

Correspondence.

REMINGTON.

BY TOPSY.

Chilly.

Business a bit bright.

Quite an enjoyable social affair took place last Friday night, under the supervision of the Pythian Sisters.

Our people were treated last week to a couple of performances consisting of fistic encounters, a black eye or two resulting.

John F. Major, the new postmaster, took charge of the post-office last week, and has chosen Miss Lina Luckey, as his assistant.

Daniel Riley, of Russiaville, a brother of Dennis Riley, Harner's baker, is here visiting him and looking around for a situation.

Frank Wolfe has vacated the office of the Jasper County Lumber Co. at this place and Charley Dye, of Wolcott has taken his place.

News reached here Saturday night of the death of Will B. Price, of Hartford City, from being crushed by a heavy boiler falling on him.

Snell & Graham have purchased the boiler and engine from the Remington creamery and will put it into use to run their grinding mill and wood saw.

Ed Cummons who sold his residence on North Illinois St. some time ago to Mrs. Foster has the foundation laid for a fine residence on South Ohio street.

A Leopold's stock of merchandise was removed to Wolcott, last week. The room vacated by them is now occupied by Simon Leopold with a stock of second hand furniture.

A Johnson delegation to the congressional convention was elected at the primary here last Saturday, being quite a surprise to the Landis men who thought they had a "walk-away."

BLACKFORD.

BY BUTTERFLY.

Mrs. Malissa Renicker is very low.

Burns school will close the first Saturday in May.

The weather is very changeable with sleet and snow.

Mr. Commodore Snow has planted an acre of onion seed.

Ella Howell has returned to Nubbin Ridge again for summer.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Williams, one day last week, a boy.

Some of the earliest sowed oats before the freeze are coming up.

Rev. Pierson will preach at the Sandridge school house next Sunday at 11 a. m.

Sunday school every Sunday at the Burns school house, at half past two, prompt.

John McCurtain and family have moved on the Churchhill place, north of Blackford.

The packet of No. 1 dredge of the Gifford dredging Company caught fire, and burnt down.

John and Isaac Marlatt and Charles Reed took a hunt out in Walker, Saturday. The result was one duck.

Benzoni.

Benzoni is an imported French draft horse, dark dapple gray, and weighs about 1,700 pounds. Has good style. Will make the season five and one-half miles northeast of Rensselaer, at the farm of Perry Malatt. Charge for season, \$5 to insure. An excellent breeder and shows some good colors.

PERRY MARLATT, Owner.

Sam Yeoman sells Disc Harrows beside other makes, at Nowel's mill, near depot. Also keeps the Ideal Corn Planter.

Literary Note.

The singular good fortune has fallen to the lot of the Cosmopolitan Magazine of presenting one of the most remarkable pieces of fiction ever written—remarkable because of its author and remarkable because it has remained unsuspected and undiscovered for more than a hundred years, only to be given to the world at last in an American magazine. During a recent call at the office of the editor of the Cosmopolitan, he mentioned that he had on the presses in the April number a literary treasure, and asked me to guess the name, saying that it was written by a most distinguished person. After a moment's thought I ventured:

"President Harrison?"

"Greater than he," was the reply. "Guess again."

"Blaine?"

"Greater than Blaine."

"Gladstone?"

"Greater than he."

"Bismarck?"

"Greater than he."

"Emperor William?"

"Much greater."

"Pope Leo XIII?" I guessed widely.

"Greater than he."

Then I was at a loss, and hesitated.

"You must not confine yourself to living men," he interrupted.

"You say it is a piece of fiction and by a man greater than Bismarck. Gladstone, the Emperor William? I confess you puzzle me."

"Well, suppose I say it was a Corsican story." The riddle was solved. A story was actually in existence by Napoleon Bonaparte. The manuscript had survived the vicissitudes of war and exile. Had remained locked up for a hundred years and was now about to be brought to light in America. It appears from the researches made by the French Napoleonic scholar, Frederic Masson, who vouches for the fact over his own signature, that Napoleon, when a young lieutenant, wrote a Corsican story. The manuscript of this he confided to his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, then Archbishop of Lyons. When Cardinal Fesch died in 1839, his papers were intrusted to his Grand Vicar, Abbe Lyonnet. Napoleon's manuscript was sold by the abbe to Libri, a member of the Academy and inspector of French libraries. Libri sold this and some other manuscripts to Lord Ashburnham for \$40,000, and from 1842 to a recent date Napoleon's manuscripts slumbered in Ashburnham Castle. The Cosmopolitan maintains staff editors in both London and Paris, men of wide acquisitions, who spend their time in searching exclusively for what is likely to be of great value to the readers of the magazine. To the Paris editor belongs the honor of securing for an American periodical the interesting manuscript from the pen of the world's greatest personality.

Gatling Gun in the Composing Room.

Not only the common laborer but skilled labor itself has been a sufferer from the almost Siberian despotism of our system. The labor-saving machine does not save labor. A Boston daily newspaper is putting in 30 typesetting machines which means the discharge of 60 compositors. A rival newspaper is preparing to do the same, and it is within bounds to say that no less than 200 printers in Boston will fall before this little gatling-gun of the composing room.

Tramps are the decayed fruit of competition. A mechanic in Boston, long out of work, being denied further credit by his grocer, recently filched a sack of flour. The grocer calls a policeman, and both followed to the tenement of the mechanic, where the mother and children were found eating the flour made in-

to a paste with cold water, there being no coal in the house. The policeman refused to arrest the mechanic.—Mason A. Green in April Donahoe's.

Iroquois Ditch.

MR. EDITOR:—My St. Patrick's day essay convinced the editor of the Republican of his error on the ditch question. In five columns he swings a half circle and endorses my views. So that peace and harmony prevails in the valley of the Iroquois. But as it was a farmer who punctured the frothy bubbles of his sophistries his narrow mind would not permit a candid acknowledgment that he was beat. So he got wrothy and thereupon accused a fellow townsman of helping the farmer in his argument. It does not become us literary fellows to try to prejudice the rights of any one who may be assessed prior to the final judgment of the court in the fairness and justice of making the improvement.

As to the personal allusions in said article I had better say something for fear the author may "be wise in his own conceit." He seems to think that it takes less brains to run a farm than it does to edit a newspaper. In this country all kinds of honest work stand on an exact equality. Every one hath a right to think, speak, write and print and there is no deep and wide mental gulf between a farmer and an editor. I am of course willing to admit that the editor of a newspaper could be as wise and sensible as a farmer but I do not admit they all are. I can give a pointer or two on running a newspaper. It is nauseous to most readers to be compelled to have floated in their faces all the private petty spites, personal hates and cranky notions of an editor and I would leave them all out of my paper if I was an editor. I can not see but Mr. Starr, Mr. Thompson and Bostwick referred to in said article have as much sense and are as good citizens as the verbose and pompous owner of the Republican.

I do not want to be turned out of the Milk Church nor quit farming but when I do start a newspaper it will reflect a progressive public spirit as to men and measures and not any narrow selfish, private notions of my own. I thought I had as good a right to be anonymous as the other "literary fellow" but as such a course offends the self sufficient editor of the Republican, I will subscribe myself on all fools' day, simply.

JAS. W. COWDEN.

Learn This Catechism and Teach it to Your Children.

Coming Nation.

Who hath nakedness and hunger while the granaries and magazines are groaning under the weight of his own products? The voter.

Who hath no place to lay his head, save only a cheerless, gloomy hovel to creep into and perish, like unto his prehistoric ancestors of the caves? The voter.

Who hath a shivering, gaunt family growing up in tatters, and ignorance, and misery? The voter.

Who hath idleness while in want? The voter.

Who hath naught but bitterness of heart in the contemplation of his own and his children's future? The voter.

Who hath lost hope and faith and charity, and become a pessimist? The voter.

Who hath all these ills, and many more, to blame upon himself and his kind? The voter.

Who hath the power to change all this and convert the earth into a paradise? The voter.

Who in his lack of manhood, common sense and cerebral gray matter is too stupid, blind, selfish, ignorant, superstitious and what not to do so? The voter! THE VOTER! THE VOTER,

Teller's Great Speech!

(Continued From Fifth Page.)

months from this time, if silver continues to fall (and I believe it will), not a silver mine on the American continent will be worked. When Great Britain is appealed to, she will not come to our relief.

MR. PEPPER. She will laugh at our calamity.

MR. TELLER. Yes, she prefers to buy wheat at 70 cents in Liverpool rather than pay \$1.40. She prefers that her dollars shall buy great amounts of our produce, not small. She is not coming to our relief, and those who believe she is know little of English character and English greed.

I have heard for fifteen years in this Chamber that, if we would only let silver fall low enough, we would have all the world back of the silver question. It seems to me when silver struck 58 cents it had got low enough, yet I do not hear any rush of anybody to our relief, neither at home nor abroad. All the promises of future silver legislation that were held up to us when the repeal bill was before this body have failed to materialize. I repeat as I began, no tariff legislation that you can enact will save us from the baleful blight put upon the country by this monetary system in the interest of a few men, and they the least worthy of all men, because they are not producers of wealth. Wealth has dominated and controlled the financial legislation of this country for many years. It dominates and controls it to-day. It sits in the White House, it lingers in these Halls. Its influence is found through the public press, and by fraud and deceit it has brought many worthy people to join in this nefarious attempt to destroy the best portion of the American people, the men who toil and the men who create.

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. A. Blank, LaPorte, windmill; W. R. Dunn, Alton, fellow-planer; S. Ryer and D. Smeltzer, Wakarusa, railway crossing danger signal; H. A. Goetz, New Albany, anchor-box; L. W. Lambert, Union City, carburetor; W. L. Lighford, Indianapolis, photographic camera shutter; N. H. Long, Muncie, fruit jar fastener; O. L. Neisler, Indianapolis, cultivator; J. W. Nethery, Indianapolis, pneumatic straw stacker; C. W. Patton, Ohio Falls, car coupling; H. R. Pomeroy, Indianapolis, hydrogen gas machine; O. H. Woodworth, Columbia City, compound tri-liquid barometer; G. C. Wright, Indianapolis, wire for fencing; M. L. Barr, Indianapolis, baby-carriage; W. G. Burns, Fort Wayne, game apparatus; I. L. Carman, North Salem, tire-tightener; F. E. Davis, Columbus, piano truck; C. Mills, Gas City, device for heating and ventilating rooms; J. W. Nethery, Indianapolis, pneumatic straw-stacker; M. T. Reeves, Columbus, straw-stacking machine; W. H. Rickabach, Mishawaka, elevator; A. B. Whitaker, LaPorte, motor; C. E. Wyman, Martinsburg, rock-crusher.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and others effections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria

HEAR ALL SIDES!

There will be a Great

GRAND RALLY!

of Prohibitionists and Populists at

RENSSELAER,

ON

Thursday, April 19th, 1894,

At 2 and 7:30 P. M.

Addresses will be made by the two Greatest Women Orators,

MARY E. LEASE,

Populist, of Kansas, on "Monopoly, Money and the Masses."

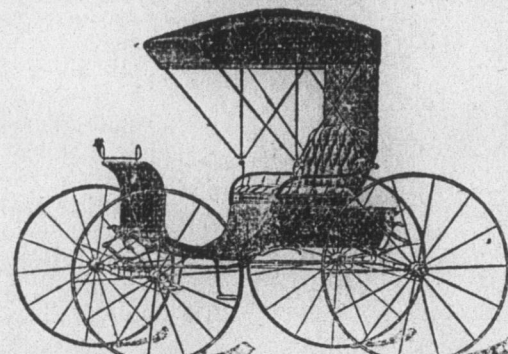
HELEN M. GOUGER,

Prohibitionist, on "Political Responsibility for Hard Times."

Everybody invited. Democrats, Republicans, Prohibitionists and Populists will be there. Come one, come all. Reduced railroad rates have been applied for.

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SEE THE WORLD'S FAIR FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian exposition, the regular price is fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of

same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, Ill.

During the last two days, we have had a decided change in the weather. The gentle spring zephyrs feel cooling to the brow.

We go to press too early to give the letting of the gravel roads contract.

Simon Fendig was here from Wheatfield, last Tuesday.

Smoke the Mendoza cigar For sale everywhere.

We take subscriptions for the Youth's Companion.

For a good smoke try the Crown Jewel cigar.