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KRUSE AND THE COUNCIL.

Having called the attention of the council and the public to the alleged irregularities in the office of Director of the Poor Kruse, and the council having taken cognizance of the same, THE HERALD has no further interest in the case, other than that exact and even-handed justice be done in the premises. The attempt made by the democrats to make the issue a political one is a reflection upon their own consistency and honesty. If there shall prove to have been no sufficient grounds for the charges and allegations, upon due investigation, then it will be time to question the motives of the gentlemen who are honestly seeking to know whether abuses exist in the director's office. If, however, it shall be developed that the present incumbent has been derelict in his duty, and has failed to give an account for, and to turn over to the city, monies entrusted to him as a city official, then the question of motives will be sufficiently answered by the result. In any and every event no harm can flow out of a rigid and searching inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Kruse during his incumbency. It will at least serve to give notice to other city officials, who may follow him, that accounts must be kept straight. It will not do to let public officials corrupt their positions of trust and escape the penalty for their misfeasance through the connivance and sympathy of party friends. The road to prison for the official thief should be made as plain and straight as the road for the common larcenist. This city has had one allopathic dose of democratic dishonesty in the case of its city treasurer, and the tax-payers are in no mood to take a homeopathic dose from any source whatever. The duty of the aldermen is plain and manifest. If Alderman Sproul's charges are true, the degree of the crime should not be winked at. Instead of obstruction and strategy, in defending Mr. Kruse, there should be the heartiest co-operation in ferreting out the truth and practical unanimity in arriving at a conclusion. Subsequent action will suggest itself.

ERASTUS WIMAN'S OPINION.

Erastus Wiman, president of the Great Northwestern Telegraph company of Canada, a Canadian who has resided in New York city during the past thirty years, in speaking of the Behring sea difficulty, expressed the opinion that a war with England might result. In support of this opinion Mr. Wiman said in substance that Canada has laid the English government under tremendous pressure, and will insist on Canadian sealers being protected and given equal rights with American sealers. "Besides," said he, "the coming contest in England between the tories and Gladstone and the liberals makes it incumbent that a diversion of some kind be created to insure tory success at the polls, and under such circumstances it is not improbable that a vigorous foreign policy will prevail during the coming summer." He then adds, "If the abolition of the bonding privilege is the only retaliatory measure Canada has to fear, after suffering the terrible exclusion implied by the McKinley bill, its only effect on the popular sentiment in Canada will be to solidify the adhesion to Great Britain, and strengthen the determination of the tories to keep independent of the United States." This opinion, coming as it does from one who by birth, business interests and a life study of economic and financial questions relative to Canada's future, is worthy more than a passing notice. Beyond any question the tory element in Canada will resist any efforts, the trend of which will lead to annexation. English tories are equally earnest in an endeavor to maintain the present status of the mother country and her colonies. Pressed on all sides by the English and Canadian liberals, fearful of defeat at the approaching elections, and harassed as they have not before been since gaining the ascendancy, it is evident that anything which promises a diversion from home politics will be hailed with satisfaction. Now, to this add England's boastful claim that she is mistress of the sea, the vast inroads which have been made on her commerce, the successful competition of the United States for South American trade, and reasons weighty to England at once appear, and the stress laid upon them by the tory press may inflame the English mind to the point of war.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

Responding to a note of inquiry Mr. Cleveland has written a letter to General Bragg of Wisconsin, in which by evasion and circumlocution he announces that he will let the democratic convention for the presidency seek him. The letter has the ring of doubt and uncertainty, although the writer bravely attempts to foreshadow certain democratic success. By adroit word jugglery he draws an unmistakable comparison between his own quiet dignity, self-control and the reputed tactics of the distinguished New York senator who is just now journeying through the south, where he is receiving the most considerate attention at the hands of those who constitute the bulwark of triumphant democracy. His letter, too, is not the product of a fearless and disingenuous leader. He desires to be nominated, but in making that fact known he uses the weapons of moral and political cowardice—hypocrisy and ambiguity. For instance, he says that he is impressed with the solemn character of the great office, and that the people should be left unprejudiced in making their selection of a man to fill it. He is not honest enough to say that in his opinion he is the man the people want, but by his indirection and ambiguity, he leaves no manner of doubt that he would have the people understand that fact. It is very probable that Cleveland will be nominated at Chicago. Hill by his unwise previousness has alienated the men who would have turned to him as the strongest and most available man. With these men alienated Cleveland's hopes are revived, and his Bragg letter indicates that he will let the office seek him with all its might.

AGGRAVATES THE EVIL.

Judge Wheeler, who has been most active in seeking an endorsement from congress of the Miner law, claims that during the sitting of the Forty-third congress, Vice President Morton, then a senator, favored the election of presidential electors by districts, and quotes from a report on a resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution, which provided for the districting of the states into presidential electoral districts. Mr. Morton is reported as saying in support of the resolution, that "An examination of the working of the electoral college for the last fifty years will prove beyond all question that in a number of cases the will of the majority has been completely defeated." Mr. Morton may have favored an election by popular vote, as indeed many republicans do, but Mr. Morton nor any other fair-minded man never favored so iniquitious and unfair a measure as the Miner law. He believed, as many republicans believe and have advocated, that the people should be brought nearer to the central government; that the state's rights doctrine as expounded by Stephen A. Douglass, and endorsed by the democratic party, was dangerous to the union of states. He did not contemplate nor advocate minority rule. The Miner law does not only that, but seeks to legalize it. As to the further argument, Mr. Morton is reported to have used an examination of the popular vote for presidential candidates since 1824—presidential electors were chosen by state legislatures prior to this date—reveals the fact that Andrew Jackson, democrat, in 1832; Martin Van Buren, democrat, in 1836; James K. Polk, democrat, in 1844; Zachary Taylor, whig, in 1848 (owing to a deflection of 291,263 votes polled by the free soil party); James Buchanan, democrat, in 1856; Abraham Lincoln, republican, in 1860; R. B. Hayes, republican, in 1876; James A. Garfield, republican, in 1880 (owing to a deflection of 308,578 votes to the greenback party); Grover Cleveland, democrat, in 1884; Benjamin Harrison, republican, in 1888 fell below a popular majority. In ten out of seventeen presidential elections the party nominee has failed to receive a majority of the whole vote polled. This has often given rise to discussion, and many remedies have been suggested. But the Miner law is no remedy, it is an aggravation of the evil, and its whole tendency is to perpetuate minority rule.

ENGLISH POLITICAL BLUFF.

Political exigencies in Great Britain have been at the bottom of nearly every war in which England has engaged. Political exigencies are at the bottom of the war talk in regard to the Behring sea difficulty. That it will shake the position assumed by the United States is hardly to be expected, nor is it likely that any hostilities will ensue in consequence. But that English conservatives hail this diversion with secret delight can not well be gainsaid. Recent elections have gone liberal by good majorities and the trend of English political opinion is toward liberalism. This the tory party views with alarm and any complication which may distract attention or bolster the waning dominance of the tories is looked upon with much complaisance. Those politicians who have kept their finger on the English pulse and noted its restless beat, are now administering a doubtful sedative in the form of "Britannia rules the wave," and a vigorous foreign policy. That they will give royal doses is in line with their policy. That they will give an overdose and come to hostilities with the United States may be doubted.

HILL's flight through the south is a weak imitation of the journeys of brilliant men through other portions of the country, made just on the eve or in the midst of a political campaign. His trip has neither meteoric brilliancy nor blaze of popular enthusiasm to make it memorable. Compared with the historic journeys of the eloquent and famous statesmen of other days, his junket is like the miserable fizzle and spurt of a damaged firecracker in the presence of the rapid ascent and graceful curvature of a coruscating skyrocket, lighting up its course with a continued flash of crimson refulgence and illuminating the heavens with multi-colored lights before its return to its starting point.

THE latest trust is the Transatlantic mortgage and security trust, composed of well known English and American capitalists. The nominal capital is $5,000,000, although unlimited reserves are behind the organization. The operations of this concern will be confined more especially to the central and western states. While not so stated, its object is suspected to be philanthropic and benevolent, the beneficiaries its stockholders, the destitute western farmers and industries.

DAVID B. HILL, in a speech delivered while en route to Jackson at Roanoke, Virginia, said: "It is the party that has furnished to the country the great principals" of Thomas Jefferson "under which this country has prospered." Whatever else may be said of Hill, he is par excellence the leading democrat of them all. But in quoting Thomas Jefferson and the republican principles of the first republican president of the United States, he shows better sense than knowledge of the politics of at least one of the presidents.

IF Jay Gould can not trace his genealogy far enough back into the traditions of old knickerbockerism to entitle himself one of McAllister's 150, he can at least purchase the decay and crumbling Mexican castle in which a Spanish nabob intrenched himself from the onslaughter of the Aztec, and thus surround himself with an antiquity beside which the knickerbockers were our friends of yesterday.

CANADA is now considering the advisability of enforcing retaliatory measures against her sister colony, New Foundland—all on account of fishing privileges. Miss Canada's fishing privileges are so very prominent that she does not hesitate to fish in some one else's pond. A continued indulgence of this, her favorite but lawless pursuit may get her into some serious difficulty.

JERRY SIMPSON is coming to Michigan to inaugurate a campaign of education in behalf of the people's party. Jerry has a big job on his hands, and he will find it necessary to wear pretty solid socks to withstand the wear and tear incidental to a purely educational tour in the interest of politics in this glorious state of magnificent distance.

MILWAUKEE hackmen have seen their brother hackmen and gone them one better in demanding a divy from clergymen to whom they drive couples wishing to be married. The marriage laws of Wisconsin are so lenient that the wonder is the hackmen do not obtain a license empowering them to perform the ceremony.

A BAD AXE woman during a religious revival ascended the pulpit, threw the minister out and began exhorting the congregation. Heretofore women have encountered many obstacles in gaining the pulpit, but this one quickly overcame all opposition and set an example, it is to be hoped, will not be followed.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HENSEL of Pennsylvania, began proceedings yesterday against the Reading combine. In his allegation he sets forth that the combine "is in violation of the state constitution, injurious to public interest, against public policy, illegal and void."

SENATOR MORRILL of Vermont, now 82 years old, and for twenty-five years a conspicuous figure in the United States senate, is lying very ill with congestion of the lungs at his Washington home. Owing to his great age it is not believed he can recover.

WITH the ratification of a commercial treaty with France comes a proclamation suspending reciprocity privileges with Colombia, Hayti and Venezuela. We gladly welcome the one, and are loath to part with the others, but business is business.

M. ABEILLIS, who was murdered by Mr. Deacon, leaves by will all his property to Mrs. Deacon's youngest child, who it is said greatly resembled him. This must be a sort of posthumus retribution to a family altar despoiled.

THE Chinese government, so it is reported, will expel all Americans from the Flowery Kingdom and will sever diplomatic relations with us if the exclusion bill now before congress, becomes law. This is too bad.

HANNAH JOHNSON told a straight story to the court trying Dr. Scudder, the Chicagoan who murdered his mother-in-law. So straight that the weight of the doctor's body will probably straighten a loose rope.

FARMERS' ALLIANCES were long on wheat last fall, and they held on, hoping to unload on high prices, but high prices fell beneath the load heaped upon him. Now the farmers' alliances are short on cash.

AMUSEMENTS.

Tonight Helen Barry will appear at Powers' in "A Night's Frolic," a play which has been rearranged from the German by Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama." Miss Barry is under the direction of J. M. Hill, a manager who never presented an unworthy attraction to the public. The engagement of Miss Barry should insure a large attendance.

The Rev. Father Nugent will have the great attendance that his reputation reserves at Powers' tomorrow night, when he will lecture for the Press club and Hibernian society on "Columbus." We should all be interested in the reverend gentleman's remarks on the hero of the great World's fair.

Annie Ward Tiffany is holding her own at Redmond's this week in "The Stepdaughter." It is one of the most satisfactory productions of the season, and Manager Burroughs' stage manager, Grant Hong, has done himself proud in the matter of stage settings.

Manager Geary showed nerve and sagacity in engaging Liberati, the cornetist, who appears at the museum every performance this week.

"O'Dowd's Neighbors" is to all accounts a roaring comedy, and it will be open for inspection at Powers' next Friday and Saturday evenings, with the well-known comedian, Mark Murphy, at the head of the cast. Seats will be on sale tomorrow morning.

There will be a matinee at Staub's today.

WHAT IS SOCIETY?

Who is Society and Where Does it Reside?

MANY QUESTIONS ANSWERED

The Butcher's Wife and Mrs. V.—The Discontent of Society—Worth's Two Gowns—Society Diamonds.

SOCIETY! What is society? Who composes society? And to what end or good does society exist

I suppose every one of us, at least every one who has to any great extent mingled in this same element of society, has at some time asked him or herself these questions, perhaps just by way of speculation and philosophy, or perhaps in some moment of weariness and disgust of life and its complications.

One's instinctive idea of society is that it can only exist in large communities and can be found in its perfection only in the few great centers of civilization—in Paris or London or Vienna or St. Petersburg or New York. But in point of fact society exists everywhere that even a few people are gathered together—that is to say, enough people to make public opinion possible. One person cannot form society, nor can two, for there would with two be no possibility of talking about somebody else, and that is the very marrow of society conversation. Three persons at least must live near together, engage in the same pursuits, covet the same things and emulate each other in their mode of life to produce the essential germ of society, for that germ is rivalry. Where no rivalry is possible society cannot exist.

Take for instance a keen business man, a soldier, a philosopher, a laborer and a domestic woman of limited mental capacities; they would not constitute society if they lived alone on a desolate island, for there could be no rivalry; not one of them would feel the least ambition to excel the other, for not one would understand or aspire to eminence in the pursuits of any one of the rest. But take a little country town, nay, take the smallest village, and you at once get society; for you have rivalry, emulation, envy and covetousness; also you have a certain amount of friendly feeling, of desire for the good of others and of a sympathetic interest in their success or misfortune. For all three elements enter into society, and if you say the last three contradict and neutralize the first four, I respond that they are but three to four, and that as a general thing the majority governs, not only in our republic, but in the kingdoms and empires of the earth, so far at least as society is to be considered.

Besides, it is not necessary to try to make the laws of society consistent or harmonious or commonsensical, for they are not so by nature, never have been and never will be.

In the little village, the wife of the minister, the doctor and the lawyer represent the Four Hundred, which have been declared to comprise all the society folk of New York; to these three professional ladies may be joined the wife of the shopkeeper and perhaps the millowner, or the few larger landowners among the farmers. To this inner circle do all the women of the place aspire, and the question as to who does or does not revolve within it as a sort of secondary planet is the source of unending discussion, assertion, denial and simulation.

"Miss Brown is going to have some folks to tea," says the butcher's wife to the blacksmith's wife. "I suppose you're a-going?"

"Oh, I don't know," replies Mrs. Cyclops, who would give her ears to go and hasn't been invited. "I expect Miss Brown's too mad to ask me, for I haven't been to call at the parsonage for a month of Sundays. Be you going?"

"Dunno yet. I some expect to go down to the city that day." And the two ladies separate, each to make merry in her domestic circle over the vain pretenses and aspirations of the other.

Perhaps you loftily say that you know nothing about country villages or the habits and feelings of the wives of butchers and blacksmiths; but is not this little sketch one that you can duplicate in your own circle of society whatever that may be?

Mrs. V. or Mrs. A. is to give an entertainment. Of course she asks the 400 who are on her regular visiting list, but there are 400 or 500 more, not exactly on the visiting list, but who still have a certain acquaintance with Mrs. V. or Mrs. A.; have met her at some summer hotel, have crossed the ocean in her company or have been presented to her notice by some friend. She bows to them in the park, and if they stand square in her path she gives third person's reception like graciously replies to their anxious and deferential little prattle of remark or salutation; but does all this make them so far acquainted that they may hope for an invitation to this grand entertainment? Does it at any rate entitle them to speak to their friends as if there was a possibility of their going if they see fit to do so? And when they meet another person very similarly situated with regard to the leaders of the Four Hundred, does not their little conversation bear a striking resemblance to that of the butcher's wife and the blacksmith's wife discussing the tea to be given by the parson's wife?

Diogenes placed the knight of human happiness in contrast with what one had. He possessed a tub and he made himself perfectly contented in his tub, and therefore perfectly happy. At least when Alexander, just then master of the world, stood outside the tub and asked its tenant to say what he could do for him, Diogenes simply replied:

"Get out of my light!"

A society person would say that Diogenes stood in his own light by thus modifying the sentiment but proves, in fact it seems as if unknowingly, his true intent in his conviction that even the most powerful man on earth could give him nothing better than contentment with his humble lot. At any rate he had the courage of his convictions, and took Xantippe to wife, as a proof that he meant what he said.

But if he was right, and content is happiness, society cannot be happy, for content is an unknown quantity in its composition. Nobody in society is or can be content, for if he were content he would not be in society, the very essence of whose existence is vacillation; "the better is the enemy of good" say the French, and the maxim is as really true as most of their apothegms. Mrs. A. has some diamonds, very fine diamonds and a good many of them. Is she satisfied and contented in their possession? No, for Mrs. B. has more and finer ones, and Mrs. B. has a growing consciousness that Mlle. Tiptoe has yet finer ones, and Mlle. wishes she could lay hands upon the Duchess of So-and-so's heredity jewels, and the duchess never contemplates her own jewels without remembering those she saw upon the empress of Russia, or in the Green Vaults of Vienna, or the Paris exposition.

So nobody is content with jewels, and jewels are one of the badges and trademarks and certificates of a position in society.

And so it is with clothes. Mrs. X., with a deep purse, subsidizes Worth or one of his rivals to compose a toilet for her which shall exceed in richness, beauty and originality anything that ever yet clothed a daughter of Eve. The artist falls into a fine frenzy and evolves something which even Mrs. X. admits to be beyond her wildest hopes, until, as she plumes herself like a peacock and glides down the grand reception room, she suddenly encounters Mrs. Z., another Worth dressed dame, whose robes are an improvement upon her own, so that the latter may confidentially whisper to her dear 400 friends that "Poor Mrs. X." has tried to copy her dress by the aid of some domestic dressmaker, but has not quite succeeded—"not quite, my dear, for Worth is not so easily imitated." And poor Mrs. X., who suspects the slander, but has no opportunity of rebutting it, goes home gnashing her teeth and tearing her hair, and is ready to trample her poor gown under foot and to rend M. Worth limb from limb.

Or perhaps she is of a keener and more belligerent make, and instead of retreating, sails gallantly up to the enemy, exclaiming:

"Oh, my dear! What a sweet gown, and I'll forgive you for stealing my little hints to Worth—he made mine, you know, and I suppose liked the idea so well that he couldn't resist warming it over in yours!"

How truly happy both those women feel as they smile in each other's faces and glare in each other's eyes!

Consider the matter of precedence, especially here in our New World's republican society! In the kingdoms and empires of older communities the whole thing is settled for man, woman and child by the mere fact of birth. A little, frivolous, childish duchess of nineteen must take precedence of a venerable and dignified countess, even though it may be her own grandmother, and so on down to the delicate distinctions between the wives of barristers and the wives of attorneys.

But, thank heaven, we are not yet so highly civilized as all this, and the host at a dinner party or a ball supper generally gives his arm to the oldest lady, or to the distinguished stranger of the occasion, or to her in whose honor the entertainment is given, and this is so far the better plan; that there is a reason based upon common sense and the inherent fitness of things for such a choice. But for all this, our elective course opens wide the door to jealousies and heartburnings less likely to assail the born thralls of conventional precedence, and one of the little animosities of the society man or woman is to keep a sharp lookout that nobody is treated with more consideration or respect in this matter than him or herself.

Suppose this little exposition of the ruling passions of society could be read by some intelligent citizen of Jupiter come down to earth on a tour of exploration, much as Stanley went to Africa, to see how *les autres* lived. He would probably exclaim:

"Why, what a dreadful condition of things society must be! I suppose everybody who can keeps out of it!"

And we should reply: "By no means, my dear Jupitrian! On the contrary, nearly everybody of average means, education and ambition aspires to belong to society and to have the reputation of so belonging. To be out of society is to be out of the world, and in that case we might as well be dead."

"Being dead, my dear Earthling, would bring you into a great deal of society, and of a very fixed character. We Jupitrians understand more about these things than you do."

"Ah! Hypnotism is one of the fads of your society also, is it? Well, it has amused us somewhat, but it is getting a little passé now."

"Perhaps, you'll be still more amused at it by and by," says Jupiter, and inflating his electric flying machine is off like a shot.

Yes, we all or most of us cling to society no matter how obscure a position we may hold in it, and many of us strain every nerve and keep up all sorts of pretenses to hold our footing there. The young fellow who lodges in a garret and eats at a cheap restaurant that he may keep his name on the books of a fashionable club and go to fashionable receptions in suitable clothes; the mother of a family of girls who are all to be dressed and taught some accomplishments whereby to hold their own in the arena of society's struggles; the unmarried woman of good family but very slender means who in secret practices a thousand unknown and dread economies that she may appear in the drawing rooms of her wealthy relatives in a proper gown and well preserved hose. All these, and how many more, are struggling to hold their footing in society, and why? Do they derive pleasure from its smiles and slights and covert sneers and taunts? Is it joy to these souls to know, or at least to imagine, that every one they meet is better off and more at ease than themselves?

But the others—those who are really prosperous and assured, who have their own position and are quite able to maintain it—do they find the life of society a life of real joy and satisfaction? Apart from the rivalries—and it is in the nature of society to develop these rivalries—there is a feeling of satiety, of weariness, of disgust, of the fatigue, the emptiness, the obligation to keep up when the whole heart yearns and the whole body aches, the frequent killing of doing what one wants to, be some society demands just then what one does not want—there is no showing more clean, no rule more unyielding, no tyrant more despotic than the rule and the tyranny of society.

Try it if you don't believe me. Try next time your complexion day comes around and you don't feel like seeing people, tell the servants to deny you. Do it two or three times and you will find your friends going somewhere else that day, and you will have gained the reputation of being sick or dying or cross, and in that you will have slipped down a step or two on the slippery social scale.

Or decide your conscientious point upon some hatred of the thinness over on which your soul loathes, you will generally hear that you are putting your self downhill. Are social duties compulsory, and in that small population, whether their society is that of Paris or of the distant village, a central Pennsylvania, can adapt and modify what has been said to their own experience, and agree with me that the most perplexing questions in the world are:

Why does society exist? Why do we seek it? and is it a necessary evil or an evil necessity?

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

"She Couldn't Marry "Three."

The above title seemed to arouse the curiosity of the New York public, so much so that on the opening night the house was packed to the doors. The success of the play was instantaneous and during the entire New York engagement the theatre was crowded. The play is an unqualified success; the scenery beyond anything seen yet; the company a powerful and evenly balanced one, and Miss Lillian Kennedy as the heroine "Bess" presents a characterization which for histrionic ability has never been surpassed on the American stage.

BAKING POWDER

In the New York Legislature.

The following, taken from "The Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter," refers to a new bill just introduced in the legislature of New York state:

"The latest development in the baking powder war, is the introduction of a bill in the legislature of this state, requiring all packages of baking powder which contain ammonia, to be branded with a statement of that fact in large type on the label.

"Now while the ammonia contention is on, why cannot the law give the public the benefit of the doubt? Wholly unprejudiced people are certainly not willing to be dosed with the substance acknowledged as a poison, simply because scientists, some of whom are not even physiologists, disagree as to its potency."

A similar bill was introduced last April but it is shrewdly surmised that the influence of interested parties prevented its passage. The provisions of the present bill are so just that it probably will soon become a law.

This will be welcome news to the manufacturers of pure Cream of Tartar baking powders, the most prominent of whom is the Price Baking Powder company of Chicago and St. Louis, makers of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, who have always made a strictly pure cream of tartar powder notwithstanding the temptations of adulteration suggested by the enormous profits realized by a large New York concern which uses ammonia, and advertises its powder as strictly pure, by means of garbled official reports and certificates signed by its own employes, dubbed professor, doctor or government chemist, as fancy may dictate.

A bill compelling alum powders to be conspicuously labelled as such, already exists in Minnesota and it is to be hoped in the interest of the consumer that similar laws will soon be enacted in other states, for ammonia as well as alum.

The following powders known to contain either ammonia or alum or both, will be affected by the proposed legislation:

Royal, Pearl, Calumet, Chicago Yeast, Forest City, One Spoon (Taylor's), Bee Ben, Kenton, Echo, Snow Puff, Unrivalled, Yarrall's One Spoon, Shephard's Economical, Crown, Clymax Hercules, Monarch, New Era, Snow Ball.

The Drs. A., F. & S.

ARE NO TRAMP DOCTORS—no peripatetic quacks, with no home, no place of business, no credit, no responsibility; they are not lend-mouthed mountebanks, who flit from city to city, professing to raise the dead and heal the sick without medicine. The Drs. A., F. & S. can always be found at the institute in Cleveland, except on those occasions when one of them matches away a day or two from his local business to make periodical visits to those communities where their patients are most numerous, and for the benefit of such as cannot make it convenient to come to Cleveland. Those who can found the Drs. A., F. & S. with the ordinary "traveling doctor," are unjust to them and to themselves, for by consulting them they would be convinced of their mistake. Can be consulted at Sweet's hotel next Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

No. 1 salt mackerel 12½ cents per pound at Hatch's.

Best family flour, 25-pound sack for 80 cents, or 100 pounds for $2.80 at Hatch's.

[illegible]

100 Doses One Dollar