

Correspondence.

SOUTHEAST MARION.

BY SCHOOL BOY.

The box social at Cleveland Hall, the other evening, was a complete success. The social at the James' school house was far more successful in every particular. The social given at Miss Irwin's school was the largest of its kind so far this year.

There is considerable sickness in this neighborhood. The following persons are at present indisposed: Boze Evans, Thos. Daugherty's family, John Havens' family, Mrs. Goble, Mrs. Flaherty, Eli Cricker's children and Mrs. M. Y. Slaughter.

James Irwin is putting up a separator to help the Milk Church in this county.

The young folks enjoyed a pleasant party at Mr. Sigman's the other evening.

The county surveyor was out in these parts doing some ditch work.

Ab and Reuben Dickinson are ditching for Wm. Haley.

Wanted—Eight or ten men to represent our well known house in this state. Our large and complete stock and various lines, such as nursery stock, plants, bulbs, fancy seed potatoes, fertilizers, etc., enable us to pay handsome salaries to even ordinary salesmen. Wages run from \$75 to \$125 per month and expenses—according to material in the man. Apply quick, stating age. L. L. MAY & CO., St. Paul, Minn. (This house is responsible.)

CARPENTER TOWNSHIP.

BY DON'T TELL.

Milton Jones stopped off at Remington, last Saturday, on his way home from Middlesborough, Kentucky. He was not very favorably impressed with that part of the country, thinks it most to hilly, after living in a level prairie country.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sayers were called to Kentland, last week, to attend the funeral of one of their cousins, Mrs. McFarland, who died of consumption.

Mrs. David Hahn and little daughter, of whom mention was made last week, are both on the road to recovery, under the excellent treatment of Dr. Ramsey.

We understand that Mr. Wagner has traded his farm, better known as the Gordon farm, for a stock of dry goods in Sheldon, Illinois.

Messrs. Wells and Will Hubbard, of Hammond, were visiting their many friends in this vicinity last week.

Mr. Geo. H. May and daughter, Agnes, are visiting friends and relatives in Barkley township.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Gray have taken another joining democrat to raise.

News scarce and weather fine.

"During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here, and was much better liked than other cough medicine."—H. M. BANGS, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grip is much the same as a very severe cold and requires precisely the same treatment. This Remedy is prompt and effectual, and will prevent any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. For sale by F. B. Meyer, druggist.

JORDAN.

BY DUCK.

The literary at Union school house last Friday night was a success. The question for debate was, resolved, "that war has a worse influence on a country than intemperance." It was decided in favor of the negative. The next literary will be on February 2nd. The question for debate is, resolved, "that woman has the right to vote."

A box supper will be given by Ruby Knowlton at Never Fail school house, seven miles south of Rensselaer on, Feb. 1st. Music furnished by the Carr boys. A vote will be taken on the most popular young lady. All are cordially invited.

Walker Timmons was out from Otterbein visiting friends around Egypt.

Will Hubbard and father are here from Hammond on a visit.

We still want a few more regular correspondents over the county. Write up your home happenings and send them to us. We want them.

DEMOCRATIC PRAYER NO. 7.

Another Formula for Praying
Democrats to Learn by
Heart.

National Reformer.

Almighty Grover, king of Democrats, high priest of John Bull and consort of Wall Street, great is thy name throughout all the land. Thou who seest all things with an eye single to thy purpose; whose dominations reach from ocean to ocean and whose subjects are as the sands upon the sea shore, we bow before thee in humble adoration and acknowledge our littleness in thy sight. Look upon us, most worshipful master, as thy humble servants, ready to do thy will and receive the crumbs from thy official table. We ask not for pie—it is to rich for our blood—but, if it pleases thy highness, let us lick the plate where the pie was. Oh, most beloved father, sharpen again our teeth that we may gnaw on the tariff bone which thou hast thrown out to us, for verily it is dry and hard and thy servants in Congress have gnawed all the meat off of it. We pray thee to open our eyes that we may be able to see the good time promised, for verily we are surrounded with the fog of low prices and the patches on the seat of our pants are worn to a frazzle and the wind whisteth a requiem therein, and we have not the wherewith to renew the patches. We thank thee, most adored master, for thy excellent message, but our stomachs yearn for soup. We praise thy name by day and by night, even while our children cry for bread; but the gaunt wolf of hunger stares at the open door of poverty. We know that thou art great and good, and wise and just, but we have not the wherewith to clothe our children. Yet in the midst of poverty we sing praises to thee, oh, Cleveland, and would again make thee ruler over all the land. But we pray thee, most worshipful master, to deliver us from our enemies, for they encompass us round about to our great discomfort. Between the Populists, the mortgages, the taxes and poverty we are sorely pressed, we lift up our voices and cry out in distress, and the Populists mocketh at us in our despair. He runneth his tongue out of one corner of his mouth and winketh his eye and saith, "Aha! I told you so!" Oh, mighty Cleveland, who will deliver us from the body of this fortune? Verily we have been wicked in thy sight, else why gavest thou us a stone when we asked for bread? and a serpent when we asked for fish? Verily our heart sinketh within us and the Populists revile us on every hand. We sell our wheat at 50 cents, and lo! the mortgage taketh the 50 cents. We sell out cotton at 7 cents, and lo! the taxes swoopeth down like an eagle from the mountain and gobbleth it up. We would fain have "salted down" our hogs, but the banker salted down both us and the hogs. Our beef which we thought to have pickled was pickled by the merchants, as well as our note for the balance of our account. We sheared our sheep, but the lawyer took the fleece and fleeced us out of a cow besides. Whichever way we turn is hell. Our children are rags, our wife is rags, our own clothes are rags and verily it appeareth that rags are the legitimate result of Democratic success. In the anguish of hearts, oh, almighty Grover, we cry out unto thee. Smite the Populists with a terrible smite. Soften the hearts of the bankers that they may put out a little money. Soon the cold bleak winds of winter will be over. The jaybird will chirp merrily in the apple tree, and the robin will pour out the melody of his soul from the top rail of our dilapidated fence. Then the holes in our pants will let in the gentle zephyrs of the summer, and gladden the hearts. Then we will thank thee for the pants—and the holes, too. Then the patriotic office-seeker will come to see us and with his silver notes pour sweet consolation into our ears. And when our listening ear catcheth the sweet promises he makes, our hearts will leap again with gladness, and we will sing praises to thy name and shout aloud for party success. We will rise up early in the morning and go forth with gladness in our hearts and corn bread in our stomachs, and sing thy praises all the day long. And when evening is come we'll put a tin rooster in our hat and march in the procession to thy glory and to thy success. Yea, we will even carry a torchlight and banners, that the people

shall know that we worship thee and thee alone. And the Populists who stand upon the street corner and mocketh at us we will laugh to derision. Yea, our hearts shall leap with joy and our souls rise up within us. In our gladness we will forget the price of wheat, the mortgage, taxes, rags—everything, but the greatness of thy name. And now, most gracious master, take us into thy keeping. Remember us to the soup houses and the free lunch counters. Send us a few patches if you have any to spare. Suffer us to black your shoes, spit upon your fish bait, or serve you in any other way you see fit, and we shall praise thy name forever and forever. Amen!

About a year ago I took a violent attack of la grippe. I coughed day and night for about six weeks; my wife then suggested that I try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. At first I could see no difference, but still kept taking it, and soon found that it was what I needed. If I got no relief from one dose I took another, and it was only a few days until I was free from the cough. I think people in general ought to know the value of this remedy, and I take pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I have received from it.—Madison Mustard, Otway, Ohio. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. B. Meyer, druggist.

James Whitecomb Riley's Farm Life.

From a conversation between Mr. Riley and Hamilton Garland, in McClure's Magazine for February.

"All I got of farm life I picked up right from this distance—this town—this old homestead. Of course, Greenfield was nothing but a farmer town then, and besides, father had a farm just on the edge of town, and in corn-plantin' times he used to press us boys into service, and we went very loathfully, at least I did. I got hold of farm life in some way—all ways, in fact. I might not have made use of it if I had been closer to it than this."

"Sometimes some real country boy gives me the round turn on some farm points. For instance, here comes one stepping up to me: 'You never lived on a farm,' he says. 'Why not?' says I. 'Well,' he says, 'a turkey-cock gobbles, but he don't ky-ouck as your poetry says.' He had me right there. It's the turkey hen that ky-oucks. 'Well, you'll never hear another turkey-cock of mine ky-ouckin',' says I."

While I laughed, Riley became serious again. "But generally I hit on the right symbols. I get the frost on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock; and I see the frost on the old axe they split the pumpkins with for feed, and I get the smell of the fodder and the cattle, so that it brings up the right picture in the right picture in the mind of the reader. I don't know how I do it. It ain't me."

His voice took on a deeper note, and his face shone with a strange sort of mysticism which often comes out in his earnest moments. He put his fingers to his lips in a descriptive gesture, as if he held a trumpet. "I'm only the 'willer' through which the whistle comes."

Speaking for ourselves, we are always glad to pick up the Chicago Express, now edited by Henry Vincent, for the pointer it furnishes bearing directly upon our movement. We have secured a clubbing rate that will save our friends money by taking the Express with the PILOT.

Judge Waxen's Proverbs.
The little men in politics ain't without their uses.

Every time a new state comes into the Union, the American eagle roosts a notch higher.

Offis is like a street car; when a man catches it he sets down and rests.

All the good congressmen ain't ded.

The tariff brakes as many as it makes.

A tax on incomes is liable to increase the crop of liars.

Ther ought to be a tax on ignorants in this country.

Men that air too onest air always trubbilin' the sea uy pollicks.

Salaried patriotism ain't so bad as it looks.—Ex.

Dr. I. B. Washburn, the optician, handles the celebrated Trolley's Kohinoor eye glasses, the best made. Attention is called to the ad, "See Again in Youth," in another place in this paper.

We duplicate Chicago prices on job printing. Come in and see if we don't.

BEST OFFER EVER MADE \$5,000 Cash GIVEN AWAY BY THE CINCINNATI Weekly Enquirer.

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Nov. 1, 1893, to March 31, 1894.

On an offer of \$1,500 last spring, running three months, ending June 30, 1893, for clubs of five, each club agent received \$4.53 in cash besides his commissions. That offer was \$500 a month for three months.

We now offer \$1,000 a month for five months, or a total of

\$5,000 for five months,

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and in three months I was perfectly cured. In my travels each year, when I see the thousands of physical wrecks, suffering from nervous prostration, taking prescriptions from local physicians who have no knowledge of their case, and whose death is certain, I feel like going to them and saying, "GET DR. MILES' NERVE AND BE CURED." In my profession, as a man of letters, from overwork, mental prostration and nervous exhaustion, brought on by the character of the business engaged in, I would recommend

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