

## THE BROWNIES' VISIT

### ...Introductory...

WHEN Palmer Cox, the Brownie's papa, Made up his mind that it was proper To tell the story of these folk, He must have thought it was a joke To slight the town in which you live. And this is why this rhyme I give To you; and I will vouch its truth To skeptics all, in age or youth. The Brownies made your town a visit— The date's not necessary, is it? And if their trip you'll kindly read up, In all the steps by which they lead up, You'll learn more profitable things Than those of which old Palmer sings. I tell you where they made it pay To buy the things they got that day— Also the things they chanced to see As here and there they wandered free In mischief, interest and glee— And no matter how you would have it to be, This is their trip as they told it to me.



For every kind of goods for dresses That any catalogue possesses; For finest silks of every hue The Brownies knew just what to do: To Kloefer's store they promptly went And also furnishings for gents, All styles and kinds of shirts e'er made, With cuffs, socks, neck wear were displayed. No further, then, the Brownies sought, But, pleased with goods and price, they bought.

The Brownies are a tasty lot; Some things they like, some they do not, Just like some bigger folks; and so That's why these dainty eaters go To George Vinall's grocery to trade, Who keeps all dainties grown or made, And all things else in eating stuff— A little cash will buy enough.



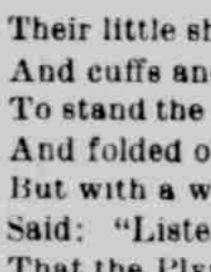
As on those little Brownies trotted, And many wondrous wonders spotted, One stopped and panted—eyes aflare And all the others looked; for there A man shot by upon two wheels So fast you scarce could count his heels; And when he passed he seemed astride A narrow rim of gum or hide. They knew not what to call the thing— That rolling, jumping, rubber ring. But as they traveled farther west Each Brownie stopped and yelled his best: 'Twas down at Firestone's place, where many Of those machines were; hardly any Could fail to find a wheel his size— The cheapness made them open their eyes.



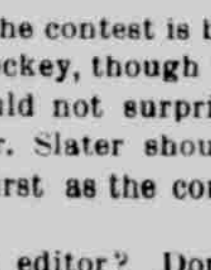
Now everything pretty or stylish or nice, In all kinds of dry goods at rock-bottom price, The midgets discovered at Kloefer's one day. And still "there are others" who openly say That at Kloefer's alone they'll dispose of their money, As wasting it elsewhere is not very funny. Every species of dry goods that's worth taking home, They found there on sale; and whenever they come To Kloefer's for dry goods they'll go there again, For Brownies love bargains as fondly as men. The line stock of dress goods in silk and in wool, All shades, textures, grades, is well chosen and full. And light summer fabrics in stripe, figure, plaid, With beautiful trimmings, are there to be had, In style, grade and price that make ladies' hearts glad.



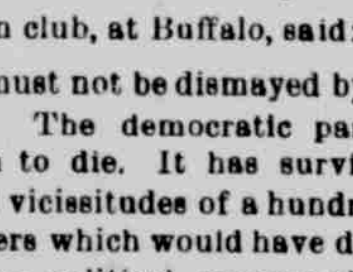
And many a fetching hat and bonnet With ribbons, tips and laces on it, And it would scarcely be expected They knew just where to be directed To find the latest styles and shades And learn the modes in city trades. But in they went to Mrs. Francisco's place, And smiles wreathed every Brownie's face.



Their little shirts began to wilt; And cuffs and collars that were built To stand the heat, began to melt, And folded o'er with many a welt. But with a wink their Uncle Sam Said: "Listen here! Quite sure I am That the Plymouth Steam Laundry is the place Where we'll renew departed grace." And thither all the Brownies duly Were sent; immersed beneath the suds They all regained their former hue; Why don't you do as Brownies do?



Their journey was to last a day, And so before they went away, They bought provisions to last a while At prices that would make you smile. No hesitancy then they felt In giving Jacob the belt For keeping the finest grocery line, For they got the best of all that's fine.



"I want some perfumes, toilet soap, Also some medicines; I hope That Shadel's drug store is open yet, For nowhere else can people get Such fresh, pure drugs and such a stock At figures, too, that seem to mock Competitors, and beat them, too." Thus spoke one Brownie, and 'tis true.

To buy some harness for their steeds To plow amid the fairy weeds Was next the object of their search; Yet not long were they in the lurch. They found each thing their heart desired At Firestone's and bought till they were tired While Patrick nudged his gaping mate And said, "Who ever saw the like!"

And now to please the inner man With product of pot and pan, The hungry Brownies hustled out To the Ross House—a merry route. And everything was cooked just right The quantity was "out o' sight" And every bite they had to eat They all declared was hard to beat.

The dudelet's eye-glass broke in two, Which made his nobs look rather blue; But J. R. Losey soon fitted him With glasses neither warped nor dim. That pleased the dude and all the others. Likewise their sisters, aunts and brothers Had glasses made and fitted there, The home of knowledge, skill and care.

Within a case upon the street The Brownie's saw some faces sweet That seemed alive—but they were not. And little Patrick on the spot Declared he'd have his "pictur took"; And Patrick knew just like a book That Anna Dunn made the best; and so All had them taken there, you know.

The little Chinese had a tooth That oft had pained the yellow youth; And now as it began to thump, And each wee fibre seemed to jump, He howled like Jericho, and ran To Dr. Deeds, the dentist man, Who fixed the tooth up good as new And did it without hurting, too.

But something practical arose That vexed the Brownies more than clothes Or sought else; 'twas the need of stuff To cook and eat. And well enough Each one was pleased when he had gone To Ed S. Hogarth & Co.'s grocery further on; The stock was large, fresh, clean, complete, And prices there cannot be beat.

Cakes, pies and cookies, bread and buns, To carry home to precious ones Who had to stay in Brownieland Was next the object of this band. Not many minutes did they seek Till they were too amazed to speak. But rushing into Hogarth's store, They got the Laporte Street Bakery product and more Than they ever dreamed of for the money.

Some beef and mutton, veal and pork For oven, spit or roasting fork The dutchman sought to carry home To Brownieland. Scarce did he roam A square before he found a prize That made him bulge his azure eyes It was at Turner's market that he found The finest stock above the ground.

"Attention!" roared the Brownie chief; Each Brownie trembled like a leaf, And listened. "Harness is my theme, And what I tell you is no dream. At Foster & Kraker's harness shop they make The best goods found; they always take The best oak leather in the land, And also make it up by hand. Their special line of heavy work Will stand the hardest strain or jerk. Their silver, nickel, rubber finish Makes trade increase and not diminish. And sweat pads, collars, trunks, valises, Whips, blankets, robes, the stock increases And brings a trade that never ceases.

Returning from their dusty drive, They scarcely knew they were alive, Till they had changed their grimy linen For clothes so white it set them grinning. And little Brownie bodies, too, Were cleansed, refreshed, made good as new In Janke's Pioneer Barber Shop bath tub, clean— The finest any town has ever seen.

Some furniture the Brownies needed; And as their friends' advice they heeded They went to J. C. Bunnell's where they found Their every need; and now they sound The praises of the goods they bought. At Bunnell's furniture store; and they ought "For sure," says Pat, "we struck it rich; Who ever heard before of such?"

Everything in the grocery line, Canned goods, fruits, and all that's fine, Fell beneath the Brownie's eyes, Causing many a good surprise. Coffee, sugars, teas and spice, All good things that would entice Anyone, at Porter's they bought, And at prices next to naught.

Materials for their dwellings new The Brownies bought and wisely, too, For straight to Sults they skipped Till o'er his lumber piles they tripped. They purchased seasoned oak and pine, Cedar, ash, walnut, cherry fine, Maple and poplar, hickory, all For which the wisest man might call.

A finish for their boards they sought, Lest they should gather wet, and rot. So at Sult's planing mill they found Where fine machines and skill abound. Naught did they seek but it was there, And work was done with speed and care. Complete in every way it was With finest planes and lathes and saws.

Some Brownies use the fragrant weed— They love it well as men, indeed. And whenever one would catch another In any joke, or foe or brother, The victim was adjured to go To the Phoenix, for you know No better stock of chew or smoke; And poorer brands show that you're broke.

Then next to put these things together With other things to cheat the weather, Quite puzzled 'em; but 'twas not long Till Wheeler came along. He built their houses, top to bottom With skill the Brownies' arts ne'er taught 'em From basement stones to turret's height He built their homes, and built 'em high.

### POSTOFFICE FIGHT.

#### JUDGE HESS GIVES A FEW POINTERS ON LOCAL CONTEST.

Slater May be the Compromise Candidate—Yockey Backed by Chairman Shunk, but This Support May Prove Disastrous—The Judge Would Make Defeated Candidates "Skillet Slingers" in the Philippines.

The postoffice scramble in Plymouth is getting interesting. The candidates are numerous and some are making hard efforts to land. It is generally conceded that the plumb will be captured either by Mr. Slater, Mr. Yockey, Mr. Simons or Mr. Conger. Judge Hess, who is not as noisy as some politicians, but who is generally about right, gave the Independent to understand that Chairman Shunk is throwing his influence to Mr. Yockey. He added that Mr. Yockey seemed to think that the Shunk support is all that is needed, but that he would learn that oftentimes the support of a "boss" is more injurious than beneficial. The judge "winked the other eye" and said: "Just watch and see if there are not others who carry more weight than the fellow who assumes to be boss."

As nearly as could be ascertained,

the judge thinks that the contest is between Conger and Yockey, though he remarked that it would not surprise him nor anyone if Mr. Slater should come under the wire first as the compromise candidate.

"But how about the editor? Don't you fellows intend to reward the editor of your paper for the glorious (?) record he made during the last campaign?" The judge pulled his whiskers and remarked, "Now you are joking." Of course, he continued, we never want to offend the editor—he has such a splendid chance to talk back—but it is quite certain that so far as the editor is concerned, the postoffice is high in the air. I talked with him the other day about his prospects, continued the judge, and he was only certain of one thing and that was that his application has reached the power that dispenses. Truth is, says the judge, that Congressmen Brick will select a man of affairs, one who has been a resident of Marshall county for considerable time and whose influence in the community is generally recognized. He will not give the permission to some fellow just because he needs it. The judge thinks that Congressman Brick should tender each of the defeated candidates some inferior position in the Philippines—this, he thinks, would be soothing, even if they couldn't accept.

Chairman Shunk insists that there are six leading candidates for the postoffice. He does not want to be considered as having any particular

candidate yet all the aspirants seem to know his particular preference. In an interview today, he said that the contest will doubtless be settled in about three weeks. He insists that he has no idea which man will be selected, but says it in a way that leaves the hearer to understand that he knows the outcome already.

Mr. Yockey won't talk for publication. He only hopes that the newspapers will keep still for about three weeks. Consequently the Independent will not say a word.

#### Some Common Council Acts.

Sealed bids for the water pipe and attachments proposed to be purchased by the city are being received by the clerk this week. Specifications are on file in his office. On next Monday night the bids will be opened and the contract let. There are about 150 tons of material in all. The city attorney was directed to report to the council next Monday night the result of his investigations in the matter of opening the alley between John Losey's and T. K. Houghton's. Hereafter all sidewalks built on Garretts street between Michigan and Center must be 8 feet wide and of cement, dimension stone or vitrified brick. The city attorney was directed to correspond with the Pennsylvania company in relation to their failure to provide a watchman for the Fifth street crossing as required by ordinance.

Hill's Great Speech. David B. Hill in his speech to the Jefferson club, at Buffalo, said:

"We must not be dismayed by recent defeats. The democratic party was not born to die. It has survived the political vicissitudes of a hundred years—disasters which would have destroyed any other political organization that ever existed—but it still lives with its 6,342,000 voters, untimbered—indestructible—unpurchasable, conscious of the rightfulness of its cause and confident of the ultimate supremacy of its principles."

"We have a right to be proud of our ancient political lineage. Our party is the great conservative force in the country today and absolutely necessary to its welfare. It stands against radicalism of every description. It is opposed to plutocracy on the one hand and to communism on the other. It antagonizes monopoly on one side and socialism on the other. It is opposed to imperialism in the Philippine islands and to anarchy in Cuba."

"It respects the vested rights of capital and at the same time sympathizes with labor oppressed. It has no alliances with powerful corporate interests. Neither is it in league with demagogues who disturb society and agitate for the mere sake of agitation. It does not regard the possession of wealth as a crime nor even a badge of honor; nor does it consider poverty as either a disgrace, or a virtue. It makes no war upon classes, but opposes corrupt and vicious systems and methods wherever

they are to be found. It has no use for the passing 'isms' of the hour. It proposes as its general policy to adhere to the fundamental principles upon which the party was founded by the great Jefferson himself."

#### Tippecanoe Items.

W. H. Taylor and wife, of Rochester, attended the funeral of Nelson Cleveland last Wednesday.

Lou Durbin, of Walnut township, has moved on Nelson Burr's farm northeast of town.

Aaron Keeler and wife visited relatives near Winamac last week.

A new lodge of the Ancient Order of Gleamers was organized at this place Wednesday evening of last week with 12 members.

C. A. Morrial, of Iowa, is here visiting. From present appearances it looks as though Charlie is going to join the army of benedictines.

Miss Abbie Welch commenced a subscription school of two months last Monday morning with about 20 pupils.

The hire school commencement will be held May 18. Prof. Hunley, of Rochester university, will deliver the class address. Prof. Banta has also promised to be present.

The large barn of Simeon Lewallen, about two miles north of town, burned to the ground last Tuesday evening. Three horses, hay, corn and farm implements were burned. It is supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

#### Linkville Notes.

Elmer Seltentright has a new plan of fattening calves. He feeds them once a day on milk that has come from a cow milked but once a day.

George Eckert sent out from his store last Saturday for Swindell's of Plymouth, 2,100 dozen eggs, the largest amount he has ever had at one time on hand since he has been in the store business.

Mr. Sherry, residing at the Lake of the Woods, has gone to North Dakota for a time.

Mrs. Allie Beck visited over Sunday in Plymouth with relatives.

In our last week's notes the mistake was made in setting the type that Albert Massenney moved from this place, when it should have been moved to this place.

M. F. Espick is worse again.

Wm. Whiteman visited over Sunday with his parents at this place. He resides at South Bend.

The K. O. T. M., at Lapaz, gave a social smoker in their room last Saturday evening, which was greatly enjoyed by the members and friends who were in attendance. It consisted of a musical program followed by refreshments and cigars.

John Welch and several others attended quarterly meeting at Pleasant Grove last Saturday and Sunday.

#### Obituary.

Nelson Cleveland was born in Fulton county, Indiana, July 28, 1867, and died

at his home, near Tippecanoe, April 15, 1901, aged 43 years, 8 months, 18 days. He was married to Miss Eva Zehner March 28, 1886. To this union were born five children, two boys and three girls, one boy and two girls dying in infancy, leaving one son and daughter, who with the mother are left to fight life's battles without the council of a father.

Deceased was a man of bright intellect and strong social qualities. He was a faithful and obliging neighbor. He was a faithful Oddfellow and a member of Lion lodge No. 715. His last sickness lasted about a year and during that time he bore his sufferings with great fortitude. During the last few months he almost required the care of a child, yet he never lacked for any comfort from the hands of his loving wife and those who had the care of him.

A good man has fallen. The world has been made better by his life. It is sad indeed to see one just in the prime of life taken away. He realized that death, the grim monster, would soon claim him, and on last Saturday he said, "Only two days more and it will be over." Last Monday morning about 10 o'clock, closing his sightless eyes and passing as into a gentle slumber, his spirit took its flight from the time-worn prison to God, who gave it.

Funeral services were held at Summit Chapel, on Wednesday, April 17, conducted by Rev. S. McNeely, of Tiosa, and the remains were interred in the cemetery adjoining.