

Correspondence.

ACROSS THE DEEP.

Notes Afoot.

HALLE, Germany, Jan. 18, '94.

After spending one of the most quiet Sundays at Coventry that our party had experienced, we started on Monday morning for a walk to Stratford-on-Avon, the scene of Shakespeare's life. It was a clear, bright, cool morning in July and nature seemed as gay and responsive as we. In order to enjoy English scenery and life you must penetrate it, you must leave the city and train and seek the byways and retreats. Our road had been recently repaved and was a delight to walk over. It was one of those great thoroughfares that was a basis of traffic between the cities before the day of railroads, and has since been turned over to the public, which desires to avoid the rush of the train or the transfer of goods over short distances. One characteristic of English rural scenery is the presence of the magnificent old oak. They seem to have stood for centuries—to have been the sacred altars of the Druids of old, the nature worshippers of ancient England. Their great, rounded, symmetrical tops lend a pleasing harmony to distant views. Nothing sharp and harsh. Everything reposing quiet. It is difficult to see how the English nation should have developed such strong attributes of action in her national history, but it is not so difficult to see why they should have gradually evolved the principles of freedom. A love of the beautiful and ideal is inconsistent with slavery in any of its spheres. The natural environment of the English race has been a powerful factor in the preservation of the Saxon race instincts for the love of freedom which has exemplified itself in the development of English institutions.

Our walk was in the most historic section of England and likely one of the most visited places on the isle with the exception of one. A walk of a short time brought us to the little town of Kenilworth which is visited to-day principally as the seat of the magnificent old ruins of Kenilworth castle. I suppose the whole of Europe might be traversed before a grander old pile of the feudal past would be found. It is not only grand for its memories, but for the rich suggestiveness with which it impresses the stranger. Its walls are indeed crumbling, but picturesque by the presence of the "ivy green," which covers the harshness of the cold stone. It is a symbol of the past when pomp, pageantry, luxury and all that beauty and chivalry in that most splendid age of English history could impart, found expression in the life enacted there. As in many other instances in England and Scotland the genius of Sir Walter Scott has clothed the ruins with a new charm as the seat of the plot of his great novel which takes its name from the castle. In a small inn near the castle is pointed out the room where Scott made the first sketch of his novel. The description of the castle and its surroundings as seen in the novel is a masterpiece in descriptive art. The castle has had a turbulent history which we shall not attempt to recount. We may add a few notes of indifferent interest. In 1286 one hundred knights held a grand chivalric festival where silks are said to have been worn for the first time in England. It became the prison of Edward II, and where he signed his abdication of the throne of England. The most memorable event in its history is the royal state festival, given by Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. Her attendants numbered some 400 and were all lodged in the castle. The festival continued seventeen days at an expense of \$5,000 per day. It is recorded that all waiters were clothed in velvet. Ten oxen were slaughtered every morning. Sixteen hogsheads of wine were consumed. This stands as a type of the elegance and luxury of that time. The scene and beauty surrounding the castle as reproduced by Scott has passed away. The field where the knights played at chivalry is to-day a wooded road. The majestic forest with its stock of deer has equally succumbed to the ravages of time. The basin of the artificial lake is farmed as a meadow. The great beauty of the castle consisted in its obelisks, sphinxes and other orna-

ments. It is owned by the Earl of Clarendon, who keeps the walls in repair. In this process several subterranean passages have been discovered which were hid for centuries. It was near noon as we sat upon the walls attempting to call back the actors of the drama that found expression there in the centuries and life of the past. The "small octagonal chamber" was a sad subject for reflection as the room of the sad-fated Amy Robsart, the secret wife of the Earl of Leicester. The banquet hall was not resounding with the silver sounding lute and the cup, once sparkling with the fragrant wine, lay crumbling at our feet. The garden walks were vacant, save for the silent stroll of the gardener. The richly dressed knight prepared for the tournament failed at the blast of the trumpet or the call of the herald. Everything seemed lost as the movement of a dream, and it was only by the echo of careless laughter of visiting girls that the present was substituted for the pictures of the past, and we scrambled down the walls into the courts and collected our attendants and prepared to take leave of the splendid remains of a past that we could little realize.

Our walk to Warwick Castle was as delightful as to Kenilworth, and about the same distance. Bicycles were constantly whirling by us as England is certainly the cyclists' paradise in earthly things. Our walk was interrupted by an English rural picnic, the company composed of three Americans, and the place on the bank of a restless brooklet and one of those choice spreading oaks as our protection from the noon-day sun. Our road took us through a very fertile country, and sufficiently rolling to give variety and surprise in scenery. We passed many places of traditional interest, but space as well as sufficient interest to readers, will forbear a recital. We soon reached the castle of Warwick, and the little city which surrounds it. It is to-day the residence of the Earl of Warwick, and is one of the finest and picturesque of feudal residences of England. Its towers and battlements as they protrude from the heavy foliage that surrounds the Castle, gives the whole scene a character of a rare picture rather than a reality. The Avon flows slowly past beneath its walls as if loath to leave. A part of the castle was burned in 1871, but has been carefully restored. We were content with a view from without, although visitors are admitted. We passed down one of those rural avenues of which I have spoken so often. Many a lingering glance at the rounded towers as they planted themselves in the gleam of an evening sunset, only impressed the truth upon me that it is "distance that lends enchantment to the view."

In the cool and quiet of evening we strolled along by bowered homes and neat green lawns until we came unawares to the beautiful and magnificent park of the Lucy family, and the droves of playing deer at once remind you that you are intruding on the environment that lent its part to fashion the great singer of the English tongue—William Shakespeare. There is something about an English park that one cannot well reduce to words. It must be seen to be appreciated. There are usually none of the fancy touches of the arts of man, yet everything is in order. Those great large trees in long rows suggest veneration as well as strength. Deer to the number of several hundred gambol and play beneath their branches. The whole seemed the habitation of sylvan beings, the park covers several hundred acres and is partly utilized as a pasture. In this park, as we are told, with some of his boy companions, Shakespeare made a raid upon the deer of Sir Lucy. This act of depredation so enraged Lucy that he caused the boy to be punished. This in turn called forth from the latter a poetic lampoon severely setting forth Sir Lucy's characteristics. This he posted at the park entrance, and is said to be his first poetic attempt. I believe the story is discredited, but it is certain that Shakespeare must have passed much of his time in the country around as it is situated so closely to the village of Stratford. A walk of a few minutes brought us in sight of the village. To write of Stratford is to write of one man, and that man is a familiar and recognized personage of the homes of all who know and appreciate the rich heritage of the

English tongue as it has expressed itself through its masters. As we walk down the bank of the Avon the evening is fast passing into darkness and the river carries the sound of boating party or fishing crew as they return or row in the evening twilight. So closed the most satisfactory day that we spent in all England as well as so far in Germany. The next day is only second to the one just chronicled, in real, genuine interest and pleasure.

REMINGTON.

BY TOPSY.

Elder C. W. Cooper was noticed on our streets last week.

The noon train going east Monday was an hour and one-half late.

Saxon Sisters didn't leave a very good impression on the people of this place.

McIntire & Harris are doing some real estate business right along despite the hard times.

Geo. Hensler, northwest of town is the proud father of a bouncing boy, since last Sunday week.

Ed. Anderson's troupe at Exchange hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 20, presents 'The Lightning Express.'

The town board should follow the example of Goodland in ridding the town of some of its useless surplus of canines.

C. W. Harner has fitted up rooms over his restaurant and is now prepared to both board and lodge to all who apply.

H. C. Phelps, an old business man of Remington, died at his home in the south part of town, Sunday morning, burial Tuesday.

J. W. Thomas who fell from a hay loft near Foresman last fall, is still confined to his room and it is expected will always be crippled.

T. E. Alison and wife returned home from Winamac, Saturday night, whither they had gone to attend the burial of Mrs. Alison's mother.

D. Riley, Harner's baker, has been stepping higher than a blind horse since a week ago Sunday. Cause, a ten pound democrat at his house.

A. B. Lewis moved to Lee station last week, accompanied by Sam Jacks, who resigned his position in Denham & Brodie's butcher shop and Bart Tedford went back into his old place again.

The funeral services over the remains of H. C. Phelps were held Tuesday afternoon at the Presbyterian church. Bro. McKee officiating. All the business houses in town were closed during the services, except the east saloon.

CARPENTER.

BY DON'T TELL.

Mr. Stillman is having his well drilled deeper.

Mr. Arthur Woodin and wife have moved back to Carpenter.

There will be a vacation at the Price school during the month of March.

Will Griffith has been having a siege of lung fever, but is better at present.

John Sayers lost a horse Saturday morning, apparently fell dead in the barn.

Mrs. Sylvester Gray has been under the doctor's care. Also Mrs. Jose Burns. Both are better.

Mr. Joseph Gray has moved on the property belonging to John Kettering, one mile west of Remington.

Tuttle & Harris have just finished drilling a well for James Clowery. Found plenty of water at a depth of 127 feet.

A daughter was born to Mrs. May Tolles, Feb. 7th, living but two or three days, was buried last Sunday at the Alter grave yard.

John T. May purchased over 100 head of sheep at Mr. Wagner's sale. John thinks there is money in keeping sheep, if wool is to be placed on the free list.

George Nicholson has rented his farm for \$2.50 per acre, and will leave the farm about March 1st. He hasn't decided what business he will engage in.

SOUTHEAST MARION.

BY SCHOOL BOY.

Health generally good.

Parties are too numerous to mention.

Mr. Kendle has moved to his new home in the north part of Jordan township.

John Havens has rented a house near the Hoover bridge and will move in a few days.

Wm. Haley has rented his farm to Mr. Daly, from White county. He is moving to the same.

We are sorry to lose Mr. Worsell from our midst, for we need many such men as he in our community. Success to him.

John Meinbrock still continues to make the rounds with his milk cans. He is a charter member in the milk church.

GILLIAM TOWNSHIP.

By previous arrangements the representatives of the People's Party met at the center school house in Gilliam township on Friday evening, Feb. 16, for the purpose of organization. R. L. P. Massey was chosen temporary chairman. After due deliberation, Thos. H. Robinson was elected as the permanent chairman of this township. The following committee were then chosen: West Vernon, O. P. Comer; East Vernon, C. Richison; Independence, Jerome Massey; Center, Elmer Pullins; Gilliam, Will Pruett; Glendale, Frank Gillett. After a few speeches from persons present, the meeting adjourned.

Warm Victuals.

Bully times, ain't it? Want to vote the old monopolist tickets some more, don't ye? Got it in the neck, eh? Good. Swear you like it. Greatest country on earth, eh? Prosperity howling through the mortgage on your home, eh? Good times cavorting all over your unpaid grocery bill, eh? You are a lulu.—Coming Nation.

Go to, now, ye rich men, weep for the miseries which shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth eaten. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields which is of you kept back by fraud.—The Bible.

Carnegie says he will vote for a gold standard free trader a mighty sight quicker than for a protection bimetalist. It is cruel for him to say so, however, when the old party leaders are working so industriously to enthrone the people once more over that old tariff chestnut.—People's Tribune, Saginaw, Michigan.

It will be funny to see the democratic orators in Georgia denouncing the democratic administration. The democratic party and yet some of our good democrats will stick to the party and fight the administration. Funny, ain't it!—Living Issue, Atlanta, Ga.

We are pleased to see that the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has discovered the fact that man is an animal and that starvation is cruelty. We wish them great success in this broadening of the good work in which they are engaged.—New Era, Springfield, Ohio.

It is good to give food to the hungry. It is better to give work and let the hungry buy their own food. It is best to see that all have opportunity to work so that none may be dependent on the charity of others. To have to accept a chance to work as charity is scarcely less humiliating than to have to accept bread as charity. We need the kind of justice that makes charity unnecessary—the liberty which makes employment, bureaus uncalled for.—New Era, Springfield, Ohio.

The man who proposes to mortgage the labor of our children to the shylocks by issuing bonds should be quietly led out behind the woodshed and shot like a mad dog.—Creston (Ia.) Daily American.

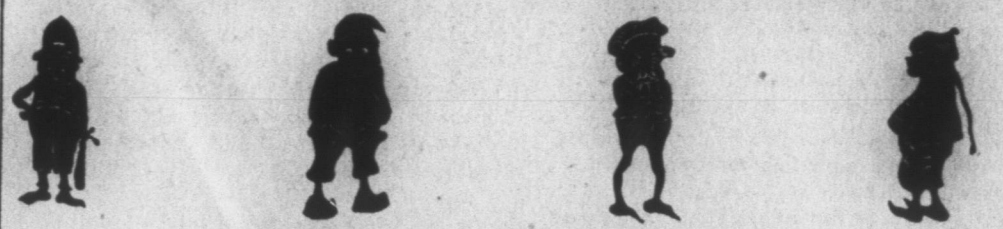
"There is a screw loose" somewhere in our social system, but it is not the thumb-screws of greed; they've just had another turn.—Flaming Sword.

People should remember that the most prosperous era this nation ever enjoyed was when there was not a dollar in gold or silver to be had in the channels of trade.—Oberlin (Kas.) Herald.

Grand Master Workman Rothschild of the Userers' union has ordered that not one cent of the \$100,000,000 piled up now in New York banks be put in circulation until the people agree to rates of extortion.—Denver Road.

Corporations fix the price of wages, the courts compel their acceptance, and the fool slaves, with ballots in their hands, accept the situation and disgrace the very name of American citizenship and manhood by voting themselves slaves and their families paupers, all for the success of their party. God pity the families; the voting slaves deserve no sympathy.—Union Labor, Independence, Kas.

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