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THE G. O. P.

It is Not so Much for Temperance as it was—Scenes Seen at Minneapolis—Bar Accommodations Quadrupled—A Tale That Talks.

Minneapolis Special to N. Y. Voice.

The extra car loads of beer and liquors that have poured into the city during the past week is astonishing. Most of the saloons have put an extra bar into their places of business and doubled their forces of bartenders—in some cases quadrupled. Every saloon is decorated with flags, bunting and lithograph pictures of the leading Republican candidates for president. Wandering bands of musicians are in great demand. At the West Hotel, the headquarters of the National Committee, the great billiard room adjoining the bar-room has been cleared, and the two rooms thrown together into one stupendous saloon. Four enormous bars, aggregating more than 200 feet in length, behind which are 400 colored bottles and decanters, and more than 1,000 pieces of glassware. Thirty bartenders are required to supply the thirsty mouths of the grand old party, and the cash is received by eight large cash registers, which are kept busily checking like so many typewriters.

At the Nicollett, the headquarters of half a dozen delegations, the billiard room was also thrown into the barroom and three extra bars erected, but they are not as large as at the headquarters of the National Committee. Twelve bartenders and four cash registers manage the business. Nearly every saloon that is centrally located has doubled its force and doubled its capacity. In addition to this, the madams of bawdy houses have imported girls from neighboring cities by the dozen to assist the saloon keepers in catering to the desires of the delegates.

All day Sunday ribald song and drunken shouts rivalled the church bell tones. Even four delegates from Maine joined in the "whisky straights" at the West.

Today the carouse continued, the sweat rolled off the foreheads of the bartenders in their efforts to keep up with the clamorous demand of the delegates. The president of one of the New York Republican clubs led in the debauch at the Nicollett, singing maudlin songs to the crowd, and shouting, "I don't do this every day, boys." The Cincinnati Glee club, composed of young men twenty strong went singing from saloon to saloon between drinks.

THE Columbus special to the New York World of June 15, contains the following:

"The only surprise of the day was in the Stark county district, where Al. Carlisle, Cleveland's Ohio manager, was defeated by one vote by the Hill faction. This was accomplished by Congressman John G. Warwick, who feels indebted to Hill for coming into his district and helping him in his Congressional race against McKinley. He therefore elected his son, W. K. Warwick and also Col. John C. Welty, of Stark county. There will be about twelve strong Cleveland men in the Ohio delegation, twelve radical anti-Cleveland men and twenty-two delegates who will go to the Chicago Convention untrammeled, unpledged and determined to do the very best they can for the interest of the Democratic party, irrespective of candidates now in the field."

THE vote on Robert Blee of Cleveland and Frank Hurd of Toledo was a test vote on the relative strength of Cleveland and anti-Cleveland in the Democratic State convention. Hurd announced that he was for Cleveland against the field, while Blee was nominated as an anti-Cleveland delegate. This election took place after the other three delegates-at-large had been elected. The vote stood, Blee 393, Hurd 349, total vote 742. The total vote in the convention was 764. This vote demonstrates the truth of the statement made by the representative of the NEWS-DEMOCRAT at Columbus, the evening before the convention met, and telegraphed to this paper. We then predicted that the delegates-at-large would be Campbell, Neal, Brice and Blee.

ONE thing seems to be certain. The Republican party, although strongly cemented and kept together by the "cohesive power of public plunder," cannot stand many more such strains as have just been put upon it at Minneapolis. Indeed, if the American people are disposed to resent the impudent parade of fraud, malice, lunacy, corruption, imbecility and treachery as undisguised factors in politics, it can with safety be asserted that Benjamin Harrison will not succeed himself, and that after the 4th of next March no Republican will ever again be President of the United States.—Chicago Herald.

THERE never was a more bitter opponent of organized labor in this country than this same Reid. It was he who opposed the establishment of the Boycotter, a weekly journal whose especial object was to wage war against the Tribune. The union printers throughout the country called him "Outlaw" Reid. The Tribune has been a "rat" office for several years, and it will hardly heal the sores which have been made, to unionize the office now that the editor and proprietor of the Tribune wants to be vice president of the United States.—[Detroit News.

WHITELAW REID is the nominee on the Harrison ticket for Vice President of the United States. It will be remembered that he is the man who refused to employ any union printers in the office of the New York Tribune of which he is owner and editor. He is constitutionally opposed to organized labor and is probably the staunchest friend in this country of the money barons and mi l bosses of the east. He is exceedingly rich and is a son-in-lay of D. O. Mills, one of the wealthiest men in the United States.—[Keokuk Constitutional Democrat.

THE printers of New York have invented a name for the Republican ticket which will probably stick by it during the entire campaign. They have had circulars printed and distributed throughout the newspaper offices of New York in which Messrs. Harrison and Reid are referred to as "Hat and Rat." Mr. Reid's arrangement of his difference with the union printers may prove, like Mr. Blaine's resignation from the cabinet, to have been thought of too late.—Chicago Herald.

FORAKER says McKinley had given his consent to his candidacy. Foraker is evidently trying to shelve McKinley as a Presidential possibility in 1896.—Omaha Bee.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE RETIREMENT OF JAS. G. BLAINE.

Ben. Douglass, the poet, scholar and old time radical Republican, pays tribute to Jas. G. Blaine in the Wooster Jacksonian as follows:

"Blaine is beaten. The magnetic statesman has been forever retired by his Republican friends, to the "boundless contiguity of shades" of American politics. From his reluctant hand

"The thunderbolt is wrung."

As Phillips, the Irish orator, said of Napoleon Bonaparte, "through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices," yet he was the most brilliant and deserving man before the Minneapolis convention.

But "he is fallen." He has left his high command, but no member of the Republican party since its organization, whether in the chambers of legislation or in the cabinet, will leave

"A brighter name to lure mankind."

Amid the sighing pines of his adopted state, along the Atlantic's sea-girt shore, listening to the murmur of the shells or watching Neptune "bowling the billows in his hand," "wrapt in the solitude of his own originality," his remaining years may be spent wisely in enriching the world with his advanced thought in the domain of modern politics and the science of popular government.

Sad, indescribably sad, indeed, must it be to his tens of thousands of friends that so eminent a statesman, incomparably the most brilliant member of the Harrison administration, the intellectual master of his official master, and, but lately the idol of his party, should be permitted to depart from the national Capitol almost unnoticed.

In him was embodied the best and soundest elements of his party. He was its Pharos, "its cloud by day and pillar of fire by night," and it was a savage mockery that he should have been made simply a possible candidate, like Cullom, or the upstart, McKinley, whom he, by a mistake, took to Maine twenty years ago and gave his first lessons in politics, who ever since has traveled in his shadow, and who finally betrayed him as Judas did the Christ.

It is the usage of the Republican party, however, to cut the throats of its best men. Third, fourth and fifth class men like the McKinleys, Fosters, Hayeses, sit on docorated platforms in the blaze of chandeliers, masters in eloquence, diplomacy and statecraft, are driven ungratefully and cruelly into exilage."

A STRANGE feature of the Blaine demonstration at Minneapolis was the enthusiasm of the women. The principal outburst was led by a young matron who leaped upon a chair and swinging a parasol, yelled until the entire feminine element present caught the madness and joined the unmusical chorus. A political Boadicea she seemed, but she failed to lead her followers to victory. The longest of Mr. Blaine's more recent letters was an attack on a young woman who had secured a divorce from his son, on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide. Without undertaking to say which one of the unfortunate couple was to blame, it was generally conceded at the time that young Blaine needed no assistance in his battle with a sick woman. The secretary of state cut a very sorry, unchivalric and undignified figure when he entered such a contest. The inference to be derived from the feminine demonstration at Minneapolis is, that the Blaine lunacy affects women as it does men. It is an aberration which yields neither to reason nor to shame.—Chicago Herald.

GOV. MCKINLEY'S mistake in the convention was that he allowed himself to be run as a candidate against both Harrison and Blaine. He injured Blaine by making his vote only about half what it might have been with McKinley out of the field, and thus brought to Blaine gratuitous mortification. He injured Harrison by offering to the opponents of Harrison an alternative candidate in case Blaine was not sufficient to defeat him. It was anything but a pleasant act toward either party, and was very much like a treacherous one toward Harrison. It is another instance of the unfortunate errors amiable gentlemen are brought to commit when the Presidential bee gets into their bonnets.—Boston Herald.

I was a Blaine man. I thought success with him as our candidate would be assured. The Blaine people by unanimous vote asked me to place him in nomination, and I expected to do so until Friday morning, when learning that the friends of Governor McKinley intended, with his sanction and approval, to place him in nomination before the convention by voting for him, I concluded it was my duty to make Ohio solid in his support.—[JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

THE trusts and great money lenders of the northeast will contribute more money for Harrison than they would for anyone. It is on the authority of Quay that it cost $7,000,000 in 1888. On his record as president and with Reid to help him "reaching into Wall street," he can command double that sum now when the plutocracy feels that it can rely on him, and that it has now an immensely larger stake in re-electing him, than before.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE convention to name a Circuit Judge for this district, as announced yesterday, exclusively in the NEWS-DEMOCRAT, is called for August 2nd at Zanesville. Judge Critchfield of Wooster is now a candidate. The Judge is well and favorably known in Stark county, and he is doubtless well equipped for the position.

COL. W. A. TAYLOR, nominee for Secretary of State, is President of the Democratic League Clubs of Ohio, and is an orator as well as terse political writer. He was a soldier of the great war, and is a member of the G. A. R. He is a popular Democrat, and an able one, and has a good show to be elected.

OUR Governor is now a L. L. D. The Ohio Dennison University, near Newark, yesterday conferred the degree upon the Major. The Major was present and addressed the graduating class, and some two thousand people in the Baptist church.

GOV. MCKINLEY will make the address notifying the President of his renomination. It is to be hoped that the President will restrain his curiosity and not ask the Governor any awkward questions. Also that McKinley will have a new speech.—New York World.

THE Nebraska Independents have decided to endorse the Democratic electors which takes Harrison out of Nebraska with a minority.

WE had silver in the Senate and tin plate in the House yesterday, but neither culminated into an enactment.

A MODEST AND MODEL SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.

Col. W. A. Taylor the Democratic nominee for Secretary of State made a happy impromptu speech upon his nomination as Secretary of State. It is good reading even if the Convention is two or three days old. There is a vein of quaint humor running through all the colonel's public utterance, and we suspect when he gets his war harness on, after the heat of the dull dog days is over, he will make plenty of brilliant campaign music. The Colonel is orator, journalist and seer. Here is the speech:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: I can assure you that this nomination came to me unsolicited [groans and laughter among the newspaper men] and largely unexpected. I will admit that I had some information to the effect that the office was hunting for the man, and it put a man in rather a serious situation when a great and important office is out with a search warrant looking for him, and acting upon my own better judgment, and believeing that a man was always quite as safe in the advance as retreat, I will admit, also, that I placed myself in a position to give that office a respectable reception. [Laughter.] And now, gentlemen, permit me to tell you that I fully appreciate the compliment of being made the standard-bearer and the representative of the 400,000 Democratic voters of the State of Ohio. And we are not going into this campaign for the fun of the thing either. We are going into this campaign to win, and would say to the Democracy of the state of Ohio that I propose to lead in this campaign, and we will capture the state. I am not going to send the Democracy on in advance of this fight, but I propose to lead the van, and if we win I will have my share of the honor, and if we fail I will be the first to be buried. Listening to the eulogies on my distinguished friends here this morning I felt somewhat depressed with the idea of being placed at the head of the state ticket, but for personal reasons only. But permit me to tell you, gentlemen, that while I would like to see Governor James E. Campbell or Senator Cal Brice the President of the United States, I desire to inform you now that, whether one or both of them or some other man is nominated at Chicago, I am going to make them my lieutenants. (Laughter and applause.) I am going to place one of them in command of the right wing, the other in command of the left, and I propose to command the center myself. I do this not as a motive of rash and thoughtless courage, gentlemen, but because I want to be present in person when the spoils and offices are distributed.

I thank you again for this unsolicited, and, as I said, largely unexpected honor, and permit me to say that I will be with the Democrats all over the state throughout the campaign, and with all due deference to my unfortunate namesake over in Champaign county, for he is a good fellow but not the right kind. He is on the wrong side of the fence, and I assure you, gentlemen, that I will give him a very interesting race from this until the 8th day of next November.

MONEY AND POLITICS.

The Republican platform is ambiguous on several subjects, but it is not at all ambiguous on the subject of its partnership with money powers, nor on its fundamental doctrine that the men who pay Republican campaign expenses must keep their hands in the public treasury.

Therefore it pronounces decidedly in favor of maintaining the existing high tariff taxes for the benefit of the protected interests, and of the kind of reciprocity that untaxes foreigners in order to tax and the markets of our protected citizens without cheapening their products in this country.

It also advocates further copartnership with steamship lines, and while it has a word of protest against trusts it insists on sustaining the system which makes trusts possible.

There are millions of dollars invested in business interests in this country that profit directly or indirectly by Republican legislation and a Republican Administration. These interests have all been assured in the platform that the corrupt partnership will not be terminated by the party, and that the people will continue to be taxed for the benefit of the capitalits in return for campaign funds, if Mr. Harrison is reelected.

The business and capitalistic end of the Republican party is very rich and very much concerned in keeping its political partners in power.—New York World.

A COLORED delegate to the Minneapolis convention, coming from Houston, Texas, was pulled out of the river about 4 o'clock yesterday morning. He says that he fell into the stream while running to escape political enemies who have followed him all the way from his native State. The explanation may be true, but it is a wonder that wild and incoherent men have not been strewn all along the railroads leading out of Minneapolis. Such an effect would have been perfectly natural after the fearful and continuous orgy which the leaders of the Republican party held in that city. Perhaps the victims were so stupified that they have not yet turned up, and Mr. White, colored, of Houston, is the first one to regain consciousness.—Chicago Herald.

WHY does not President Harrison call Joseph Benson Foraker into the State department as the successor of the illustrious Blaine, and let Chas. Foster of Fostoria go home. Foraker demonstrated at Minneapolis that he is the only man able to control any considerable number of the Ohio delegation. McKinley, with all his immense prestige, was only able to control his own vote, after he had pledged Harrison 27 certain votes. With Foraker as Secretary of State the Blaine enthusiasts of Ohio would come to the front, and Harrison might secure the electoral vote of the State in November.

CHARLES F. PECK, of Albany, N. Y., one of Senator Hill's outspoken advocates, said yesterday: "Whitelaw Reid has killed the Republican ticket in New York. Organized labor, controlling 250,000 votes, is bitterly opposed to him. The universal feeling is that a man who takes ten years of constant endeavor to defeat the honest aims of men seeking the elevation of themselves and their fellows, does not unionize his office within a fortnight of his nomination because his heart is with the labor movement."

A SPECIAL telegram went out from Massillon last evening as follows:

MASSILLON, O., June 16.—Ex-Postmaster Felix R. Shepley, who is one of Congressman Warwick's lieutenants and was a delegate to the State convention, says that Cleveland will not have more than ten votes in the Ohio delegation on the first ballot and that Hill will have at least thirty-six.

J. F. JOHNSON, the wool buyer, has purchased some wool at twenty-five cents. Johnson is a staunch Republican, but nevertheless he says the more tariff placed on wool the cheaper it becomes.—Steubenville Gazette.

THE story goes that when asked at Minneapolis to name the candidate for vice president, Quay politely declined, with this amiable remark: "I don't care to play assistant undertaker at this funeral."

GHOST OR ELEMENTAL?

Mysterious Manifestations in a Haunted House

A YARN ABOUT SPURIOUS SPOOKS.

The Professor Conjured Up Bogus Spirits of Men Who Had Never Lived—How Did He Do It?—You May Not Believe This Tale, but It's True.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

"GHOST your grandmother," said Connelly, with emphatic contempt. "It isn't a ghost. It's an elemental."

"And what in the name of mystery is an elemental?" asked Julius.

Then the conversation drifted off into a discussion of the theory of things according to Blavatsky's teaching. Elementals, it appeared, are certain beings lower in the scale than the human race, but not belonging to any genus or species known to natural history. Indeed it appears doubtful if they have anything like a physical form. They are spirits, but not human spirits. Having little or no moral sense, but very mischievous natures, they are fond of playing tricks, sometimes serious ones, when they get the chance; but being, as a rule, very feeble, and, moreover, being held in subjection by higher powers, they seldom get chances, which accounts for the comparative scarcity of good ghost stories, for the elementals, it seems, almost always pretend to be ghosts, and their pranks are often taken for "spiritual manifestations."

"Well," said Quevedo impatiently, "why isn't an elemental just as good shooting as a ghost? I'd like to get a shot at either one. Let's investigate."

Connelly objected. "I haven't the faintest objection," he said, "to going anywhere if there is any occasion for it, but I have no desire to intrude on the elementals unless business requires it." Julius was a little doubtful, but I, filled with that fool curiosity which has frequently got me into trouble, acquiesced immediately.

"Here's the key," said R. F. "You are welcome to go and find out what you can. As for me, I have had all the experience I hanker after."

R. F. is the only one in our circle who has attained the dignity of a landed proprietor, and it was of his pretty cottage in the suburbs that we had been talking. He had been so enthused when he moved into the house two or three years ago that we were all surprised when he moved out. He would not explain, however, and it was only by accident that we learned a month ago that his house was "haunted."

He would not admit or deny. "I've heard and seen curious things there," he said, "but what caused them I don't know." And that is all he would say. Connelly, however, had looked at the house with the idea of renting it, and had discovered something uncanny. He wouldn't explain any more fully than R. F., but said he was conscious of some hostile influence the moment he entered the door, and had learned afterward that the neighbors believed the house to be "haunted." He did not rent it.

So it fell out that Quevedo and I went ghost hunting. We took the professor with us. He isn't one of our set, but Quevedo knows him pretty well. Quevedo knows queer things. The professor runs mostly to hair and two long finger nails, one on each little finger. He professes to have communications from the other world. Hence his title. Being in the business for a living, he felt no tremor at the thought of facing ghosts. He took no weapon with him but a slate and pencil. Quevedo carried a horse pistol and I a big stick with a loaded head. The rest of the outfit consisted of a dark lantern and a substantial cold supper for three.

A considerable part of what follows will not be believed, but it is true.

We found the house to be a pleasant looking cottage in one of the upper wards of the city (New York), surrounded by what had been a pretty lawn and garden. There were remains of shrubbery that had evidently once been highly ornamental, and a little arbor or summer house was badly broken.

"Evidently," said Quevedo, "the grounds have been haunted by tramps."

We went inside just before dark and looked carefully around. The house was almost empty, only a few bulky pieces of furniture having been left in it. Among these was a heavy mahogany desk of an old fashioned pattern that looked as if R. F. had picked it up in an auction room or inherited it as an heirloom. It did not attract our attention especially at first, but afterward proved to be a most interesting piece of furniture.

We lighted our lantern before it grew dark, filled and lighted our pipes and sat in the gathering dusk telling one another thrilling yarns of ghostly adventure and creepy stories of spiritual manifestations in order to keep our courage up. Neither

QUEVEDO FLASHED THE LANTERN ON IT.

Quevedo nor I really believed in anything of the sort, but the professor did, or professed to, and he reeled off some of the most remarkable statements ever listened to with an air of gravity that under some circumstances would have made me laugh. Just then, however, his stories seemed at least possible.

It came to be near 10 o'clock when the professor suggested that we keep perfect silence for awhile. "I feel the influence," he said.

Accordingly we smoked awhile without talking, when suddenly a weird cackle, that was evidently meant for a laugh, sounded in the room.

"Aha! The professor is a ventriloquist," I said to myself. Quevedo evidently had the same thought, and we sat still, waiting for developments.

In a few moments a heavy rap sounded from the direction of the big desk, and instantly Quevedo flashed the lantern on it. We could see nothing there excepting the desk, and he whirled the light rapidly, so that we saw that all three of us were still sitting, as we had been, near the center of the room.

"There's no trickery about that," said Quevedo, and I was inclined to believe him, especially as I felt a sharp twitch at my mustache just at the moment the light swung around, and knew that nothing human was near my face.

"No, it is not a trick. It is a spirit," said the professor. "I will talk with it. Perhaps we can get a communication." He was cool enough to suggest that either it was a trick, or else he really believed in what he professed to. We could not believe the former, for we had brought him from down town without telling him where we were going, so he could not have any concealed apparatus. We were obliged, therefore, to admit to ourselves that he really did believe, and somehow his belief did not seem very absurd just at that moment. "Go ahead," said I. "If the spirit has anything to say to us, we want to know what it is."

The reply to this was a perfect fusillade of knocks or raps from all parts of the room at once. It was impossible to believe that the professor made these noises, and Quevedo and I confessed to each other afterward that we felt very shaky just then. However, we feared each other's ridicule more than we did ghosts, and we waited.

"Knock three times for yes and once for no," said the professor. "Do you understand?"

Three knocks sounded from the desk.

"Do you wish to make any communication to any one here?" Three raps.

"Is it to me?" One rap.

"Is it to Mr. Quevedo?" One rap.

"Is it to Mr. Curtis?" Three raps.

"Shall he question you?" One rap.

"How will you communicate? In writing?" Three raps.

By this time I was deeply impressed. The professor, however, in the most matter of fact way, took from his pocket the slate and pencil mentioned. The slate was one of those folding affairs generally used by "writing mediums." He put the pencil inside, folded the slate and laid it on the floor at our feet, Quevedo holding the lantern so that we saw perfectly what was done. We then waited a moment, and presently heard a noise as of a pencil scratching on the slate. In a few moments this ceased and I put the slate in my pocket.

Nothing more happened, though we waited fully an hour longer. The professor asked several questions, but could get neither yes nor no in reply.

At length I moved an adjournment, saying that we would go elsewhere and read the message. I cannot say why we did not read it there, as would seem natural, but no one proposed it, and I felt a strange reluctance to opening the slate.

We locked up the house and left. Half a mile away was a hotel. We entered and sat at a table. Then I opened and read the following lines, which were legibly written on the slate.

"I am your father's brother, Henry Curtis, the lawyer. This was my office desk. It stood for years in my office, at 47 John street, New York. In a secret drawer in the left hand corner are certain papers of great value to you."

"Sweet ghost!" exclaimed Quevedo. "Let us go back. Some uncle of mine may be there."

"This is certainly strange," I said. "The more so as I never had an uncle Henry, nor so far as I know any relative who was a lawyer."

Subsequent inquiries satisfied us that no lawyer of the name of Curtis, or of any other name, had ever had an office at 47 John street. Moreover, two skillful cabinet makers, after separately examining the desk with the most scrupulous care, both declared positively that there was no secret drawer in the left hand corner, or anywhere else in the desk.

"But what does the message mean, and who wrote it?" demanded Quevedo. "I'll swear the professor didn't."

"Just as I told you," said Connelly. "It was one of those lying elementals."

DAVID A. CURTIS

The Man Who Lost Himself.

The tricks of the absentminded furnish an unfailing storehouse of humor, and the oddest feature of it is that there are so many "stock stories" on the subject. Have absentminded people done the same things over and over again through all the ages, or have the jokers simply copied or modernized the old stories?

We have all heard of the man who forgot his own name and had to walk the street till he met a friend who addressed him by it, of the man who ran against a cow and said, "I beg your pardon, madame," and of the man who put the filled tea kettle in his favorite easy chair and set himself on the hot stove, "and did not find out his mistake till he began to sing;" but the Germans have the best hero in that line, and his name is, or was, Dinkelspiel.

Dinkelspiel was so absentminded that he was forced to write on a slip of paper the position of his clothing on retiring, so that he could find it again in the morning. One night he made out his slip as usual in this style: "Shoes on floor, trousers on chair," etc., and finally "Dinkelspiel in bed." On arising he found everything just where he had placed it, until he came to the bed. Horrors! it was empty. A strange fear overpowered the poor man. Had he been kidnaped during the night? It was evident, since he was no longer in the bed. Hastily attiring himself he ran to the police headquarters to give the alarm. Dinkelspiel was missing and he must be found. Terror at his awful fate completely unnerved him. He tottered home and went to bed, a prey to high fever. When the police arrived at the house to look up a clew they found Dinkelspiel in bed. The poor man's joy at being recovered can more easily be imagined than described.

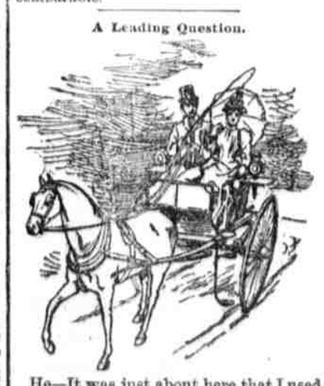
A Visitor from the Skies.

The biggest aerolite ever seen recently fell in the edge of the Caspian sea, near Apsheron. In falling the aerolite made a most terrific noise as it rushed through the air, and the white hot mass made a light that illuminated the country and sea around about for a great distance. When it struck the water clouds of steam arose and the hissing could be heard far off. Huge masses of water were thrown upward, and the sight to those who were not frightened was a most beautiful one. So enormous is the aerolite that it projects twelve feet above the water.

"He's a Corker."

Of all phrases of current slang none is more flexible than "He's a corker." It means almost anything the occasion calls for, but generally implies that the subject is uncommonly expert in his particular line. It is derived from the French verb "corquer," which is from the Latin "corcare," which is supposed to be from the Greek word "korkara," meaning the incomparable.

A Leading Question.



He—It was just about here that I used to kiss Hetty Morris.

She—Well, I suppose you will do something of the sort now by force of habit?—Harper's Bazar.

AT Genoa, a small station eight miles east of Texarkana, Ark., on the cotton belt road, burglars entered the office of the Rodicaw Lumber company, opened the safe and carried away $40,000 worth of the company's stock, $12,000 worth of notes and about $100 in cash. Captain W. T. Ferguson, one of the principal stockholders in the company, is the heaviest loser. There is no clew to the guilty parties.

Natural White Oil.

Nature's Hair Restorative,

Positively Cures Dandruff, Stops Hair from Falling Out.

Price 50 Cents. For sale by all Druggists.
WHITE ROCK OIL CO., - TOLEDO, OHIO.
For sale at Ortt's Model Pharmacy. may19gy

THE BANNER LAMP

GIVES THE STEADIEST, WHITEST, LARGEST LIGHT IT COSTS MUCH LESS than other lamps, yet is equal to the most expensive for practical purposes. Do NOT BE PUT OFF WITH ANY OTHER. If you cannot get them from your dealer, WRITE US.
The PLUME & ATWOOD MFG' CO.,
No. 595 New York, Boston, Chicago.

$500 Reward!

WE will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Vest's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by THE VEST PILL COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL. For sale by Durbin, Weight & Co., Canton, O. 8-27-w

HOP PLASTERS feel good the moment one is put on because of soothing, stimulating, strengthening properties. Every ache, soreness and weakness of the Muscles, Limbs, Back, Sides, Hip, Kidneys, Shoulder, Lungs or Stomach quickly soothed away and the cure is permanent. Look for our signature on the genuine Hop Plasters. Sold everywhere. 25 cts. HOP PLASTER CO., Proprietors, Boston.

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, and it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

MARY'S CHURCH, Bedford Co., Pa., February 25, 1892.

DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Gents—Please send me one of your "Treatise on the Horse." Your "Kendall's Spavin Cure" is the best in the world. I have cured ten cases of Bone Spavin. I am kept busy all the time on horses. I will wager any man in the world $1,000.00 that "Kendall's Spavin Cure" cannot be beaten on Spavins, Ringbone, Capped Hocks or any Lameness on horses. You can use my name on your advertisements and I will stand by what I say. I have used no bottles in a year.
Yours truly, DR. GEO. C. CRINEY.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Eternal Vigilence!

Is the price of Liberty; and also of immunity against loss by swine disease.

DO NOT WAIT

Until your herds are sick—and perchance many are past treatment—but use

DR. JOS. HAAS' HOG AND POULTRY REMEDY.

Prevents and arrests disease, Stops Coughs, Increases Flesh

The sooner the system of the Hog is fortified against disease the more certain is the result. Hogs cannot be raised successfully without it.

PRICES: 25-lb. cans, $12.50, $2.50, $1.25 and 50c per package. The largest are the cheapest.

FOR SALE BY
C. W. KOONS, Druggist,
185 S. Market St, Canton, O.

Write for testimonials. "Hogology," a 64-page pamphlet on swine, will be mailed for a 2 ct. stamp. Orders by mail receive prompt attention.
JOS. HAAS, V. S., Indianapolis
19hw

Order of Sale in Probate Court.

Order of Private Sale, free of dower.

The State of Ohio, Stark County, ss. } IN PROBATE COURT.

To William F. Schario, assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Ella M. Robb, greeting:

In pursuance of an order and decree of the Probate Court, within and for said county, made on the 4th day of May, 1892, in a certain cause wherein you, as the assignee of the estate of Ella M. Robb, is complainant, and Ella M. Robb et al are defendants, you are commanded to proceed, according to law, to sell at private sale, the following described premises, to-wit:

Lot No. 4288 in Leininger's 2nd addition to the city of Canton, O.
Lot No. 6567 in " " " " " of Canton, O.
Lot No 6569 in " " " " " of Canton.
Lot No. 6565 in " " " " " of Canton.
Lot No. 4280 in " " " " " of Canton.
Lot No. 4300 in " " " " " of Canton.
Lot No. 4301 in " " " " " of Canton
Lot No 4302 in " " " " " of Canton.
Lot No. 4303 in " " " " " of Canton.
Lot No. 4304 in " " " " " of Canton.

Said lot No. 4303 being 50x80 feet off west end thereof. And said lot No. 4304 being 50x70 feet off west end thereof.

Appraised at $11,870.

Said sale to be made for not less than the appraised value thereof, and upon the following terms to-wit: One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from day of sale, respectively; deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by mortgage on said premises.

And be it further ordered that you make return of your proceedings herein forthwith, upon the execution of this order, and within 90 days.

Witness my signature and the Seal of the Probate Court, at Canton, Ohio, this 4th day of May, A. D. 1892.
[SEAL] JACOB F. FAWCETT, Probate Judge.
By M. E. AUNGST, Deputy. m19

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Township Board of Education of Canton Township, Stark county, Ohio, will offer at public sale one acre of ground, more or less, being a part of the northwest quarter of section 14, township 9 and range 8, in sub school district No. 2, and known as Brennard's school district, on Saturday, June 25th, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the premises, to the highest bidder.

Grounds to be sold either in part or as a whole.

By order of Canton Tp. Board of Education.
F. M. GOSHORN, Clerk of Board.
12hw