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## MENTONE GAZETTE.

C. M. SMITH, EDITOR.

MENTONE, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, IND.

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GOING EAST, LV.	AR.	GOING WEST, LV.	AR.
5:00 am	Chicago	7:50 am	Buffalo
9:30 am	Valparaiso	5:42 pm	Chicago
10:07 am	Waukegan	5:24 pm	Valparaiso
11:20 am	Harvard	4:57 pm	Waukegan
11:25 am	Arg	4:51 pm	Harvard
11:48 am	MENTONE	4:37 pm	Arg
12:05 pm	Claypool	4:30 pm	MENTONE
12:35 pm	South Whitley	4:04 pm	Claypool
1:30 pm	Ar	2:40 pm	South Whitley
1:50 pm	LV	1:50 pm	Ar
4:35 pm	West Leipsic	11:30 am	LV
5:00 pm	Eastfort	9:50 am	West Leipsic
5:35	Green Springs	9:05	Eastfort
6:30	Hellenville	8:30	Green Springs
6:02	Alleville	8:51	Hellenville
11:30	Parisville	3:34	Alleville
11:40	Ashtabula	2:43	Parisville
12:44	Cementville	2:13	Ashtabula
1:14	Conneaut	1:50	Cementville
2:31	Conneaut	12:50	Conneaut
4:05	Durick	11:19	Conneaut
5:45	Buffalo, LV	9:40	Durick

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## LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

The Heart-felt Blessing He Sent to General Sherman and His Army.

In relating some reminiscences by Col. Mackand of his employment in the postal service in the army during the war of the rebellion the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland (O.) Leader tells the following:

"General Grant told me to go to New York by way of Washington and see if the president, secretary of war, or General Halleck had any message to send to General Sherman. The president was the only one who had anything to send. When I sent my card in to him he had me admitted at once. He was sitting at his table in the large room then occupied as the president's room at the white house, which is now occupied as the private secretary's room. Several gentlemen were sitting around the table as if in private conversation. As I entered Mr. Lincoln arose and met me near the center of the room. He extended his hand to me, saying, 'Well, Colonel, I got a message from Grant telling me that you were going to find Sherman. I am sure you will bring us good news, for we always get good news from you.' In this he doubtless had reference to the fact that whenever the army moved the commanding officer was so confident of the security of his position that he established a postoffice. As he said this Mr. Lincoln held my hand and looked me intently in the eye. I shall never forget the expression of his countenance or the tone of his voice as he said, with trembling lips, while the moisture gathered in his eyes: 'Say to General Sherman for me, whenever and where

reached the door and had partially opened it to go away. I called to me from the place I had left him standing and said, 'Remember, now, I say God bless General Sherman! and God bless his army!' These were the last words I ever heard Mr. Lincoln utter, and they were spoken in such an earnest, heartfelt, pathetic tone that I cannot forget them. He was assassinated the night I returned to Washington. Mr. Lincoln was a very great man, and all the greater because he did not know it. I have never heard any one who had personally come in contact with Mr. Lincoln while he occupied the white house that did not speak in terms of sturdiness of him. He was all kindness, integrity, and simplicity, and his good, common sense traits of character were always loved by the masses of the people.

Fort McAllister had been captured the evening before, and General Sherman had got on board the flagship. As the Island City, the mail steamer, was steaming through the Osabaw Sound the signal officer spied two vessels away off to the larboard. Presently he said: 'They are signaling us. It is the flagship, with General Sherman on board.' His practiced eye had caught the signal when no other man on the boat had noticed it. The signal came: 'General Sherman says come alongside.' The reply went back: 'All right.' Who we got with hailing distance General Sherman called me by name, asked me how I was, and said: 'I am glad you are here.' As the boats neared each other the General plied me with inquiries about the news, friends, etc., in the North. When I could jump on the deck where he stood I took his hand and delivered him the message Mr. Lincoln had charged me to deliver."

The President's manuscript is said to be positively painful to decipher. The style is sharp and decisive, and many of the words end in marks that are little more than nervous shakes of the hand. He writes with almost a telegrapher's rapidity.

## How She Beat the Old Man.

A good story about the Arion ball is told by a New York correspondent: A well-known man in the beau monde fell a victim early in the evening to the charms of a particularly fascinating little siren. His devotion continued all the evening, but the siren was obdurate and refused her name or a glimpse of her face. Finally she agreed upon the pre-emption of a nice new \$100 bill, to let him know next day her name and address, requesting him at the same time to make a note of the number of the bill. Wednesday the unfortunate man received the following epistle: 'Dear Papa—I am so drearily hard up this month. Can't I keep your nice new bank note. No.' Young affectionate daughter. Signing the name of the good man's young and handsome daughter. I saw the letter before it was dispatched, and beyond that my knowledge does not go, but I would be willing to wager that the lucky parent in question will never see that bank note again.

## Nebraska Coal.

Prof. Hicks, of the state university, writes: It has long been a mooted question, both in the mind of geologists and of practical miners, whether there is coal in Nebraska that will pay for mining. The citizens of Brownville, Nebraska county, have been making a practical test of this matter, for which they deserve much credit, since their test well has brought to light facts of great scientific interest and value irrespective of the economical results. The boring

traces of coal, as, for instance, in the west bank of the Missouri river just above the railway station. The drill penetrated the lower coal measures, but did not pass through them. These are the productive measures of the carboniferous in Iowa and in the states further west. Here, therefore, is the place to find coal if it exists at all in paying quantities in Nebraska. The only seam found in the lower coal measures was one of bituminous coal of fair quality, 30 inches in thickness, at a depth of 820 feet 8 inches. The boring was carried 180 feet further without encountering any more coal. Below the 30-inch seam nothing was encountered but the shales, limestones, and sandstones ordinarily found in the lower coal measures. This renders it improbable that any more coal would be found at greater depths, although the demonstration would have been more complete if the hole had been put down one or two hundred feet deeper. Above the 30-inch seam three other thin seams were found: one 8 inches thick at the depth of 93 feet, another 14 inches thick at a depth of 242 feet, and a third 10 inches thick at a depth of 375 feet. These evidently belong to the upper coal measures, as there is an interval of nearly 400 feet of barren rocks between them and the 30-inch seam. Immediately below the 14-inch seam is a stratum of sandstone, 26 feet thick, containing water strongly impregnated with salt and other minerals in solution, which flowed out at the top of the well. Whether the 30-inch seam can be profitably worked at a depth of 820 feet is a question for the practical miner rather than for the geologist. It would at once be answered in the negative where fuel is plenty, but in this land of prairies and magnificent distances from productive mines the answer is not so much a matter of course.

The Massachusetts Legislature has decreed that liquor sellers must suspend sales between the hours of 11 p. m. and 6 a. m.

## I'm Hurried, Child.

"Oh, mother, look! I've found a butterfly hanging upon a leaf. Do tell me why there was no butter! Oh, do see its wings! I never, never saw such pretty things—All streaked and striped with blue and brown and gold. Where is its house when all the days are cold?" "Yes, yes," she said, in absent accents mild. "I'm hurried, child!" "Last night my dolly quite forgot her prayers: And when she thought you had gone down stairs, Then dolly was afraid, as 'so I said: 'Just don't you mind, but say 'em in the bed, because I think God is just as near. When do 'em 'tread do you 'speak, he can hear?' The mother spoke from out the rumple piled: "I'm hurried, child!" "Oh, come and see the flowers in the sky—The sun has left; and won't you, by and by, Dear mother, take me in your arms and tell me all about the pussy in the daisy?" "Then tell me of the babies in the wood? And then, perhaps, about that riding hood? 'Too much to do! Hush, hush, you drive me wild. I'm hurried, child!"

The little one grew very quiet now, And grieved and puzzled was the childish brow. And then it queried: "Mother, do you know The reason 'cause you must be hurried so? I guess the hours are littler than I. So I will take my pen and will buy a big clock! Oh, big as it can be, For you and me!"

The mother now has leisure infinite: She sits with folded hands, and face as white as winter. In her heart is winter's chill. She sits at leisure, questioning God's will. "My child has ceased to breathe, and all is night! Is heaven so dark that thou dost grudge my light?" "O God! O God! I must recover why The time drags by."

O mother, sweet, if cares must come, O mother, sweet, if cares must come, O mother, sweet, if cares must come, O mother, sweet, if cares must come.

For darkest of all  
—Emma Bort, in Michigan Farmer.

## A Finland Girl's Ordeal.

When a Finland girl wishes to leave the country she has to go first to her clergyman and partake of the sacrament and procure a letter of recommendation from him, next to a physician and obtain from him, after an examination, a certificate to remain abroad, a certain specified number of years. This certificate costs her about \$20. If she returns promptly at the end of the time prescribed, all is well; but if not her name is erased from the book in which it has been entered, and she is considered as having violated her contract with the government and loses her citizenship forever.

## A Kiss on the Shoulder.

On one occasion I was to dine with him at the house of Mme. Edmond Adam, who is the editress of the Nouvelle Revue and who has one of the most fashionable salons in Paris. Gen. Gallifet was late. He finally arrived at 7:15 and advanced toward the hostess, who was standing near the mantelpiece.

Mme. Adam wore a beautiful dress of black velvet, with a very décolleté corsage, above which her brunette beauty shone like a marble of Pradier's.

Gallifet advanced, bowed, and said with admiration: "Sapristi! Those beautiful shoulders!"

And then, in too stiff and soldierly a manner perhaps, he bent over and lightly printed a kiss on her right shoulder.

Mme. Edmond Adam grew rosy with indignation and slapped the general's face.

This did not trouble him in the least. He bowed again with infinite respect and, with a gesture of admirable facility, said:

"Since I know the price!" And kissed the other shoulder.—*Francisco Ingleside.*

the archdiocese of New York. Cardinal McCloskey on the occasion of the anniversary of his golden jubilee.



Bismarck has a sty on his eye. We always felt in our heart of hearts that retribution for his persecution of the American pig would overtake him, and now it has come.—*Through Mail*

# MENTONE GAZETTE.

C. M. SMITH, EDITOR.

MENTONE, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, IND.

## LOCAL NEWS.

—Every body busy.  
—A new shoemaker in town.  
—School begins next Monday.  
—Bring us a load of wood, quick.  
—Come to Mentone for bargains.  
—Now the wintry winds are wailing.  
—Toys for the little folks at Truby's.  
—New additions are being built on all sides.  
—Well! Oh my! Did I ever! at Manwaring's.  
—Round Oak heating stoves at W. F. Sarber's.  
—Roasted coffee 10 cents per lb. at D. W. Lewis's.  
—It is reported that New York went democratic.  
—Our merchants are all happy because trade is good.  
—All wool jersey worth \$1.50 for 95 cents at Graves, Warsaw.  
—Tinware at Hamlet's 10 per cent lower than any other place in town.  
—Dan Myers the ex-P.M. of Silver Lake was in town last Saturday.  
—There has been a moving spirit among our druggists during the past week.  
—Mrs. Fannie Long of Wawaka, Ind. is visiting her brothers, Harry and C. E. Doane.  
—The Esquire by the help of the doctor finally succeeded in letting go from the ——— thing.  
—Frank Judson, from Elkhart expects to occupy the Mullenhour building by the first of December.  
—New felt hats from 75 to 85 cents at Wm. F. Fribbley also a new line of materials to be used in fancy work.  
—Wm. F. Fribbley has moved his stock of millinery goods into the room formerly occupied by Bowman's law office.

—Go to Truby's for your school-books.  
—C. O. C. the new goods at Manwaring's.  
—C what nice dress cloth at Manwaring's.  
—See D. W. Lewis's goods before buying elsewhere.  
—Jewel Oak and Cottage Jewel stoves at Sarber's.  
—Those overcoats at Manwaring's are dirt cheap.  
—Oh, my! what beautiful wraps at Manwaring's!  
—You should get your yarus at J. E. Graves' at Warsaw.  
—D. W. Lewis pays the highest market price for clover seed.  
—Jewel Oak and Cottage Jewel stoves at Sarber's.  
—Go to D. W. Lewis's to buy your goods and save money.  
—Go to D. W. Lewis' to buy your goods and save money.  
—Home Treasure and Home Jewel cooking stoves at Sarber's.  
—See D. W. Lewis' goods before buying elsewhere.  
—Go to Truby's for silver-ware and jewelry. No shoddy goods.  
—Men's white shirts for 38 cents, worth 50 cents, at Graves', Warsaw.  
—A full line of holiday goods at Truby's, consisting of books and notions generally.  
—Remember the dentist: appointments, Tuesdays and Wednesdays of each week.  
—You will find goods and prices just as represented at D. W. Lewis'. Go and see them.  
—Go to Mrs. D. W. Lewis' and buy your hats, bonnets, pumes, tips and velvets, as she has all the latest styles.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

On three to ten years time. Cash in hand on first mortgage security. Why not lift the old cumbersome debt off of your home and get ample time, and live in ease. Amounts loaned, from \$300 to \$5000. Call on C. E. DOANE, Mentone, Ind. S. E. cor. Main and Broadway Sts.

# JOB PRINTING.

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Statements,

Blank Orders,

Envelopes,

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Contracts,

Deeds,

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Circulars,

Posters,

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everything in the Printing Line, executed neatly and at prices that defy

competition. Satisfaction

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MENTONE, IND.

Did you see those fine watches for ten cents, a so those fine watch-chains, at the Novelty Drug-Store, Claypool Ind.?

—Mrs. D. W. Lewis has all the latest styles in hats and bonnets for ladies and children which she is selling very cheap. Come and see.

—M. Truby is now ready to repair your clocks, watches or jewelry, and his long practice makes him an accomplished workman.

—John L. McPherson will have a public sale of his personal property on next Tuesday, at his residence three miles North west of Mentone.

—Every body interested in the growth of Mentone should work to secure the location of more manufacturing establishments in the place.

—D. J. Bissel has now opened up a first class meat shop in Mentone and desires to say to the public that he will at all times keep on hand the best of meat. Prices for beef from 6 to 10 cents.

—The Mentone furniture store keeps constantly on hand a full line of common and fancy furniture consisting of bureaus, bedsteads, cupboards, spring beds, tables, lounges and chairs, which can be bought at bottom prices.

—There is no use of a man letting his wife break her back over the wash-tub when for a few dollars he can get a Western Washer which will do the work with one-fourth the hard labor of the old way. W. F. Sarber, our hardware merchant, keeps them and they are having a big sale.

—To keep the blood pure and the bowels well regulated, be careful of your diet; don't use rum or tobacco, and take occasional doses of Vinegar Bitters. Perfect health must follow such a course. The range of diseases that can be relieved by the use of Vinegar Bitters is literally without limit.

—A lady having permanently located in the above place, is now fully prepared to do all kinds of repairing in watches, clocks and jewelry, musical instruments, sewing machines, etc. Models made for patents, patterns for small castings, old gold worked into plain rings, umbrellas and parasols repaired. All work warranted. Work from the trade solicited. Also news agent, bookseller and stationer. Office south side main street, Mentone, Ind.

A well-known Plymouth county physician, who was not always as well off as he is to-day, had hard work of it making his way through the Harvard Medical School. He says that when he came up for his examinations at the close of the course he felt especially shaky on the subject of anatomy. His examiner was Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, as it happened, had just published a magazine article denouncing phrenology as a fraud. The first question he asked the student was "What do you think of phrenology?" "Well," the young man replied, "I thought a good deal of it until I read an article a few days ago, which convinced me that it was all nonsense." "Did you read that article?" said Holmes quickly; and then he went to talking about phrenology, and never asked that shrewd young man another question.

An Arkansas citizen had a sick mule. He said to his colored man: "You know or don't you, Sam?" "Yes, sah, but I don't tink nully 'ob 'im, boss. He 'tused to 'scribe to me wen I war sick 'as' week. Sed he didn't 'scribe to' niggabs."

"That's all right. He doctors horses, doesn't he?"

"He believes he do, boss."

"Well, you go down and tell him I've a sick mule and want him at once."

Now that Mr. Henry James has found so many capital subjects for burlesque among the people of Boston, it is a matter of wonder that some other novel-writer does not deal in similar strain with a one-time resident of that city who was an eminent author. The literary gentleman in question lived in Mount Vernon street one winter recently, and kept the whole neighborhood in an uproar with his "nerves." All the cats had to be killed so that his slumbers might not be broken by their midnight cries, the servants went about in list slippers and spoke with bated breath, and every bell in the house rang with a muffled tongue. Even to this day that season is named "that terrible winter." And the voice of rumor whispers that the nervous autocrat who thus made life not worth living in his environment bore the name of Henry James.

The Printers' Bible, issued before 1702, contained an absurd misstatement in which the Psalmist was patetically made to say the "printers persecuted him without a cause," instead of princes.

munications with common drunkards, and, as I want to be perfectly fair and just toward all, I am willing to bind myself in a similar way not to try to converse with sober people while I may be drunk. Now, if there be anything unfair or unreasonable about this proposition I am willing to alter it, so that no one can find fault with it. I want to do exactly what is right, and I do not require anything whatever of others that I am not perfectly willing myself to submit to.

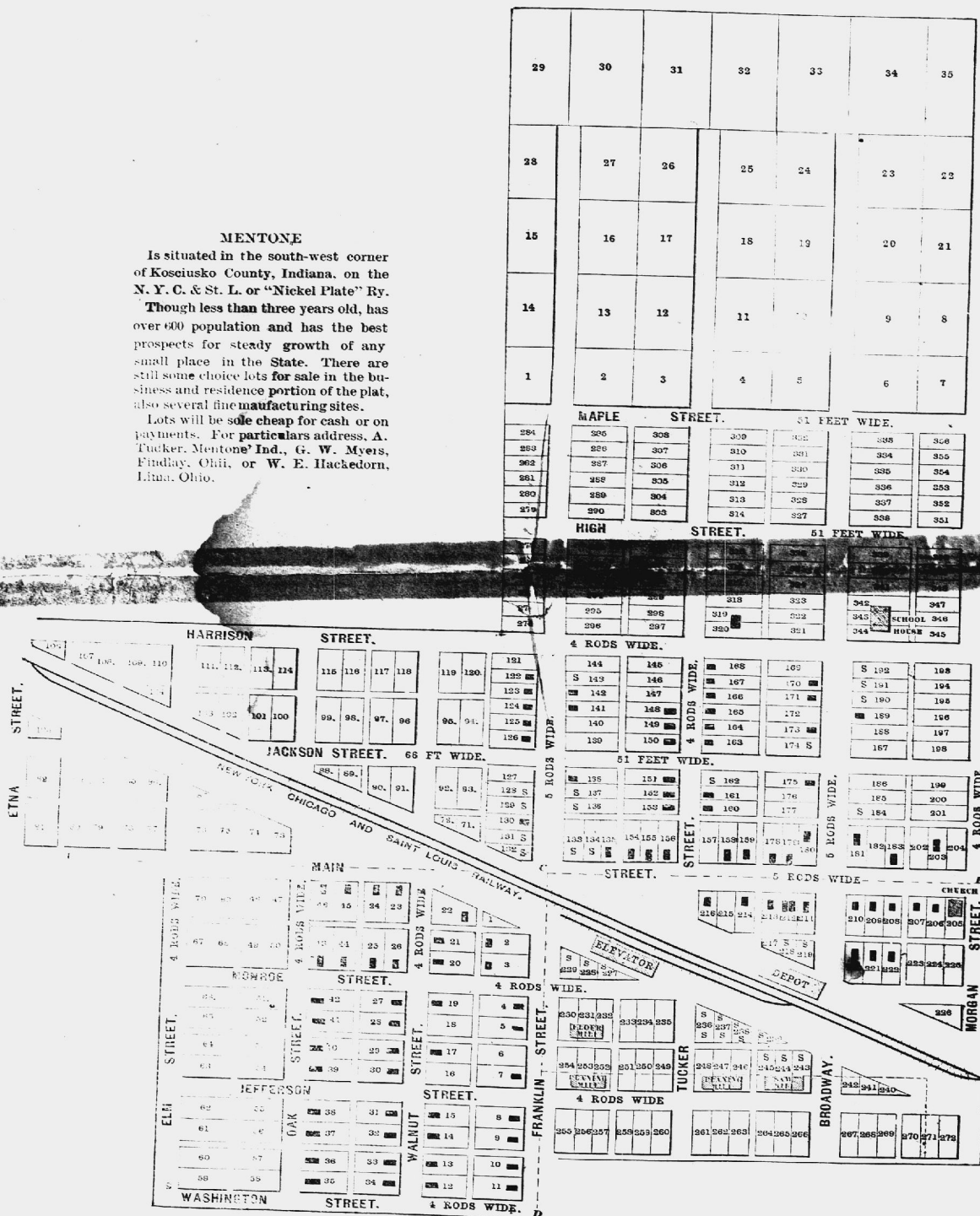
There is no doubt about it. Sealskin cloaks must go. For years doctors have inveighed against them as being unsanitary, but so long as they were scarce they held their sway notwithstanding. Now they are voted common by the fashionable dame, and the sealskin pushes are helping to drive them to the wall. What will take their place in my lady's wardrobe is not so clear, but certain it is that to the much-hunted seal is coming a season of immunity from untimely death at the hands of the fur-hunters.—Philadelphia Record.





# MENTONE

Is situated in the south-west corner of Kosciusko County, Indiana, on the N. Y. C. & St. L. or "Nickel Plate" Ry. Though less than three years old, has over 600 population and has the best prospects for steady growth of any small place in the State. There are still some choice lots for sale in the business and residence portion of the plat, also several fine manufacturing sites. Lots will be sold cheap for cash or on payments. For particulars address, A. Tucker, Mentone Ind., G. W. Myers, Findlay, Ohio, or W. E. Haddock, Lima, Ohio.





### An Old Proverb.

Posting, my darling, because it rains,  
And flowers droop and the rain is falling,  
And drops are blurring the window panes,  
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling?  
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,  
And roses again on the lattice twining?  
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,  
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining."

When the world is bright and fair and gay,  
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,  
And summer is gathering, night and day,  
Her golden chalice of sweets together;  
When blue seas answer the sky above,  
And bright stars follow the day's declining,  
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love,  
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining."

But this is the time the heart to test,  
When winter is near and storms are howling,  
And the earth from under her frozen vest  
Looks up at the sky mute and howling;  
The brave little spirit should rise to meet  
The season's gloom and the day's repining;  
And this is the time to be glad, for, sweet,  
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining."

—Wide Awake.

### The Human Manufactory.

A man may eat and drink heartily all day, and sit and lounge about doing nothing. In one sense of the word, but his body must keep hard at work all the time or it will die. Suppose the stomach refused to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die of convulsions in a few hours; or cholera or cramp colic would rack and wreck him. Supposing the pores of the skin—meaning thereby the glandular apparatus with which they are connected—should go on a "strike," he would in an hour be burning up with fever; oppression would weigh upon the system, and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver became moribund, the appetite would be annihilated, food would be loathed, torturing pains would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting.

Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, danger most imminent, sufferings unbearable, and death more certain, would be the speedy and unenviable result. If the little workshops of the eyes should close, in an hour he could not shut nor open them without physical force, and in another hour he would be blind; or if those of the tongue should close, it would become dry as a bone, and still as a tomb. To keep such a complicated machinery in working order for a lifetime is a miracle of wisdom; but to work them by the pleasures of eating and drinking is a miracle of beneficence. —Medical Journal.

### The Chinese Military Fashion for Flags.

The military desire for flags in China has developed into a passion. Every fortress, entrenched position, camp, city gate or officers' headquarters, has from one to 100, some of one bright solid color, others red, white and blue being preferred. Were but three stripes used, the resemblance to the French tricolor would be almost exact, but as they ordinarily use five or six the similarity of color becomes a mere suggestion. When blue is not obtainable, black, and rarely yellow, takes its place. At the camp of the Tso-tung-tang regiment, on a pleasant knoll just outside the walls of King-chun-too, more than 100 large flags were displayed, ranged with the precision of the rows in a cornfield, there being on nearly every white canvas tent, in which the soldiers were comfortably installed. The material used is Manchester cotton, bought white and colored by the Chinese. As each is about the size of a common bed blanket, and several thousands must be required for the 100,000 troops stationed in and about Hiochow and Kingchow, the quantity needed is immense and the merchants who deal in the goods were prepared accordingly. There is no doubt but that their number is often unreasonably increased by the mandarins commanding the troops that they may have the squeeze, or difference in price, since they purchase at a fair rate and charge the government double.

Massachusetts has more than one hundred women serving on her schools boards this year.

The most delicate watch wheels are now made of paper pulp in Germany.

Judge Miyoshi, of the Supreme Court of Japan, is traveling in this country.

### The Prevalence of Pneumonia.

Pneumonia is found to be most prevalent in New York among those who are accustomed to luxury. The physicians complain that they never saw more carelessness exhibited in regard to the health of persons than during the past season. The unwholesome mounds in the heating of ball-rooms have rendered it almost impossible at times to properly regulate the temperature. Frequently the heat on a particularly cold night would become unbearable inside the crowded dancing-hall that relief could only be secured by throwing open the windows. This, of course, allowed the wintry draughts to play about the necks and arms of the ladies who wore décolleté costumes. In very many cases the deaths of belles associated with the ball-rooms have been directly attributed to exposure. The ladies of the present century, the physicians say, are not careful to wrap up thoroughly when they step from the heated hall to the cold air. A ride of two blocks on a chilly night, attired in a fashionable ball-room costume, with loose wraps, such as society women wear, has often induced an attack which was soon attended with fatal consequences. The society men, too, they say, are extremely careless about their wraps. They seem to dislike the sensible great coat, and as soon as the sun makes its appearance the natty serge must supersede it. The frequent changes in the temperature during a single day make a change from heavy to light clothing particularly dangerous.

### The Clown Has Had His Day.

"It is a sad fact," mournfully said a veteran circus manager, "but it is beyond dispute that the days of the joke-cracking and song-singing clown are over. He expired when the double circus-ring came into vogue. In his place the horse-play or pantomimic Grimaldi arose."

"How did the double ring kill the witty (?) clown?" asked a reporter for the *Mail and Express*. "The vast audience could not bear him. The miles of canvas, the amphitheatre, filled with 10,000 people, made the great lung power necessary to be heard an utter impossibility. The large railroad traveling circuses have nothing but pantomimic clowns. In the small shows where actors, singers and something must be done to fill the time for the acrobats or whatever they may be to rest, before they appear in some other daring feat under other dazzling names, the song-singing, punning clown is used. But he is fast going out for other reasons. The newspapers and almanacs contain nearly all the jokes and puns, and to repeat them over and over again becomes monotonous and tires even those who do not read. Then to supplant this, horse-play was invented."

"What do you mean by horse-play?" "Broad humor. For instance, the clown sticks a needle in a chair, and the ringmaster innocently sits down on it. He gets up in a hurry. They see of fun tickles the audience. They kindle and understand the point made, but it is not so with a pun or joke. I was a clown before I became proprietor and I know all the inside tricks of the profession. When I traveled in the small towns of 8,000 and 10,000 inhabitants I always managed to pump some garrulous man in the town before the performance, so as to get off a local gag. This always pleased the audience, and occasionally caused a little row if the 'gag' was at the expense of some fellow in the audience. Then I would sing a song and hear all the little boys in the streets singing it afterwards. There was some glory in that. But now the clown must be a first-class tumbler and a good pantomimist to succeed. He sinks his individuality with some ten or fifteen others, who come out caparisoned in caps and bells. The lines are drawn and the old order giveth way to the new. Grimaldi's mask has more fun in it than Rice's double entendre jokes. Sic transit gloria mundi." —N. Y. Mail.

The unfortunate wife of Melville, the engineer of the ill-fated *Jeannette*, is living in Philadelphia supported by the allowance allotted her by the court. "She has two lovely children of 7 and 9, and an elder daughter of 18, who is as gifted as she is pretty. In the old days Maud was her father's favorite child. Now the famous engineer speaks of his daughter only with regret."

### His Aunt's Teeth.

"Please, sir, give me an emetic, and quick, please."

The up-town druggist peered over his counter at the customer and saw a small 15-year-old boy and a big Newfoundland dog. The boy's face was dirty and tear-stained; the dog's face was weary and lugubrious.

"An emetic," exclaimed the druggist, and then, seeing that the boy's hand clutched his gastric region in agony, he hastily compounded the draught and handed it over the counter.

Hastily the little hands clutched the glass, and lifted it, not to the mouth associated with the dog's, but to the dog's. Too much surprised to interfere, the druggist breathed a mental prayer and watched the proceedings. The dog scented the nauseous stuff, touched it with the tip of his tongue, shook his head in disgust, and squatted down on his haunches.

"He won't take it," sobbed the boy, bursting into tears, "and there's no other way I can get them out of him."

"Get what?" stammered the druggist.

"Why, sir," was the agonized reply, "he has gone and swallowed Aunt Julia's teeth, and she's going round the house like mad because she can't find them, and I want to get them out of his body before she finds out where they are. Oh, sir, do help me, or I'll be whipped to death if Aunt Julia finds it out. Besides, she can't eat a mouthful of dinner until she gets them out."

The druggist took pity on the child and, as Tom Hood would say, "stated the dog into permitting natural regions to be revulsed." In a short time a smile came to the boy's face and he hurried to his deluded relative's dental surgery in his pocket and the Newfoundland following sadly at his heels. —*Lugger's Advertiser*.

### A Change in Neckwear.

There is a radical change this season in gentlemen's neckwear. The perfectly flat scarf has almost entirely vanished and with it have largely vanished scarf-pins. A great many men still wear flat ties and scarf-pins, but they are not considered in good form. The principal scarf that has taken its place is the "four-in-hand," so named from its shape to the ribbon of a coach team. Although in England this scarf is worn as broad as an ordinary envelope in this country the usual width is about that of a paper cutter. It is tied with an overlapping slip-knot, the longer end pulling through the loop. During the winter the popular four-in-hands have been in dark, rich colors generally, with some marking, such as a dot, a diamond or a leaf. The Spring style are in checks and stripes in light colors, greys and slate effects being the most popular and elegant. What is known as "the shepherds' plaid," in black and white, is all the rage in London and will be very much worn. Grey will be the elegant gentlemen's color, though dark blue will find favor with many. Red effects are all the go in New York. A good many young college fellows are again wearing the old-fashioned narrow tie, made in an ordinary bow in front.

San Francisco gets 900,000 bananas a month from the Sandwich Islands. The number of bananas on a bunch average 110, and they bring in that city at wholesale \$4 per bunch. The sale is large, but to the retailer the profit is small.

### Brought to Bay.

Pinkett McCook, an ex-member of the Texas Legislature, was tried for highway robbery and found guilty. Judge Noonan, before passing sentence, asked the prisoner:

"Prisoner, if you know of any mitigating circumstances you are at liberty to state them."

"Yes, I was ruined by my associates in the Legislature. I don't know of any other mitigating circumstances, except that I was in hopes that by improving my financial condition I might be improved morally."

His Honor, in passing sentence, remarked cynically that as long as he sat in the penitentiary he would be atoning in a manner for the injuries he had inflicted on the people by his career of crime in the Legislature. —*Texas Siftings*.

### The Galley Slaves.

The gang of galley slaves was seated in close order on benches covered with coarse sackings rudely stuffed, over which were thrown bullocks' hides. Five or six of them occupied a bench 10 or 11 feet long. To a footboard beneath each man was attached by a chain ending in an iron band, riveted round one of his ankles. The benches were so close together that as one row of them pushed forward their oars, the arms and oar of the row behind were projected over their bent backs.

The size and weight of the oar were so great that, except at the end where it was tapered to a manageable size, it was necessary to work it by handles fixed to the side.

The slaves were overlooked by the boatswain. His place was on the gangway, close to the sternmost oars, where he was at all times within hearing of the orders of the Captain. Along the gangway, at regular intervals, his mate and the driver were posted, so that the conduct of each slave was under inspection. The oars were put in motion or stopped by the sound of a silver whistle worn by the boatswain, who, with his mates, was armed with a heavy whip of bull's sinew to stimulate the exertions of the slaves. When it was necessary to continue the labor for many hours without respite, they would administer, in addition to the lash, morsels of bread steeped in wine, which they put in the mouths of the men as they rowed. If, in spite of these precautions, a slave sank from fatigue, he was whipped unmercifully, and then no further work obtained from him, and then he was water and till he had a covering his consciousness, he appeared despondent, into the hands of Don John of Austria. —*Stirling Maxwell*.

### "The Tusk Boar."

The device of a boar was used by Richard III. before he was a king, and when duke of Gloucester he had a pursuivant named Blanc Sanglier. His cognizance was a rose supported on the dexter side by a bull, a badge of the house of Clare, and on the sinister by a boar, which boar he had found among the badges of the house of York. "The latter he selected for his cognizance, and it was the boar which he was generally designated, and now by the doggerel, which is said to have caused its composer to be strangled by the head and four quarters."

"The Ratte, the Cat, and Lovell our dogs,  
Rule all England under the Hoag."  
meaning by the hog, "the dreadful wild boar," which was the king's crest. But Collingbourne was one of the most seditious of the disaffected, and held correspondence with Richard and deserved his fate.

"When I meant the King by name of hog,  
I only alluded to his badge, the boar."

Queen Margaret calls Richard a "rooting hog," and Hastings says:

"To fly the boar before the boar pursues  
Were to increase the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit when he did mean no chase."

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,  
And we will both together to the tower,  
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly."

Again, Hastings says to Stanley:

"Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear man?"

Fear you the boar and go so unpurvised?"

On the occasion of Richard's second coronation at York, Piers Courteis, keeper of his wardrobe, was ordered by him to furnish, among other things, "4 standards of saracen with boar, 13,000 quinzans of fustian, with boars."

Richard bestowed upon Queen's College, Cambridge, a seal whereupon was engraved his cognizance, the boar. Nor was the bristled boar wanting at the battle of Bosworth; for, gorgeously attired in splendid armor, and rendered still more conspicuous by the royal diadem, which surmounted his helmet, Richard rode upon a milk-white charger, superbly caparisoned and attended by his body-guards, displaying the banner of England, and innumerable pennons glittering with the silver boar. After his death, Richard's body was placed across his war steed "like a hogue calf," the head and arms hanging on the one side of his horse and the legs on the other side, and was thus disposed behind his pursuivant-at-arms, Blanc Sanglier, he wearing the silver boar upon his coat, and carried back to Leicester in trophy of the morning's victory. —*Belgrave*.

Sexual Diseases. Give or write full symptoms, examination and opinion free. Treatments of the latest scientific. Medicine sent by return



NO. 35

—TERMS: \$1.00 PER YEAR.—

The old gentleman saw the day was coming and began to recognize that the time was coming when the world would no longer be able to give his sons, particularly his large profits, for of late years he had constituted them his managers, the place of intrusting the berth to strangers. Thus he kept the profits in the family, which was perfectly proper. But more than this was needed for active and intelligent young men. His father's theatrical season has of only extended to twenty weeks in

[illegible]

# MENTONE GAZETTE.

C. M. SMITH, EDITOR.

MENTONE, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, IND.

## LOCAL NEWS.

—Is your turkey plump?  
—Oh, my! what beautiful wraps at Manwaring's!  
—Rev. Shackelford is holding a series of meetings at Atwood.  
—Don't be backward about offering us good wood on subscription.  
—Does the midnight puffing of the Nickel Plate Mills disturb your dreams?  
—Lee Riggins and Bill Bird of Silver Lake were on our streets Wednesday.  
—The Machine and Novelty Works are doing a good business and lots of it.  
—G. W. Worley of the Silver Lake Chronicle gave us a pleasant call Monday.  
—Miss Lizzie Fribbley spent last Sabbath with her parents, near Etua Green.  
—Dr. Bracket, of Claypool, visited Mentone last Tuesday, with an eye to business.  
—John Rine occupies the position made vacant by the departure of Henry Kreeger.  
—Paul Clifford went with Mr. Kreeger to Cromwell where he will remain for the present.  
—Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Union services should be held between the churches.  
—Ezra Rain back will begin teaching the Lincoln school in Franklin township next Monday.  
—N. A. Clay and wife started Wednesday for an extended visit to North-eastern Kansas.  
—More carpenters could get work in Mentone at present. The Mullenhour boys need more help on their building.  
—The stairway leading to the GAZETTE office will be found between Sellers and Manwaring's business rooms. Come up.  
—Eli Truex offers his dwelling property, located in Blue's Addition to Mentone, for sale at a bargain. Call on him.  
—D. B. Truex has a beautiful collection of styles in hats and bonnets for ladies and children which she is selling very cheap. Come and see.  
—M. Truex is now ready to repair your clocks, watches or jewelry, and his long practice makes him an accomplished workman.  
—Die Lat Silver Lake Nov. 14, '88. Clespie Clark infant daughter of John and A. M. Burt. Funeral Sabbath at U. B. church by J. D. Coverstone.  
—Our schools are progressing finely under the supervision of Prof. Bogges and Miss Wilkinson. There are about one hundred pupils enrolled.  
—Rev. Woodward preached at the school house in this place Thursday evening, and Rev. Graham, at the church Thursday and Friday evenings.  
—H. Kreeger has moved to Cromwell his father having prevailed on him to quit the saloon business. This is a grand step in the right direction for Mr. Kreeger.  
—The Mentone furniture store keeps constantly on hand a full line of common and fancy furniture consisting of bureaus, bedsteads, embroaders, spring beds, tables, lounges and chairs, which can be bought at bottom prices.  
—There is no use of a man letting his wife break her back over the wash-tub when for a few dollars he can get a Western Washer which will do the work with one-fourth the hard labor of the old way. W. F. Sarber, our hardware merchant, keeps them and they are worth the money.  
—Judicious afterthought in connection with the official service of esquire Piller and Constable Lee is what saved Uncle Sam. Jeffries from being taken in to the tune of \$900, by the lightning rodders, last week. The swindlers resisted in the game of bluff until the officials had them well on their way to warren when they "sneaked" and were permitted to compromise the matter by returning contract and skipping the country.

## OBITUARY

Almira Truax was born in Piqua county Ohio, Dec. 20, 1820, and died Nov. 11, 1885. Aged 64 years, 10 months and 11 days. She was married to Rev. W. P. Wells, Aug. 21, 1837 and with him moved to this state and county in 1841. They were both converted in the same revival meeting some two or three years afterwards. Brother Wells for a time entered the ministry preaching as a frontier ambassador for God. Sister Wells thus became acquainted with the life of an itinerant preacher's wife. She always made her house a home for the weary itinerant. I heard an old itinerant preacher say that sister Wells had been to him just like a mother for many years. She so well knew the wants of God's servants that a minister seldom left her house empty. Her residence had been in the vicinity of Silver Lake for about 36 years. She was well and widely known. Though her departure was sudden we believe she had her peace made with God. Her private testimony as well as her public confession was to the praise of her blessed Master. She seemed to know that her time was short, and had often told her husband that her time was not long. She had been a member of the U. B. church for about 33 years. Though the aged may not expect to live long yet Brother Wells will feel lonely being separated from his companion with whom he had walked the ways of life in peace for nearly forty-eight years. May the Lord sustain him.  
J. D. COVERSTONE.

## Scarcity of Choice Chinese Porcelains.

The miserable opium wars of France and England against the Chinese, and the robbery of the Summer palace of the Emperor, resulted in the introduction into Europe of fine porcelains of a sort theretofore almost unknown, some of which have since found their way to this country. The Tae-ping rebellion, which, in destroying the city of King-teh, inhabited by nearly two hundred thousand potters and decorators, gave a blow to the manufacture from which it can never recover, at the same time threw thousands of fine pieces of ware, valued by the Chinese as their treasures, into the hands of dealers.

This source is believed to be now quite exhausted. Our American collectors are dependent on the sales that take place from time to time in Europe, whence piece after piece has been brought over here, until now, in the opinion of one of the largest dealers, but little more can be looked for from that direction. Such articles, of fine pieces in diameter, are held at hundreds of dollars; pieces of any size, and showing a particularly beautiful coloring, or rich iridescence, or excellent modeling, or line painting, may be worth thousands. It is not without reason that they are so prized, for in workmanship, in material, in taste, and artistic invention, they are better than the best specimens of Caucasian art.

A Persian water bottle, on the one hand, and some specimens of fine old Sevres, in Mr. Dana's possession, or the other, are among the best things of the kind that our race can boast of. The Persian piece, of coarse paste-imitation porcelain, made without kaolin, and painted in the careless, blotchy manner characteristic of their work, can be put beside the Chinese specimens, though distinctly of lower type than they; but the Sevres, and the English, and the Saxon wares cannot bear comparison with it. The Japanese artists of to-day, stimulated by the demand that exists for work that shall be frankly decorative, and free and artistic as well, and of which they only seem to have preserved the secret, are turning out work in some respects as meritorious as the old Chinese.

But though Japanese art is founded on the Chinese, the disposition of the people, gay, lighter, more impressionable than that of their teachers, shows itself in all that they do. Their work lacks the solidity, the seriousness, the more amusing, but it is not so deeply interesting. It may be brighter, but not so rich; cleverer, but not as elegant. —Harper's Magazine.

John Ruskin blushes scarlet when he is contradicted.



New improved high arm, new mechanical principles and cut 17 new ornaments, anti mottle, direct and perfect action, cylinder, self-setting needle, positive feed, no springs, few parts, minimum weight, no friction, no noise, no wear, no fatigue, no "staircase," capacity unlimited, always in order, richly ornamented, pipe-plate, and gives perfect satisfaction. Send for circular. Address, **EVERY MACHINE CO.** 812 Broadway, New York.

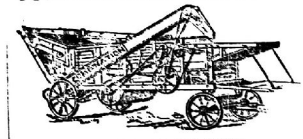
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# LOCAL NEWS.

—Plenty of work for all.  
 —Mentone is full of business.  
 —Go to Truby's for your school-books.  
 —C. O. C. the new goods at Manwaring's.  
 —A full line of school supplies at Seller's.  
 —Round Oak heating stoves at W. F. Sarber's.  
 —Roasted coffee 10 cents per lb. at D. W. Lewis's.  
 —See D. W. Lewis's goods before buying elsewhere.  
 —Jewel Oak and Cottage Jewel stoves at Sarber's.  
 —A holiday fair will be held at every store in Mentone.  
 —Those overcoats at Manwaring's are dirt cheap.  
 —See D. W. Lewis' goods before buying elsewhere.  
 —Go to Truby's for silver-ware and jewelry. No shoddy goods.  
 —Home Treasure and Home Jewel cooking stoves at Sarber's.  
 —D. W. Lewis pays the highest market price for clove seed.  
 —Go to D. W. Lewis' to buy your goods and save money.  
 —Tinware at Hamlet's 10 per cent lower than any other place in town.  
 —A full line of holiday goods at Truby's, consisting of books and notions generally.  
 —Every boy and girl over seven years of age should now be in school.  
 —Frank Wiltrout, the jolly tinner of Claypool, is in town this evening.  
 —Remember the dentists' appointments, Tuesdays and Wednesdays of each week.  
 —You will find goods and prices just as represented at D. W. Lewis'. Go and see them.  
 —New felt hats from 50 to 80 cents at Wm. F. Fribbleys also a new line of materials to be used in hat work.  
 —Go to Mrs. D. W. Lewis' and buy your hats, bonnets, p.umes, tips and velvets, as she has all the latest styles.  
 —Did you see those nice breast-pins for ten cents, also those fine watch-chains, at the Novelty Drug-Store, Claypool, Ind.?  
 —We are late with the paper again this week, but such irregularities will not always exist. We hope our friends will be patient with us for a few days yet.  
 —Liver complaint is declared by many old sufferers, after many years of medical experiment, to be incurable, and yet MRS. J. H. BROWN has effected innumerable permanent and perfect cures of this disease. Invalids, do not suffer longer, but purchase a bottle of the Bitter and judge for yourselves.  
 —TAKEN HOME: This is the last call without cost to settle your back account and notes belonging to W. T. Leach. They are in the hands of Elder & Dume, at Manwaring's store, Mentone, Indiana, November 7, 1885.  
 E. H. EMMONS.  
 C. E. DOAN.  
 MONEY TO LOAN.  
 On the 1st of November, 1885, I have in hand a full line of goods, such as, Wagon and Carriage Harness, Saddles, Blankets, and all kinds of repairing in watches, clocks and jewelry, in which instrument-making machines, etc. Mobile made for persons' parties for small parties, and also low priced into pairs, rings, and has and harnesses repaired. All work warranted. Work from the trade solicited. As per newspaper, buy small and state prices. Office south side Main street, Mentone, Ind.  
 LOOK HERE!  
 SOMETHING LONG WANTED IN MENTONE.  
 M. Truby has a new pen or pen located in the above place, is now fully prepared to do all kinds of repairing in watches, clocks and jewelry, in which instrument-making machines, etc. Mobile made for persons' parties for small parties, and also low priced into pairs, rings, and has and harnesses repaired. All work warranted. Work from the trade solicited. As per newspaper, buy small and state prices. Office south side Main street, Mentone, Ind.

Geo. Jefferies. John Folks. Jno. McLellan

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"Lionel, Sackville West," writes a Washington correspondent, "is of middle height, with inconspicuous features, a pair of large, sad blue eyes, and a look so wearied and bored that it can only proceed from ill health or hopeless cynicism. He is of middle age, quiet, and slightly gray. His countenance is noted as the most heavily encumbered among the legations. It is encumbered in gold bullion until it is as stiff as a cuirass, and the only place where the center is visible is in the back, where the collar and the shoulder blades."

The late Edmund About was writing "Germanie," one of his best novels, which was being published as a feuilleton in one of the daily papers. The story, relating to a young consumptive girl who was in love, was approaching the fatal end, when the Empress Eugenie wrote to the author: "I conjure you, do not make the heroine die." About complied with the request, and Germanie was made to live in the heaven.—*From Indigita.*

# My Saint.

My saint! As I name her I fancy you thinking  
 Of some gracious woman, tall, stately, and fair,  
 Who bears her serenity, while wearing full  
 The crown of her hair, and her hair is brown  
 It glows in, believe me, to show your ideal,  
 But its softness is not so much as to show  
 The form and the face and the charm of my  
 saint.  
 Is she young? Is she old? I am puzzled to  
 tell you:  
 Her age is the last thing one thinks of, you  
 see.  
 She and you reckon by trouble, her years have  
 known trouble.  
 To sorrow, the portion to you and to me,  
 I know her tears are steady, her smile is so  
 ready.  
 The pulse of her eye is so fearless and  
 brave.  
 Few have the locks faded, the pale brow in-  
 vaded.  
 By lines that no child but pain's can en-  
 grave.  
 The saints, whom we women have revered  
 for ages,  
 Spent hours in prayer at the altar and  
 shrine;  
 My saint in brief snatches her time for prayer  
 and  
 By her thumbs cries out to the helper di-  
 vine.  
 So busy for others, worn sisters, and mothers,  
 Whose burdens she adds them to, all as she  
 can.  
 In love to the neighbor in lowliest labor,  
 She serves the dear Lord in a service to man.  
 Not doped and faint, and not, in quiet bat-  
 tle  
 Who fights, though a victor, is guarded  
 with scars.  
 The old wounds awaking, oft hurt to heart-  
 breaking;  
 Now pink and white beauty such agony mars,  
 But she does not care for the babe's climb over  
 her.  
 The weary sob out their distress on her  
 breast,  
 And a little dwelling, it goes without  
 saying,  
 Is a little curtained and warm as a nest.  
 She has much money, this saint of my  
 praying.  
 But never her heart is too small to be shared.  
 Of her best she is giving while patiently liv-  
 ing.  
 The one household darling who could not be  
 spared.  
 Oh, far be the day when the angels shall call  
 her.  
 At the thought, at the presage, my spirit  
 grows faint;  
 The way would be dreary, once shorn of the  
 glory.  
 The dear, quiet presence I cherish My  
 Saint.  
 —Margaret E. Sangster.

# A Great Tribunal.

A well-known Arkansas planter, with a saint, was summoned to appear before Flat-nose Phil, a negro justice of the peace, and show cause why he should not pay the plaintiff seventy-five dollars. The case was decided against the planter. He arose and said:  
 "Your honor, I propose to take an appeal to a higher court."  
 "What yer gwine ter find it?" asked the justice, putting his knee-ey-hoof on the table.  
 "Oh, I'll find it. I'll appeal to the circuit court."  
 The magistrate laughed. "W'y boss, I've got five appeals in my court dat hab come up from de circuit cou't be- low. W'y, sah, dis heah cou't works side by side wid de s'preme cou't, an' sometimes, when he road's bad, steps in er head o' dat big instertushun. W'y, sah, I've got one appeal from de s'preme cou't, an' seberal from de chancery. Didn't know dis cou't wuz loaded, did yer?"  
 "See here, judge, I was only joking you."  
 "Glad ter heah it, but dis ain't no place fur jokes. It don't show good sense in de calf ter joke when de butcher hab dun grabbed him by de huns."  
 "I understand, judge. It is strange to me that your wisdom has not enabled you to see through this case. Here," he added in a whisper, "I know your time is valuable, so just take this five dollar note and look at the case again."

He took the money, and after a few moments reflection, rubbing his wool during the time, he said:  
 "De cou't, thinkin' dat dis wuz er little case, only looked at it wid one eye an' rendered it's 'cision 'cordinly; but suddenly on unexpected openin' bof eyes, de cou't sees dat de case wuz 'cided wraung in de fast place. Mr. Defendant, de cou't changes de current. Mr. Plaintiff, dis thing is ergin yer, an' de state constertushun says dat yer hab to pay de costs. Put yer han's on de gentleman's garments, Mr. Constable."  
 —*Arkansas Traveler.*

Well preserved shark's teeth have been taken from an artesian well 1,200 feet deep at Bainbridge, Ga.

# IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage and Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Dep't. Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

# NOTICE TO NONRESIDENTS.

ALBERT C. FOWLER, JUSTICE OF INDIANA, KOSCIUSKO CO., IN.  
 John C. Reeder.  
 In Justice Court, before Watson C. Wilkins, a Justice of the Peace for Harrison Township, in said County and State, on affidavit of a disinterested party, that the above named defendant, John C. Reeder, is not a resident of the State of Indiana, and that he is a necessary party to the above action,—said defendant, John C. Reeder, is therefore, hereby notified of the filing of said complaint and pendency of said action, and he is required to be and appear on the 22nd day of December, 1885, at two o'clock P. M. at the office of said Justice of the Peace in Mentone, Indiana, and answer or to demur to and complain or the same will be determined in his absence.  
 Witness my hand and seal this 21st day of November, 1885.  
 WATSON C. WILKINSON, (SEAL)  
 Justice of the Peace.  
 E. H. EMMONS, Att'y for the Plaintiff.

$W_{\text{HSS}} W_{\text{HSS}}$ 

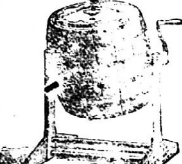
CLAYTON,

Mr. Pennard of Silver Lake was here on business Tuesday.

## ATW(0)2.

AND OTHER  
**Dairy Supplies.**

We desire to secure good, live Agents in every town in the U. S., to whom we offer a liberal discount. Send for circulars giving full descriptions of our goods to



**Flint Cabinet Creamery Co., Flint, Mich.**

Send for catalogue mailed free. Address

**HENCH & DROMGOLD, York, Pa.** Name this paper.

2000 2000 2000

A Missouri farmer refused to look at a sample sewing machine recently, as he always "sowed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing machine on his farm. "For," said he, "give me a harness-tor or a barrel-stave, and I can make my family toe the mark according to law and Scripture."

## Anecdotes of Schenck.

## Anecdotes of Schenck.

Gen. Schenck has for some years past resided at Washington, where he owns a handsome house facing on Thomas circle, at the West end. He was for some years a confirmed invalid, and was afflicted with Bright's disease of the kidneys, when his physician prescribed a skimmed-milk diet, which completely cured him, and he has since enjoyed excellent health.—*Ben: Perley Pope, in Boston Budget.*

## Only Temperance Bitters Known.

# VINEGAR BITTERS

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

VINEGAR BITTERS

lightly eruptive diseases, whatever their nature.

**Tape Worms, Pin Worms,** and other parasites that infest the intestines of children and many grown persons, are killed and removed from the system by the prompt action of **Vinegar**.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

**2. H. McDonald Drug Co.,** Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington Street, Cor. Charlton St., New York.

**Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.**

## Felling Giant Trees in California.

ed through. The descent from the  
nfold, notch the other side of the  
e, shift their spring-boards and be-  
n again. It is their design to have  
is tree fall toward the lower side  
e hill, across a space where there are  
e intervening trees to be injured. To  
ure this they insert into the "under-  
e" of the tree a large wedge, "reg-  
ectrical," which they explain with re-  
etrical conciseness shows the true  
r of the tree and the point toward  
hich it will fall. Having cut into the  
verse side of the tree until almost  
eeting the undercut, the chopper  
eats the trunk and shouts of "Hullo,  
ook out below!" as a warning to the  
e within range of the tree, and then  
a few more blows they send the  
nster crashing down the side of the  
ountain. Down, down it goes, leav-  
g a trail like that of a dozen giant  
e, down to the very foot of the  
e, where the top of the tree is  
elve feet in the ground and the  
adoning descent is checked.—*Cor-  
spondence New York Star.*

Some years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticed large tracts of land covered by wild flower near which not a sign of insect life was visible. The bloom was pyrethrum, whose odor deals death to the lower forms of life, and whose powdered leaves form the basis of "insect powder." The seed of this flower is distributed in the United States and a large quantity is now growing in a field near the new San Joaquin, Cal.





VOL. 1.

MENTONE, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

NO. 36.

## MENTONE GAZETTE.

C. M. SMITH, EDITOR.

MENTONE, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, IND.

TERMS: \$100 PER YEAR.

Locals 16 cents per line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each subsequent insertion for the same matter.

Entered at the Post Office at Mentone for transmission through the mails as a newspaper.

## DIRECTORY.

**E. STOCKBERGER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.** Office, Glendive, attends all calls day or night, Bloomington, Ind.

**S. R. FISH, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.** Office, Glendive, attends all calls day or night, Bloomington, Ind.

**A. B. ROBINSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.** Office, South side of Main street, Mentone, Ind.

**W. C. WILKINSON, Justice of the Peace.** Office, East side of Main street, Mentone, Ind.

**WILLIAM H. ELLER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.** Office, East side of Main street, Mentone, Ind. All business transacted in his usual office. Prompt attention.

**EVANSTON LODGE, No. 411, L. O. O. F.** Meets every Saturday evening over GAZETTE office. Transient brothers cordially invited. D. TROST, S. D.

## M. C. MILICE

of Wagon, makes the very best photos to be had anywhere in the state. He also keeps on hand a fine line of albums, chromos, oil paintings, engravings and picture frames. Enlarging old pictures a specialty. 2543

## M. E. REGENES.

**BURNETT, INDIANA.** Keeps on hand at all times a good assortment of all the best and latest styles of watches, jewelry, etc., at prices that will pay you to purchase without looking farther. 2743

## NICKEL PLATE TIME-TABLE.

The passenger equipment of this New Trunk Line is all new and is supplied with the latest appliances and necessary to make speedy and comfortable travel. Trains depart from and arrive at Chicago, Indianapolis, and other points, as follows:

GOING EAST.	LE.	AR. CHICAGO WEST.	LE.
7:50 am	Chicago	7:50 pm	Chicago
9:50 am	Valparaiso	9:50 pm	Valparaiso
11:10 am	Waukegan	11:10 pm	Waukegan
11:30 am	Winnetka	11:30 pm	Winnetka
11:40 am	Winnetka	11:40 pm	Winnetka
12:00 pm	Winnetka	12:00 pm	Winnetka
12:10 pm	Winnetka	12:10 pm	Winnetka
12:30 pm	Winnetka	12:30 pm	Winnetka
1:30 pm	Winnetka	1:30 pm	Winnetka
1:50 pm	Winnetka	1:50 pm	Winnetka
3:45 pm	Winnetka	3:45 pm	Winnetka
4:00 pm	Winnetka	4:00 pm	Winnetka
4:15 pm	Winnetka	4:15 pm	Winnetka
4:30 pm	Winnetka	4:30 pm	Winnetka
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11:30 pm	Winnetka	11:30 pm	Winnetka
11:45 pm	Winnetka	11:45 pm	Winnetka
12:00 am	Winnetka	12:00 am	Winnetka

Through tickets to all points are on sale at principal offices of the company at lowest rates for any class of travel desired. Baggage checked to destination.

B. F. HORNER, N. A. CLAY, Gen. Pass. Agt. Agent, Mentone.

**JUST WHAT YOU WANT.**

Anvil, Vice, Cut off Tool, The best for Farm and Home use. Either size \$1.50 or \$2.50, sent freight paid on receipt of price if your order is accompanied by Good Agents.

**Cheney Anvil & V. Co.,** Detroit, Mich.

## DEATH OF HENDRICKS.

Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice President of the United States, died very suddenly at his home in Indianapolis last Wednesday evening. His funeral will take place Tuesday, December 1. A Nation mourns.

## G. A. B. ORGANIZATION.

The veterans of this vicinity will meet at this place on Tuesday evening, December 8, for the purpose of organizing a post of the Grand Army of the Republic. Capt. John Kanyan of Warsaw will minister the boys in. Neighboring posts will be invited, and every ex-soldier in the community is urged to be present.

Any person wishing to purchase a residence in Mentone should call on Eli Krux, as he is offering his property at a bargain.

— Isaac Kreighbaum laughs and laughs, and when you ask him what the matter is, he says: "It's a leg and a laugh."

Several parties have been hunting for carvers this week. Building is the order of the day, and mechanics have plenty to do.

— The staunch friends of the GAZETTE who have stood by it in the day of adversity may now begin to realize its prosperity. Their kindness will be gratefully remembered.

— The Mullenhour boys are making business for themselves very well. They are now in the city of Chicago, and they manifest.

— E. M. Orall is making a carpenter of himself. The artistic work put in the GAZETTE office this week is the result of his genius, and now he is building Leonard's marble shop.

— Rev. Shackelford wishes us to say that he will deliver Grant's Book between the 1st and 20th of December, and requests that subscribers be prepared to receive the same. No doubt all are anxiously awaiting the arrival of this interesting and popular book.

— We publish an interesting letter this week from our friend, Rev. D. Kivett, who occupied the Silver Lake work last year, but was transferred to Missouri on account of failing health. His numerous friends will be glad to hear the encouraging news in regard to his health and prosperity.

## NOTICE.

Any one wishing to trade hard maple or basswood logs for furniture can arrange to do so at the Mentone furniture store; will also trade for ash, poplar, oak, butternut or walnut.

R. C. RAUSBACK.

A gentleman in Elmore County, Alabama, adopts the following method of killing hawks: He makes a mixture of strychnine and lard and agents his chickens' heads with it. Several dead hawks testify to the efficacy of the treatment.

Some teachers of penmanship now teach their pupils to write with both hands. The method of instruction is to make the pupil write his name in pencil, and then go over it with a pen held in his left hand. Constant practice gives proficiency.

It is stated that small candles, remarkable for the purity and brilliancy of the light they give, are imported into Europe from China, where they are made from wax supplied by minute insects bred for that purpose by the poorer class of Chinese.

## INDIAN FIGHTING.

Reminiscences of the Raids of Sitting Bull and His Painted Warriors.

"Why do I keep that cartridge-box hung over my desk? It's a relic of my life on the plains, for around that little box cluster some of my greatest trials." The speaker, a middle-aged man, was seated in his office on Court street.

"It first became mine when I joined the 22d regiment at Fort Gratiot in July, 1876, about the time brave Custer and his command had gone to slaughter. Troops were hurried into the field. On the 7th of the month our detachment started for Fort Lincoln. We found the garrison there very small, all troops that could be spared having been sent to the front. We marched to Powder river, where we met Indians in large numbers. Custer's command had left a lot of corn on the right bank of the Yellowstone, and when we came up the redskins were ferrying it across to the other bank.

"It was my first fight, and how narrow was my escape that little hole in the box bears witness.

"A few miles further on we reached the Indian camp, and there found the arms of the slaughtered command. While there I took up a revolver I found in a tent and put it in my inner coat-pocket, trusting I might sometime need it. Continuing our march, under the direction of Buffalo Bill, we made for Glendive creek, and there went into winter quarters.

"The Indians hovered in large numbers about the camp. It was the universal belief among the troops that going out of camp on scouting duty meant death. It was by no means pleasant news to me to be detailed to such duty.

"I was accompanied by a half-breed scout, who was made successfully. After the trip was made successfully, after we returned to camp I was sent with a detachment of scouts to the headquarters at Glendive creek.

"Three days after we arrived Indians surrounded us. Among the hills were hundreds of savages in fierce war paint. The commanding officers met in council, and about midnight I was ordered to report. The colonel said: 'I want you to take as fast as you can, and deliver this in person to Col. Hazen; our ammunition and provisions are giving out.' I started. The night was clear and still. The guard let me out through the picket line, and, leading my horse, I stole off into the darkness, revolver in hand.

"I started my horse on a slow trot and rode at that speed for about twenty miles until I rode directly into an Indian camp. The dogs announced my arrival, and in a moment more the Indians were in hot pursuit; but my horse was one to be relied upon, and I soon left most of my pursuers far behind. There were two young bucks, however, who kept close after my trail for hours. My horse was becoming winded and I determined to fight. Drawing my carbine I fired one shot, killing one of my pursuers' horses, which had some effect, as the Indian gave up the chase. At 10 o'clock the next day I was in Fort Buford, and two hours later a large body of cavalry, with a wagon train, started for the besieged camp. When I started to return the train was about twenty miles ahead of me. The wagon train missed the right trail. I was unable to find the command, and after hunting several hours in the rain I determined to start for the camp on Glendive creek. My horse was in bad condition, and I concluded I would camp for a few hours and make a little coffee. It was now dark. Picketing my horse, I kindled a fire, and throwing aside all my arms and taking off my belt I determined at all hazards to take a rest.

"I was making myself comfortable when I heard what seemed to be the bark of a canine wolf. I knew what it meant. There were Indians about, and

the bark was simply a signal. It was repeated, and then I noticed two dusky forms stealing along the ground. My loaded rifle was within reach, and, picking it up, I took a quick aim and fired. A cry of pain followed, and without waiting to heed the shouts of rage I ran for my horse, and mounting I started at break-neck speed, not for the fort, as I should have done, but in the opposite direction. I found that my arms were gone but one. I still had the revolver I had picked up in the camp where we had found the arms of Custer's men.

"I rode all that night, and on the following night ran successfully into camp Glendive, without any trouble save a personal encounter with one Indian near the picket line. The next day Col. Hazen arrived with reinforcements, and Sitting Bull and his bloodthirsty savages were foiled. A week after I was sent with a force to Fort Buford, and on the ground where I had left it was my rifle, and near by the cartridge box." Boston Globe.

The Palatka (Fla.) Herald says: "A man and family arrived here one day last week; the next morning he paid \$450 for a lot, and that evening he had a shanty erected, a stove put up, and he and family slept in it that night. This man was from Maine."

During the beginning of the chestnut season on the Blue Ridge the rats and mice carry their winter stores into old hollow trees. The people then hunt these trees, cut them down, and they always get from one to four pecks of chestnuts, which are always fresh.—Georgia Farmer.

Engineering in China has certainly advanced a great deal since the long, built entirely of stone, and 300 arches seventy feet high; the roadway is seventy feet wide, and the pillars are seventy-five feet apart.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, calls upon his English admirers for another "loan," as he styles it, promising 100 per cent. interest to be paid, as he puts it, in installments of "5 per cent. in this world and 95 per cent. in salvation," which brings the actual interest down to legal rates.

Thirty years ago a citizen of Westville, Ct., enlisted in the regular army as a private, and a few days ago he returned to his mother's home, having a fortune of \$3,000,000, which he made in California, where he now resides. Although his mother was over 60 years of age when he left, she is still living.

British Columbia is realizing the benefits of its excellent harbors and magnificent forests. Two milling companies, with an aggregate production of \$5,000,000 feet of lumber, are now cutting exclusively for the export trade. They ship to China, Australia, Sandwich Islands, and even to England.

One of the finest pieces of ivory in this country is in the private collection of a Baltimore gentleman. The original tusk, seven inches in diameter, was exhibited in the Egyptian department of our Centennial Exhibition. It was bought by a Japanese visitor, and now, after three years of continuous labor expended by a Japanese artist in engraving it, has reappeared in this country.

A laborer living in this city, says the San Francisco News-Letter, afflicted with the existing lottery mania, recently invested in a ticket, and, being advised that to insure good luck the ticket should be tied to a rabbit's tail until the drawing took place, he immediately proceeded to enlist the services of a household pet. The scheme worked to a charm—a prize was drawn, and a snug sum at that. A family rush was made for the hatch; the rabbit was there sure enough, tail and all, but the ticket was gone. Bunny had eaten it. There is one rabbit



The best cough medicine is Piso's  
Consumption. Sold everywhere. 35c

A snow white owl—a rare bird in our country—was lately seen in this country.

DEALERS,  
K, MD.

SECRET

## 3. Pensions

ure for

DEALERS,  
K, MD.

## 3. Pensions



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### CLAYPOOL.

John Walker, of Woodville, is at Colbert's. Tom Seaman and daughter went to St. Louis Monday.

Misses Hunter, Reed and Mrs. Frank Reed from Newmarket visiting Mrs. Cox. Rosa Whittenberger from Ft. Wayne is visiting her parents.

Frank Vancamp and wife spent Thanksgiving at Silver Lake. A surprise party last Wednesday evening on Lee.

Miss Covegrove, a city teacher of Warsaw, was visiting the school here Monday.

Frank Wirtz is spending Thanksgiving at home. Mr. Worth Shipley of Noh is here visiting his friends he wishes to dispose of his farm here and locate permanently in the west.

Messrs. Jacob Jamieson and William Jr. returned from Dunsmuir, Nebraska, and are well pleased with the climate.

Tom Colbert Jr., who has been visiting his former home in Carroll county has returned.

Miss Della Hartor, of Akron, will remain here during the winter and take music lessons.

### BURKETT.

George Light wants a hog.

Uplinger has moved to town.

Sam Banks has bought the Gravelle Barber mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Wainwright, of Palestine, were visiting relatives in town over Saturday and Sunday.

Marion Kay, of Palestine, has become a resident of this place, occupying the house recently vacated by Mr. Kallit who moved to Claypool.

Our town, having two excellent barbers, there is no cause for not having our clothes shaved at their long cherished and excellent appearance.

Wm. Menard, our friendly operator, has taken into his house, and already in house, leaving the rooms lately single vacant by the removal of Barber.

S. Hanes, formerly of this place but now a resident of Claypool, was on a street late Monday. We think Sam has some notion of starting a grocery store here. Sam is a friend of ours and a very good fellow he is.

Among the sick are Mrs. Harting, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Sharley, and Mr. Wiley. The latter of whom is said to be very poorly with slight improvement.

Several of our citizens took advantage of the cheap exhibition of the great stock show on exhibition there.

E. W. Uplinger, our comparatively new man, is a good fellow, a good man, and a good man. He pays the best price for a prime and is determined to be understood. By the way, the man in mind farmers will also have an observing eye to their own interests.

The city school building has been on the corner of the city, and the city school building has been on the corner of the city, and the city school building has been on the corner of the city.

A school, without the slightest cause of complaint for its organization, is going the rounds. So no people in this town are to be taken at all the time of this, and in old a town in town for their insatiable cravings for good, they are not usually happy in their own town.

S. S. To say the report is better than a man's word is not giving vent to the general feeling.

### SNAKES.

A few weeks past while Wm. Smith, of Bonanza, was turning the dead grass of his property he had quite an encounter with snakes.

As he was walking around watching the fire he became aware that something was following him and on looking round saw several snakes near him. Having nothing to defend himself with, he thought that discretion would be the better part of valor, and so took to his heels.

Breaking a piece of safety he naturally turned toward the nearest place that would have made the exit a walking distance, but the snakes were now so close to him, as so near as he could not get to the house to be safe, he commenced calling for his wife. She came running out and asked him what was the matter.

"I am chased by a whole regiment of rattlesnakes," he said without stopping. If son reached the fence and crawled upon it to find what he was to do.

She asked him to get down and help her. He said while he was in a safe place he decided to stay there. Now a person would have thought from the forced texture of his mustache that he would have been grumpy enough to have fought snakes, but he showed the white feather that time.

After his better half had killed two or three of the snakes and chased the rest of them away she went to see how he had held his and was wounded. She found a ragged looking hole in his rubber boot and remarked that it did not look like a snake could bite that big a hole in a boot.

On pulling off his boot, a piece of wood was found in it. He had fallen down and squeezed a hole through his boot and a piece of the snake had broken off. It was at the end of his right that he thought the snake had bitten him.

After they found that he was not seriously injured they went to look at the snakes. His wife had killed, and found them to be water snakes, a species that have a well known reputation of being perfectly harmless. But Smith says he did cure it was a close shave any way, and it was the most out of even came to having snakes in his boots.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

## VINEGAR BITTERS



## VINEGAR BITTERS

Several millions purchase Vinegar Bitters the most wonderful tonic and blood purifier known. It is a true tonic, and a true blood purifier. It is a true tonic, and a true blood purifier.

It is the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-Giving Principle, a perfect tonic, and a true blood purifier. It is a true tonic, and a true blood purifier.

Vinegar Bitters has cured in millions of cases, Rheumatism, Typhoid, Malaria, Cholera, and all diseases of the blood. It is a true tonic, and a true blood purifier.

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## UPTON'S COMBINATION THREE



## IS THE LEADING MACHINE OF THE WEST.

Sometimes it is called the "Upton's" and sometimes it is called the "Upton's". It is a true tonic, and a true blood purifier.

The greatest machine ever made, and the most satisfactory for the farmer.

UPTON Triple Gear Horse Powers and Traction Engines.

If you are going to purchase or are in need, let us show you our catalogue and how simple it is to use.

UPTON MFG CO., PORT HURON, MICH.

## OPEN FIRE VENTILATOR STOVES

PATENTED. Burn any kind of Fuel! SOFT OR HARD COAL.

They keep the air in a room pure. To effect Ventilation SAVE IN FUEL MORE THAN THEY COST.

They are better than any other kind of stove. GIVE NO GAS BUT BURN IT ALL.

By Perfect Ventilation. By Perfect Combustion. By Perfect Economy. By Perfect Comfort.

By Uniform, Equable Warmth. At a cost of less than the cost of the best. See our catalogue and how simple it is to use.

GOLD'S HEATER MFG. CO. 624-642 East 14th St., New York.

AGENTS! It will give you the best of the best. See our catalogue and how simple it is to use.

ST. LOUIS, MO. OR CHICAGO, ILL.

THE HATWARD HAND GRENADE CO. 407-409 Broadway, New York.

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## TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE. The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

## SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, bowels constive, pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, pain under the shoulder-blade, flatulency after eating, with a distention to exertion of body or mind, irritability of temper, loss of spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty.

Headache, Bizziness, Fluctuating at the Heart, Ears before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Headache, with a feeling of having neglected some duty.

Constipation. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and also effects such a change of bowels as to make the sufferer feel better.

They increase the Appetite and cause the body to Take on Flesh, and the system is nourished and built up. Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs. Regular Stools are the result.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE. GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a glossy black by a single application of this DYE. It is a true tonic, and a true blood purifier.

Office, 24 E. 12th St., New York.

## SEWING MACHINE

SWIFT SIMPLE SILENT STRONG

New improved high arm, with a perfect action, cylinder, self-feeding needle, no springs, few parts, minimum weight, no friction, no noise, no wear, no fatigue, no danger, capacity unlimited, always in order, richly ornamented, nickel plated, and gives perfect satisfaction. Send for catalogue. Address, 812 Broadway, New York.

FREE! RELIABLE SELF-CURE.

A favorite prescription of one of the best of the great and successful physicians in the U.S. for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, and all the kindred diseases. Send for free. Druggists can tell.

W. H. WARD & CO., Louisville, Mo.

## HENCH'S CULTIVATOR.

Riding or Walking Corn and Fallow With double Row Corn Planter and Fertilizer Attachments complete in one Machine.

Received Medal and Highest Awards of Merit at the Great Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky., and a number of State Fairs in 1893-4.

The KING OF THE CORN-FIELD. Thousands in use giving entire satisfaction. The demand already this season is three times as large as last year.

RELIABLE AGENTS wanted in all unoccupied territory. Send for catalogue mailed free. Address, HENCH & DROMGOLD, York, Pa. Name this paper.

## WILSON CABINET CREAMERY

AND BARREL CHURN AND OTHER Dairy Supplies.

We desire to secure good, live Agents in every town in the U.S., to whom we offer a liberal discount. Send for circulars giving full descriptions of our goods to

Flint Cabinet Creamery Co., Flint, Mich.

# MENTONE GAZETTE.

C. M. SMITH, EDITOR.

## MENTONE, KOSCIUSKO COUNTY, IND. LOCAL NEWS.

—H. Dammann sells pork from 7 to 8 cents.  
—H. Dammann pays 7 cents for beef hides.  
—Try a Western Washer, for sale by W. F. Sarber.  
—Congress convenes one week from next Monday.  
—Good dry wood meets with ready sale in Mentone.  
—Sausage, 10 cents per pound at H. Dammann's meat shop.  
—Don't forget that the GAZETTE office is now over Manwaring's store.  
—H. Dammann sells beef for from 3 to 10 cents per pound for the best.

—Which one of our exchanges can tell us of a good seven column press for sale? We want to buy one.

—Over fifty car loads of live stock have been shipped from this point during the last three months.

—Patrick McGuire, the Fulton county murderer, was captured in the mountains of Tennessee last week.

—Leave the kittens to favor us with any interesting item of news that may fall under your notice.

—Robert Railsback, the enterprising merchant of Argos took Thanksgiving dinner with his brother Richard, of this city.

Several important trades have been talked of among our business men for several days past but none consummated as yet.

—A young man of Orion named Seneca Linn was accidentally knocked insensible by a ball club in the hands of a playmate last Monday. Be careful, boys.

—Last Wednesday witnessed not only the death of Vice President Hendricks, but Alfonso, King of Spain, who died at 8 o'clock A. M. of emphysema.

—The Bremen Enquirer, the newspaper established by Brooks Bowman at Bremen, came to hand this week. It makes a very creditable appearance and will no doubt continue so.

—Our machine and Novelty workmen are pushing forward to completion the addition to their shops. They will soon have facilities for their line of work unsurpassed in this part of the state.

—Hayden Rue is remodeling his harness shop by putting on an addition and laying new floors. He will have fine apartments, when completed, for his extensive and increasing business.

—Work on his quarry has been commenced and the business will soon be in operation. Mr. Leonard comes from Alexandria, and is said to be a splendid marble cutter. We wish him success.

—Samuel Whetstone, who lived four miles north west of here, died very suddenly last Tuesday, and was buried in the cemetery at this place. He was 71 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children to mourn their loss.

—Judge E. V. Long of Warsaw will start to New Mexico next Monday to fill the position of Chief Justice, to which he was recently appointed. His numerous friends gave him a send off in the form of a surprise party last Wednesday evening.

—Last week we were over crowded with work, and issued only a half sized paper. The effect seemed to be very alarming to some who are ready to conjecture and suppose and draw conclusions. Don't be alarmed, friends, the GAZETTE was never standing on a slender basis than now, and when you and the present editor are dead and gone the paper will still move on just as if nothing had happened.

—When Tom, Billy Williams returned from South America he had to tickle Warsaw in the ribs to see if life still remained. Being satisfied that the old carcass was not entirely defunct he set about to revivify its drooping spirits and the way he is making things hustle is a caution to the indolent. If the present rate of enthusiasm continues it may become scary for Mentone to move up and her riches in her enterprise to avoid being yet outstripped by Warsaw.

—Go to Truby's for your school-books.  
—C. J. the new goods at Manwaring's.

—Round Oak heating stoves at W. F. Sarber's.

—Roasted coffee 10 cents per lb. at D. W. Lewis's.

—Oh, my! what beautiful wraps at Manwaring's!

—See D. W. Lewis's goods before buy elsewhere.

—Jewel Oak and Cottage Jewel stoves at Sarber's.

—Those overcoats at Manwaring's are dirt cheap.

—See D. W. Lewis' goods before buying elsewhere.

—Go to Truby's for silver-ware and jewelry. No shoddy goods.

—Home Treasure and Home Jewel cooking stoves at Sarber's.

—D. W. Lewis pays the highest market price for clover seed.

—Go to D. W. Lewis' to buy your goods and save money.

—Don't forget to call at the GAZETTE office when you come to town.

—Tinware at Hamlet's 10 per cent lower than any other place in town.

—A full line of holiday goods at Truby's, consisting of books and notions generally.

—Remember the dentist's appointments, weekdays and Wednesdays of each week.

—You will find goods and prices just as represented at D. W. Lewis'. Go and see them.

—New felt hats from 50 to 80 cents at W. F. Fribbles all of a new line of materials to be used in fancy work.

—Go to Mrs. D. W. Lewis' and buy your hats, bonnets, pummes, tips and velvets, as she has all the latest styles.

Did you see those nice breast-pins for ten cents, also those fine watch chains, at the Novelty Drug-Store, Claypool, Ind.?

—Mrs. D. W. Lewis has all the latest styles in hats and bonnets for ladies and children which she is selling very cheap. Come and see.

—M. Truby is now ready to repair your clocks, watches or jewelry, and his long practice makes him an accomplished workman.

—The Mentone furniture store keeps constantly on hand a full line of common and fancy furniture consisting of bureaus, bedsteads, cupboards, spring-beds, tables, lounges and chairs, which can be bought at bottom prices.

—Go to Sarbers for the best grade of coal oil.

—Fast step into Sarbers new ware room and see the nicest sleighs that were ever brought to Mentone.

—MARRIED: Nov. 28, at the residence of the brides parents 1 1/2 miles west of Mentone, Enoch S. Cochran to Miss Melissa J. Silsby, Esq. Wilkinson officiating.

—J. W. Church M. D., of Bremen, who makes a specialty of chronic and acute diseases, made us a call Friday. He was looking over our town with a view of locating here.

—Solomon Rhodes who lives south of Beaver Dam lake gave us a pleasant call last Thursday, having come over to investigate the bargains which he had seen mentioned in the GAZETTE.

—Mrs. Wm. Garrison, in company with her daughter Lena, and daughter-in-law Mrs. John Garrison, started for Kansas last Wednesday, where her husband and son have been for some time.

## LOOK HERE!

### SOMETHING LONG WANTED IN MENTONE.

M. Truby having permanently located in the above place, is now fully prepared to do all kinds of repairing in watches, clocks and jewelry, musical instrument, sewing machines, etc. Models made for patents, patterns for small castings, old gold worked into plain rings, umbrellas and parasols repaired. All work warranted. Work from the trade solicited. Also news agent, book-seller and stationer. Office south side Main street, Mentone, Ind.

## FROM A MISSOURI.

PLEASANT HILL, MO.,  
November 19, '85.

DEAR EDITOR: The GAZETTE with its new dress on visited us this week.

And while we write we would like to ask you many personal questions and have a long personal correspondence with you but we forbear, desiring rather to contribute something for the GAZETTE columns. We are well and happy and think Missouri the grandest state in the Union. Although we are located very near the home of the James Brothers, we find society very good here.

Missouri is populated with persons representing almost all states of the Union and almost all nationalities, and somehow the mixture has a very good effect upon society. This is one of the border states between the north and south. It was a slave state and the southern element still predominates. We have represented here the two Methodist churches, the M. E. and the M. E. south, but harmony exists between them. Most of our southern people are becoming very conservative and the northerners who mingle with them become very much toned down. And socially and religiously we have, to-day, no north and south,—we are one. May the time soon come when, politically, we will be the same! As an agricultural state Mo. is destined to take the lead. Her mineral resources are inexhaustible,—scarcely any community but may have its own coal mines, and for live stock there is no better state. The climate here is very desirable. Summing all things up we think Missouri is the place for emigrants to come to seek a home.

We are very much interested in the locals we see in your columns and are glad to tell the readers of the GAZETTE, who are our friends, that our health is much improved and that we enjoy our western home very much.

Respectfully yours,

D. KIVETT.

## He Got It.

"Boss," he whispered, as he leaned over the counter, "the ole woman wants me to buy a new hat, an' I don't know any more."

"Can't help that, sir," was the reply. "I'm giving away more than I can afford to without taking on any new applications."

"Zactly, boss—I presume so. Boss, please give me your full name."

"John I. Blank."

"An' dat of yer partner?"

"His name is William J. Jones."

"What do you want of our names?"

"Wall, I didn't get de tea, but you used me like a gem'en, an' bein' as we have got twins in our family I zewine ter name 'em arter you an' your partner!"

"Oh! you said tea, eh? Why, yes. I'll be happy to put you up half a pound. Green or Japan? Twins, eh? Hope the mother is doing well. Say, if you want those boys to make smart men give 'em smart names. If I were you I'd call 'em Washington and Jefferson."

## IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage and Expressage and Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

## NOTICE TO NONRESIDENTS.

Albert C. Fowler, STATE OF INDIANA, Kosciusko Co. SS.  
John C. Reeder.

In Justice Court, before Watson C. Wilkinson, a Justice of the Peace for said Township in said County and State.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the undersigned Justice of the Peace for said Township in said County and State, on affidavit of a disinterested party, that the above named defendant, John C. Reeder, is not a resident of the State of Indiana, and that he is a necessary party to the above action,—said defendant, John C. Reeder, is therefore, hereby notified of the filing of said complaint and pendency of said action, and he is required to be and appear on the 22nd day of December, 1885, at two o'clock P. M. at the office of said Justice of the Peace in Mentone, Indiana, and answer or demur to said complaint or the same will be heard and determined in his absence.

Witness my hand and seal this 21st day of November.

WATSON C. WILKINSON, (SEAL)  
Justice of the Peace.

E. H. Emmers, Att'y for the Plaintiff

## A Talking Piano.

A representative of the "Societe Anon Des Viennas" has arrived in New York with a talking piano. The piano consists of a representation of the head and face of a man with rather a large mouth and a tongue. The larynx and facial organs are perfectly constructed, and a bellows serves as the lungs. The bellows is worked by the feet, and fourteen letters of the alphabet are on a key board like that of a piano. The keys are played upon, and the mouth opens. The tones can be modulated quickly or slowly and the movements of the rubber mouth and the tongue are similar to natural ones. The sounds of a number of letters not upon the key-board are produced by partly closing or opening the larynx. For instance, "H" is produced by closing the larynx somewhat and striking "D." The machine, as was acknowledged this morning by the exhibitor, can be of no practical value except for a study of the voice and for the purposes of exhibition. The same machine was privately exhibited a number of years ago.

## The Chicago Daily News

Has the Largest Daily Circulation in America.

Its issue for the year 1884 averaged 125,178 copies daily, and it is now regularly printing over 130,000 papers a day.

The magnitude of this unequalled circulation is best appreciated when it is said that it exceeds the circulations of all other Chicago dailies combined. Taking from the three standard newspaper directories—Ayer & Son's Annual, Rowell's Directory and Hubbard's Directory—the quotations which most nearly represent the actual circulations of the Chicago press, the following diagram correctly illustrates their relative positions as to extent of circulation.



From these figures it appears that the circulation of THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS exceeds the combined circulations of all the other Chicago dailies by 19,873 copies daily. The reasons for this phenomenal success are obvious:

## THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

is a complete newspaper in all that constitutes the best type of American journalism.

It is a member of the Associated Press, and is the only 2-cent paper in the West that possesses this first essential to a complete news service. In addition, it has its own private wire (by lease from the Western Union Telegraph Co.) connecting its Chicago office with New York and Washington, at both of which points it has its own news bureaus. The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS prints ALL the news.

It is an independent paper. It recognizes the utility of political parties as means for the accomplishment of proper ends, but it declines to regard any mere party as a fit subject for unquestioning adoration. It solicits the patronage of intelligent, thoughtful, honest people, who love country more than party.

## THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

is a "short and to the point" paper. It believes that newspaper reading is but an incident of the day, not its chief business. It accordingly leaves to the "blanket-sheets" the monopoly of tiresome and worthless amplification. It seeks to say all that the reader should care to read, and to say it in the shortest possible manner. It is a daily paper for busy people.

It is a clean paper, fit for the family circle. It is a cheap paper—2 cents per day, 12 cents per week, 50 cents per month, \$6.00 per year. Sold by all news dealers throughout the Northwest. Mailed to any address, post-paid, upon receipt of price.

Where the facilities of a daily mail are not enjoyed THE CHICAGO WEEKLY NEWS is recommended as "the next best." It is a large 8 page, 64 column paper, carefully made up to meet all the varying needs of the family circle. It is the largest "dollar weekly" in America. It is equal to the best.

## AVAILANCES

Loosed her lightning on the peak.  
Avoid the eternal snows,  
The little hand of rain and sun,  
Increasing as it goes.  
It leaps and bounds and boisterous  
That can its path in vain,  
And therefore down the mountain side,  
And down it to the plain.  
An avalanche! An avalanche!  
And overbearing the plain!

So from the chambers of the mist  
Of pines and firs,  
A little snow fell to the ground  
Upon the printed page.  
Few see or hear or feel or know  
The strength that in them lies,  
Scarcely upon the mountain top,  
The nearest to the skies.  
But when it moves the natives head,  
And gaze with wondering eyes

Like the impatient avalanche  
In its majestic course,  
It sweeps away impediments,  
Resistless in its force!  
The palaces of Error fall,  
With crash and confusion sound,  
While the proud battlements of wrong,  
That fill the lower ground,  
Stake at its coming and collapse,  
And are in ruins found.

—Charles Mackay, in *Yank's Companion*.

## "AN ODD MAN."

A BOHEMIAN-QUE ROMANCE.

There were two other ladies at the table with me—a mother and daughter—wealthy people, as I supposed; and the girl was the most exquisitely pretty creature I had ever seen. She was so tall, so slim, so round, with such a fair, frank brow, such shining brown eyes, almost startlingly dark, with her bright hair and her fair complexion; such a sweet mouth, such dimples, my heart seemed to go out to her at once. And she was so charmed with everything, and so full of bright chatter.

Her mother was a great contrast; she was a little, pale, plaintive-looking person—one of those people who, I think, take a kind of pleasure in being unhappy.

And there was an odd-looking fellow, a large, rugged, fair-

face, very wide eyes, a high forehead, and very high. Somehow he was not like the usual run of our visitors, and, strange of all, he brought in a dog with him, a handsome pug, if any pug can be called handsome—who preceded his master up the room, his wrinkled nose sniffing the air and his crooked eyes looking in every corner.

I looked at my pretty girl. Her face was all dimpled and flushed. Do let me hold him for a little while; I am so fond of dogs.

Her mother moved uneasily and protested feebly.

"Alice, dear," the stranger turned and looked at her. "Thank you so much," he said. "Do you really like dogs? Most ladies are afraid of Jack."

"Some day, some day, some day we shall meet," Miss Verinder said. I remember just how she looked; I could not wonder at the passionate admiration in the young man's eyes. Old woman as I was, I found her a peasant sight.

"A sweet voice and a sweet face," said some one beside me. It was our neighbor at dinner. He had come softly across the room, holding his dog's leash. He stood a moment by me, and then he sat down behind the piano, took his dog on his lap, and threw back his great head, listening with evident enjoyment to the music. I thought again what a strange-looking man he was. Miss Verinder finished her song and turned round with all the pretty light on her face. He crossed over then and thanked her, while the young man looked rather superciliously at him.

"I felt sure you had a singing face," he said. "Are you well off for music here?"

"Not very," she told him, and then she asked if he played.

"Yes," he said. "It is almost the only solace I have." He paused a moment, and then went on in such a low, hopeless kind of voice. "I am almost blind."

"Oh! I am so sorry."

"Poor man! I thought it ought to be a kind of compensation to see the sweet tenderness of the bright young face, to hear the soft pity of her voice. He said

something—I did not catch what it was—and then he sat down to the piano. Play, I should think he did play. Never had there been such music as that out of our piano. A great hush fell upon the room. Even those who did not care for music for its own sake were silent from astonishment.

As for Mr. Gorst himself, the music seemed to transform him. He shook back his hair, and his grave, plain face brightened up.

"Jack," sitting at his feet kept his eyes steadily fixed upon him, as if he understood it all; and for Miss Verinder, the pretty color grew brighter in her cheeks, and her eyes shone. She was passionately fond of music.

"Odd man! Don't you think so very?" whispered Mrs. Colquhoun—the greatest gossip in the house—to me. "Not a gentleman, decidedly; actor, I should think, professional, certainly. Dreadful first that girl is to be sure. Do you admire her? No, surely not."

I held up my hand to silence her. I did not like Mrs. Colquhoun. I knew her mischief-making tongue of old, and I had caught a flash from Alice Verinder's soft eyes.

Mr. Gorst was going to sing for us. As he played the first bars of the message, Jack gave a kind of strange howl.

"He is wonderfully fond of singing," his master explained with pride.

Clearly, I thought, he was a thorough old bachelor, and this dog was wife and child to him.

"Well I have heard many fine voices, but never one, I think, like Mr. Gorst's. As the passionate beautiful words of the message rang out, I felt my very heart stirred within me.

A great hush fell upon the room as he finished. One could well believe such a voice would "pass through the golden gate." I saw a strange, moved expression on Mr. Hardy's face, the quiet old bachelor I have mentioned before; and as for Miss Verinder, I did not like to look at her; I knew there were tears in the bright young eyes.

And after The Message, he gave us For Ever and Forever, and The Distant Shore. He would have sung all night, I think, if the loud clang of the tea-bell had not sounded out, bringing us all back to the world around us.

He dropped his hands from the keys quite startled.

"Oh! it's only the tea-bell. Are we expected to eat again? But I have inflicted myself upon you."

"I could listen forever," said the girl, with that soft, lovely light still on her face.

I am a foolish old woman, I know; but I caught myself hoping he was not too blind to see it.

"Miss Verinder, will you not let me get you some tea?" broke in the Cambridge man, Mr. Hoare, as I found out his name was. He had been watching the changes in the girl's face all through the singing.

Well, he was old enough to be her father, and he was grave and odd-looking beside, while she was the sweetest, freshest bit of maidenhood. Young even for her twenty years. And yet somehow these two, Mr. Gorst and Alice Verinder, were drawn to each other that very first night, I think. Perhaps it was Jack, perhaps it was the music, or that the child's sweet womanly heart was moved to pity the lonely afflicted man. She was so watchful of him at meal times, would try in her pretty way to interest him, to drive the shadows from his face, would pay him such sweet deference. He was always quiet, sweetly reserved. It did not seem to me he took much notice of what would have raised a young man to the seventh heaven of happiness. I came on them one morning out amongst the flowers—he walking up and down slowly and carefully, as an almost blind man does, she springing out in her joyous way, fresh as the morning itself, in dark blue gown all as bed with emerald-brown hair and shining her sweet face, a wide smile on the mass of crisp hair beneath. They said "good morning" to each other, and then she spoke to the dog.

Between her two admirers, Miss Verinder ought to have acquired much useful information during that sweet summer holiday. Young Hoare took possession of her at once. I heard her blithe laugh as she answered some remark of his. They made a handsome couple, I thought; she so fair and slim, he so tall and dark and broad shouldered, and both with that wonderful light of youth on their faces.

"He is a handsome fellow," Mr. Gorst said, and I knew he had divined my

thought; he was wonderfully sharp, for all his blindness. I scarcely knew how long I had been sitting. It was a letter to a dear old friend of mine, and I had for a little while forgotten my surroundings, when Mrs. Colquhoun's wearisome voice forced itself on my attention.

She had examined her newspaper, and Miss Verinder having just come in, she had a thrilling piece of gossip to unfold to us.

"Quite shocking," Mrs. Verinder! I was so frightened I could not sleep again. Mr. Gorst, you know, he came down the corridor last night perfectly drunk, stumbling over everything. He tried to burst into my room, but fortunately I always keep the door locked; and he felt about his room and tumbled himself half the night. Quite shocking, is it not? These professional sort of people are always unsteady, and being blind seems to make it so much worse. Really, Mrs. Verinder, don't you think we ladies ought to take some steps to show what we think of such conduct?"

Mrs. Verinder made some feeble sound of horror. I was too perturbed to say anything.

It was a story, it was rather a worse one than usual; if it was true—

But what was this indignant young figure that started up from my side?

"It is not true, mother—I am sure it is not true. Oh, it is a shame to tell such stories of any one! Mr. Gorst is a gentleman; he would scorn to do such things. Oh, it is cruel! People ought to spare him at least."

The child looked transformed, her cheeks blazing, her brown eyes sparkling.

"Alice, Alice!" said her mother.

"It is the injustice of it, mother—that is what I mind."

Mrs. Colquhoun was straightening her spectacles and looking up at the indignant girl with a malicious smile.

I knew what a story she would make of this, and though I could not but admire Alice's generous championship, I felt sorry she should have drawn this woman's unscrupulous tongue upon her.

She was still standing there, with her tall young figure drawn up, and her scornful face, and Mrs. Colquhoun had just opened her lips for a crushing retort, when behold standing among us, Mr. Gorst himself, perfectly calm and unmoved to all outward appearance.

He looked most astonished. As well it might. Poor, pretty Alice grew snow white, and all the fire went out of her eyes.

"I cannot thank you sufficiently, Miss Verinder," he said, "for taking the trouble to defend me. Pray let me apologize," he went on then to Mrs. Colquhoun, "for having unintentionally hurt you so much about myself. I was writing letters in the other day, and had no intention of listening, when my own name caught my ear. It is a fulfillment of the old proverb; but I have no doubt you will be greatly pleased to hear you have made a most unfortunate mistake. My room was changed last night; the gas was not lit; my luggage was all about the middle of the floor. In my half or three-quarters blind condition, I certainly did assume a good deal about, and had also to speak a good deal to my dog through the night; he is always restless in strange quarters. As for being drunk, I have been a water drinker all my life. I must express my great regret for having so disturbed your rest, but I am sure your distress of mind last night must be more than compensated this morning by your relief at finding out I am not such a depraved character as you had feared."

It was a very narrow path, just room for two people to walk very close together; consequently, I suppose, it was called the "Lover's Walk." There were seats at intervals, and it had many unexpected turns and twists, as it wound round the hill.

Coming suddenly round one of these sharp corners, what or rather who did I see just in front of me only a few yards away! Alice Verinder and Mr. Gorst; and he was holding both her hands in his, and bending over her, the inevitable "Jack" sitting beside them, his foolish tongue hanging out, his leash lying unregarded on the damp ground, an expression on his face as if he would say "this is a nice piece of business." Well, I take great credit to myself, I neither started nor screamed; luckily neither of them had seen me, and I turned swiftly round the way I had come, hurried round the corner, almost ran the whole way home, never stopping for breath until I

found myself safe in my own room, where I sat down to think over what I had seen.

It was an hour or two later, and I was still sitting in my room, but ready dressed for dinner, waiting for the bell to ring, when there was a little tap at my door and Alice entered radiant, blushing, happy. I remember just how she looked, in a pretty dress of some pale shining green stuff, she always dressed so prettily, with a square cut bodice and elbow sleeves showing her fair round arms, a bunch of white roses in the lace at her bosom. She stood looking at me for a moment, and then she crossed the door and crossed the room swiftly, and came and knelt beside me.

"I saw you to-day," she said softly, "and you turned back because you saw me."

How can I describe the sweet radiant light in her face? I bent down and kissed her.

"My dear," I said to her, "are you sure of yourself? Do you really love him? But there was no need for an answer. I could read it in her eyes."

"Oh! Miss Brown, I am so happy, so happy. Do you think," she said then with a little wistful trouble in her sweet face, "that I will be able to make him happy, that I can help to make up to him for all his troubles?"

"My dear," I told her, stroking her bright hair and feeling tears not far from my foolish old eyes, "you will make him the happiest man in the world."

"And only think he was going away, and would never, never have told me, if it was not for to-day, and that horrid woman. Oh! Miss Brown, I am a happy, happy girl." —*Howe Chime.*

## Bismarck and the Driver.

In 1862 Prince Bismarck, then ambassador of Prussia at our court, was invited to the imperial hunt. Being an enthusiastic hunter, he went to the designated place on the evening before the appointed day, in order to have a little sport by himself. Game was abundant, and Bismarck had a good time, but somehow he lost his way.

When the time for the imperial hunt approached Bismarck found himself fourteen miles away from the place. A peasant offered his services to take Bismarck to the right place. He appeared with a team of ponies and a village sleigh. Bismarck doubted that the Russian driver could get him there in time to engage in the hunt.

"Are you sure you can get me there in time?" asked Bismarck.

"Nitchego," answered the peasant quietly. "Nitchego" is a Russian for "Never mind," or "All right."

"These are rather rats than horses," remarked Bismarck, taking his seat in the sleigh.

"Nitchego" was the answer.

The peasant whipped his horses and they went as swiftly as a pair of falcons. Bismarck could hardly keep his seat.

"You do not spare your horses at all," remarked the famous passenger, gasping for breath.

"Nitchego" said the driver.

"You say Nitchego, but they may fall dead on the way."

"Nitchego."

The road was hardly distinguishable through the forest, but the peasant continued his mad run. He brushed against the big trees and went on and on. "You will break my neck!" finally exclaimed Bismarck, seated in good earnest.

"Nitchego" answered the Russian, with a bit of a smile on his face.

Presently there was a smash. Bismarck flew against a tree and bruised his face. He jumped up very angry, snatched an iron rod from the sleigh, and rushed at the peasant, swearing vengeance. The driver coolly picked up a handful of snow, with which he good-naturedly wiped the blood stains from Bismarck's face. "Nitchego," he uttered, as he finished the operation.

"That invariably quiet Russian 'Nitchego' disarmed me," said Bismarck, telling the story to a Russian diplomatist.

"I gave myself up to the will of my driver, sat quietly in the sleigh, and made no more remarks. My driver brought me to the place in time. I paid him well, thanked him warmly, and preserved that iron rod. When I returned to St. Petersburg I ordered a jeweler to make me a ring from that rod, with the inscription in Russian, 'Nitchego!'"

This Russian "Nitchego" became the watchword of Bismarck's policy. "Whenever," said he, "I meet troubles and dangers, I say in Russian 'Nitchego,' then I push ahead." —*St. Petersburg Telegram.*

Buffalo bones delivered at Dodge City, Kan., bring \$30 a ton.





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