

The Indiana American

A NEWS AND BUSINESS PAPER—DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXIII--NO. 47 BROOKVILLE, FRANKLIN COUNTY, INDIANA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1855. WHOLE NUMBER 1191.

Professional Cards.

DAVID M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office on the corner of
Main and Second streets, Brookville, Ind.

J. V. KELLY—SURGEON DENTIST.
Office on the corner of
Main and Second streets, Brookville, Ind.

W. H. KILGORE—ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on the corner of
Main and Second streets, Brookville, Ind.

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The Little Frook and Snook.

THE LITTLE FROOK AND SNOOK.
BY CHARLES M. EVERETT.

A LITTLE FROOK had slightly more
Of blue and white details,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
And a small blue collar;
Such a little pair of shoes,
With here and there a bow,
Lay half concealed among the things
In a wooden chest.

In Interesting Story.

THE SAVING BANK;

HOW TO BUY A HOUSE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

I tell you, my dear, it is utterly impossible! Save three hundred dollars a year out of my salary? You don't understand it, said Charles Converse, to your young wife.

Perhaps I do not, replied Mrs. Converse, but my opinion is very decided.

Women don't understand these things. You think my salary of eight hundred dollars a year a fortune.

No such thing, Charles.

But eight hundred dollars a year, let me tell you, won't buy all the world.

I had no idea that it would, yet, if you buy the habit of saving, you can do without, you would be able to build a house in a few years.

Build a house, Charles.

Yes, build a house, Charles.

Well, that's a good one.

The young man laughed heartily at this—so chimerical, too absurd to be harbored for a moment.

How much do you really suppose it cost to live last year?

Why, eight hundred dollars, of course. It took all my salary—there is none of it left.

The young wife smiled mischievously as she took from her work-table drawer a small account book.

You do not know that I kept an account of all these things, did you?

No, how much was it? and Charles was a little disturbed by the cool way in which his wife proceeded to argue the question.

Four hundred and ninety-two dollars, answered Mrs. Converse.

Oh, my dear, you have not got half of it down.

Yes I have—everything.

My tailor's bill was sixty-five dollars.

I have it here.

Here it is, my dear.

The deuce you have!

When you had any new thing, you know I always asked what you gave for it.

I know you did; but I will bet five dollars I can name a dozen things that you have not got down.

Here it is, my dear, with a laugh, as she took from her drawer a five dollar bill, and placed it on the table.

Charles Converse "covered the money."

Capital idea for you to bet against me with my money! said he, good humbly.

I guess I will do without that new barrel I am to have.

My dear, I do not want you to do that.

Pew, pew, six dollars, said the husband promptly.

Here it is, answered she pointing to the entry in the book. Try again.

Season tickets on the railroad—twenty.

I have it.

Sawing the wood.

Entered.

Charles reflected a moment; the cabinet he had bought for himself, or out with some soap.

I never got to hear of it.

Why, there's my neighbor, old John Stolt, and having seen to talk about, he never got the "blue."

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Correspondence.

Mr. Everett and Bashph Falls.
MA. EVERTON.—It is an epoch in one's life, to stand upon the summit of Mt. Everest. The weather on the morning of the 12th was propitious, and at a quarter past nine, we stood on the highest point of land in New England, (except Mt. Washington) enjoying as fair a prospect of the world below, as generally falls the lot of mortals.

In our enthusiasm to reach the top we attended so little to the directions given us, that when we reached the base of the mountain we had lost all trace of the road, and too impatient to retrace our steps, and find the lost path, we determined to ascend the acclivity before us. And up we went, climbing almost perpendicular ledges of rock, and forcing our way through tangled masses of scrub oak, and ivy, not without an occasional feeling like that which filled the breast of the brave Fitz Aled, when he said:

"Of all my wild adventures past,
This mad-up scheme will be my last."

But toiling upward, and still upward, we soon arrived at the summit, and what a glorious panorama is spread out before us. The heavens were but partially clear; dense clouds were hanging majestically along the tops of distant mountains, like cohorts marshaling for battle, or hanging suspended in mid-air, casting their dark shadows on the earth below. No pen or pencil can do adequate justice to the picture.

The almost infinite extent of country over which the eye can range, with its varied scenery, the Housatonic slowly wending its way to the ocean, in a thousand serpentine windings, stretching far away to the north and south, like a ribbon of light many a beautiful lake lying embosomed in the valleys, and gleaming in the sunny light like a sheet of silver; the beautiful and compact villages filling up the valley; and the rich alluvial soil of land lying west of the Taconic range; the farm houses without number, the rocky heads of mountains in your feet, with clouds partly above, around, and below you all combined to form a most glorious picture.

Standing upon the summit of Mount Everest, we have a series of the most magnificent and glorious views that the eye ever rested upon. It is worthy of the name of a day and its pirations and sufferings, for one to look at that glorious scene.

That scene in all its beauty and majesty became deeply impressed upon our minds; and it will remain there as a glorious picture, upon which "the wild wind" in the dark vista of buried years, a green spot in memory, around which our thoughts will delight to cluster, and to which we can always recur with profit and pleasure.

For who can gaze upon such magnificent and glorious displays of the handiwork of nature's God, without becoming wiser or better?

We descended the mountains by the most frequently traveled route—a path passable for pedestrians; down the deep north side, which conducts you to the spot travelers can drive in carriages, which they certainly do if they have the ascent up to the mountain is comparatively easy.

But if like the writer, they love to be out on the bounding sod, and to hear the echo of their tread on the solid mountain rock, and to see nature as she is, wild and rugged, they will pay but little attention to ease, or comfort, but ascend the mountains from a point they first reach, impossible though it may appear.

But we are down the mountain and the substantial fare of the thrifty farmer, has satisfied the demands of an appetite made keen by mountain air and mountain exercise. And now for Bashph Falls.

We left our carriage about a mile from the falls and commenced our descent. The path winds down an almost precipitous hill, and through a grand old forest, that brings to mind a fine old poem we have somewhere read:

"I have the brave old forest,
That for better or for ill,
Graciously in solitude."

About half way down the steep hill side, while carefully picking our way among the loose stones that fill the path, we caught the first sound of the waterfall. Rolling up from the deep gorge, and sweet as the music of a mated instrument, the voice of the waters swelled in our ears.

In a few moments we were standing on the verge of a precipice, descending down hundreds of feet, with the deep, dark gorge below. Around us was nature at her wildest aspect; through a gorge to the west was seen a landscape bounded by the "blue Catskills" of surrounding beauty. Descending from this point, we passed through a garden attached to the dwelling house at the Falls, and a fall bridge to the South side of the stream, after clambering along on the banks for a few rods, we came to a lonely solitude, unbroken, save by the music of the falling water. From the solitude a path conducted to the north of the gorge. It is difficult and dangerous, and the only way to the falls, is a hamlock slab, some twelve feet in length laid across the trunk of a couple of stunted trees growing out from the crevices of the rock. On this slab which lies directly under a shelving rock, we were compelled to pass. But by turning to the rocky wall beside us, and leaning against the jutting points of the ledge, we passed in safety. Descending a steep bank seventy-five or a hundred feet, we found ourselves in the most awe inspiring parts of the wild and wonderful

Secret Miscellany.

Prohibition in New York.
After three years of struggle, we have at length a Prohibitory Liquor Law in our State. It has been operative for nearly four months past, and would have been but for the conspiracy of Mayors, Judges, District Attorneys, etc., to embarrass its execution and nullify its provisions.

This conspiracy has paralyzed it in this city and to some extent in other portions of the State, so that but a fraction of its natural good effects have yet been realized. Still, at least these benefits are obvious to the careful observer:

I. We are freed from the evil, the reproach and shame of our License system. Men still sell liquor as a beverage; but they do it in defiance of the statute—if defiance of the best of the Legislature and Government of the community most emphatically repudiate it. They do it knowing that justice is on their track, and with a public sentiment who ever heard them propose to submit the question of its continuance or overthrow to a direct popular vote?

II. Men who sell liquor are now obliged to know well with whom they deal, and take care that they secure their pay. The law has done considerable good in enforcing their contracts. And this circumstance of itself tends to drive men of substance out of the business and seriously cripples and resists the wholesale Liquor Traffic.

III. The whole Traffic in intoxicating Beverages, except in a few run-down localities, is suffering under a good behavior. The taverns and "wet groceries," which were formerly scenes of daily riots and dens of profane ribaldry, now sell liquor, it is said, with great secrecy and circumspection. It would be hard to have them surrounded daily and night by all "sons of Bells!" in the township, as they formerly were with impunity.

The keeper puts his liquor down cellar, behind a close partition, or in some sort of a coal-hole, and tells his thirty customers that they must drink and go quietly away, or he will have to stop selling. Thus, a great element of quarrel and riot, and the evil consequences of tipping greatly diminished.

IV. Drunkards obtain liquor far less freely and frequently than they formerly did. Even the rum-sellers of the city, who were sold to men who had "had enough"—thus doubling on their track and repudiating their favorite idea of "Moral Suasion." Not even Judge Brown has ventured to pronounce invalid so much of the set as forbids and punishes the sale of liquor to drunks. The consequences of peace, competence and comparative comfort in many families hitherto cursed through drunkenness, with phrensy, destitution and despair.

V. Whole townships have been swept clean of the pestilent source of Intemperance, Pauperism and Crime; whole counties are but slightly and stealthily cursed with it—Where barrels were formerly sold, quarrels are now with difficulty smuggled into circulation. And only the attempts of Judges Brown, Dean, Morris and one or two others to nullify the law, have prevented its complete and triumphant enforcement throughout seven-eighths of the State.—N. Y. Tribune.

TO STOP POTATOES FROM ROTTING.
An experienced agriculturalist informs us that about six years ago he applied slaked lime to potatoes that were particularly rotten, and it immediately arrested the decay. Potatoes that were partly rotten when the lime was applied, remained as they were, the progress of the rot being stopped, while the potatoes which at the time had not been applied continued to rot, and were lost. Since then he has made it a constant practice to apply slaked lime to his potatoes as they come up. He puts a thin layer of lime upon the floor where the potatoes are to be laid, and sprinkles some of it over the potatoes—about every ten inches—as they are put down. He considers this as perfectly protecting them from rotting, but he never had a rotten potato since he has practiced it; and he believes that potatoes thus used are rendered some better by the action of the lime.

We advise the farmers to try this plan as it can be easily done by them.

A few weeks hence I shall be again

The Kansas Election.

The Kansas election of the 22d of October, 1855, has just closed. The returns from the twenty-two precincts give a lead of 1,935 votes. There are still twenty-nine precincts to hear from, and it is thought his vote will reach 3,000.

The election passed off peaceably, and none were allowed to vote who had not been actual residents of the city and town for the time of thirty days.

Free Soilers are getting up documents wherewith to contest Whitfield's seat in Congress, proposing to establish the following facts, viz: That it can be proved that the late election of a legal pro-slavery voter in Franklin, and Whitfield received 61 votes, that out of upwards of 3,200 votes cast for Whitfield in Wyandott, only 30 were legal; that out of 230 cast in Osawatomie, not over 50 were legal; that at Leavenworth, which gave Whitfield over 100 votes, there were but 17 legal voters, and only 13 of these voted. In fine, that 1,000 legal votes were cast for Whitfield in the whole Territory.

Delegates to a Constitutional Convention have been appointed. They will form a constitution for Kansas, and apply for admission into the Union. Reader is to be the bearer of the Constitution and petition at Washington.

They tell a capital story of Horace Vernet, the eminent French painter, recently; but before we quote it, let us quote a singular occurrence and a similar, which happened on a occasion, on the Hudson River Railroad. A very pretty young lady was seated opposite to a good looking gentleman, who was probably accompanying a party to Saratoga Springs. It was observed that this exceedingly handsome young woman woman had the smiling, lit of court plaster on a slight abrasion of the surface of her red upper lip. As the car rumbled into the darkness of the tunnel, a slight exclamation of "Oh!" was heard from the lady, and when the cars again emerged to the light, the little piece of court plaster, so-called had become in some mysterious manner transferred to the upper lip of the young gentleman. Curious, was it not?

But now to the story of Vernet.

The artist, so runs the anecdote, was coming from Versailles to Paris in the cars. In the same compartment with him was a young man, who had never seen before, but who was evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely—upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his pantaloons, etc., etc.

The pretty young lady, who was determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed under the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the tunnel, the young man, who had withdrawn his attention from him, and were seeing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark!

Presently they arrived at Paris; and Vernet, on leaving them, said: "Ladies, I shall be pained if my life with the young man, who was evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely—upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his pantaloons, etc., etc.

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Great many pairs of shoes are worn out before men do.

Five or six years, perhaps, if they were so ridiculously small, that they never caused him a thought. The idea that they absorbed any considerable portion of his salary, never occurred to him. He had always gratified his appetite or inclination in those trifling matters, as they seemed to him, and they had come to be regarded as necessities.

Still Charles Converse has turned over a new leaf. He refrained from purchasing a great many articles which he had intended to get when he received his quarter's salary; and as he seated himself in the firmness with which he had carried out the resolutions of the previous evening.

You are a little late, Charles, said Mary, when he reached his sunny little cottage.

I have been paying my quarter bills, replied he with a smile. Here they are, my sweet accountant.

He drew the bills upon the table, and while she was examining them, he tossed his bank book in her face.

What exclaimed she in astonishment, as she saw the book. Fifty dollars.

Yes, my dear—female influences—the influence of a wife, and the husband playfully kissed her. I am convicted of sin, and converted, too, which is better still. I am resolved to be prudent, economical, saving, even parsimonious.

I am glad to hear it.

And the house will be built in just five years, according to the programme of the Saving Bank.

As he spoke he took from his pocket three of the city evening papers. Not quite correct, Charles, said Mary, with a smile.

What do you mean?

Journal, Chronicle and Dispatch—two cents each, said Mary. You are determined the publishers shall live.

Why, Mary, you wouldn't have me do without a newspaper, would you? That would be a depth of barbarism to which I never would descend, replied Charles, with a look of astonishment at the interesting mentor.

Certainly not; but is not one paper a day sufficient?

That is but a trifle.

The rain falls in drops, but washes the whole earth. Four cents a day, for a year, amounts to about twelve dollars.

Charles scratched his head. It was a most astounding revelation to him.

You are right, Mary. One paper is enough.

Charles cut his supper, but was moody and abstracted. A new idea was penetrating his brain, which he began to think had been rather muddy on financial affairs.

As he arose from the table he took out his cigar case, and as he did so, the little fellow within, who had spoken to him when he came out of the cigar shop, began to upbraid him prettily.

He burnt his finger in attempting to light the fragrant roll, and then relapsed into a fit of deep musing.

What are you thinking about Charles? asked Mary, after she had cleared away the table.

Oh! I was just thinking how much twelve lines three hundred and sixty-five are.

Twelve means twelve cents, I suppose? said she, performing the problem on the margin of one of the newspapers. Here it is—\$49.90.

For cigars, added Charles blankly. Which, when added to the sum paid for superfluous newspapers, makes \$50.20.

And twenty for shaving, which I may do myself, are \$76.23, continuing Charles, taking his pencil and ciphering away with all his might, for a few moments.

Gibson's Pictorial Home Journal, Saturday Courier, and your county paper comes to—

But, my dear, we can't do without our county paper! exclaimed Charles looking with amazement in the face of his wife.

I don't want you to do without that Charles.

Sherry cobblers, ice creams, and oysters over a hundred dollars, with hinder continued Charles, turning to his figures again.

Indeed!

I begin to see where the two hundred and fifty eight dollars have gone to, said he.

And sherry cobbler are worse than useless. I had no idea you drank Charles.

Shay no more, Mary, I am done.

And he was done. The idea of "saving us something" took complete possession of him—not so far as to make him signally, but far enough to make him abandon the four cent cigars, three evening papers, McCoy's compounds, and especially sherry cobbler.

On the next quarter day one hundred dollars was added to his deposited dollars in the bank, and his habits improved afterwards, and his salary was still further increased.

In four years the house was built, new furniture bought and paid for, and Charles is considered one of the most thrifty young men in town—all of which progress of events, we honestly believe, had their origin in the beneficent influence of the Saving Bank, whose circular had opened his eyes, and stimulated him to carry out his resolution.

SHERRY IN THE FAIR.—A negro preacher was invited to preach on the occasion upon the subject of obeying the command of God. Says he:—

"Brethren, whatever God tells me to do I'm going to do. (holding up the Bible) And I'm going to do it. I'll see to it that I must jump to a sun wall, I'm going to jump to a being too it had their origin in the beneficent influence of the Saving Bank, whose circular had opened his eyes, and stimulated him to carry out his resolution.

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Franklin County Directory.

County Court meets the 1st Monday in February, 1st Monday in April, 1st Monday in June, 1st Monday in August, 1st Monday in October, 1st Monday in December.

County Officers.
A. H. Miller, Sheriff, expires Oct. 1, 1856.
John H. Miller, Clerk, expires Oct. 1, 1856.
John H. Miller, Assessor, expires Oct. 1, 1856.
John H. Miller, Treasurer, expires Oct. 1, 1856.
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