.

"Mornin', Parson Pitcher! how a che'er?"

The Parson sat down on the bench of the step, and wistfully surveyed Josh, wondering how best to introduce the subject of his loss; and the refractory widower gave no sign, and at length the Parson spoke.

"I hope you begin to be resigned to the will of Providence, my dear Mr. Crane."

"No, I don't a speck!" honestly retorted Josh. Parson Pitcher was shocked.

"I hoped to have found you in a better frame," said he.

"I can't help it!" exclaimed Josh, flinging down finished peg, emphatically.

"I ain't resigned! I want Miss Unice! I ain't willin' to hav' her dead; I can't and I ain't, and that's the hull on't! and I'd a d—d sight rather—oh goody! I've sworn agin—Lord a-massay! 'n she ain't here to look at me when I do, and I'm goin' straight to the devil. Oh lord! there it goes! oh, dear soul, can't a fellow help himself no how?"

And with that Josh burst into a洪 of tears, and fled past Parson Pitcher into the barn, from whence he issued no more till the minister's steps were heard crunching on the gravelled path towards the gate, when Josh, persistent as Goliath, thrust his head, out of the barn window, and repeated in a louder and more strenuous key, "I ain't willin' to hav' my Parson Pitcher!" leaving the Parson in a dubious state of mind, on which he ruminated for some weeks, finally concluding to let Josh alone with his Bible, till time should blunt the keen edge of his pain, and reduce him to reason; and he noticed with great satisfaction that Josh came regular to church and conference meetings, and at length resumed his work with a due amount of composure.

There was in the village of Plainfield a certain Miss Ranney, daughter of Mrs. Ranney, the greatest vixen in those parts, and, of course, an old maid. Her temper and tongue had kept off suitors in her youth, and had in no wise softened since. Her name was Sarah, familiarized into Sally, and as she grew up to middle age, that pleasant, kindly title being sadly out of keeping with her nature, every body called her Sally Ranney, and the third generation scarcely knew she had another name.

Any uproar in the village always began with Sally Ranney, and woe be to the unlucky lad who puffed an apple under the overhanging trees Mrs. Ranney's pleasure by the road, or tilted the well sweep of her stony curbed well to get a drink; Sally was down on the offender like a hail-storm, and cuffs and shrieks mingled in wild chorus with her shrill scolding, to the awe and consternation of every child within half a mile.

Judge then, of Parson Pitcher's amazement, when a little more than a year after Miss Unice's death, Josh was ushered into his study one evening, and after stroking a new stovepipe hat for a long time, at length said he had "come to speak about bein' published."

The Parson drew a long breath, partly of pure wonder.

"Who are you going to marry, Mr. Crane?" said he after a pause.

Another man might have softened the style of his wife to be—not Josh.

"Sally Ranney," said he undauntedly.</