

Correspondence.

ACROSS THE DEEP.

A Ramble among the Halls of Oxford University.

From our Special Correspondent.

OXFORD, Eng., July 20, '93.

Within a short distance of Stratford-on-Avon is a little village which ought to command the attention of Americans more than it does. And we, like our predecessors, followed the main stream of travel and left the place unvisited. It is the place of the Washington family from which George Washington descended. Some of the monuments of the family before leaving for America are there.

A short ride found us in the ancient town of Woodstock, which has been woven into romance by the prolific pen of Scott. It was once manor residence of the English kings, but no trace now remains of their residence. The early English poet, Chaucer, is said to have once lived there. But one does not visit Woodstock for any of these things. The feature of Woodstock is the beautiful park that lies near it known as Blenheim. It contains some 2,000 acres of genuine English rural beauty. An English park is so different from an American park that there are not many points of likeness, only that they are both parks.

As I have said before the park of England, especially the country park, has an air of quiet beauty in it, all that is not easily reduced to words. There seems to be no special effort manifest in getting them in shape, but everything seems to have taken shape and place by the "eternal fitness of things." I should say that broad, green lawns or more nearly meadows, cut up into pleasant walks, avenues, and retreats by the majestic old oak, is the prevailing characteristic of the English park. This park in its name, Blenheim, fixes one of the great victories of England as achieved by the Duke of Marlboro, and was given him as a reward for his services and achievements. At the same time Parliament voted him 500,000 pounds for the purpose of constructing a palace. It is all a wonderful expression of what a great nation is willing to do when her destinies are dependent upon the genius of one man. But, however much the future greatness of England was assured by the achievements of the Duke of Marlboro, the question naturally arises, should, in justice, a long line of mediocre successors be allowed to take possession of a gift set aside to commemorate the deeds of one man. It is the finest specimen of a park I have so far seen.

A brisk walk of some three miles in the evening under the somewhat embarrassing circumstances of a drizzling rain, brought us into the city of that renowned seat of learning, Oxford University. Nearly every boy has followed Tom Brown through his school days and then at Oxford. The two great Universities of England that have no superior, in many ways, in Europe are Cambridge and Oxford. These Universities are much different than an American University in organization. They are nothing more than an aggregate of colleges having their seat in one city, united by an organization. Our colleges are situated in different parts of the states and this gives opportunities for attendance that the English universities cannot do. At Oxford there are situated 21 colleges and 3 halls. All of these colleges, with exception of one or two, bear a very old date. Merton College being the oldest, dating from 1264. It would be beyond the purpose of this letter to attempt to enter into detail, in describing this

wonderful maze of venerable structures dedicated as the workshop and habitation of the seeker of truth. We were unfortunate in visiting the place when the university was not in session, and so we were content to ramble around among the old buildings and try to picture to ourselves the life that must animate them in the college year. I was pretty well convinced that an English university was, in one respect, like our own and that in the fact that a university town is likely to be dead when the university is not in session. Of course, in the English university you have a long and eventful past to call to life as you walk among the shadows of old buildings and picturesque towers. Some of these colleges are very wealthy, while others are not. The number of students at Oxford is about 3,000. And, as a matter of course, many of England's great men are to be found among her graduates.

Each college may and does in-struct, so far as I know, in any of the departments of knowledge, but by course of development and character of instructors they are known for strength in some particular line of work. So that when a student seeks to enroll he selects that college strongest in his work, while some of the colleges are more the center of aristocracy than others and this decides the selection of the wealthy. The least cost of a student at Oxford is about \$500. The students of each college receive two rooms and they eat at the same table, and attend chapel in their gowns which are worn on other occasions.

The history of Oxford and Cambridge is intimately connected with the intellectual life of England, and many of the great movements have first had their birth in these centers of learning, and have gradually spread over England and even the world. One notable instance was the work of the Wesleys, in the founding of Methodism. John Wesley was a Fellow of Lincoln College, of Oxford, and was given him as a reward for his services and achievements. At the same time Parliament voted him 500,000 pounds for the purpose of constructing a palace. It is all a wonderful expression of what a great nation is willing to do when her destinies are dependent upon the genius of one man.

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had settled into quiet when another began to strike. One of the party observed that in a multitude of clocks we might have the time at any moment. So we counted to see what the result might be. We came to nine, on to twelve. We examined our watches. It still pealed forth in solemn but decided tones and soon arrived at 25. It would likely strike out all the hours at once and be done with it. We soon arrived at fifty strokes and no sign of weariness on the part of the clock, but decided impatience on our part. Evidently an invention that the Yankees had not learned. Seventy-five fell with a triumphant peal. It seemed to speak with clearer tones as if it told a peculiar and interesting story. The history of England is locked up in those old towers and walls. Ninety re-echoed through the evening air and in stately succession one hundred followed. Mechanism run mad! The tower fairly shook from the reverberation and disturbed the night birds that sought a temporary shelter. One hundred and one fell and we waited again for its successor, but it did not follow and the echoes soon died away and silence, save the patter of feet below, began her rightful reign. Our curiosity was aroused more than you doubtless are to learn the cause of such an extraordinary occurrence. We consulted our guide-book and found that the bell from which the strokes proceeded passed under the name of "Old Tom," who weighed some 18,000 pounds, and that the strokes were 101 in commemoration of the number of students enrolled at the founding of the college, and that the gates must be closed at that hour.

Aside from the historic surroundings I believe the American university is more efficient than the system of Oxford and Cambridge, with their noble array of cold, dark buildings, without much to illuminate them, save the rays of a receding past, which glimmers from the fagots of burning martyrs or the heat of religious disputes, but more nobly from the flames of truth that have guided the destiny of England and her dependencies.

LEE.

BY GUESS.

Where is the Amateur Comedy Co.

Jas. Sutton has sold his farm and moved to the H. Kessler farm.

A. B. Lewis and Sam Jack went to Remington on business the latter part of last week.

Sam Nolan left Tuesday evening for Cable, O., where he expects to work for B. A. Linville, formerly of this place.

The box social at the Lee school house last Saturday night, was rather a slim affair, it seems as if the young people of this place are afraid of such affairs.

Miss Ola Dodd returned last Saturday from southeast of Monon, where she has been teaching school this winter.

Charles Lee was visiting his parents and friends last Saturday and Sunday. He returned to Kniman, Monday morning, where he is teaching school.

Miss Belle Sparrow, of Hammond, is visiting friends and relatives at this place this week, she will return next Monday.

REMINGTON.

BY TOPSY.

Regular old-fashioned mud. Sallie Rawlings was buried last Tuesday afternoon.

Grandma Harris was buried one week ago, yesterday.

The Drummer Boy of the Rappahannock, Thursday night, at Durand Hall.

D. H. Patton returned a few days ago from Woodward, Oklahoma, for a few days visit with his family.

J. E. Hollett received 6 cars of Wisconsin Lake ice, Saturday, also Robert Parker 1 car and H. E. Hartley 1 car.

Something like an \$8,000 deal was completed in Remington last week. W. A. Traugh purchased the interest of Wm. Townsend in the drug business of Traugh & Townsend. Mr. Townsend then purchased the drug business of J. A. Larsh.

Fred Bowman gave up his place with Wm. Shepherd for a position as compounding clerk with W. A. Traugh, and Isaac Peck to Bowman's place with Shepherd. Frank Peck was retained as compounding clerk with Wm. Townsend. It is rumored that Larsh will go to the Cherokee strip.

A LETTER

To the Farmers of Jasper Co., Indiana.

Those tired farmers who have carefully read the report of the Jasper County Farmers' Institute, which appeared in the PILOT of Feb. 2nd, and also a more complete report that appeared subsequently and considered them in connection with the stern realities and conditions with which the tired farmers are surrounded, will certainly put on their thinking caps. The writer of the first report complains of a meager attendance. If he is a practical farmer (by which we mean one who has to get up and do his own hustling) he would have known the cause of the slim attendance, which was that they (the tired farmers) were actively engaged in watching for an opportunity to reduce the over production, in order that they may be able to come up, or come down, with an installment of tax that comes due on the third Monday in April next. But the writer of the first report is hopeful. He seems to think that "in time" you will give up your watching and take an active part in learning how to increase the over production. Only a short time since three car loads of good, young horses were shipped from this county, the average purchasing price being \$52 per head and yet a loan of one hundred dollars for one year, with the usual number of renewals required for that length of time, has, in many instances, commanded \$50. When the tired farmers hold an institute, let one question be, "How to raise a good horse and sell it at six years old at a profit for \$50," and if you are unable to find out just how it can be done, call in some one who has never tried it, pay him about ten dollars, pay strict attention to what he says and—and when he is through you will go away feeling (for that ten dollars) "greatly benefitted" and no politics in it either, and you will find your institute will "grow" in favor every year, and the time will come when their meaning and benefit will be fully appreciated." They will "show the spirit of enterprise" by discussing both sides of the question: viz., the possibility and the impossibility of raising horses and selling them as has already been stated; of raising wool and lambs, cattle and all kinds of grain at present prices at a profit, the practicability or the impracticability of producing more, while we are at this time producing at a loss. Don't it look as though the more we produce the more we lose? The first report says, "It brings together the educated farmers." Perhaps by such the writer meant those who were learned in the art of curing over production by increasing it, and "so better the results of the years of toil." In the second report you can notice much that is interesting, but to the most of us, situated as we are, not altogether practical, as perhaps some of us have tried to our cost. It is pleasant to us, in fact about all the pleasure we can get or have

had for some time, whose heads have grown gray; whose sight has grown dim, and shoulders stooped; whose hands are calloused with the ceaseless toil of a long life; whose faces bear more marks of care and anxiety than of time, to go back to the scenes of our childhood; to go back in memory to the old log school, where we sat on the smooth side of a slab with our feet six inches above the puncheon floor. The gray haired but keen eyed teacher with his birch switch. The great staring fireplace as it appeared to us, black and grim, on that warm and sleepy kind of an afternoon, when the mosquitoes were in full force, and then we remember the plow with the wooden mould-board, and the crops we used to raise on the new, fresh and quick soil. And then too, in memory, we pound the corn in the hollowed out stump to make the meal. All these and many more of the scenes of our youth and early manhood come back to us. We remember that we were "up with the times" then, and we wonder why we are so far behind now. We produce more, and have more labor saving machinery than we ever dreamed of in our younger days, and yet our labor yields little besides care and anxiety. We have not been negligent in our business, but the "odds" are against us. So for the second subject on the program of the Tired Farmers' Institute we suggest the following: viz, Why is it that in trying to be progressive we not only fail but suffer loss? There were several subjects discussed at the Farmers' Institute whose report we have referred to, which might, by changing slightly, interest us greatly. For instance, their subject, "The Corn Crop and how to Utilize it," could be made to read, "The Corn Crop and how it is Utilized." Of course there would be no politics in that subject—oh no—and then we could just resolve, "That we favor an increase in the appropriation by the state legislature for the purpose of aiding in institute work to the amount of \$10,000." "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel." A FARMER.

List of Patents.

Granted to Indiana inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of American and foreign patents, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

W. L. Butts, Evansville, stove or range; D. Curran, Indianapolis, candle extinguisher; J. T. Ferres, Anderson, bottle-packing wrapper; F. Grote, Evansville, sectional boiler; G. B. Martin, Indianapolis, wrench for vehicles; T. McDonald, Indianapolis, oil-burner; M. D. Smalley, Plymouth, friction clutch; W. L. Sonntag and R. A. Branan, Evansville, display counter; F. Waidner, Mishawaka, hinge for windmill-rudders; J. Warrington, Indianapolis, cloth fastening device for bolting reels; J. Wisner, Bluffton, laundry-frame.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs, colds and croup. A. W. Baldridge, Millersville, Ill. For sale by F. B. Meyer Druggist.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as any thing else. It's easier to cure a severe cold or cough with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better result; better try it.

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A watch case opener, which will save your finger nails, sent free on request.

Keystone Watch Case Co.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Mistakes of Moses.

Is what don't look plausible to the Jews, but look, here is something more astonishing to the Gentiles.

A good double washboard . . . 24c. Plug tobacco, full 16 oz. per pound 25c. Gun powder tea per lb. 33c. Crackers 3x butters per lb. . . . 07c. Lamp chimneys com. No. 1. 04c. " " " 2. 06c. Kitchen lamp complete 35c. Best liquid stove polish per bottle 10c. Perfection coal oil per gal. . . . 13c. Burbank potatoes per bu. . . . 90c. King's Old Stand south of Depot.

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