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Select Poem. IN SCHOOL DAYS. BY J. G. WHITTIER.

He touched the tangled golden curls, And brown eyes full of grief.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt The soft hand's light caressing.

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pine branches till the rocks concealed him, and then she turned with a smile of happiness to the cottage of her mother—that cottage so soon to be shared by another. Peaceful were her dreams that night.

The aiguilles of the Alps had not yet caught the rosy beams of the early morn, when a knock at the door of the chalet disturbed the slumbers.

"Who could it be at that unquiet hour?" was the cry of the mother and daughter. A well-known voice in broken accents called for Henri.

It was the father seeking the son. A shudder of horror passed through the frame of the girl.

Yet all was sadly true—Henri had not returned home. A search must be made. The neighbors gathered in haste to the summons. With the earliest dawn they set out upon their melancholy errand.

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those who dwell in ever present dangers. Not so our heroine, who was not quite prepared to resign her lover so quietly to his doom.

But what could she, a woman, do, when strong men yielded to the overwhelming pressure of circumstances?

It was just because she was a woman that her spirits rose with the emergency. Love is stronger than ordinary energy of manhood.

The life of Henri was all to rescue him was to sustain her own being. What would be life to her without him? How could she dwell near the ice cavern that had swallowed up her dearest treasure?

But what could she do? One course only lay before her. She would enter the treacherous cave that yawned above the valley. She would thread the gloomy passage of the glacier.

She might then reach him. She sensed the peril, but she possessed him. If unsuccessful, and the ice closed her in its cold embrace, would she not share the shroud of her lover?

It was useless to speak of her intention. So mad a scheme would lead to her forcible detention. Leaving the company, without attracting notice, she gathered a few simple appliances which she regarded as necessary, and then rapidly stole off to the mouth of the glacier.

As she first passed under that icy arch the chill struck her, and for a moment, fear possessed her. The contest was brief, for the appeal of love was irresistible. Onward she crept in this frightful recess. The semi-transparent mass provided her with some light as she slowly made her way. It was no easy path indeed.

The cold white stream that flowed through the glacier, fed from the snows above, and the partial melting of the ice-rock through which it ran, was no agreeable route to the maiden.

Marie's strength was renewed, and the vigorous powers of a mountain maiden were needed indeed. There were times when the space permitted her to carry him in her arms; but more often she could but draw him after her through the low tunnel.

The difficulties which she before encountered were now to be met under more embarrassing circumstances. The only advantage was the descent instead of the ascent. All went well for a time, though the progress was exceedingly slow, and the strength of both parties was rapidly ebbing to their end.

At length a loud cracking noise was heard, and immediately afterward, a huge mass of ice fell forward near them, completely blocking up their path. The water, for a time stayed in its course, threatening their destruction, but it eventually formed for itself a new opening.

In vain did the courageous girl deal blow after blow upon the barrier. No entrance could be gained. They were imprisoned, indeed, in a death-chamber. They resigned themselves to their end. They embraced in silence, and calmly awaited their fate. They had at least the comfort of dying with each other.

But, with a sudden thought, Marie sprang up again. All depended upon her, she would make another effort. She resolved to try her axe on the side walls of their cell. A few strokes revealed an opening. The axe was again and again hurled forward, until a hole was made sufficient for the entrance. Then, with a look of gratitude to heaven, she once more raised her drooping lover, now rapidly sinking into the torpor of approaching dissolution.

It was not long before the dear girl found her lover senseless in her grasp. Vainly she called him, and created another word or glance. His eyes were closed, his body utterly powerless, and no sign of life remained except a feeble pulsation at the heart.

For a moment, and but for a moment, the intrepid maiden yielded to despair, and sank beside the corpse-like form. With a prayer upon her lips, she feebly essayed once more to resume her frightful journey. But the cold and fatigue now began to oppress her so strongly that her senses reeled, and her aim was insufficient to raise her lover. She collected her rambling thoughts, and, believing that she could not be far from the valley, she uttered a cry of distress.

Provisionally, it was just at this time that the peasants, uneasy at her not returning to the room, and guessing her heroic resolution, went hurriedly to the cavernous mouth of the glacier. The cry was heard and answered. Shamed by the courage of the girl, two or three rushed forward up the ice-chamber.

They were not in time. The brave Marie had sunk down into that dangerous lethargy, the forerunner of death. Both were carried off safely from the glacier, brought to the cottage, and restored to animation.

every pore, and their bodies shining as it is said the Spanish victims shone in the sunlight when stretched upon the top of Teocalla, ere the Aztec priests tore out their hearts for a sacrifice. Those who breathe have another significance. On the surface service races may take from the laborer his bread; but down that gloom there is no fear of competition. The pale face there holds sway. There the Caucasian race is indispensable, for what is needed among gnomes is a steady brain, a quick, strong hand, a ruling intelligence. Those strong holds are not stormed until grappled with by the world's ruling races. It looks pleasant down there in the mine streets and under the lantern's glare, but before those streets were opened there was in the stifling air a work performed which can not be calculated. Picks were swung, drills were struck, powder was burned, men faint and fell in their places; but the work went on. So it will proceed in the future, until, probably, after another six thousand years, they will be working 3,000 feet below the surface, as unconcerned as they now delve at the present levels. We pass through a long drift, and suddenly we find where the attacking column is driving in the ore. The slight is magnificent; but for those in the east, who fancy that silver mining is a light thing to accomplish, one visit here would dispel the illusion. A glimpse at the work, glance at the machinery, a few thoughts of the study required to make successful battle against the rock, the danger and games, would suddenly reveal to them how it is that a first-class miner has to be a first class man, and how, after he completes his education below ground, he can seize upon the ordinary avocations of life as a student after compassing algebra is never more troubled by a problem in arithmetic. But we are on the edge once more, the bell up above signals that there is precious freight on board, and in five minutes more we are out of the depths; the blessed sunlight comes to us again, the summer strikes us with a chill, we are out of the depths, and have done the Bonanza.—Boulder (Col.) Courier.

The Deacon's Singing School. "I am going out to see if I can start a singing-school," said the good man, as he stood buttoning up his overcoat and muffled up his ears one cold bitter night last winter.

"A singing-school?" said his wife, "how will you do that?" "I have heard of a widow around the corner a block or two who is in suffering circumstances. She has five little children, and two of them down sick, and has neither fire nor wood. So Bonnie Hope, the office boy tells me. I thought I would just step around and look into the case."

"Go by all means," said his wife, "and lose no time. If they are in such need we can relieve them some. But I can't see what all this has to do with starting a singing-school. But never mind, you need not stop to tell me now; go quickly, and do all you can for the poor woman."

So out into the piercing cold of the wintry night went the husband, while the wife turned to the fire and her sleeping babes, who in their warm cribs, with the glow of health upon their cheeks, showed that they knew nothing of cold or pinching want. With a painful spirit she thought of her blessing as she sat down to her little pile of mending. Very busily and quietly she worked, puzzling all the time over what her husband could have meant by starting a singing-school. A singing-school and the widow! How queer! What possible connection could they have.

At last she grew tired of the puzzling of the matter, and said to herself: "I won't bother myself thinking about it any more. He will tell me all about it when he comes home. I only hope we may be able to help the widow and make her poor heart sing for joy!" "There!" she exclaimed, "can that be what he meant? The widow's heart sing for joy! Wouldn't that be a singing-school? It must be; it is just like John. How funny that I should find it out!" and she laughed merrily at her lucky guess.

Taking up her work again she stretched away with a happy smile on her face as she thought over again her husband's words and followed him in imagination in his kind ministrations. By and by two shining tears dropped down, tears of pure joy, drawn from the deep wells of her love for her husband, of whom she thought she never felt so fond before. At the first sound of footsteps she sprang to open the door.

"Oh John! did you start the singing school?" "I reckon I did," said the husband, as soon as he could loose his wrappings; "but I want you to hunt up some flannels and things to help keep it up." "You are more than a quarter of a mile below the busy city which you just a few moments before left; from the dusty highway you have stepped into the world's grandest treasure-house—you have passed from a temperate to the tropical zones in a moment—you are in a Bonanza. It takes but a little space to complete the transition; it takes but a moment to describe it; but the change is wonderful, and to one of a thoughtful mind, the wonder increases with each returning visit. It is no little thing to work a mine 1,500 feet below the surface. True, there are broad avenues there; broad timbers which Atlas seem competent to support the world upon their broad backs; there are engineers at work and cars running; but every glimpse of a man there reveals the exertion necessary to keep this conflict with the spirits which guard the buried treasures below. The men are stripped to the waist, those brawny delvers with perspiration bursting from

THE AGE OF FRAUD. How Cheap Coffees, Teas and Liquors Are Made.

A recent number of the American Chemist throws a melancholy light upon Centennial fluids in particular. The laboratory of Michigan furnished tests; the Ph. C's were the testers. The articles were bought at random of ordinary dealers. It is quite distressing to learn the facts concerning "Centennial Prize Coffee," also labeled "Pure Java," and further certifying that any one-pound package is to contain an order for a set of silver spoons. It was put under a microscope, polariscope, spectroscope, and acids and alkalis of still greater scope. But not a particle of caffeine could be extracted. There was 22 per cent of chicory. Also some bitter substance not recognized. Likewise coffee, which is never present in coffee. Furthermore, peas, and nuts—a package of "Royal Java" analyzed in proportion to the peas and nuts, but still no particle of the coffee berry. We neglected to say that each package of the Royal Java bore the chance of being one that contained an order for a clock. It was probably a clock with a very large escapement. At the risk of some monotony in the analysis we will pass on to No. 5. "Warranted Pure Government Java." Breathes the chemist man with soul as dead that the Government would have no objection for him? But No. 5 was compounded of chicory, carrots and peas. Again "no caffeine." Is it ever true when Pure Government is promised? Old ladies at the west are said to be strong in their belief that the tea that reaches them from the Atlantic ports is unnaturally weakened. It was among the chief incentives to the overland trade, that Chicago would get her tea direct, thus avoiding suspicion that the leaves had done duty in New York tea pots, and had then been dried and repacked. We are sorry for it, but two of the samples examined in Michigan will confirm the old ladies' notion, one containing 55 and the other 30 per cent of "spent tea."

Still another sample consisted in part of foreign leaves with "stomates" mostly on the under side, which must have been quite disgusting under the microscope. Equally abominable were some of the stronger fluids. "Three Years Old Rye Whiskey," we are told had a very pleasant odor and slightly stringent taste. The chemists found that these agreeable liquors were communicated by the extract of Tonka bean and the oil of bitter almonds. "Pure Imported Gin," wholesale price, \$3.75 per gallon, was found to be flavored with, in addition to the oil of juniper, the oils of eubeb and turpentine. "Apple brandy" had capsaicin and acetic acid. "Pure Old Bourbon" of a dark amber color was flavored with burned and dried peaches. Even elder was found to be "sophisticated," the chemists say, by the addition of spirits of grain.

ILLICIT LITERATURE. Good Work in the Suppression of Vice.—Five "Physicians" Arrested.—Painful Developments.—Advice to Parents and Guardians. [New York Times.] Mr. Anthony Comstock, special agent of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, returned to this city from the West, where he succeeded in securing the arrest of several unprincipled charlatans, who, under the guise of "physicians," and by the use of advertising mediums, have been largely engaged in the circulation of improper literature and the sale of dangerous medicines. Mr. Comstock gave this account of his trip: I left New York on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., and went directly to Indianapolis, where, on the following Thursday, I caused the arrest of H. Augustus Farr and James B. McCann, who, under the guise of "physicians," had mailed large quantities of improper circulars and preparations. The capture of McCann, who had previously been arrested in Illinois, for counterfeiting, led to the detection of the fact that he and Farr were members of a gang of counterfeiters who had, by means of plates surreptitiously transferred from genuine ones in the Treasury Department, been flooding the country with counterfeit money. A quantity of cipher correspondence found in McCann's possession revealed a portion of the operations of the gang. One cipher stood for the name of John C. New, the late Treasurer of the United States; another for the name of Mr. Slaughter, president of the First National Bank of Indianapolis; a third for the name of McCann, and a fourth for that of Farr. It was evident from the nature of the correspondence before me that the counterfeiters feared that they were suspected by Messrs. New and Slaughter, and were in danger of detection. I found Mr. McCann's office a printing press and about 6,000 improprietarian circulars. He evidently did his own printing, in order to run as little risk as possible. On Friday, McCann and Farr were arraigned in the United States District Court on indictments found against them for mailing prohibited articles. McCann pleaded "guilty" and was remanded for sentence. Farr gave bail for trial. On Friday night I went to Cleveland and caused the arrest of Frank William Chester, who, under the alias of "Dr. Chester," had been engaged in the most nefarious practices. He admitted his guilt before a United States Commissioner, and was held for the action of the United States grand jury. In Cleveland I also caused the arrest of George Wil-

liams, alias "Dr. Williams," who was engaged in the same kind of business as Chester. Some three years ago Williams was engaged in the same pursuit in Detroit, and barely escaped arrest by fleeing to Cleveland, and was held for the grand jury. On Saturday I investigated a case in Niagara county, New York State, in which respectable young ladies had been the recipients of improprietarian circulars sent them by a notorious quack doctor whom I am expecting soon to arrest. I then returned to Indianapolis on information sent me, and obtained the arrest of Francis Marion Abbott, a notorious quack, who, under the alias of "Dr. F. M. Abbott," did a large business of the most disgraceful character in Indianapolis, and by the use of the mails throughout the country. He was indicted and held for trial. The amount of correspondence found in the possession of these "physicians" aggregates thousands of letters from all parts of the country, for these men were the principal ones in the United States engaged in this nefarious business, most of those at the East had been compelled to cease their operations. These letters contained the most painful details of a very large proportion of them being from young misses or youths of families of high respectability, a revealed a condition of affairs horrible to contemplate. These cases illustrate how easy it is for the young to carry on improprietarian correspondence with unscrupulous quacks, and their parents or guardians remain ignorant of the fact. My experience has taught me many lessons, but never before have I had such overwhelming evidence of the existence of a vast secret improprietarian correspondence reaching into so many unsuspected quarters, and being engaged in by such numbers of the youths of both sexes. Parents and guardians cannot be too circumspect in watching the correspondence of their children, who are so easily approached in so secret a manner by such numbers of unscrupulous adventurers.

Where the Laugh Comes In. An exchange remarks that "the matrimonial fever has broken out again." Oh, yes; the tie—husband and wife. It wouldn't be a bad idea to pin the little boy's comparison of "cold" to your memory now-a-days: "Positive, cold; comparative, cough; superlative, coffin."

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

The Troy widower who slept on his wife's grave during June, is married again, and the grave is all covered with weeds.

Somebody remarks that young ladies look upon a boy as a nuisance until he is past the age of 16, when he generally doubles up in value each year, until, like a meerschaum pipe, he is priceless.

"Who am de people?" said Bates. Bates reads and thinks, and he said, answering himself: "I know who de people are. They is attorneys for candidates dat am not elected."

Uncle Levi—"Now, Sammy, tell me, have you ever read the beautiful story of Joseph?" Sammy—"Oh, yes, uncle." Uncle—"Well, then, what wrong did they do when they sold their brother?" Sammy—"They sold him to Egypt, I think."

Scene in a New York Police Court: Judge: "Prisoner, I find you guilty of intoxication in the public streets. The punishment is \$10 or ten days. Which will you take?" Prisoner: "I will take the \$10, your honor."

"I'm sadder when I sing," said a Sunday evening warbler. "And so's the whole neighborhood!" roared an unmusical voice in the street.

A young lawyer wrote to an old limb of the law a letter, which reads thus: "Is there an opening in your part of the country which I am getting into?" Answer: "There is an opening in my back yard about thirty feet deep, no curb around it. If it will suit, come on!"

"Hents," said Mr. Milderich, with a sigh of not unmitigated satisfaction, "are coming down. Yesterday morning I tore the back of my coat on the woodshed door, last night I snagged the foundation of my trousers on a nail in a store box, and this morning I fell down on the frozen sidewalk and split the knee of the same trousers clear across. Hents are certainly getting long." Answer: "There is an opening in my back yard about thirty feet deep, no curb around it. If it will suit, come on!"

"How much cash did you had that bottle hold, Sir, I dunno?" inquired an aged Irish woman of a Chicago druggist. "Five dollars," replied the woman. "Oh, sure, it'll hold more nor that."

"All right," replied the druggist. "I guess you'll squeeze fifty cents' worth into it."

He was about to put up the article on these terms when the venerable woman suddenly began to prance around, and yelled out at one breath: "Oh, sorr, hold on, sorr! U's a mistake I'm after makin', sorr! Please fill up for twenty-five cents, sorr!" So the druggist kindly abstained from putting a pint of castor oil into a half-pint bottle.